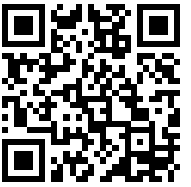
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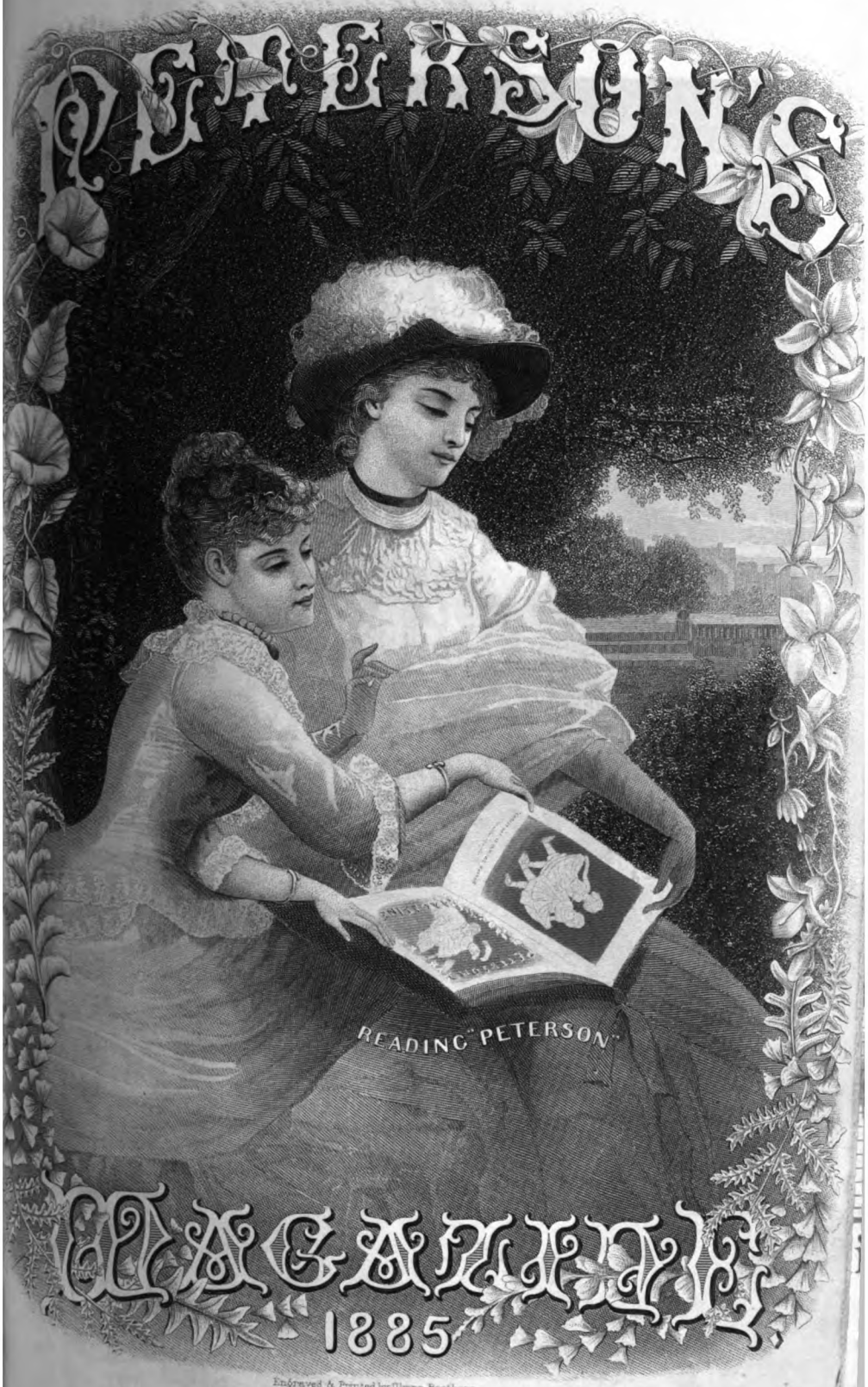


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The Fire at Night.
To the Rescue.
Poppin' the Question.
With Father's Dinner.

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A BUD AMONG BLOSSOMS.

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine.

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Desiq

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FOR MOTHER'S FIRE.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

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NEW STYLE FOR WALKING-DRESS. PELISSE. TAM O'SHANTER CAP.

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NEW STYLES FOR HOUSE-DRESSES AND DRESSING HAIR.

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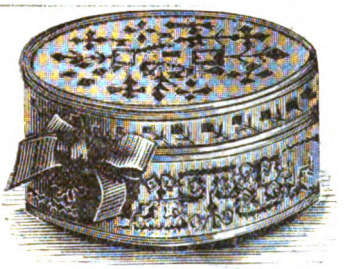
NEW-STYLE VISITING-DRESS. HAT. YOUNG GIRL'S COAT.

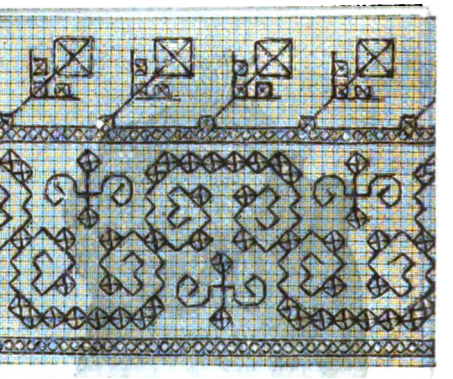
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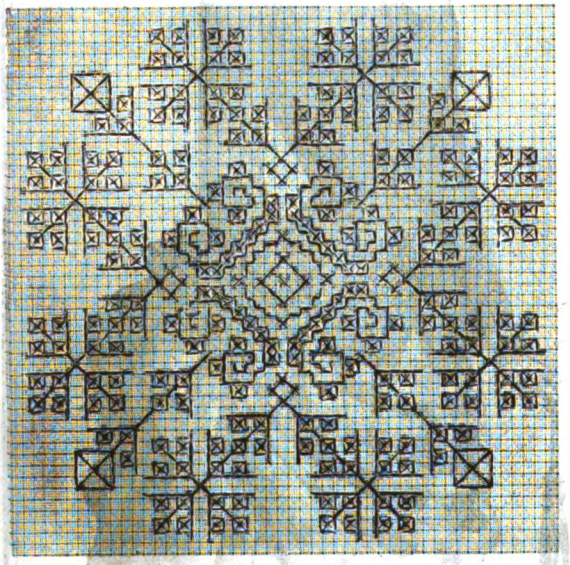


NEW-STYLE WALKING-DRESS. BONNET. BODICE.

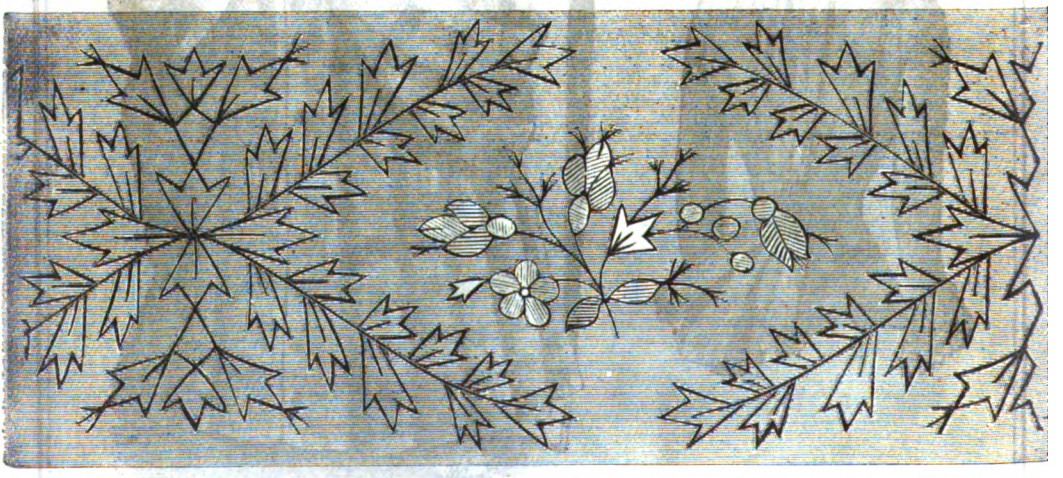
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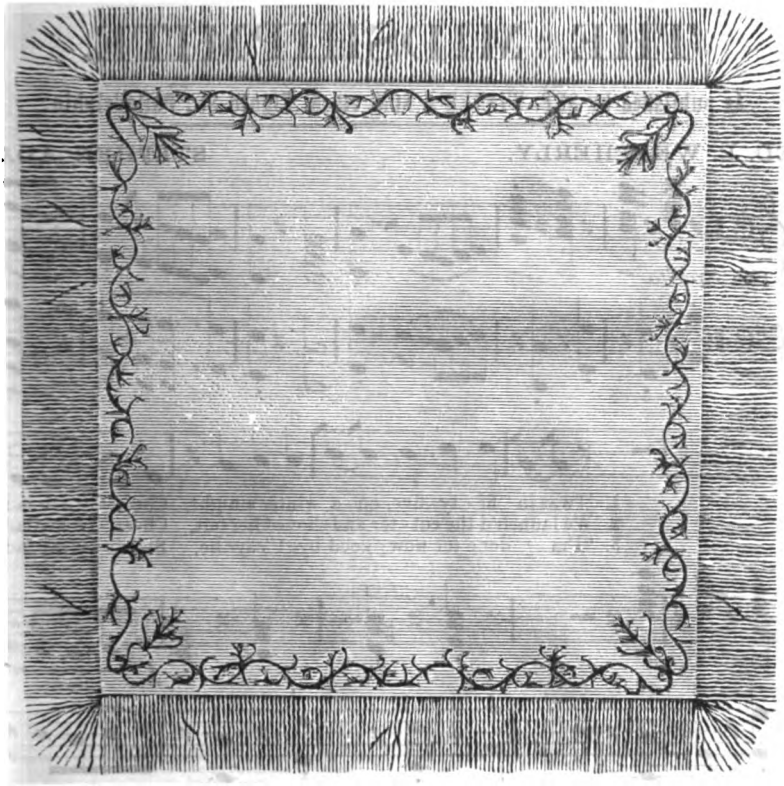


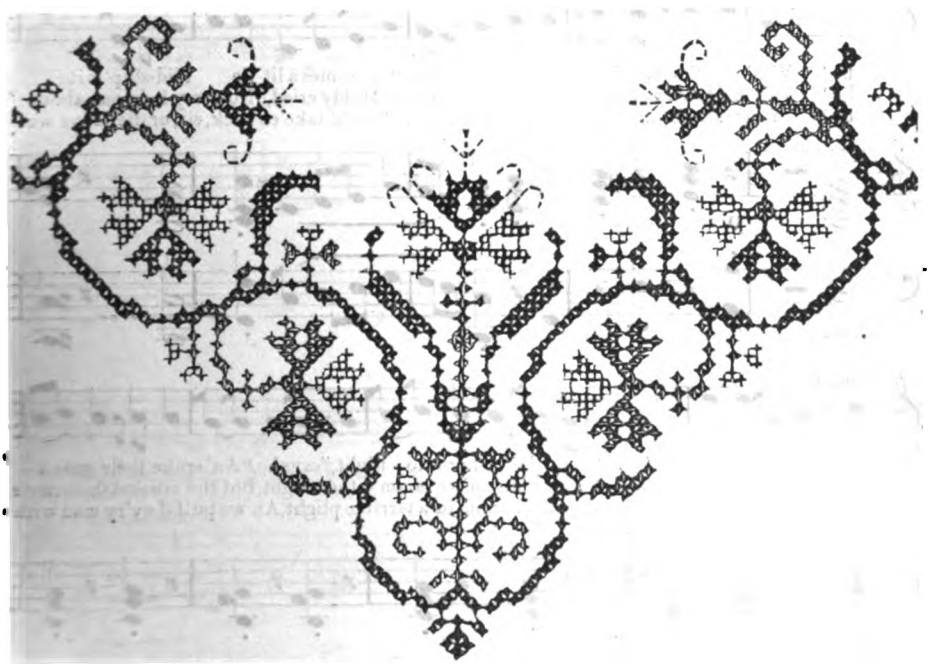




COLLAR-BOX, WITH DETAIL. EMBROIDERY BAND IN CASHMERE.

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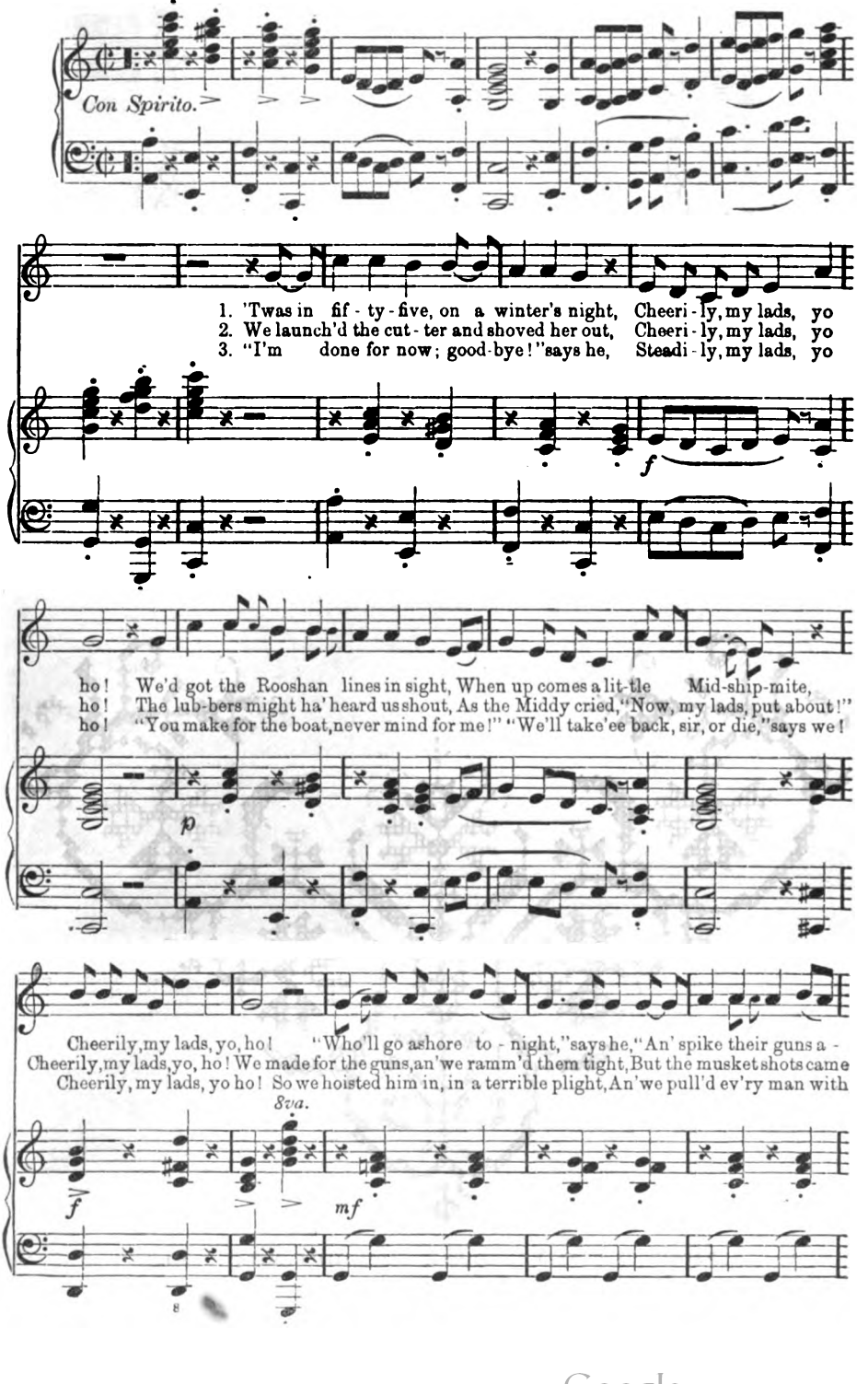




NAPKIN, OR D'OYLEY IN COLORED CROSS-STITCH, WITH DETAIL.

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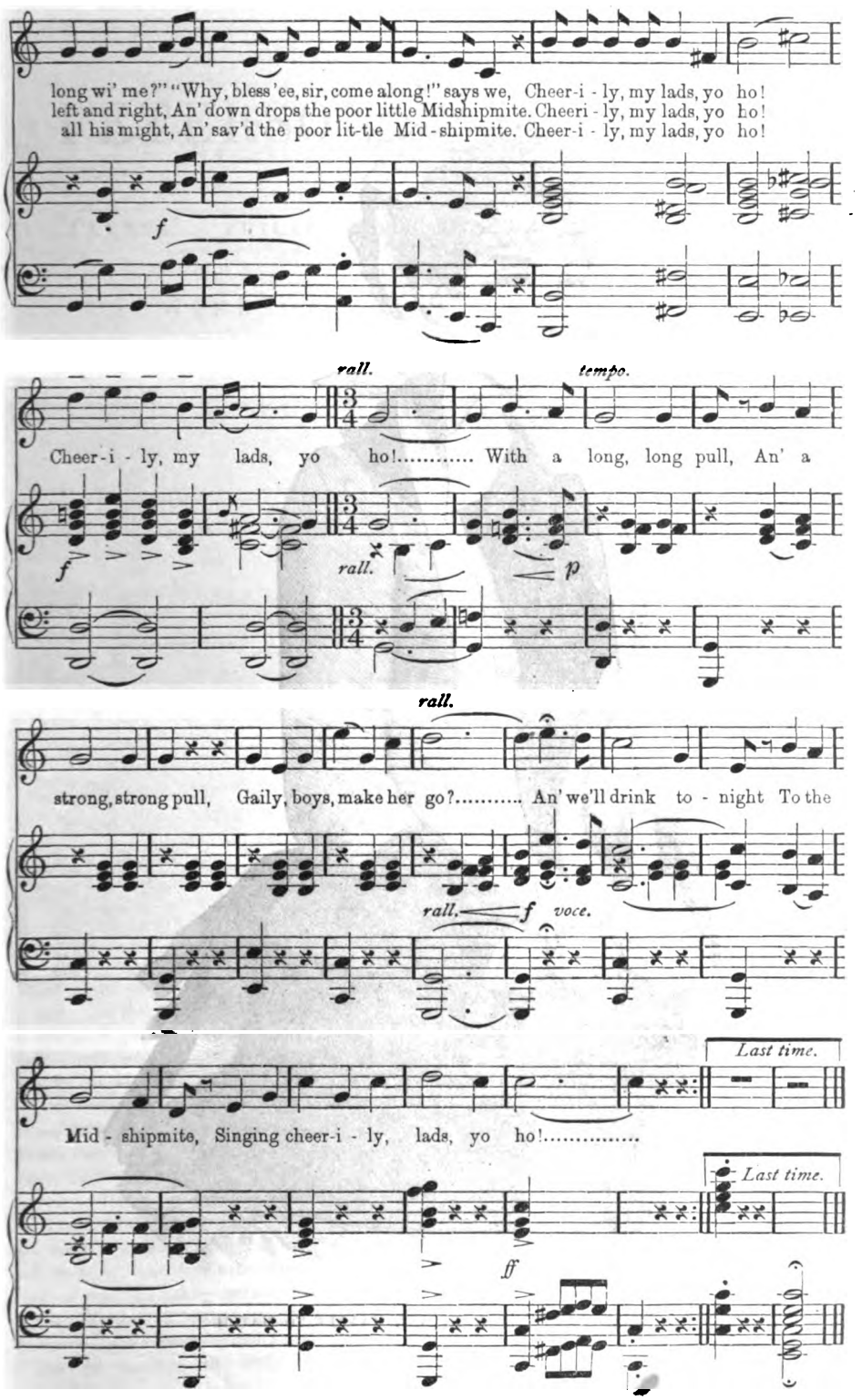
THE MIDSHIPMITE.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

FRED. E. WEATHERLY. STEPHEN ADAMS.



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VISITING-DRESS: BONNET AND MANTLE TO MATCH.

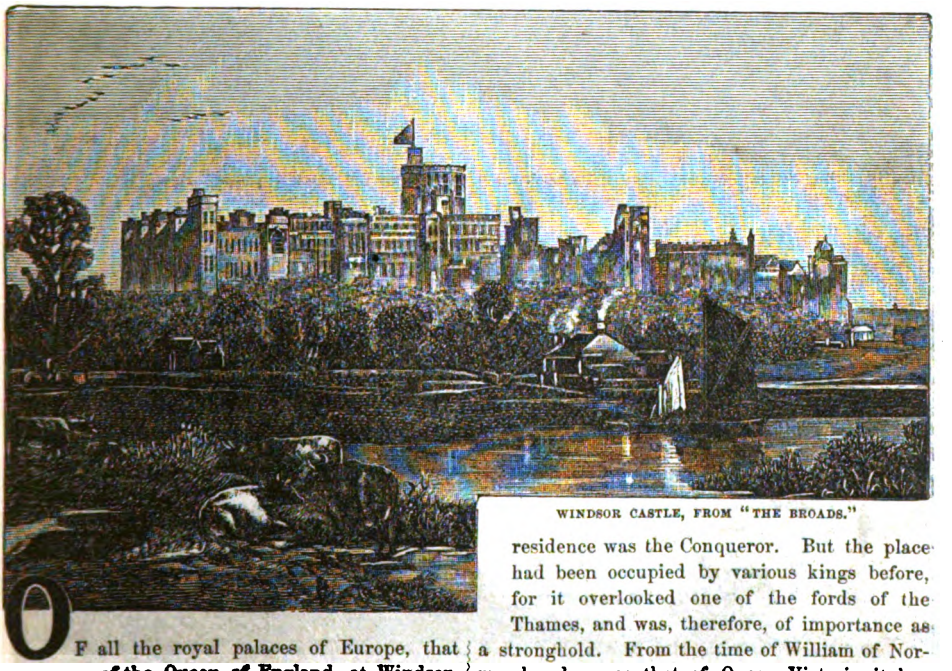
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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXVII. PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1885. No. 1.

WINDSOR CASTLE AND PARK.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.



WINDSOR CASTLE, FROM "THE BROADS."

OF all the royal palaces of Europe, that of the Queen of England, at Windsor, is the most picturesque and the richest in historical associations. Nothing so noble, in any way, is to be found on the Continent.

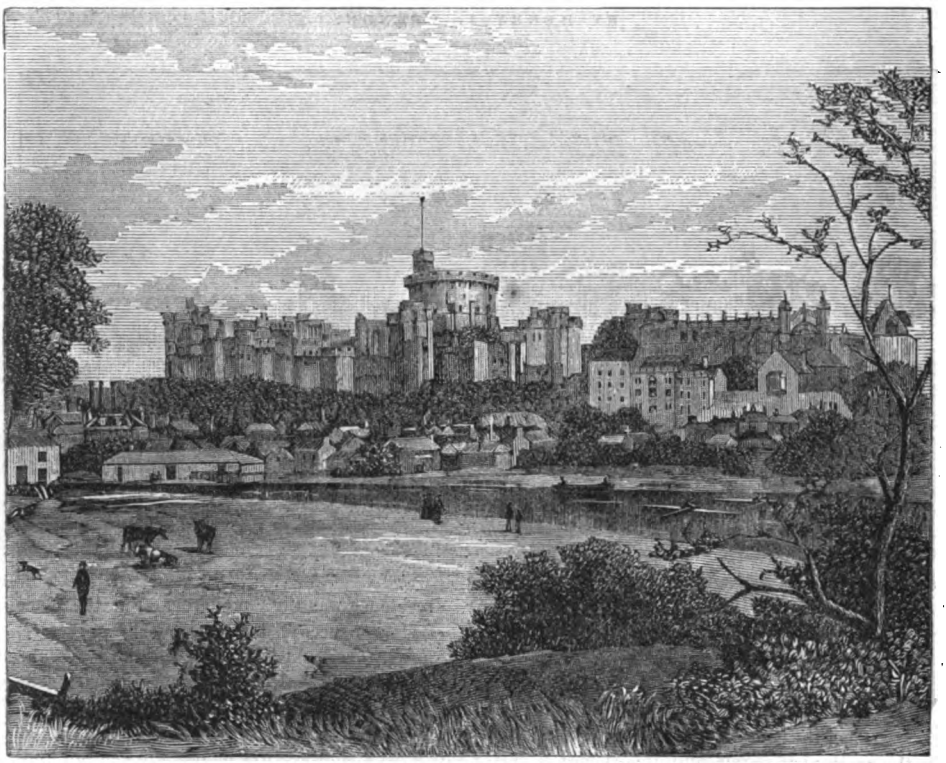
Its situation is greatly in its favor. It stands on an isolated eminence of chalk, the only one within many miles, and is therefore a commanding object in the landscape, from whatever quarter it is seen. The low ridgy hill, the towers, battlements, and walls, and the great keep soaring over all, make it imposing beyond description. It is not, however, one single building, under a continuous roof, as many persons might suppose; but a collection of structures of different sizes, surrounding the great Round Tower, or keep.

The first monarch who made Windsor a royal residence was the Conqueror. But the place had been occupied by various kings before, for it overlooked one of the fords of the Thames, and was, therefore, of importance as a stronghold. From the time of William of Normandy, down to that of Queen Victoria, it has witnessed monarch after monarch "holding high festival" there. Henry the First was married at Windsor, A. D. 1122. John was residing there when he went to Runnymede, to sign Magna Charta. Edward the Third was born there. So also was Henry the Sixth. John, king of France, after Creçy, was long held a captive at Windsor. David, king of Scotland, taken at Neville's Cross, shared the same fate. James the First of Scotland was likewise a prisoner, for years, within its massive walls, and fell in love with the Lady Jane Beaufort, whom he afterwards made his queen, by seeing her walking in the castle-garden, which he overlooked from his lofty window.

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The great Round Tower, or keep, which, as we have said, is the central figure, was the work of Edward the Third. It is built on a large artificial mound, which is probably as old as the Romans, and perhaps even as the Britons. Subsequent kings made various additions and alterations to the castle. St. George's Chapel was erected in the reign of Edward the Fourth. The most extensive improvements, however, were those effected under the direction of the architect Wyatt, in the time of George the Fourth, who rebuilt considerable portions, added thirty-two feet to the height of the Round Tower, and left the castle substantially as we see it now.

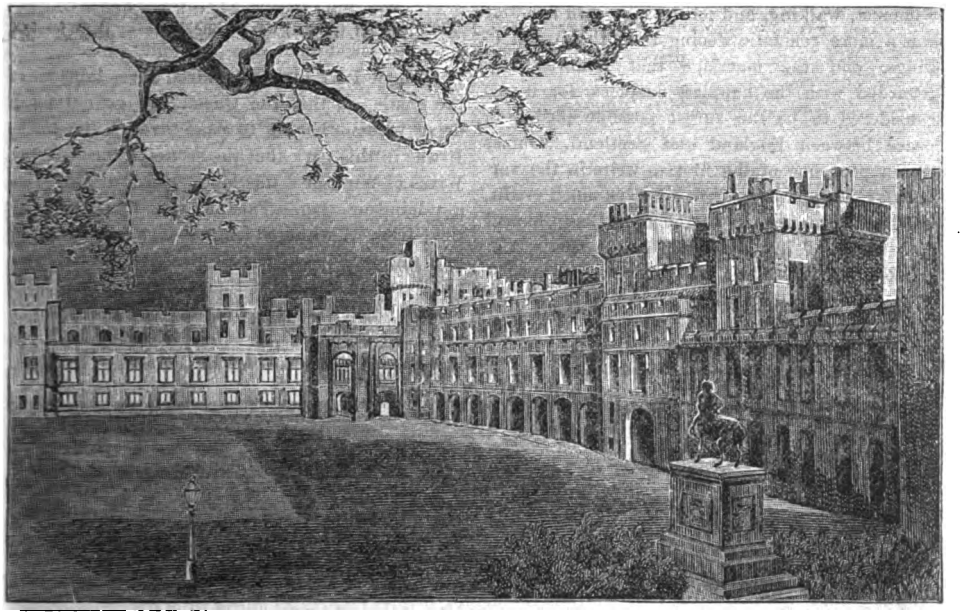
One of the most beautiful of the buildings is St. George's Chapel, which stands nearly opposite the principal gateway, as you come up from the town by what are called the Hundred Steps, but are really one hundred and twenty-two. It was built by Edward the Fourth, with the exception of the stone roof, which was added by Henry the Seventh, and is a very fine example of what is called the Perpendicular Gothic, a style peculiar to England alone. There is not a single square



WINDSOR CASTLE: SHOWING ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, ETC.

foot of the interior that is not ornamented, the walls being covered with delicate medieval paneling, and "the ribs of the columns," as has been almost poetically said, "spreading over the roof in rich tracery, adorned with painted coats-of-arms of the Knights of the Garter, and with the 'rose-en-soleil,' the well-known cognizance of Edward the Fourth." The great west window excels even those usual in the Perpendicular style, where the west window is always the most superb feature, for it fills up the whole of that end of the nave, and is refulgent with stained glass, all of it ancient. In the choir are suspended the helmets, banners, and mantles of the Knights of the Garter. We give an engraving of it on another page. The tombs of kings and queens crowd its pavement. Here, among the more fortunate of his race, sleeps Charles the First, where he was laid, according to a cotemporary account, just after his execution, "in silence and sorrow, his pall white with the snow which fell upon it." In 1813, in consequence of doubts having been expressed as to this interment, the coffin was opened, in the presence of Sir Henry Halford and other authorities, and the headless body of the ill-fated king found within. "The shape of the face was long and oval," says Sir Henry, "the hair was thick at the back of the head,

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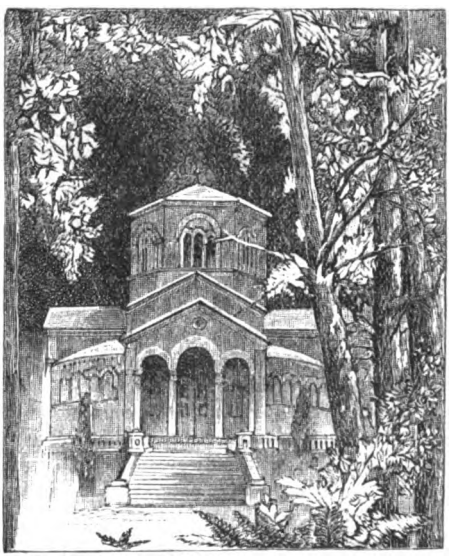
THE ROYAL APARTMENTS, UPPER WARD, WINDSOR CASTLE, BY MOONLIGHT.

and nearly black: that of the beard was of a reddish-brown." The description recalls vividly the portrait by Vandyke.

The state apartments are modern, but in fair taste, considering all things; they are very spacious, and are filled with inestimable works of art, especially portraits by Vandyke. They are built in what is now considered the Bastard Gothic of the architect Wyatt; but the style, after all, is one eminently suited for domestic use, collegiate or palatial. The upper court-yard, or ward, as it is called at Windsor, is an example. We give an illustration of it. Besides the apartments set aside for every-day use, there are other chambers for state purposes, all of more or less splendor, the guard-chamber and the great drawing-room especially.

A terrace, twenty-five hundred feet long, surrounds the castle on three sides, and is admitted, even by foreigners, to be the finest in the world. Here Queen Elizabeth was accustomed to walk, for an hour every day, surrounded by her maids of honor, and followed by the gentlemen of her court in the gorgeous apparel of their day. Here Charles the First, and afterwards Charles the Second, took exercise in the same manner. Here Cromwell was often to be seen, gloomy and stern, noticing no one, oppressed with the cares of state. Here George the Third and his queen also walked, with their children, on Sunday afternoons, exhibiting themselves to crowds of reverential spectators, for the days were those of the high Toryism and almost exaggerated loyalty which the reaction against the excesses of the French Revolution had brought about. On these occasions, the terrace was thrown open to the public, and on Sunday evenings a band of music played.

At its eastern end, the terrace overlooks a sunk garden. It was here that the royal lover, James of Scotland, saw the Lady Jane, niece of Cardinal Beaufort, and daughter of the Earl of



PRINCE ALBERT'S MAUSOLEUM.

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Somerset, walking, and fell in love with her. It was a more romantic wooing than that usual to kings, and the marriage that followed was regarded with the happiest auspices, for it was considered to be the surest possible pledge of peace between England and Scotland. James was a poet, one of the first to write in the vernacular, and perhaps entitled to as much credit, on that account, north of the Tweed, as Chaucer was south of it. In his "King's Quair," or "Book," he describes this garden:

"Now there was made, fast by the tower's wall,
A garden faire, and in the corners set
An arbour green, with wandes long and small
Railed about; and so with leaves beset
Was all the place, and hawthorne hedges knet,
That lyf (person) was no one, walking there forebye,
That might within scarce any wight espye."

A Home Park of five hundred acres joins on to the castle, so that the Queen can go out for a drive without having to pass through the town. It was in this park that the scene of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" was laid. Here, disguised as a "Windsor stag," Falstaff was tormented by the fairies. A withered tempest-torn oak, enclosed in a railing, is popularly supposed to be "Herne's Oak," alluded to by Shakespeare; but it is believed that the real tree was cut down, by a mistaken order, A. D. 1796. Near by is Frogmore, once the residence of Princess Charlotte,



ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL: CHOIR.

and afterwards that of the Duchess of Kent, the mother of Victoria. In the grounds attached to this smaller palace is the mausoleum erected by the Queen to her deceased husband, the Prince Consort. It is a cruciform edifice, surmounted by an octagonal lantern, in the Romanesque style. We give an engraving of it.

Windsor Great Park, which is connected with the Home Park, contains eighteen hundred acres, and abounds in artificially-arranged walks and drives, as well as in more natural forest-scenery, where herds of deer, startled from the tall ferns, may be seen hurrying out of sight at the approach of strangers. Henry the Eighth went hawking here, with Anne Boleyn, when she was queen of his heart as well as of his realm, in the joyous days, full of gayety and sport, when she little suspected that the headsman's axe loomed for her, but a few brief months ahead, on Tower green.

The most noticeable feature of the Great Park is what is called the Long Walk, a wide avenue, three miles long, shaded by grand old trees on either side, and running as straight as an arrow. It was begun by Charles the First, but not completed until the time of William of Orange. We give an illustration of it. Parallel to it runs the Queen's Walk, an avenue planted by Queen Anne,

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A. D. 1707. The Long Walk ends at Snow Hill, from which a pleasant drive leads to Virginia Water, an artificial lake, the largest in Great Britain, where George the Fourth used to keep a miniature frigate. Near it are some sham ruins of a supposed Roman temple, in the worst taste of the last century, when it was thought classical and refined to imitate antiquity in this "Brummagem" fashion.

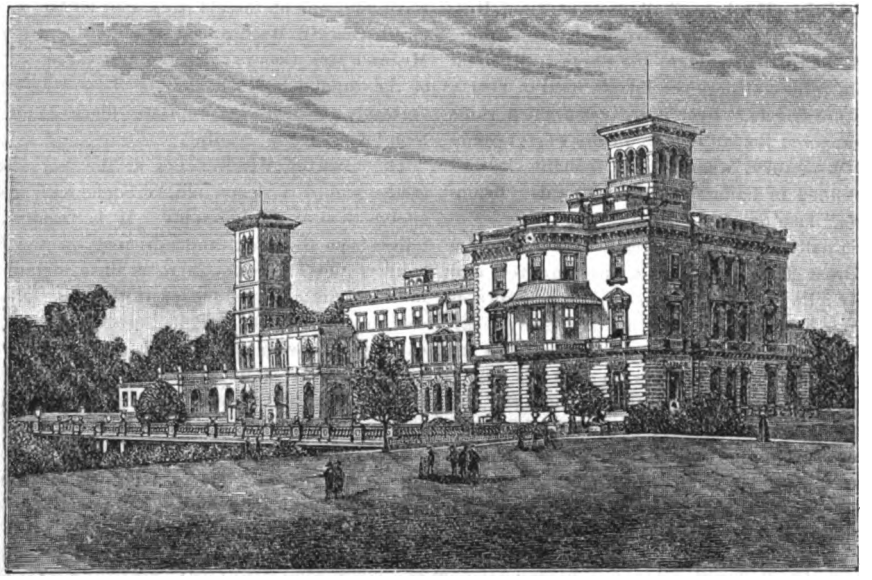
Originally a vast forest extended westward from the Great Park, measuring one hundred and twenty miles in circumference. It was known as Windsor Forest, and saw, in its day, many a gallant hawking-party, and many a chase of what the ballad of Robin Hood calls "the good red deer." It has long been almost entirely enclosed, and converted into plough and pasture land, greatly to the economic advantage of the realm, though to the loss of much that was picturesque and romantic. Here and there, however, many a wild bit of wood and common may still be seen, with patches of heath in the sandy soil, that fill the fancy with memories of the days of Froissart, when brave knights rode forth on their splendidly caparisoned steeds, accompanying fair ladies on milk-white palfreys and with falcon on wrist. It was under one of the old oaks, still left from the forest, that Sir Walter Scott read to his friends, Mr. and Mrs. George Ellis, the first three cantoes of the unpublished "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Certainly no more appropriate place could be found for such a reading.

The town of Windsor lies at the foot of the castle, and is a sleepy old borough, with about twelve thousand inhabitants. It is twenty-two miles from London, and situated on the left bank of the Thames. There is little of interest in the way of architecture left in the place, all the old buildings of the Middle Ages, with but few exceptions, having disappeared. As late as A. D. 1860, however, a house standing at the foot of the Hundred Steps, near the river, and believed, on good authority, to have been that which Shakespeare had in his mind as the house of Mrs. Page, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," was taken down to make way for a more modern structure. In one of the bye-streets is a low public-house, called the "Duke's Head," where Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, once lived. Tradition says that Charles the Second used to come there from the castle, and walk thence, with the Duke, to Filberts, the residence of Nell Gwynne.



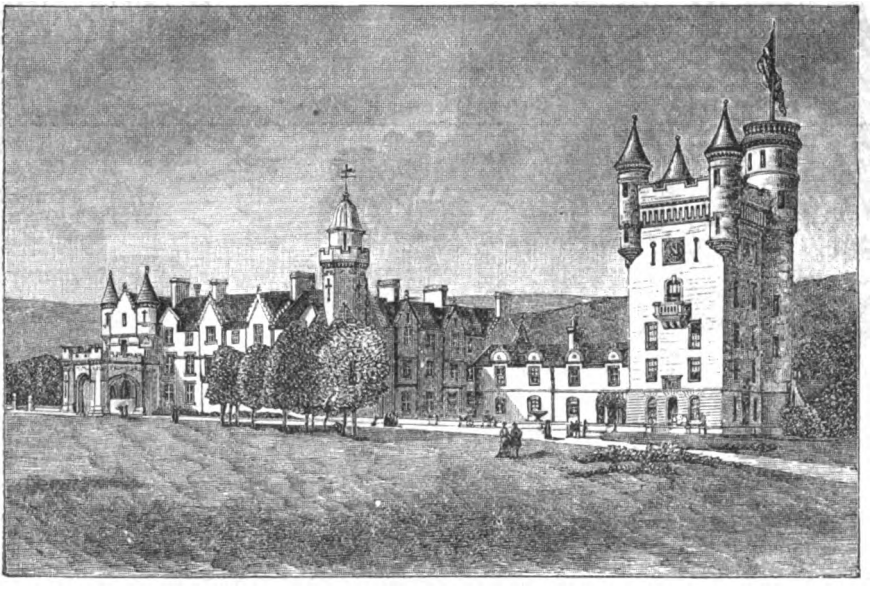
THE LONG WALK, WINDSOR PARK.

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OSBORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Windsor Castle is used principally to keep "royal state." But the Queen's favorite residences, where she lives that quiet domestic life which has endeared her so to her own people, and has won for her the personal respect of everybody, whether in Europe or America, are Osborne House, on the Isle of Wight, and Balmoral, in the Highlands of Scotland. She spends most of the winter months at the former, and the summer and early autumn ones at the latter. We give engravings of the two places. It will be seen that, though commodious enough, they are scarcely palatial, and hardly even stately. They are the private property of the Queen, and do not belong to the nation, as do Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, Hampton Court, St. James Palace, etc.

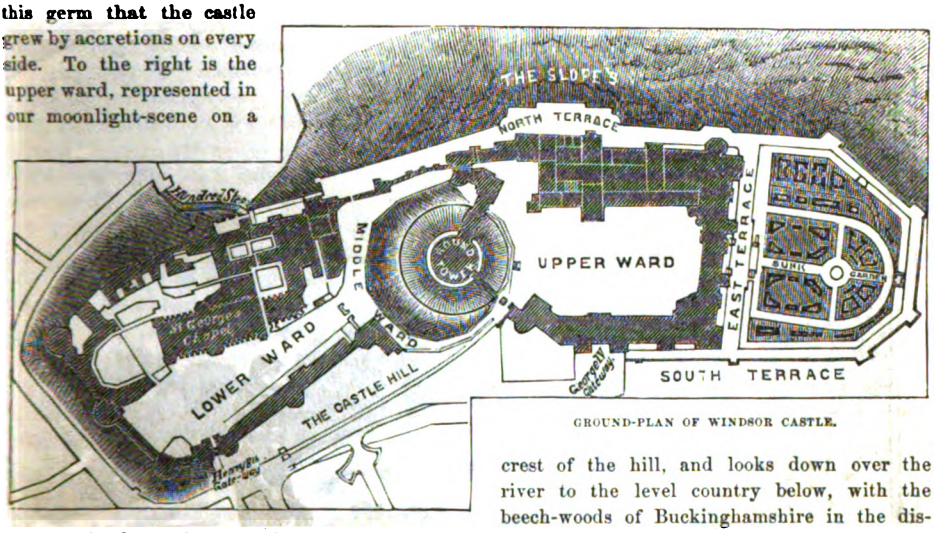


BALMORAL CASTLE, NEAR ABERDEEN.

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We have said that Windsor Castle, instead of being a single building under one continuous roof, which is the popular idea of a castle, is, on the contrary, a collection of buildings more or less distinct in character, detached from each other, but enclosed within a common wall. This is best seen by the subjoined engraving, which shows the ground-plan of Windsor Castle, with its various edifices, court-yards—or, as they are called at Windsor, wards—terraces, etc., etc.

Conspicuous in the centre is the great mound on which stands the Round Tower. It was from this germ that the castle grew by accretions on every side. To the right is the upper ward, represented in our moonlight-scene on a preceding page. Surrounding this spacious court-yard are the apartments for the Queen and those for visitors and for state purposes, prominent among them being St. George's Hall, on the north side—one of the stateliest rooms in Europe. To the right of this is what is called the East Terrace, from which you look down upon the sunk garden, where the fair Lady Jane was walking when King James of Scotland saw her from his prison-window, and fell in love with her. To the left of the Round Tower is the middle ward, and beyond that the lower ward, and on the northern



GROUND-PLAN OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

side of the latter St. George's Chapel, of whose interior we have given an engraving. Still further to the north, and beyond the chapel and other buildings, are the famous Hundred Steps that lead down to the town.

The dark parts of this plan represent buildings, the white ones open spaces or court-yards. Here, on the left, are two small wards of this kind, called the Dean's Cloister and the Canon's Cloister, both close to the chapel. The North Terrace, as its name implies, skirts the northern crest of the hill, and looks down over the river to the level country below, with the beech-woods of Buckinghamshire in the distance, where Hampden lived and fought and fell. The South Terrace faces towards Hampshire, with the Duke of Wellington's residence far away on the horizon.

Of the two engravings of the castle, which we give on the preceding pages, the first represents it as seen from one side, the second as viewed from the other. The Round Tower and St. George's Chapel are seen, in both illustrations, rising conspicuously above the mass of the buildings.

"SIR AMYAR TO SWEETHEART CICELY."

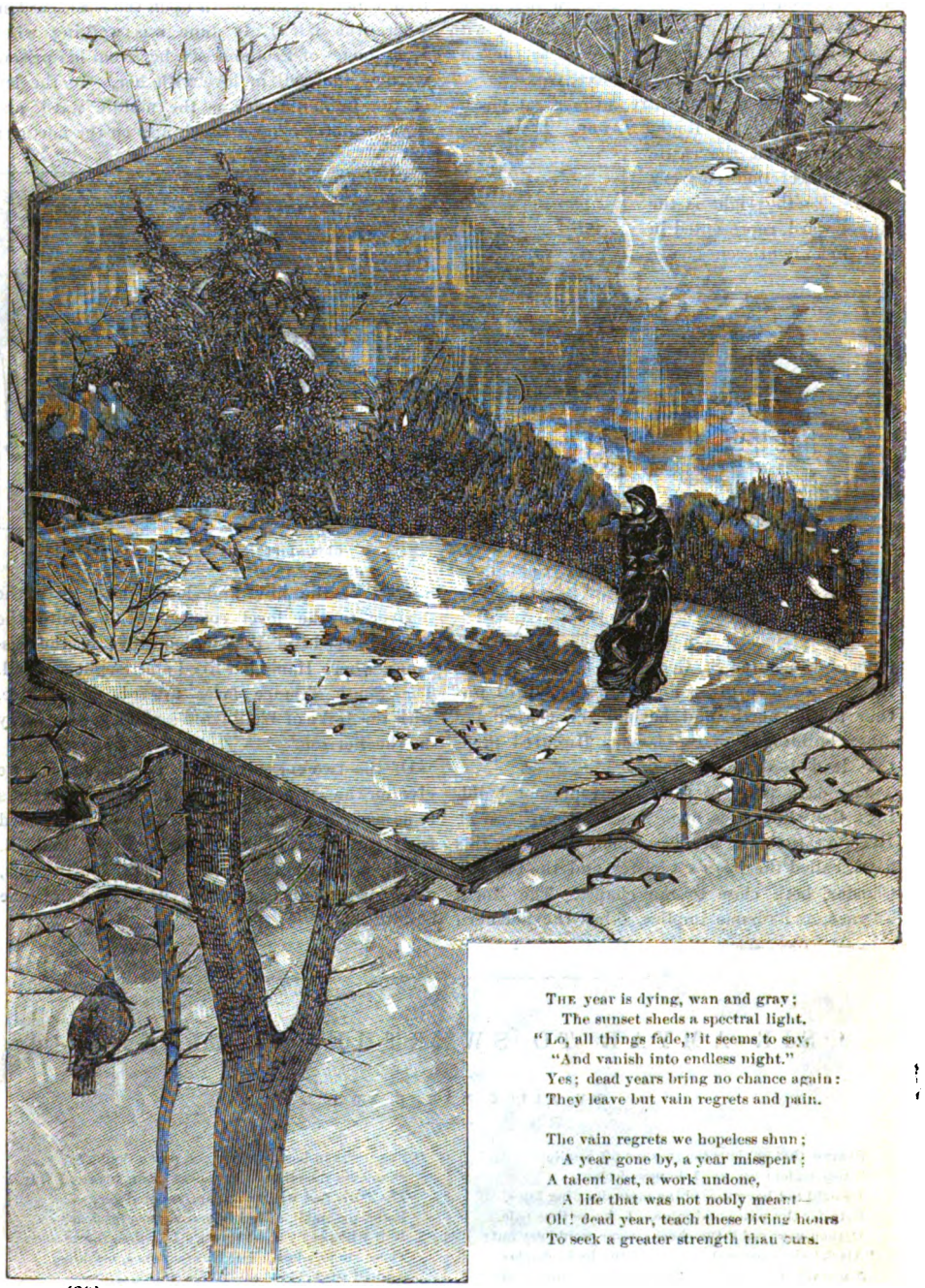
BY ALICE MAUDE EWELL

SEEING that envious tongues soe oft assaile
Transcendent beauty, I do now declare
I would not have thee shine more dazzling faire,
Both for thy peace and mine. I choose thee pale.
If thou wert red i' the cheeks, some would cry out:
"Alack! she's painted." Should thy locks display
A marvelous length and thickness, sure they'd say:
"She struts in borrowed tresses, past a doubt."
Shame on the chattering jades! But, sweete, I fear
Thy little feet will scarce unslandered goe,
Being soe small. Methinks some gossips deare
Will whisper of tight shoon. I prithee showe
These rumors false: goe barefoot once, my love,
And all suspicioned pinchings thus disprove.

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THE DYING YEAR.

BY J. T. E. WOOLASTON.



THE year is dying, wan and gray;
The sunset sheds a spectral light.
"Lo, all things fade," it seems to say,
"And vanish into endless night."
Yes; dead years bring no chance again:
They leave but vain regrets and pain.

The vain regrets we hopeless shun;
A year gone by, a year misspent;
A talent lost, a work undone,
A life that was not nobly meant—
Oh! dead year, teach these living hours
To seek a greater strength than ours.

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IN ST. PAUL'S PLACE

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

As soon as I had received my degree as M.D., I opened an office in St. Paul's Place, a very new and very short street, near the Schuylkill, in West Philadelphia. St. Paul's was an impregnable fort of gentility. The two rows of tiny bay-windowed houses faced each other, each set behind a square of grass, in which stood a white wooden boy holding up a vase intended for growing flowers. Each bay-window was draped with Nottingham lace curtains; each door-step was kept immaculately clean. Behind the lace curtains and closed doors the public never penetrated.

"You have dropped into a queer neighborhood, doctor," said Lieutenant Humphreys to me, when he called, an hour after I had opened my office. "A deucedly queer neighborhood: young people who are starting in life, old ones who have lost their fortunes and have drifted in here for repairs, adventurers, and all the rest of us who put on gentility as you would a domino at a masquerade—to hide behind. But you'll find them good kind folks, doctor. I never saw a man yet that wasn't a good fellow—if you take him at the right edge. You're welcome to St. Paul's," shaking me by the hand heartily. "I'll see you at Tubbs's in the evening," lifting his hat with a flourish as he went out.

I went to work arranging my office in high spirits. There was a contagion of success in the lieutenant's cordial laugh, in the very flourish of his hat. Tubbs was the hospitable little druggist at the corner; all the men of St. Paul's dropped in and out of his glittering little shop in the evenings. There was General Pyle, who would have wound up the civil war, if he had not been unjustly ordered out of active service; there was J. Larkins, LL.D., who went about from door to door selling his great lecture on Modern Skepticism at ten cents a copy; there was a young lad with a hunger-bitten face and the name of one of the signers of the Declaration, and whose sisters took in sewing from the arsenal, while their kinsfolk down-town always represented them in society to be "eccentric old maids, who chose to live in Paris"; there were broken-down clergymen who had turned into newspaper-reporters; there was the inventor of the great air-engine; there were clerks with small incomes, gamblers with large ones, and artists with none at all. It was the most sanguine crowd of castle-builders I ever encountered: whoever entered into St. Paul's brought hope with him, though he usually brought nothing else. Everybody's plans grew bigger and their bragging louder, when Lieutenant Humphreys came in. One would have been ashamed to mention failure before him. He would listen with intense gravity to your scheme for making a fortune next year, take you by the hand when you had finished, and nod his head thoughtfully. "My boy, you've hit it now. Oh, there's no doubt of it. I'll mention the project to my old schoolmates—C——, and P——, and D——," naming the most influential men in the city. "They can put it through." Now, C——, and P——, and D—— had been his schoolmates, and he always did mention the plan to them: he must have mentioned a dozen plans a week to them. But, somehow, they never put them through.

He was a tall wiry man, with a florid face and iron-gray hair that stood on end like Andrew Jackson's. He had a joyous laugh and gentle voice, that seemed oddly out of place from such a raw-boned awkward creature. His worn clothes were put on with extreme neatness; his linen was immaculately white, his patched shoes polished, and he had always the air of having just come out fresh from a bath to give the world good-morning.

With all his hearty good-fellowship, there was an intangible something that set the lieutenant apart from the mob that gathered nightly about him at Tubbs's. Nobody could doubt that he was well-born and well-bred; patched shoes and empty pockets were, you felt, mere paltry transient circumstances to this true gentleman. Of his own past life he told me nothing; but Tubbs, who had managed to ferret out the gossip of the neighborhood, broke out one day, when he had left the shop.

"There goes a man who could once have bought out all the C——'s and D——'s of Philadelphia. His father was the great Louisiana planter—Humphreys—and he was an only son.'

"What became of his fortune?"

"Well, he literally sank it into the ground: tried experiments according to his own theories in draining and sub-soiling; engineered a levee according to his own plan on the Mississippi

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line, that cost a hundred thousand, and the next rise washed it away. Then he married an heiress, and her fortune followed his own."

"Gambling?"

"Bless you, no! Tom Humphreys never turned a card but as a gentleman might. No; he's one of those cursed fools that always mean well. He quit farming, and, with his wife's money and the wreck of his own, went into a sugar-refinery. Knew as much of the business as—as my gold-fish here. Invented half of the machinery, they do say. At all events, the sugar and the war cleaned him out. But he never gives up: he's inventing machines yet. He has the garret in his house full of models. They had a windfall a year or two ago of a couple of thousand dollars, and he spent every cent in manufacturing a self-opening latch for gates. The latch opened well enough, but it never shut. So he has them yet. His yard is piled with boxes of latches. But he never gives up."

"He is a trying fellow," piped old Dr. Larkins's gentle voice. "Undoubtedly he means well, but he is trying. Mrs. Humphreys made eighty dollars by a year's sewing, and bought a type-writer for him. He could have earned a good deal at night by the use of it. But he immediately took it all to pieces, to attach an improvement of his own invention, and never could put it together again. 'It was unfortunate, Larkins,' he said; 'but my improvement would have been worth ten thousand a year to us.'"

"What is his business?" I ventured.

"Assistant book-keeper at Balsh's. Five dollars a week. Wife and daughter to support. It runs pretty low with them up there, I fancy."

At that moment, the door was flung open, and the lieutenant entered, his face on fire.

"Gentlemen, here is an outrage," he cried. "This family in No. 35—widow lady, son and daughter, refugees from Virginia, I believe—unable to pay their rent, and the agent threatens to turn them on the street to-night. To-night—sleet, snow, and all! They will perish before morning. Gentlemen, what can we do?"

Every man's hand went into his pocket.

"How much is it?" said Tubbs, pulling open the money-drawer.

"Twenty-five dollars."

The hands came slowly out.

"I haven't seen that much money in a year," said Ben Smith, with a nervous giggle.

"I don't believe there is that much in the world," added Tubbs, who was the professed wit of St. Paul's. "I have just taken in fifteen cents to-day."

"Is there nothing they can pawn?" asked the old clergyman.

The lieutenant did not hear him. His eyes were burning, his chin quivered. He broke into a laugh.

"Poverty is a joke, of course. But there are times when it grinds—it grinds. Hold! There! I have it! I'll tell you what I'll do, gentlemen. Take them home with me. We have one room entirely vacant, and we can easily resign the drawing-room. Mistress Humphreys will be delighted," and out he bolted, leaving us staring at each other in amazement.

"Delighted? Will she?" said Tubbs, grinding away at his mortar. "I'm not so sure of that."

Presently the lieutenant thrust his head in at the door. "Doctor! Larkins! Bear a hand, both of you. That rascally agent will take their poor sticks of furniture, but we'll carry their trunks into my house."

We followed him to No. 35, and found two or three trunks piled on the pavement. Hoisting one on my back, I headed the procession to the lieutenant's house, which was the last on the square. Each man had his load, and behind came the widow, clinging to her son's arm, a pale distressed lad of about nineteen. The daughter followed them.

There was no light in the hall, as Humphreys unlocked the front-door, and threw it open.

"Come in, madam, come in. You are welcome," he exclaimed, excitedly wringing her hand, while we deposited the trunks on the floor. "Come into the drawing-room," flinging open a door beside him.

The "drawing-room" was about ten feet square, the walls covered with the tawdry cheap paper with which we were all familiar in our own houses; the only light was from a tin lamp upon the table. But an instant's swift survey showed me that the carpet was a well-worn Persian rug, and that the faded old family portraits upon the wall were the work of master-hands. Here was an inlaid cabinet, there a shelf of books.

The room, I saw, held all the few little treasures which poor Mrs. Humphreys had been able to save from her days of happiness. She and her daughter were seated sewing by the table, and started up as the door was flung open, to see the hall full of trunks, and men, and the lieutenant, with most fervid eagerness, ushering two sobbing women into the room. Mrs. Humphreys was a pinched starved-looking woman, in a thin summer-dress. There was apparently no fire in the house, and she shivered as the night-wind rushed in. She glanced at the mob of strange faces before her, and then turned to her husband.

"What is it now, Thomas?"

"Why, my dear—my dear—these friends of

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mine—Mistress Calcott, my wife. It was necessary that they should leave their house to-night, and I have asked them to come here and be our guests for as long as—as they can make themselves comfortable," with a cordial smile and sweep of the hand that welcomed the whole Calcott party to his home and heart. For the moment I verily believe he fancied himself at the door of the stately Humphreys mansion, with hundreds of slaves at his call.

His wife listened quietly, growing, it seemed to me, paler and more wan, as this fresh load was thrust on her. But the instinct of good-breeding was strongest within her. She stepped hastily forward, and gently removed the widow's wraps, seated her, and quieted her sobs and protestations. Then she beckoned to her daughter, a round-cheeked little girl of sixteen, who came up smiling.

"Maggie, remain with Mrs. Calcott," she said, quietly, "while I make some arrangements."

The other men had gone. But the lieutenant detained me in the hall.

"Wait a bit, doctor," he said, nervously. "You can help me explain the affair to Mistress Humphreys, and to shake these people into place in the house. You have a cool head, and we are an impetuous excitable lot—"

When Mrs. Humphreys came out, I thought she had a head cool enough to arrange anything. She was not surprised nor angry. Probably the lieutenant had long ago worn out all surprise and anger within her. There was only a dull weary endurance in her face and voice, as she closed the door behind her and faced us.

"Why have you brought these people here, Thomas?" she asked.

"They couldn't pay their rent, my dear. The agent would have turned them out on the street to-night."

"Not at all. No agent could do anything of the kind, in Pennsylvania, without legal process. Where are they to sleep?"

"There is Maggie's room. Maggie's a dear good girl. She'll gladly sleep anywhere. And the drawing-room. Doctor and I will knock up some kind of a bed. Oh, I beg your pardon—my dear, this is Doctor Henly, my friend of whom I have told you so often."

The lady bowed, without smiling.

"You make our acquaintance at an unfortunate time, Doctor Henly," she said, in the same dull monotonous voice. "We are very poor. Lieutenant Humphreys does not realize how poor. I have been out all day trying to sell some fancy-work. I could not do it. My husband's wages for the week have gone to pay bills. This is Saturday night. There is not food enough in the house to satisfy one person to-morrow, and he has invited four strangers to come and make their home with us, 'as long as they find it comfortable.'"

I stammered something about Humphreys's generous heart, to which she made no reply. I do not think she heard me, or knew that she was talking to a stranger. As she stood looking at the floor, she appeared so exhausted, so utterly worn out, that her complaint seemed more the unconscious gasp of misery than of ill-humor.

The lieutenant tried to laugh.

"They won't be comfortable long, if that is the state of affairs," he said. "Cheer up, Molly. I'm a reckless featherheaded fellow, I know. But, upon my soul, I did it for the best. I really thought the agent could turn those delicate women out into the sleet and snow. Don't go, doctor. Stay and take sup—something with us."

When I closed the door behind me, I resolved never to enter it again. But I went back, and often. There was a singular fascination in the lieutenant's daily freaks and projects, into each of which he so threw his whole soul, that he swept me away with him in spite of my own judgment. I was interested, too, in the Calcotts, who were a refined, unthrifty, indolent family from the South, so used to exercise an unlimited hospitality at home, that they underrated the sacrifice which they had exacted from Mrs. Humphreys. I was able to secure a place as visiting governess for the daughter, and a small clerkship for Walter, the son, a manly unpractical lad of nineteen. I had fortunately some well-to-do acquaintances, who were ready to show their esteem for me in every way but employing me as family physician, and through their influence I gained these situations for my new friends. After a week, they went back to their own house.

"Yes, you find us quite alone, Henly," said the lieutenant, that evening, as I entered the faded little parlor, where he sat with his wife. She was sewing, and he was reading Poe's Raven in sonorous cadence, though I do not think she heard a word of it. "Our friends have ended their visit, and I must say I miss them sorely. Mistress Humphreys here grumbles about the bill at the green-grocer's, which she fears she never will be able to meet. Why, doctor, I have sent in my patent boiler-gauge to the great Morpeth machine-works, and there's no doubt that they will adopt it. If they do, our fortune's made. Bill at the grocer's! The idea of vexing your head about such bagatelles as bills at grocers'!" And he burst into a ringing laugh, so hearty that I joined in it, and even Mrs Humphreys smiled feebly.

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"Oh, Thomas, Thomas," she said, nevertheless, "so many times you have almost given us a fortune." And she shook her head drearily.

"I'll do it this time, Molly. But, as I was about to say, doctor, I particularly regretted that our friends went away, because I detected a growing attraction between young Calcott and our little Maggie. It was a most beautiful and tender thing to me."

"Thomas!" Mrs. Humphreys had started to her feet. "You are jesting! You do not mean what you say. My child! Young Calcott?"

"Now, that's just the way with these mothers, doctor. Nobody is fit to steal away their little ewe-lamb. Walter Calcott is a fine fellow, mother; and, if I'm not mistaken, he hopes to make Maggie his wife. I've been watching the two foolish young things with the keenest delight. 'I too once was an Arcadian.' Yes, yes, my little girl has found her prince, and if they ask my leave to marry to-morrow, they shall have it, with my blessing."

Mrs. Humphreys remained standing, staring aghast at him.

"This is too much," she said, at last, with a gesture of intense bitterness. "It is not enough that the child is reduced to beggary, but you would urge her to marry another pauper like herself! Walter Calcott receives four dollars a week, and his mother and sister are dependent on him. Are you mad?"

"I mad?" said the lieutenant, beaming with good-humor. "Not at all. I only believe in the higher law of love, which lies far above all your wise doctrines of expediency. You would not believe it, doctor," turning to me, "but this little woman who preaches worldly wisdom so sharply used to be the most sentimental believer in the birth of twin souls for each other."

Mrs. Humphreys looked at him without speaking a moment.

"I have had much to cure me," she said, in a low voice, and then sat down, as if hopelessly.

It was a terrible stab. Her husband's face slowly whitened as its full meaning reached him; he gave one hasty deprecating glance at her hard-set features, and then sat silent, mechanically turning over the leaves of his book with unsteady fingers. My sympathy was for him; yet I could not but feel that the torture must have been long and intolerable which would wring such a taunt from a woman once gentle and loving. Maggie came in at that moment, her rosy face glowing and her eyes radiant. I saw young Calcott pass down the street an instant later. She glanced quickly at her father's face, and, coming hastily up to him, rested her hand on his shoulder, as she chattered away, pouring out a flood of fanciful girlish nonsense. Maggie could not ride a square in the street-cars without an adventure or story to tell: she was entirely her father's child. I was struck at that moment with the singular likeness between the two profiles, from the broad uneven brow to the cleft chin. The old man pulled her hand down, as he thought unseen by me, and pressed it to his cheek.

A week later, as I came hastily up the street, on a cold gusty day, I ran against Mrs. Humphreys. She was standing on the pavement outside of the provision-store, looking about her with a stunned vacant stare.

"Oh, Doctor Henly," she cried, eagerly, "will you walk home with me? I—I am not very well."

"What has happened, Mrs. Humphreys?" I replied, kindly: for the poor lady trembled and shuddered as she clung to my arm. "Has anyone—has that fellow Brice been rude to you?"

"Rude? No, no. It is only the truth. We owe him for three weeks, and I have no money to-day to give him. It is pay-day; but Thomas had none for me. The man said we were no better than beggars. Mary Dupont a beggar—beggar!"

She whispered this to herself in an incoherent way, until we reached the house. Here I met the lieutenant at the door; and, when she had gone in, I explained the matter to him.

"I'm afraid that brute Brice was insolent," I said. "I wish to heaven I had the money to lend you, Humphreys, that you might pay him off, and be done with him."

"I will—I will. As soon as my first returns from the boiler-gauge come in, I'll clear off the scoundrel's bill. I had no money to-day: for I have given up my place at Balsh's."

"You have given up—"

"Yes," calmly filliping a bit of dust from his coat. "It was only a pitiful five dollars, and it occupied all my time: I could not look after my boiler-gauge at all. I have not told Molly yet. I am afraid she will not approve of my course. Molly is 'penny wise and pound foolish.' I wish you would come in, Henly, until I tell her. You could explain—"

But it was one of those occasions which my moral courage failed to meet. I turned my back on my friend, and deserted him.

Two hours later he sent for me, and, when I entered the well-known drawing-room, I saw that my poor friends had at last reached the crisis of their lives. Mrs. Humphreys sat calm and immovable. Like most amiable gentle people, when driven to bay, she was inflexibly obstinate.

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Maggie was kneeling beside her mother, her arms about her, her own pale tear-dabbled face upturned. She was arguing with her in a passionate whisper. But the lieutenant's face made the emotion of the women of little account. In the old Scotch phrase, he looked as if "struck with death." He came towards me, with glazed stunned eyes.

"Henly," he said, huskily, "have you been a party to this? Are you in the conspiracy?"

"There is no conspiracy, Thomas," said his wife, in a cold clear voice. "No one is responsible for my action but myself. I have considered it for months, and now I am resolved."

"She wants—great God!—she wants a separation. Do you hear, Henly?"

"You will not leave your husband?" I said. "He must have mistaken you—"

"Why, Molly!"

He took her hands as he spoke, and looked into her face. No Hindoo about to sacrifice himself before his god could be more physically cowed and shaken than this old man, and no little god of brass could be more immovable and fixed than she.

"You're only angry with me," he said, "or you could not hint at such a cruel thing. What are you angry about? What have I done? Have I ever, since that day I first met you in the garden at Lafourche, spoken an untender word to you, Molly?"

"No," she said, slowly. "As far as your intentions go, you have been kind, Thomas. But look at me! I am a pauper, and so is my child. I brought you great wealth—I never asked how much. Where is it now? Where is your own fortune? Where is the poor pittance you were able to earn? I've borne and borne so many years: now I'm tired."

She sank back with a dry tearless sob.

"I'm cold and hungry, and I'm going where I will be warmed and fed. There is my uncle's letter, Doctor Henly. Read it."

The letter was from Judge Dupont, of Baltimore, offering a home and support to Mrs. Humphreys and her daughter. "As for Tom," the letter said, "the only condition I will make with you is: that you break with him irrevocably. My patience is utterly exhausted. You and your child shall have every comfort and luxury. You shall be restored to your proper place in society: but you must leave your husband."

"You mean to accept this offer?" I asked.

"Yes, I do. I am so tired—so tired," she moaned.

I turned to the daughter.

"And what will you do?" I said. Maggie was crouching on the floor, her head buried in her mother's lap.

"Maggie goes with me, of course," cried Mrs. Humphreys, sharply, a sudden terror lighting her eyes.

The lieutenant came towards them. The girl rose, looking from one to the other. Her father held out his hand. "Maggie, will you leave me?"

Her mother caught at her dress. "Child, child! you go with me."

Maggie stooped, and gently stroked her mother's hair. Even then she was good-humored and sensible.

"Mother," she said, "you will have every comfort and luxury, my uncle says; but my father," disengaging herself from her hold, "will have only me."

She turned as she finished, and threw herself into his arms.

Mrs. Humphreys burst into a low hysterical weeping.

There was a sharp clang at the doorbell, and I seized the opportunity to escape. What could I do? Why was I always entangled with the miseries of this family?

The post-man handed me a letter for the lieutenant. I gave it to him, and left the house, telling him that I would come back in the evening, if I could be of any service in helping him to arrange his affairs.

Two hours later, there was a thundering knock at my office-door. I opened it, and there stood the lieutenant—beaming, radiant. He seized me by the shoulders.

"Henly, my boy, it's come!" he shouted. "I knew it would. I'm a rich man. That letter you brought was from Nash. I sold Nash the sugar-refinery in St. Louis when it broke up, you know; but I kept an interest and the rights of my inventions in the machinery and processes. Nash has been abroad for four years. But he is at home now, and he tells me the inventions were a success, and my share amounts to back-payments of twenty thousand dollars, and offers me a quarter share of the business in lieu of my interest. I—I—" his chin quivered, and he broke down, "I've looked for it so long, you see, Doc, and I thought it would never come," laughing, and sopping at his wet sparkling eyes with a ragged handkerchief.

"And Maggie?"

"Oh, it's all settled. I'll make a place in the concern for Walter; and the Calcotts can follow us to St. Louis immediately. I'll see my birds chirping and making love under my very eyes," with a delighted chuckle. "Nash wrote that he

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has taken the refusal of a house for us, in case I accept the partnership. Oh, he's a whole-hearted generous fellow, Nash—an old New Orleans man, you know. It's all settled: we start on Tuesday."

"And Mrs. Humphreys?" I ventured.

"Oh, Molly's perfectly happy at the thought of St. Louis. Her family came from there—old French blood, the Duponts. She and Maggie are packing the portraits that hung in the drawing-room, as merry as two crickets. Poor Molly! I always hoped I'd make a fortune for her. And here it is—here it is."

He had entirely forgotten the tragic scene of the afternoon; and I did not remind him of it.

"But the boiler-gauge?" I asked.

"Oh, hang the boiler-gauge! Though it's a good thing, Henly—a good thing. Something will come of that—you'll see. But I forgot—my wife sent me. Nash was thoughtful enough to forward a considerable check, and I have paid off Brice and everybody else, and we are going to have a jolly little supper to-night. Molly begs that you will come. You will hardly know my wife," with a sudden tender softening of tone. "She has been like some tortured creature, lately. But she is her old self now—soft, merry, loving."

I went with him to the door, promising to follow him soon. He paused, looking up and down the street, nodding to the passing neighbors with dim eyes. "I told you that they were good friendly folk, doctor. Well, I'm glad to be a rich man, for Molly's and Maggie's sakes; but I like the rough-and-tumble ways and the vagabondage of St. Paul's. God bless it!"

MY CHILDHOOD'S DAYS.

BY HELEN A. RAINS.

OH! could I recall with a sorcerer's wand
The days of my childhood again,
The low cottage-home in my own native land,
The scenes that surrounded me then.

The meadows so ample, just back of the barn,
With slopes quite o'ergrown with red clover,
The pasture beyond, with its low-lying tarn
And half-rotten log to cross over.

The woods, cool and dark, where the winter-greens grew,
Near the road where the school-children passed,
The sunny south-ridges, where all of us knew
The strawberries ripened so fast.

The brook at the edge of the blackberry-patch,
That filled all the vale with its crooning,
When, tired and o'erheated, with many a scratch,
We came with our pails for our nooning.

That moss-covered rock, where we chatted and sung,
That juts o'er the brook like a shelf,
The great twisted grape-vine above, where we swung,
Those half-dozen girls and myself.

I see them again, though the angel of death
Has held in his chilling embraces,
And hid from my vision the daisies beneath,
One-half of those smiling girl-faces.

But more than all others, the love which was ours,
From hearts ever faithful and warm,
That spanned like a rainbow our infancy's hours,
And clothed ev'ry scene with a charm.

The days of my youth, where the amaranths bloom,
Keeps fragrant one spot above others,
That season endeared by those now in the tomb—
My parents, my sisters, my brothers.

"RICHES MORE THAN GOLD."

BY JOHN SJOLANDER.

You deem me poor for lack of gold,
Think happiness I ne'er can know;
But, stranger, peep into my fold,
Tread gently, doff your hat—just so.

See there, she's looking through the door
Adown the road, expectancy
In every glance. Oh, am I poor
With such a wife that waits for me?

See, in that little trundle-bed,
Two tiny forms so nicely gowned
Are sleeping. Oh, the joy they shed
Around my home! God's blessings crowned.

Just see them, stranger, in their sleep,
Round neck of each each bends an arm
So lovingly. Oh, Father, keep
Them ever pure, and shield from harm!

There comes their mother; see her bend
And fondly kiss her darlings there.
What guardian-angel could He send
More true than she, or good or fair?

Ah, stranger, am I poor indeed
With all this mine: the babes, the wife,
And health and strength, and love and life?
What riches more does mortal need?

There're riches, stranger, more than gold:
There's happiness the millionaire
Can never know till he behold
At home a sight like that one there.

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THE LOST ARIADNE.

BY MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD, AUTHOR OF "A TRANSPLANTED ROSE."

CHAPTER I.

The Reverend Tilton Huntingman, rector of the Protestant Episcopal church of St. Swithin's, sat in his cosy library, one cold evening in early winter, enjoying the warmth and comfort of a deep chair before an old-fashioned wood fire.

Suddenly came the most unwelcome of sounds, that of his own door-bell.

"Ah!" said he, hastily, "I hope Boggles will have the sense to deny me."

Boggles entered, after a considerable interval, and looked askance at the rector.

"A lady, sir; a lady in the parlor," he said.

"Alone? At this time of night? What is she, Boggles? Is she elderly or young?"

"She is young and very handsome, sir. Beg pardon, but I don't think she is one of the usual sort."

"So much the worse, Boggles," said the rector, who had one weak spot: he was mortally afraid of a woman. And of all the many varieties, he dreaded the young and beautiful sort the most.

"A new form of beggar, Boggles?"

"Don't know, sir; but, beg pardon, I think this is a lady, sir. Run away from home, perhaps; at any rate, she said she had a letter from an English friend of yours, and she gave this card."

"Ah! I know," said the rector, looking at the card. "The heroine of a tragedy—and she has crossed the ocean to plague me!"

The butler stood a moment, awaiting orders.

"You can go, Boggles," said the rector, directly: "go and tell the young woman I will see her presently. And, Boggles, is Mrs. Branscomb in her room? If so, ask her to see if the parlor is quite in order. She might show herself to the young lady, that she may know there is a woman in the house. Yes—go, Boggles."

Boggles did go, quite amused. He knew his master's weakness, and was always in readiness to appear just as some over-confidential lady was narrating her grievances, or assuring her rector that she was a misunderstood woman at home. Boggles had a showy coal-scuttle, which was to be always at hand, and he often quenched a fire by building up a new one in his master's service.

Yet he did not, at this moment, observe that the rector, still a young man, had darted up to his dressing-room to put on a clerical coat, wash his hands, and to run a comb through his beard and mustache.

Mrs. Branscomb appeared in the parlor, moved two chairs into different places, arranged five books on the table, and had left the impress of her portly well-busked person on the mind of the young lady, before the rector appeared.

As the rector entered, Mrs. Branscomb paused a moment, as if for orders. She saw the tall lithe figure of a beautiful young woman slowly and gracefully rise. She saw her master, also tall, stately, and handsome, advance. She saw the rector blush, as was his wont, when he bowed to a woman. But she saw no change of color on the part of the girl, as the latter politely but calmly received the clergyman in his own house.

"Brazen thing," thought Mrs. Branscomb, as she gave a stately courtesy—nobody looking—and flounced out of the room.

"I have come to New York a stranger, to ask your protection," said the girl. "I am in a great deal of trouble, Mr. Huntingman. You know my name and my dreadful story?"

"You are 'Alice Fastnesse,' your card tells me. I suppose that I know of you and your story. But why are you here? I heard that the courts had decided in your favor."

"Not proven," said the girl, with a bitter smile. "But such a trial as I had leaves the victim, perhaps, in a worse plight than if she had been condemned. At any rate, you know that, although I am my father's heiress, I am driven from home, and am an alien, a pariah. I have been living a year in the Far West, with an old servant of mine. I have been living on a ranche on the borders of Utah, where I hoped misfortune would not find me. But it did. I was obliged to leave. I have come just now from a journey of ten days—taken, the early part of it, at the risk of my life."

"And why, may I ask?" said the rector.

The girl paused. The enforced composure gave way, and a few hot tears ran down her cheeks.

"Mr. Huntingman," she asked, "do you believe that fate follows some poor creatures like a hound? Do you believe in persistent ill-luck?"

This question restored the rector to himself.

"Sometimes I am tempted to," said he; "sometimes I am tempted to; and I should be in despair of my religion, of my profession, if I

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did not see that this ill-luck generally made people better."

"I can imagine a certain dignified ill-luck, which we call misfortune, making people better—blows from the hand of God direct," said the girl; "but my ill-luck is always ignoble. In my early youth abused, persecuted, and then to be accused of a dreadful crime which I did not commit, and now to be running away from my poor Bessie's husband, who is a Mormon, and who wished to marry me: that is ignoble ill-luck."

"Wished to marry you? But how?—where?—when? Tell me your story since you left England."

"I took refuge with Bessie, who had been my maid," answered the visitor. "She had married and emigrated to America before my misfortunes. She, and she alone, offered me a refuge when the whole world accused me of crime. She knew that I could neither steal nor commit murder. She knew the character of my stepmother, the miserable weakness of my father. Bessie is one of the best and noblest of God's creatures. Unfortunately, Hanson, whom she married, got in with the Mormons. His farm is within their territory, and, after I had lived in her family, taking care of and teaching her children for some six months, our former positions reversed, this man began to admire me, and, to the horror of my good Bessie, and to my enormous disgust, he assumed the attitude of a lover. Finally, Bessie came to me weeping, and told me that I could not escape: that we were surrounded by his friends. He had the law and the power to marry me, if he pleased." She stopped a moment, then went on: "But there were two women against one man, and we prevailed; after a long and dreadful period of fear, and of absolute danger for Bessie and me, he went off for a three-days' journey; and, hearing that a gentleman who was living within ten miles of us was coming home to the East, Bessie—my brave Bessie herself—walked to their ranche, to tell of my plight. Freighted down as they were, this kind young couple took me in their wagon. Unfortunately, our route lay exactly across the path Hanson was to follow in coming home. He only missed us by an hour. Had he met us, or had he overtaken us, they—my protectors—would have been shot, butchered, murdered, and I should have been carried back to captivity."

"But you are here," said the rector, breathing more freely.

"Yes, I am here," said the girl, "penniless and alone. My friends stopped in Kentucky. I had but your name between me and despair."

"My dear child," said the rector, now thoroughly at his ease, and resuming all the dignity of his office, "you shall be taken care of. But do not say that you had only me: you have God. You must not lose your faith: His hand is just as much at work in our minor troubles as in our greater ones; and it is only we who fail to meet Him, or to rise to the situation."

"I hope He will take care of Bessie," said Alice Fastnesse, "and of all Mormon wives."

"Yes; they need our prayers, indeed," said the rector; "but let us think of your own needs."

"I can work," said the girl, quickly: "I can teach music, drawing, and German. I can go out as governess. I can paint very well. I can make bonnets and dresses."

The rector took a little walk across the room and back, looking at Alice Fastnesse as he did so.

"It is a very difficult case," said he; "a complicated case. There is your beauty, which will be terribly in the way. Then you must assume another name, which is very bad. And I must recommend you as a governess, without knowing anything about you."

The girl handed him a letter.

The rector saw it was addressed to himself.

"From Hugh McLagen," said he: and, as he read it, he pulled at his tawny mustache. He read and reread it, and then, holding it against his knee after the fashion of mankind, he said:

"You women are strange creatures."

"I have heard that before," said Miss Fastnesse.

"And so you could have married this excellent, handsome, manly, well-to-do neighbor of yours, after all your trouble, and have settled down in your own country, and you didn't do it?"

"I did not love him," said the girl, in her turn, rising from her low seat and walking up and down the room. "I saw him every day at the trial," she shuddered. "He would always have reminded me of that dreadful time. I did not want to be pitied. I accepted from him only this letter to you, sir, whom he claims as his sole American friend."

"And he gives you a character, Miss Fastnesse, which you shall hear. Shall I read it to you? It is enough, perhaps, to say that it makes me your friend, and I will serve you."

"Yes—read it," said the girl, looking interested. "I would like to know what I am."

The rector read from the letter:

"She has borne her awful fate with a sublime courage. I would pledge my life on her innocence. At the same time, some veil of reserve, at times a curious and freezing indifference, comes over her, which baffles her best friends. That I

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am a rejected lover may account for the fact that I do not quite understand her. Whether it is heroic pride or awkward bashfulness, a 'mauvaise honte,' I do not know. Certainly, while I commend this young beauty and heiress, now deposed from her high estate, almost an escaped criminal —without the crime—to your pity, I tell you, Huntingman, that Alice Fastnesse is a strange girl. She may, in a way, disappoint you. Of one thing you may be sure: She will always tell you the truth. She has no lies."

"What else does he say?" said the girl, respectfully; for she saw that the rector hesitated.

"He is talking of himself and his ruined hopes, now—that is nothing to you any longer. He begs of me to gain you a shelter, a home, a profession, if you will, which shall not prevent you from enjoying the social consideration to which your birth and breeding entitle you. He seems to have anticipated this hour?"

"Yes. Hugh did not believe in my going to Bessie. And he was always afraid I should attempt the stage, because I had so good a talent for private theatricals. We played together often."

"And you have thought of that?"

"If all else fails, I must. But I know enough of the art to know how long a training I should need—how poor I should be. I would like to be a governess. I can teach little children or a young girl. I am quite sure I know how to do that. And I would not object to the quiet and retired life."

"Ah, my dear young lady, the governess, as you understand the term, does not exist in America. You would either be too much or too little in the household; and, while a fashionable woman does not hesitate to give fifty dollars a month to a cook, she often advertises for a governess at twelve dollars a month, and who shall eat in the kitchen."

"Eat where?" asked Miss Fastnesse.

"Or," pursued the rector, "you might go into a family where there are young men, all of whom would fall in love with you; then their mother would send you away; you see, your beauty is very much in your way."

"It always has been," said the girl, carelessly, as if she was speaking of some other person.

The only sign of feeling which she showed was a deepening of the color in her cheeks, as if almost a blush of guilt. There was none of youth's coquetry, none of the natural and innocent pleasure in her own good looks. To Alice Fastnesse, youth and beauty had been crimes—signals for misfortune of a most terrible character.

"Still," said the rector, "you must live and work. We must try to surmount this trouble." A passing angel might have smiled had he watched this young and handsome pair of people, who had so far switched off the usual train of thought as to be regretting what is generally supposed to be a very great blessing. Yet they were both sincere. Beauty is inconvenient sometimes. "I must assume your secret, give you a false name, recommend you, and take the consequences," said the rector, soberly.

"There can be no trouble about that," said the girl, "except the name. I never should learn a new name."

"There is the trouble. But you must study it. Study your part. Here I am—rector of St. Swithin's—recommending a false name. It must be done. If there is any guilt, I assume it, Miss Alice Fastnesse. There are two women to whom I shall recommend you. The one needs a governess, the other needs a friend. By the way, where do you sleep to-night? Have you left your baggage somewhere?"

He had not failed to notice her English tidiness, the white collar, the well-fitting glove, the speckless handkerchief, the well-brushed boot, which, with its strong sole, peeped out from under her short skirt. Nor did his masculine eye fail to admire the English Raglan, the well-fitting tweed gown, the pretty though rather faded hat which crowned her magnificent hair.

"I have a little lodging to which Bessie recommended me, in the Sixth Avenue," said Miss Fastnesse, consulting a card from her portmonnaie.

The rector's quick eye saw that, except for the card, it was empty.

"My butler will take you there," he said. "It is a respectable quarter. To-morrow, Mrs. Branscomb will come—she is my housekeeper—to see if you are all right, and to take you shopping: you women always want to go shopping. And allow me"—hesitating—"a little loan, of which I will accept payment when you are ready. Hugh tells me that you have been Quixotic about accepting money. Be so no longer—it is a false pride: for, come what will, we men can compel Mr. Fastnesse to pay us, if you cannot—you, the heiress—"

He did not finish his sentence—the girl's expression was so full of misery. He took her purse from her hand, and filled it.

"Do not be ashamed. You are too thoroughbred a person to not know that this is not charity: it is the cup of water which the wounded need not be ashamed to accept."

She had known that it must come to this; but

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she had not remembered that it could hurt so much.

"How can I thank you?" she began.

"By not crying, and by not saying a word," said the rector, touching a bell.

Boggles was at the other end of that bell, if indeed so far off. He came in as silently as the dew falls.

"Boggles, a coupé for this lady. And, Boggles, you will go on the box, to see her safely home to the Sixth Avenue."

"Yes, sir," said Boggles, disappearing.

"To-morrow I shall call on you: meantime, sleep well, and hope," said the rector.

"Could I come to church?" she asked, simply.

The rector started. He had forgotten Sunday.

"Of course. How stupid of me," he said. "Mrs. Branscomb shall come and fetch you."

"It is a long time since I have had the opportunity. I have not been in a church since I left Combe Fastnesse."

Her expression changed to that of a hunted creature as she uttered this word. She broke down.

"Oh! the church," she cried, "the church where I was baptized and confirmed, where my mother lies buried: shall I ever see it again?" And, laying her arms on the table, she burst into a heavy fit of weeping.

The rector laid a light hand on those rich braids of hair, and, almost as if at the altar, gave her his silent blessing.

"God is everywhere," said he. "Come to my church to-morrow: come to the altar, and accept the hospitality of heaven. Your troubles are not ended; but they shall be lightened, my poor child."

"Coupé at the door, sir," said Boggles, appearing at this moment.

The next morning, in a great deal of bonnet, and with a mantilla which spoke worlds for the respectability of the rector's housekeeper, Mrs. Branscomb knocked at the three-pair-back which hid Alice Fastnesse and her beauty.

The faded hat, the English Raglan, and the well-brushed boots were all assumed in Mrs. Branscomb's discreet presence. Not one of them was fine enough for the housekeeper to wear; but she felt a sense of awe, she did not know why, as the gracious young woman asked and accepted certain services; and all her prejudices vanished as the girl, taking her little prayer-book, walked by her side to church, and there took her place in the pew beside her—in that spot where there should be no distinction of persons.

The rector looked strange and far off to Alice Fastnesse, as she joined in the service. She listened as in a dream to the familiar words, the hymns, the music, her own rich young voice joining in "Jerusalem the Golden." The sermon seemed all addressed to her, and some of his old parishioners wondered why Mr. Huntingman had chosen such a strange text:

"Whom do men say that I am?"

But to one troubled and sorrowful heart they spoke words of hope and cheer and strength. The rector had never preached better than he did that day, and, if the "hearer's mood is the speaker's opportunity," never had preacher a better listener.

CHAPTER II.

After a few days' acquaintance with the new young lady, the intimacy which shopping breeds, and the pleasant sense of proprietorship which an elderly and motherly serving-woman gets to feel in a young girl, overcame still more Mrs. Branscomb, so that soon, with the corner of her apron in her hand, she came respectfully into her master's presence, now charged with a high and a mighty resolution.

"Well, what is it?" said Mr. Huntingman, rather impatiently, fearing that the usual complaint against the cook—or against that backsliding brother, the butcher—was impending.

"It's about the young lady, sir. She ain't well; and that is a smelly place where she is—gastrous, I am thinking."

"Why, I spent an hour there yesterday, and it seemed decent and clean, and Miss—Miss Williams was all right."

"Yes, sir. The parlor is clean, though mean. But the bed-rooms ain't nice; and she has headaches, Miss Williams has. I was going to propose, with respect, that Miss Catharine should come down, and that we should take her in here. Them three beautiful rooms that ain't never used, sir, except when you has the General Convention, or them Lord Bishops from England—"

"You are a wise woman, Branscomb," said the rector, "and I thank you for the suggestion. I will write to Miss Catharine to-day; and, if she can come, I will ask Miss Williams to be my guest until she gets a situation as governess. You can put the rooms in order for the ladies."

The Reverend Tilton Huntingman had a sister, fifteen years older than himself, who had done much for him. Catharine was one of those strong and unselfish New England women, who had faced the responsibility, when her father's fortune gave out, of attending to the education of her young brother. The old homestead at Sycamore Bridge had been sold when she was a young girl, and she and this young boy were left

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to face the world with but scanty means. She taught school bravely, took care of him, was his Providence, and then, the tide turning, he, the successful and gifted clergyman, had assumed the grateful task of taking care of her. The first use he made of his prosperity was to take her to Europe; the second, to put her at the head of his house.

But this last plan had not succeeded. Catharine, with the best intentions, worried him. She would ask if he had changed his stockings when he came in with wet feet. She would advise blue pills and mustard-plasters. If he was at the head of an important parish, he was still the little boy whom she had reared, loved, tended, and watched over. She could not make him else.

He finally asked her if she would not have a wax effigy of him made, which she could plaster, pill, and patch up at her leisure, letting him alone. This was his great cruelty. It hurt her. Then there were others, and more subtile differences. She was of a sterner moral constitution than he was. Catharine had not a lazy bone in her body. Tilton had several. She was of a more Puritan conscientiousness. He arrived at moral and mental conclusions from different standpoints. With Catharine there was but one road, and that a very narrow one.

So, as man and woman, they had not been at peace. Loving each other vastly, with mutual respect, and with all the ties of gratitude binding them together, they still, by that curious law of contending generations behind them, rasped each other. Catharine was the first to see it, and the generous one to propose a change.

"Tilton," she said, after a humiliating war of words, "I want a little home in the country, where I can go and sulk in my own way. May I have it?"

He looked at her a moment. "So you want to leave me, do you? Well, who is to take care of me?"

"You are big enough to take care of yourself. Get me a little home in the country. If we pay each other visits, and never live in the same house, we may get on better."

There was a quality in her brother which Catharine did not understand—something which always baffled her. She never knew how much this proposition hurt him. But, the month following this conversation, which happened in May, he asked her to take a journey with him to Sycamore Bridge, their old home. Without saying a word as to their destination, he had driven her to the door of her new possession. She found the house of her childhood painted, polished up, with curtains hanging in the windows—all very pretty. He walked silently to the old familiar gate: pushing it open, he said:

"Catharine, this is yours—your home for life."

She could never tell the story without a twitching about her firm old mouth. It was a return for the years of drudgery. And when they got inside, and she found her mother's picture on the wall, and some of the old furniture, and she recognized what a thoughtful study of her comfort there had been, she threw her arms around his neck.

"They will say we are queer, Tilton: you to live alone in New York, and I to live alone up here; but we know we love each other, dear, don't we?"

"I have one condition to make, Catharine," said he: "you are to come to me whenever I send for you."

"Yes," she said; "but you are past the measles and the whooping-cough. You don't need me."

"Not entirely. I have always a tendency to whooping-cough of the mind. You know, Catharine, my failing: I shall get in a scrape twice a year. I think I notice that it comes round about as often as that; and you must pull me out, as you have always done."

It was true: the rector of St. Swithin's was impulsive. He had a lack of that New England common sense, of which his sister was so compact. He did need her, more than she knew.

And he went home to his work alone. Grand, overwhelming, and all-absorbing as it was, the rector missed Catharine, and more than she missed him. With her, life in her own village, in her own house, with its agreeable cares, perhaps—alas, must we own it?—the importance which she enjoyed in that smaller sphere—all were agreeable to the ex-school-mistress. She felt relieved that she did not see Tilton dawdling over his sermon, putting it off till the last minute; never getting over the fear that he would not be ready. It was always ready, and eloquent, and inspiring, on Sunday morning. But she listened always with fear and trembling. What if he should break down?

Now Mr. Laffern, her present rector, was a well-regulated bit of commonplace, but he was off her mind, so Catharine enjoyed him more.

Tilton had liked to see her work-basket on the table; to watch her neat elderly well-dressed figure; to admire the gray hair, brushed back from her well-shaped head. If she had worried and badgered him, she was still mother, wife, sister to him, in bringing into his life its only feminine element. And he felt ashamed of himself, that he did not know how to treat her, so

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that she would be happy—she who had given her youth to him.

However, their visits to each other were frequent, and, in spite of the insulting image of the wax figure, he always sent for her when he had an influenza.

Why had he not thought of her, when Alice Fastnesse first came to him? Why, when he was suggesting to her to take a false name? Why, in the dilemma of getting this hunted and unfortunate woman a place?

Perhaps, because a certain fibre of the brain had suggested that Catharine's stern sense of truth would have rejected the means which he took to an end.

There was just that difference between them.

"Amen," said the rector to himself. "If it is a sin, I assume it. I will help this child."

So he sat down and wrote two letters. The first was this:

"My Dear Catharine:

I want you for a long visit. You must shut up your house; give up Laffern and his high church, and come to me. I have got a young woman on my hands, and you know I believe in the celibacy of the clergy. She is an unfortunate creature, whose relatives have behaved badly. She is sent to me by Hugh McLagen—you remember the young Englishman you so much liked at St. Maurity? He has the highest opinion of her. I must get her a place as a governess, and I must have her here. Branscomb says: 'Miss Catharine must be invoked.' I am sorry to say she is very beautiful. Please come down, and attend to it all for me; my sermons are behindhand. Remember the tenure on which you hold your estate, and come to me. Ever faithfully,

Tilton.

P. S.—I forgot to add that she is called Ottilie Williams."

The other letter was written to a Mrs. Satterlie. There were those who said that this lady was the romance of the Reverend T. Huntingman's life. That he had known her and loved her in his youth, and that her scorn had developed in him a distaste for the society of women. There was always a singular sort of acquaintance between them, although she was, according to the single ladies of his congregation, a very ineligible friend for the rector.

If there was a blot in his scutcheon at St. Swithin's, it was his friendship for Mrs. Satterlie. It was one of his periodical whooping-coughs. It was a spasmodic disease with him.

However, he knew, or thought he did, his own business, and certainly he did as he pleased. For he wrote to Mrs. Satterlie—but never mention this to the sewing-society of St. Swithin's:

"Dear Amy:

I have concluded to give some receptions in the evenings of February, to introduce a well-born young English girl, who is sent to me by her friends. She has had terrible misfortunes, which I shall not enter into here. Perhaps to you I may mention some of them. My sister Catharine will be here to chaperone her. The poor girl is all right. She wants to be a governess. Now I want—between ourselves—that these receptions should have a fashionable and social air, not exclusively churchly. Will you manage it for me? Make out a list, etc.? I will call and see you to-morrow. Meantime, until all is arranged, consider this confidential. Always yours,

Tilton Huntingman.

P. S.—I forgot to mention that the young woman is called Ottilie Williams."

Thus having, man-like, shaken off the heaviest part of his burden on two women, the Reverend Tilton Huntingman returned to his study of the fathers.

"Well," said Miss Hannah Atchison, when she got her card to the rector's receptions, "I do not believe that he is so determined upon remaining an old bachelor as he says he is. All will go well if he does not invite Amy Satterlie. But, if he does, he will lose his hold on St. Swithin's."

What would Miss Hannah have said, could she have known that to Mrs. Satterlie alone was she indebted for her invitation?

Shocked beyond measure as she was at being received by Mrs. Satterlie, who stood smiling at the door with Miss Catharine, Miss Atchison could not but acknowledge that the rector was doing the social business very handsomely.

Mrs. Levison Lewis was there, and so were Mrs. Appleby, Mrs. Stacy, and the Brooks family, and Mrs. Delamaine, and all the fashionable men, and the rosebuds; and the rector, looking very smiling and at his ease, was quite attentive to one of the Brooks family—the youngest and prettiest, too.

But few of the people who flocked to the very handsome rooms of the rectory noticed a quietly-dressed but very beautiful girl, who stood near Miss Catharine. Some of the men admiringly turned twice to look, and two or three were presented, to be received with English phlegm and reserve.

Only Mrs. Levison Lewis seemed particularly struck with the girl's air of birth and breeding, as she asked:

"Who is she, Miss Catharine?"

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"Oh, Miss Ottilie Williams, an English girl, seeking a position as a governess," said Miss Catharine.

This phrase—"seeking a position as a governess"—was enough. Fashion passed on—on the other side.

"I do wish I could forget that Miss Huntingman had been a school-mistress," said Mrs. Stacy to Mrs. Delamaine. "It is extremely natural, however, that I should have said: 'Who is that good-looking girl in dark-blue?' And then, when I had asked to be introduced to her, she said: 'She is looking for a position as a governess.' I said: 'Then I don't want to know her, for I have no young children; and I hate anybody who has anything to do with education.' Of course, that offended Miss Huntingman."

"I should think so!" said Mrs. Delamaine. "What an aristocratic-looking woman that English girl is!"

And then they forgot all about her. Life is too crowded, too full of individual schemes, in New York, for anybody to know much about anybody else. Mothers are thinking of their daughters; young married women are thinking, planning, working for themselves; everybody in society has a scheme—and society is a profoundly selfish institution. The women, however, were full of their handsome rector and his new departure, these guests of his. Many a one looked about the rectory with an eye of appropriation. He was not a bad parti, the rector, in any sense. He was the object of their notice and attention. Nor did they fail to abuse him, while praising his good supper, his excellent wines, his very great social acumen in his choice of guests, for his one very great mistake in having "asked Mrs. Satterlie to receive for him"—but "no man is perfect, not even a rector"—little aware that Amy Satterlie had ordered the supper—and that, if it was a success, to her and to her alone was it all due.

How little do we know, in this world, what hand pulls the string which lifts the curtain! And of the hundreds who passed through his well-lighted rooms, how few noticed the stranger who was within his gates.

The Reverend Tilton was, however, shooting at long-range.

The outside of his social cup and platter being thus clean, how was the inside?

He had put Miss Catharine on guard. She was to study—and who could do it better?—the moral and the intellectual qualities of Miss Ottilie Williams, with a view to the safe entrustment to her care of the future wives and mothers of America. She was to go out as a governess, and on his recommendation. He had taken a great risk. He knew it well. Here was a woman, charged with a dreadful crime—an escaped criminal, she might be called—of whom he knew absolutely nothing, except that she had charmed him, and had touched his heart. Coming only on the recommendation of a man who loved her wildly, hopelessly; a woman in whose history there were strange lapses, whose character was to even her best friends a veiled mystery; who was enveloped in a network of circumstantial evidence which even she did not understand; and he, the trusted rector of St. Swithin's, was to recommend her to some careful mother, as the care-taker of her flock, the trusted teacher of her daughter, the inmate of her household.

As he thought of all this, the Reverend Mr. Huntingman tore his hair, and determined to ask her if she would not try some other profession, and relieve him of responsibility. Unfortunately for his resolution, she was now an inmate of his household: making every meal a feast—lighting up the breakfast-table and dinner-table; playing for him in the evening; bringing her drawing-materials into the parlor; reading to him and to Miss Catharine with her exquisite voice. Her little hat hung on his hat-rack, beside his own. She took long English walks with him. She left her pretty fans and handkerchiefs about. She introduced a delicious confusion—which the artistic part of his nature delighted in—amongst the furniture in the parlor; and yet, his truly good heart told him—every day and every hour—she also asserted herself as the model of a well-educated well-trained young English gentlewoman. The thoroughness of her breeding came out in this familiar intercourse every hour. From the moment that she put her teacup to her lips in the morning, until the last hour of the evening, when after prayer she bade him good-night—standing, chatting, with a book in her hand, or her arm in that of Miss Catharine as the two prepared to leave him for the night—never did the rector fail to see something admirable in her—her reserve, her simplicity, her elegance, her cultivated speech, and her truly religious devotion—her truth.

"She will be a treasure in any household in America," said he to himself. "And yet—and yet—am I doing right? I will ask Catharine what she thinks of her."

Catharine grew to like her more and more. There was a stately simplicity about this young woman which the school-mistress had not found in the fashionable girls whom she had formerly taught. Nor did the belles in the great congregation of St. Swithin's impress her always

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favorably. She was not fond of young girls. She thought them self-conscious, vain, greedy of admiration, excessively calculating, looking out for an establishment. Low down in her heart there was hidden, under Miss Catharine's plain gown, the romance of Rebecca, of Juliet, of Isabella; and she delighted to find that in Ottilie Williams there was the same unpractical belief in a possible Romeo, which had been at once the bane and the glory of Miss Catharine's single-blessedness. For Miss Catharine might have married many a well-to-do Thomas, Richard, or Henry, whose only defect had been that they bore no resemblance whatever to a paladin or a poet.

The elderly woman and the young girl had found each other out on this point. It is a strong bond of union between two people, this wildly unpractical romance. "I should like her entirely, if I could understand her," said Catharine to her brother. "But sometimes there comes over her a hard and cruel coldness, an icy reserve. I feel as if I had never known her, as if she were somebody else. She is thoroughly taught—I wish I had had her training—she is the most fascinating of human beings at times. I never heard her utter an opinion that I could object to; and yet—and yet—she changes so—sometimes I think she looks as if she could commit a murder!"

"Why, Catharine, what a speech!" said her brother.

"Yes, Tilton, it sounds very extravagant, I acknowledge it; but I wonder—do you know—if any of her family were mad? Ottilie Williams is an inexplicable problem to me."

"You must remember that she has suffered much cruel wrongs and dreadful mortifications—shocks which might have alienated a strong mind," said the rector.

"Are you sure that you know her whole history?" asked his sister, looking at him earnestly.

"Quite sure," said he, calmly. "Regret for her lost place in the world, the severed ties of home and fortune, the cruelty of fate—these are all broken chords: they produce a discord in her mind. A strong brave character trying to make a new place in this strange existence of ours, which is a problem to all of us. We shall help her, shall we not, Catharine?"

"Of course we shall. I have asked her to come and live with me. But she has declined. She says she must work—and work hard. She says that unless she works she cannot live."

While these better angels of hers were thus talking of her, the tempest-tossed wanderer was enjoying the calm and regular life of the rectory, as she had never hoped to enjoy anything again. The new name had begun to enter into her consciousness. She called herself Ottilie Williams, as a young bride writes and rewrites the unfamiliar yet sweet strange surname. It was a new shelter, a cloak from the storm, a warm and well-lighted room, far away from that house of the haunted tapestry. It shut out the hideous past, and, with that strong love of life and enjoyment of the present which cannot be blotted out at twenty, there came hours, days of sweetest happiness.

The rector did not touch her heart, but he pleased all that was best in her intellect. He assumed, perhaps from self-defense, an air of mild authority, which placed her at her ease. She was his guest, his ward, his child, thrown on his most sacred care. What he did, or what he now had left undone, he felt keenly was to make or mar her fortunes forever. He had asked her to be his guest for three months, and at the end of that time she should have her place, her employment. He did not tell her that in that time he was studying her, that he meant this period to be her letter of introduction to the world. The rectory was a coign of vantage. The recommendation of himself and Miss Catharine—what could it not command for a young girl?

Meantime, he wrote to England and to the West. He found that she had told him the truth in every respect.

CHAPTER III.

"I once said to you, Miss Ottilie, that I knew one woman who wanted a governess, another who needed a friend; to both of them I would recommend you. Have you any idea, in looking back upon your brief social experience, to whom I referred?"

"Yes, Mr. Huntingman, I think I know. You referred to Mrs. Lewis and to Mrs. Satterlie."

"Mrs. Lewis has written to you, to ask you to undertake the education of her daughter. Shall you accept?"

"Yes, with your approval."

"I need not tell you that I have hoped that this might come about as it has done, unsolicited. Mrs. Lewis—it is a strange coincidence—had written to me, asking if I could find for her an English governess, on the very day you came to my house. The evening receptions, at which you met her, here, enabled her to see for herself if you, externally, pleased her, Miss Ottilie. You have several other patrons similarly pleased."

And the rector took from his pocket a paper, which, on unfolding, revealed a long list of names.

"Do these people ask you for my history?" said

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she, with that strange look which Miss Catharine did not like.

"They do. And I have said that they must content themselves with my own and my sister's endorsement—that you have had great misfortunes, which I shall not reveal."

Ottilie Williams got up and walked to the window, and looked out upon a stormy sky. It was late in the afternoon of a cold wintry day. Yet there was a streak of light in the west, and a little new moon hung over the city roofs, the nearest approach to a horizon.

"It is a good omen," said she. "It is the eve of a brighter day."

And with a grace—an Old World grace—which the rector could not forbid or anticipate, she took his hand, and raised it to her lips.

It was on repacking her trunks to leave for Mrs. Lewis's that our heroine missed an important paper. It was an account of her trial, and had been drawn up for her by a London solicitor at the instigation of her good friend, Hugh McLagen, who told her to take it with her, and to keep it by her. He knew well that the day might come when impertinent questions would be asked, and when she would need this official endorsement.

She had kept it carefully by her all through her Western experience. She remembered seeing it in her little room at her first lodging; and, as memory often plays a secondary part, and comes to us like a careless servant bringing some neglected message, memory now told her that she had left it in one of the small drawers of a rickety bureau in that same lodging. She was rightly ashamed of her carelessness, and did not dare to tell Miss Catharine.

But, when the hour came for her walk, she slipped out of the house alone, and sped to the Sixth Avenue, where she found the slovenly landlady cleaning the door-steps.

This functionary entered on seeing her, and closed the door on her.

"You have come just in time, Miss Williams," said she, smiling blandly. "I was just a-going around for you."

"Then you have found my paper?" said Ottilie, speaking of the thing which was uppermost in her mind.

"No, no; I didn't find it. But the new gentleman did—the new lodger, the preacher. He had your old room, and he was a-sending me for you."

Ottilie Williams felt her heart stop beating. Here was a new misfortune, and a dreadful one. What preacher?

"Someone, you mean, found some papers, and asked you who had occupied the room?" she inquired, with a trembling voice.

Her question was answered by the soft footfall of a slippered foot, on the other side of the mean little street-parlor, in which the poor girl and her whilom landlady stood. A moment more, and a man entered.

The girl looked up in dismay, and encountered the sinister face of the Mormon—Hanson—Bessie's husband, her dreadful foe.

When she had first seen this man, he had seemed to her a rough and independent farmer—such as many an emigrant from the Old World soon learns to become when he tastes the unusual new dignity of ownership, a landed proprietor.

Now he looked a smooth and perfect Maworm; and she noticed that he wore a white cravat and some sort of a clerical outfit.

"Good-day, Miss Alice Fastnesse," said he, speaking the name very slowly and clearly; and, as he did so, the obsequious landlady stepped out, and he locked the door.

"You got away from me once, didn't you?" said he. "But it will go hard with you if you do it again. Our blessed faith gives us a great power over the souls of men and women, and sometimes it leads us right straight to their bodies. I have become one of the traveling saints now, and I came on here to get a party of converts. They will go, under my care, to Salt Lake City. What should I do but find this precious reminder of you in this very house; and our landlady told me where you had gone to your fine clergyman's. I walked round and looked into his windows last night. You are a knowing one; but I can beat you. Now, Alice, let's be friends. If I peach on you, what you say won't do you any good; and, if you marry me, you shall be a Mormon queen, and there won't be any talk of poison, or of murder, or anything."

"Stop!" said the girl, rising. "You cannot force me to follow you here: this is not that wild and lawless prairie, where I had no friend but your true wife—my poor Bessie. Here I can appeal to the police—"

The man gave a loud laugh, and looked at her admiringly.

"You are a handsome one," he said. "I like you better when you are so red. But you are entirely in my power now, and I give you five minutes to decide if you will go willingly with me, or if I shall gag you and tie your hands. This house is full of my Mormons, and we have every power of carrying off our converts, whether they want to go or not; if you'll be a refractory convert, the law protects me."

Ottilie Williams remembered then, when it was

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too late, that she had not spoken of her departure to either the rector or his sister, and that she would not be missed for hours. She must parley.

"And you would do Bessie this wrong?" said she. "Hanson, you were an honest fellow when you left England. What has changed you so?"

She turned to the window. It was a low one, very near the sidewalk. She looked out.

"Love," said the brute; "love for you. I will marry you, Alice, and Bessie shall wait on you. You shall be the favorite wife." He stepped nearer to her. She hardly heard him as he went on: for, looming on her vision, was a sight—the most hopeful, the most providential interposition—she could hardly believe it: there was Mrs. Branscomb, coming from Jefferson Market, with a basket on her arm. Some delicacy, too fine for anyone's choosing but her own, was needed for the dinner, and she had gone for it herself. Here she was, within six feet of the sidewalk.

Ottilie Williams seemed then, to herself, to be indeed two persons—faint, sick, almost voiceless, she was still inspired with a sudden thought.

"Hanson," said she, "if you love me, get me a glass of water. I am faint—"

The Mormon leader was still a man. He not only adored this creature, but he stood in awe of her. He obeyed her, and, taking the key out of his pocket, he dashed into the inner room to get the water.

What were the feelings of the respectable Branscomb, as she reached the sidewalk, and took a look up at the lodging-house window, to see "her young lady" throw open the window and wave her handkerchief. "Come! come!" said she. "I am in danger. Come and alarm the police!"

There was no policeman within sight. But Branscomb needed none. Her ponderous person was within the door, and her voice had sounded an alarm which gathered a crowd behind her before Hanson had returned with the glass of water. He was scarcely surprised to see the window open. It was the first thought of a fainting lady, he knew; and he respected Alice Fastnesse for her high-bred weakness.

He came very near being caught, but not quite. He had time to turn inquiringly to her, to see her triumphant expression, to hear the noise outside, as Mrs. Branscomb belabored the door, when the landlady caught him by the tails of his coat, and pulled him into the inner room, locking in her turn the door on the outer side.

"Run for your life," through the back yard, or they will tear you to pieces," said she. She had rescued thieves and other scelerats before. Before, however, he had thus ignominiously retreated, he took the paper out of his pocket, and shook it in the face of this hunted girl; and, at that moment, Mrs. Branscomb's foot came through the panel of the door.

Hanson, however, in the melée, escaped, and took the paper with him. It was Mrs. Branscomb's pleasant duty to assume that her fainting charge had been robbed, to put the house under the surveillance of the police, to convey her home in a cab, before she asked a question.

And, strange to say, before they reached the rectory, Mrs. Branscomb had given her word to the young lady that she would not mention this occurrence to the rector or his sister, saying:

"It would only trouble them unnecessarily."

"I know it; but you must promise me never to go there again alone, Miss Ottilie," said Mrs. Branscomb. "I never did like the looks of that house. I believe it is a thieves' den, and I am glad I made the rector bring you home."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BETTER LAND.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

We weep for those who go before,
From love and friendship torn,
And think we show our love the more
The longer that we mourn.
Yet is not theirs the happier fate?
Will we not understand
They only go before, and wait
There, in that better land?

For us remain the toils and cares,
The never-ending strife,
The saddened heart that oft despairs,
The weariness of life,
Deceit, and wrong, and treachery—
Oh! try to understand
From these forever they are free
There, in that better land!

Life is a training-school—no more!
What we call death is birth.
They only live who go before:
We only wait on earth.
Then why such grief? Of death such dread?
Can we not understand?
For us, not them, tears should be shed—
There, in that better land!

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BUYIN' A FELLER.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

I WAS a-settin' by the fire, last Tuesday mornin', a-mendin' Josiah's vest—one of the pockets had give out, and it was frayed round the edges.

And I sot there a-sewin' on that fray, peaceful and calm as the weather—or the outside of that vest, which was farmer's-satin, and very smooth and shinin'.

I had got my work all done up slick as a pin. The floor glittered like yellow glass, the stove shone a agreeable black, a good dinner was a-cookin'. And I sot there happy, as I say, for though, when I had done so much work that mornin', if that vest had belonged to anybody—else, it would have seemed like a stent to me, I didn't mind it, for it was for my Josiah, and love makes labor light—light as day.

I was jest a-thinkin' this, and a-thinkin' that though I had jest told Josiah, from a sense of duty, "that he had broke that pocket down by luggin' round so much stuff in it, and there was no sense in a man's actin' as if he could carry round a hull carload of things in his vest-pockets."

Though I had spoken to him thus, from a sense of duty, tryin' to keep him straight and upright in his demeener—still I was a-thinkin' how pleasant it was to work for them you loved, and that loved you, for though he had snapped me up considerable snappish, and said "he should carry round in his pockets as much as he was a min' ter, and if I didn't want to mend it, I could let it alone."

And had throwed it down in the corner, and slammed the door considerable hard when he went out—still I knew that this slight pettishness was only the light bubbles that rises above the sparklin' wine—I knew his love for me lay pure and clear and sparklin' on the very depths of his soul.

I was a-settin' there thinkin' about it, and thinkin' how true love, such as mine and his'n, glorified a earthly existence—when all of a sudden I heerd a rap come onto the kitchen-door right behind me, and I says:

"Come in." And a tall slim feller entered, with light hair, and sort o' thin, and a patient determined countenance onto him. A sort of a persistent look to him, as if he wasn't one to be turned round by trifles. I didn't dislike his looks a mite, at first—and sot him a chair.

But little did I think what was a-comin'. For, if you'll believe it, he hadn't much more than sot down, when he says to me right there, in the middle of the forenoon, and right to my face—the mean, miserable, low-lived scamp, says he, right there in broad daylight, and without blushin' or anything—says he:

"I called this morning, mum, to see if I couldn't sell you a feller."

"Sell me a feller?" I jest made out to say, for I was fairly paralyzed by his impudence. "Sell me a feller?"

"Yes, I have got some of the best kind they make, and I didn't know but I could sell you one."

Says I, gettin' my tongue back:

"Buy a feller? You ask me, at my age, and with my respectability, and after carryin' round such principles as I have been a-carryin' round for years, you ask me to buy a feller?"

"Yes, I didn't know but you would want one. I have got the best kind there is made."

"I'll let you know, young man," says I, "I'll let you know that I have got a feller of my own, as good a one as was ever made, and I have had for twenty years and over."

"Wal, mum," says he, with that stiddy determined way of his'n, "a feller that you have had for twenty years must be out of gear by this time."

"Out of gear?" says I, speakin' up sharp. "You will be out of gear yourself, young man, if I hear any more such speeches out of your head."

"I hope you will excuse me, mum," says he, in that patient way of his'n. "It ain't my way to run down anybody else's fellers."

"Wal, I guess you hadn't better try it agin, in this house," says I, warmly. "I guess you hadn't better try it—it won't be very healthy for you."

"Can't I sell you some other attachment, mum? I have got 'em of all kinds."

"Sell me another attachment? No, sir, you can't sell me another attachment. My attachment is as firm and endurin' as the rocks, and has always been, and is one not to be bought and sold."

"I presume yours was good in the day of 'em, mum, but they must be old-fashioned. I have the very best and newest attachments of all

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kinds. But I make a specialty of my fellers. You'd better let me sell you a feller, mum."

I declare for't, my first thought was to turn him right out-doors, and shut the door in his face. And then agin I thought—I am a member of the meetin'-house. I must be patient and long sufferin', and maybe here is a chance for me to do good. Thinks I, if I was ever eloquent in a good cause, I must be now. I must convince him of the nefariousness of his conduct. And if soarin' in eloquence can do it, why, I must soar. And so I begun.

Says I, wavin' my right hand in a broad soarin' eloquent wave: "Young man, when you talk about buyin' and sellin' a feller, you are talkin' on a solemn subject. Buyin' and sellin' attachments! Buyin' and sellin' fellers! It ain't nuthin' new to me: I've heern tell of such things; but little did I suppose it was a subject I should ever be tackled on.

"But I have heern of it. I have heern of women sellin' themselves to the highest bidder, with a minister for a auctioneer and salesman. I have heern of fathers and mothers sellin' beauty and innercence and youth to wicked old age for money—sellin' 'em right in the meetin'-house, under the very shadow of the steeple.

"Jonesville ain't the only village where God's holy temple has been polluted by money-changers and them that sell doves. Many a sweet little dove of a girl is made, by her father and mother, and other old money-changers, to walk up to God's holy altar and swear to a lie. They think her tellin' that lie makes the infamous bargain more sacred—makes the infamous life they have drove her into more respectable.

"There was One who cleansed from such accursed traffic the old Jewish Temple: but He walks no more with humanity. If He did, would He not walk up the broad aisles of our orthodox churches in American cities, and release these doves, and overthrow the nefarious plots of these money-changers? But let me tell 'em that, though they can't see Him, He is there, and the lash of His righteous wrath will surely descend, not upon their bodies, but upon their guilty souls, teaching them how much more terrible it is to sell a life, with all its rich dower of freedom, happiness, purity, immortality."

Here my breath give out: for I had used my very deepest principal tone, and it uses up a fearful amount of wind, and is tuckerin' beyond what anyone could imagine of tucker: you have to stop to collect breath.

And he looked at me with that same stiddy, patient, modest look of his'n; and says he, in that low determined voice:

"What you say, madam, is very true, and even beautiful and eloquent; but time is valuable to me, and, as I said, I stopped here this mornin' to see if I couldn't sell—"

"I know you did; I heerd you with my own ears. If it had come to me through two or three, or even one pair of ears besides my own, I couldn't have believed 'em—I never could have believed that any human critter, male or female, would have dared to stand up before me and try to sell me a feller. Sell a feller to me? Why, even in my young days, do you s'pose I would ever try to buy a feller?

"No, sir; fellers must come free and spontaneous, or not at all. Never was I the woman to advance one step towards any feller in the way of courtship—havin' no occasion for it, bein' one that had more offers than I knew what to do with, as I often tell my husband, Josiah Allen, now, in our little differences of opinion. Time and agin, as I tell him, I might have married, but hung back. And never would I have married—never—had not love gripped holt of my very soul, and drawed me along up to the marriage-altar. I loved the feller I married, and he was the only feller in the hull world for me."

Says he, in that low gentle tone, and lookin' modest and patient as a lily, but as determined and sot as ever a iron tea-kettle was sot onto a stove:

"You are under a mistake, mum—"

Says I: "Don't you tell me that agin, if you know what is good for yourself. I guess I knew my own mind. I was past the age of whifflin' and foolin' round. I married that feller from pure love, and no other reason under the heavens. For there wasn't any other reason, only jest that, why I should marry him."

I stopped for breath. Then I says agin, in tones that was witherin' enough to wither him:

"The idee of sellin' me a feller!"

But the chap didn't look withered a mite; he stood there, firm and immovable, and says he:

"I didn't mean no offense, mum. Sellin' attachments is what I get my livin' by. And one of your neighbors told me that your feller was a old one, and sort o' givin' out, and I have got 'em with all the latest improvements, and—and she thought mebby I could sell you one."

"You miserable coot, you," says I, "do you stop your impudent talk, or I will holler to Josiah. What do you s'pose I want with another feller? Do you s'pose I'd swop Josiah Allen for all the fellers that ever swarmed on the globe? What do you s'pose I care for the latest improve-

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ments? If a feller was made of pure gold from head to feet, with diamond eyes and a ruby nose—do you s'pose he would look as good to me as Josiah Allen does?

"And I would thank the neighbors," says I, warmin' up more and more, "to mind their own business, and let my affairs alone. What if he is a-gettin' old and wore out? What if he is a-givin' out? He is always kind o' spindlin' in the spring of the year. Some men winter harder than others. He is a little tizicky, and breathes hard, and his liver may not be the liver it was once; but he will come around all right when the weather moderates. And mebby they meant to hint and insinuate sumthin' about his bein' so bald, and losin' his teeth.

"But I'll let you know, and I'll let the neighbors know, that I didn't marry that man for hair. Nor I didn't marry him for teeth; and a few locks more or less, or a handful of teeth, has no power over that love. That love makes me say, from the very depths of my soul, that my feller is one of a thousand."

"I hain't disputed you, mum," says he, with his firm patient look. "I dare presume to say that your feller was good in the day of such fellers; but everything has its day. We make fellers far different now."

Says I, sarkastickly, givin' him quite a piercin' look: "I know they do—I've seen 'em."

"Yes, they make attachments now very different. Yours is old-fashioned. It will give out entirely, after a while. What will you do then?"

"My attachment will never give out."

"But, mum—"

"No, you needn't argue and contend. I say it will never give out. It is a heavenly gift, dropped down from above, entirely unbeknown. True love is not sought after; it comes, and when it comes it stays. Talk about love gittin' old—love never grows old. Talk about love goin'—love never goes. That which goes is not love, though it has been called so, time and agin. Talk about love dyin'—why, it can't die no more than the souls can in which its sweet light is born—"

"Sometimes," says he, strikin' in and interruptin', "sometimes we repair old fellers."

"Wal, you won't repair my feller, I can let you know that. I won't have him repaired. The impudence of the hull idee," says I, rushin' off afresh, "goes ahead of anything I ever dreamed of impudence!

"Repair my feller? I don't want him any different. I want him jest as he is. I'd scorn to repair him. I could, if I wanted to. His teeth could be sharpened up, what he's got, and new ones set in. And I could cover his head over with red curls, or I could paint it black, and paste transfer-flowers onto it. I could have a set flower set right on the top of his bald head, and a trailin' vine runnin' round his forward. Or I could trim it round with tattin', if I wanted to, and crystal beads. I could repair him up so he would look gay. But do you s'pose that any artificials that was ever invented, could look so good to me as that old bald head, that I have seen a-shinin' across the table from me for so many years?

"I tell you there is memories and joys and sorrows a-clusterin' round that head that I wouldn't swap for the beauty and the treasures of the world. Memories of happy mornin's, dewy fresh, with cool summer breezes a-comin' in through the apple-blows by the open door, and the light of that happy sunrise a-shinin' on that old bald head, and then glancin' off into my happy heart.

"There is memories of pleasant evenin'-hours, with the tea-table drawed up in front of the south-door, and the sweet southern wind a-comin' in, and the tender light of the sunset, and the waverin' shadows of the honeysuckles and mornin'-glories fallin' on us, wrappin' us all round, and wrappin' all of the rest of the world out."

Mebby the young chap said sumthin' here; but it was entirely unbeknown to me, though I thought I heard the murmur of his voice makin' a sort of tinklin' accompaniment to my thoughts, sumthin' like the babble of a brook a-runnin' along under forest-boughs when the wind with its mighty melody is sweepin' through 'em. Sweet emotions was sweepin' along with power, and couldn't be stayed. And I went right on, not sensin' a thing round me:

"There is memories of Sabbath drives in fair June mornin's through the old lane, alder and willow fringed, with the brook runnin' along on one side of it, where the speckled trout broke the Sunday quiet by dancin' up through the brown and golden shadows of the cool water, and the odor of the pine-woods jest beyond comin' fresh and sweet to us.

"Memories of how that road and that face looked in the week-day dusk, as we set out for the revival-meetin'. When the sun had let down his long bars of gold and crimson and palest yellow, and had got over 'em, and sunk down behind 'em out of sight. And we could ketch glimpses, through the willow-sprays, of these shinin' bars a-layin' down on the gray twilight field. And far away, over the green hills and woods, in the east, the moon was a-risin'—big

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and calm and silvery. And we could hear the plaintive evenin'-song of the thrush and the cricket's happy chirp, till we got nearer the schoolhouse, when they sort o' blended in with 'There is a Fountain filled with blood' and 'Come, ye disconsolate.' And the moonlight and Sister Bobbet's and Sister Minkley's candles a-shinin' down and out on that dear old bald head, as his hat fell off as he helped me out of the wagon.

"Memories of how I have seen it a-bendin' over the Word in hours of peace and happiness, and in hours of anxiety and trouble, a-readin' every time about the eternal hills, and the shadow of the rock, and the everlastin' arms that was a-holdin' us both up, me and Josiah, and the everlastin' love that was wrappin' us round, helpin' us onward by these very joys—these very sorrows.

"Memories of the midnight-lamp lightin' it up in the chamber of the sick, in the long lonesome hours before day-dawn.

"Memories of its bendin' over the sick ones on happier mornin's, as he carried 'em downstairs in his arms and sot 'em in their old places at the table.

"Memories of how it looked in the glare of the tempest, and under the rainbow when the storm had passed by. It stands out from a background of winter snows and summer sunshine, and has all the shadows and brightness of them seasons a-hangin' over it.

"Yes: there is memories of sorrows borne by both, and so made holier and more blessed than happiness. That head has bent with mine over a little coffin and over open graves, when he shared my anguish, and when he stood by me under the silent stars—sharin' my prayers, my hopes for the future.

"That old bald head stands up on the most sacred height of my heart like a beacon—the glow of the soul shines on it, love gilds it. And do you s'pose any other feller's head on earth could ever look so good to me as that does? Do you s'pose I will ever have it repaired upon? Never! I won't repair him. I won't have him dickered and fooled with—not me!

"He'd look better to me than any other feller that ever walked on earth, if he hadn't a tooth left in his head or a hair on his scalp. As long as Josiah Allen has got body enough left to wrap round his soul, and keep it down here on earth, my heart is his'n, every mite of it—jest as he is, too."

As I stopped, breathless, I see he was a-standin' on the other foot, as it were, with his watch—a big silver one—in his hand, and gazin' pensively onto it. And he says:

"Your remarks are worthy, mum, but somewhat lengthy," says he, in a tone of pain. "Nearly nine minutes long. But," says he, sort o' bracin' up agin on both feet, "I beg of you not to be too hasty; I did not come into this neighborhood to make dissensions or broils: I merely stated that I got the idee from what they said—that your feller didn't work good."

"Didn't work good? You impudent critter, you, what of it—what if he don't work good? What earthly business is it of your'n or the neighbors? I guess he is able to lay by for a few days, if he wants to."

"You are laborin' under a mistake, mum."

"No, I ain't laborin' under no mistake. And don't you tell me agin that I be. We have got a good farm, all paid for, and money out on interest, and whose business is it whether he works all day or don't? When I git to goin' round to see who works and who don't—and when I git so low as to watch my neighbors every minute of the time, to find out every minute they set down—when I can't find nuthin' nobler to do, I'll spend my time talkin' about hen's teeth and lettis-seed."

Says he, lookin' as amiable and patient as a factory-cloth rag-babe, but as determined as a weepin' live one with the colic:

"You don't seem to git my meanin'. I merely wished to remark that I could fix over your feller if you wanted me to."

Oh, how burnin' indignant I was. But, all of a sudden, down on this seethin' tumult of anger fell this one calmin' word: 'Meetin'-house.' I felt I must be calm—calm and impressive. So says I:

"You need not repeat your infamous proposal. I say to you agin: That the form where love has sot up his temple is a sacred form. Others may be more beautiful, and even taller, but they don't have the same look to 'em. It is one of the strangest things," says I, fallin' agin a little ways down into a revery, "it is one of the very solemnest things I ever see, how a emotion large and boundless enough to fill eternity and old space itself should all be gathered up and centred into so small a temple, and such a lookin' one too, sometimes," says I, pensively, as I thought it over, how sort o' meachin' and bashful-lookin' Josiah Allen was, when I married him; and how small his weight was by the steelyards. But it is so; curious it can be, but so it is.

"Why love, like a angel, springs up in the heart unawares, as Lot entertained another, I don't know. If you should ask me why, I'd tell you plain that I didn't know where love come from; but if you should ask me where love went

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to, I should answer agin plain that it don't go—it stays. The only right way for partners to come is to come down free gifts from above—free as the sun or the showers that fall down in a drouth—and perfectly unbeknown like them. Such a love is oncalculatin', givin' all, onquestionin', onfearin'—no dickerin', no holdin' back lookin' for better chances."

"Yes, mum," says he, a-twirlin' his hat round and standin' on one foot, some like a patient old gander in the fall of the year. "Yes, mum, what you say is very true; but your eloquent remarks, your very sociable talk, has caused me to tarry a longer period than is really consistent with the claims of business. As I told you when I first come in, I merely called to see if I could sell you—"

"Yes, I know you did. And a meaner low-liveder proposal I never heerd from mortal lips, be he male or be he female. The idee of me, Josiah Allen's wife, who has locked arms with principle, and has kep' stiddy company with duty for years and years—the idee of me buyin' a feller! I dare presume to say," says I, more mildly, as he took up his hat and little box he had, and started for the door—and seein' I was goin' to get rid of him so soon, I felt softer towards him, as folks will towards burdens when they are bein' lifted from 'em—and so I said, says I: "I dare presume to say, you thought I was a single woman, havin' been told, time and agin, that I am young-lookin' for my age, and fair-complected. I won't think," says I, feelin' still softer towards him, as I see him a-openin' the door, "I won't think for a minute that you knew who it was you made your infamous proposal to. But never, never make it agin to any livin' human bein', married or single."

He looked real sort o' meachin' as I spoke, and he said, in considerable of a meek voice:

"I was talkin' to you about a new feller got up by Robly and Blakely, the richest firm in North America."

"What difference does it make who he belongs to? I don't care if he belongs to Vanderbilt or Asterse's family. Principle—that is what I am a-workin' on. And the same principle that would hender me from buyin' a feller that was poor as a snail would hender me from buyin' one that had the riches of Creshus; it wouldn't make a mite of difference to me.

"As the poet, Mr. Burns, says—I have heerd Thomas J. repeat it time and agin—and I always liked it. I may not get the words exactly right, but the meanin' is:

"Rank is only the Epluribus Unum stamp on the trade-dollar; a feller's a feller for all that."

But I'll be hanged if he didn't, after all my expenditure of eloquence, and quoted poetry, and everything—turn round at the foot of that door-step, and, strikin' that same patient, determined attitude of his'n, say, says he:

"You are mistaken, mum; I merely stopped this mornin' to see if I could sell you—"

But I jest shut the door in his face, and went off upstairs in the west chamber, and went to windin' bobbins for my carpet.

And I don't know how long he stayed there—nor don't care. He had gone when I come down to get dinner, and that was all I cared for.

I told Josiah about it, when he come in to dinner; and I tell you my eyes fairly snapped, I was that mad and rousted up about it. But he said: "He believed it was a sewin'-machine man, and wanted to sell me a feller for my sewin'-machine. He said he had heerd there was a general agent in Jonesville, that was a-sendin' out agents with all sorts of attachments, some with hemmers, and some with fellers."

But I didn't believe a word of it. I believe he was a mean, low-lived, insultin' critter.

YE BALLAD OF YE GOLDEN HAIR.

BY EDWARD H. BRAITHWAITE.

Her rich blonde tresses were so bright,
They looked like ripened corn;
Or Orient skies, when dusky night
Gives way to golden morn.

They rippled as when breezes fine
Dance on the ocean's breast;
Or glowed like mirrored stars that shine
And sparkle on each crest.

I raved about them; woke at night;
Wrote verses in despair.
"Not Pope," I cried, "could praise them right,
Belinda's were less fair!"

One day I took her for a ride,
Her steed was fresh and gay;
We met some oxen. So, he shied,
Then galloped off straightway.

In hot pursuit I spurred: he fled.
I cried: "Gods, she'll be thrown!"
But no: her tresses went instead.
"Ye hair" was not her own.

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THE OLD PORTRAIT IN THE GARRET.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

Few of my readers, perhaps, are acquainted with the old-fashioned town of Franklinsburg, in Pennsylvania. It is not in any way a place of especial note, but it is dear to me because my grandfather, Judge Orde, lived there, and because my holidays were always spent, when I was a boy, at his hospitable mansion, with other cousins. My grandmother had long been dead: in fact, she had died before I was born.

I had grown up to be a tall lad of seventeen, and my good grandfather was nearing his eightieth year, when, one summer, I found myself at Franklinsburg, the sole guest of the season, my other cousins having gone with their parents to Europe. I was therefore thrown a good deal on my own resources for amusement, and sometimes, it must be confessed, and especially on wet days, time hung rather heavily on my hands. On one particular afternoon, I found myself especially at a loss for something to do. A northeast storm, following close upon a heated term of unusual oppressiveness and duration, had just set in, and precluded all attempts at out-door recreation. Finally, from sheer lack of anything else to do, I clambered up to the big lumber-room in the garret, with intent to amuse myself by ransacking its hoards of antiquated and discarded objects. Here, amid the old saddles, the broken chairs, the quaint old brass-handled bureaus, the rickety tables, and cracked looking-glasses, that filled up the greater part of the available space, I found, in one corner, a number of old paintings, frameless, dusty, neglected, leaning against the wall. I took them up, one by one, and brought them to the light. They were, for the most part, utterly valueless as works of art, or even as pleasing representations of their subjects. But among them was an oval-shaped canvas, which, on being turned to the light, revealed the portrait of a woman in the prime of life, and possessed of exceeding beauty. Some gifted artist had done his best to immortalize, by his pencil, the deep-blue eyes, the golden sheen of the lustrous tresses, the fine outline of the features, the scarlet ripeness of the lovely mouth. The azure eyes met the gaze of the spectator as though challenging admiration for the fair face to which they belonged; the poise of the graceful head was at once nonchalant and queenly. Who was this beauteous creature? How came her portrait to be lurking amid the dust and cobwebs of the old garret? I stood and gazed upon the painted face till the blue eyes seemed to sparkle and the full red lips to curve into a smile, in recognition of my admiration. Finally I stole downstairs, carrying with me my new-found treasure, and I spent the rest of the afternoon in cleaning it and disposing it in different lights about my room. Apart from the remarkable beauty of the lady, the portrait was really a fine work of art. The costume, as I learned subsequently, was one that was fashionable some sixty years ago.

When I joined my grandfather at the tea-table, my first question was in regard to the original of this charming portrait. The judge looked at me solemnly, over his spectacles, for a moment, and then said, curtly: "That is none of your business, young man. And now that you have examined the picture to your heart's content, I want you to replace it where it came from."

"Will you not let me keep it, grandfather?"

"Certainly not. Put it back in the garret, to-morrow, with its face to the wall—with its face to the wall, remember." And the old gentleman finished his meal in silence, seemingly much discomposed.

I did not, however, obey my grandfather. His evident agitation had only served to whet my curiosity respecting the portrait. The original had doubtless long since faded into dust. But who was she? How came her portrait up in the old attic? I could not bring myself to part with the picture. So I kept it secretly.

My grandfather never again alluded to the subject, fancying doubtless that I had obeyed him. But, nevertheless, my longing to know something about the original waxed stronger with every passing day. But whom could I question? Perhaps Dr. Ludlow, I said at last, might be able to gratify my curiosity. He had been my grandfather's intimate friend for nearly seventy years. They had been boys together; had exchanged professional services in their manhood; the two families had intermarried: in short, no pair of brothers could have lived on terms of closer or more affectionate intimacy than they had always lived. So, one afternoon, while my grandfather was indulging in his usual siesta, I made the best of my way to the doctor's office, carrying with me my treasured portrait carefully wrapped up in

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paper. I found the doctor alone, and, after a few words of explanation, uncovered the picture.

"H'm—h'm," cried the brisk little old man, skipping backward a step or two so as to take a good look. "Yes, I recognize it. I remember the original as well as if I had seen her yesterday. So the judge refused to look at the portrait, or to talk about it? Well, he had his reasons, I suppose. I, at least, have none for keeping silence on the subject.

"It is now something over fifty years ago," continued the doctor, after another long look at the portrait, "that our quiet town was for the first time invaded by a professional portrait-painter. He arrived furnished with letters to some of our more prominent citizens of German extraction, and he either was, or professed to be, a German. He was a singularly handsome man, tall and graceful, with a remarkable fascination of manner. He called himself Herr Scherer, and was accompanied by his wife. The pair engaged rooms in one of the best streets: and there he set up his easel, and soon had quite as many sitters as he could attend to. For this, as you may remember, was long before the days of photographs, or even of daguerreotypes, and one's only chance at portraiture was an oil-painting, or at least a water-color miniature. Herr Scherer painted well—far better, I now know, than we imagined in those days. His prices were reasonable, and he possessed a singular knack at catching a likeness; but a good part of the vogue to which he speedily attained was owing to the fascination of his manner, so far as his feminine sitters were concerned, and to the charms of his wife in regard to his masculine patrons. Never have I seen a more beautiful creature than Madame Scherer. I need not describe her, since her portrait is before us; but the painted canvas can give you but a feeble idea of her extreme loveliness. Not that she flirted, or coquetted, or did anything whatever to attract admiration. She shunned society, and repelled all efforts that might be made to show her attentions, even when these were made by the leading ladies of Franklinsburg. She seemed to wrap herself up in a mantle of cold and haughty reserve, which I have since thought was but a cloak to hide her intense unhappiness. That there was something out of joint, in her relations with her husband, was evident to the most casual observer. On the rare occasions that they went into society, she used to watch him with the eyes of a lynx, and woe betide him if he exercised his fascinations too long or too openly in behalf of one of the beauties of Franklinsburg. I have seen the blue eyes of Madame Scherer glisten like cut steel at such moments. Moreover, there was evidently a great disparity of station between the pair. Herr Scherer, who, I now imagine, was a Russian, despite his winning ways and his good looks, had a good deal of the Bohemian about him, and betrayed a certain coarseness in sundry details of his conduct. She, on the contrary, was a born aristocrat, with manners as faultless as though she had just stepped from the atmosphere of a court, while, as to her appearance, one could read distinction and high-breeding in every turn of her neck and line of her features. Her dress was of the simplest, for they were in very narrow circumstances, yet sometimes some one of its accessories, such as a tippet of rare fur, or a ruffle of exquisite old lace, would set all the female portion of the community to wondering about them and their wearer. Once, too, I called at the studio to see the newly-completed portrait of a friend of mine, and while there I took up a handkerchief which chanced to be lying on the table. It was of the finest cambric, was bordered with Mechlin—the lace then in vogue—and had a coronet embroidered in one corner. While I was inspecting it, Madame Scherer came in. A crimson flush dyed her countenance as she observed my occupation, and, as soon as I laid the handkerchief down, she came forward quietly, picked it up, and, watching for a moment when she thought she was not observed, she dropped it into the fire. From these little details, I have sometimes thought that she must have been a woman of noble birth, who had married an adventurer in the first fervor of a headlong passion, and who had awakened too late to the bitter consequences of her own folly.

"She and her husband quarreled dreadfully—at least, so their solitary servant used to say—and she was wont to remark that, some day, something dreadful would happen: for 'Ma'am Scherer's eyes does look too dreffful when she gits mad.' Yet you can imagine the thrill of horror that pervaded the community when, one morning, all Franklinsburg was startled by the news that the beautiful Madame Scherer had murdered her husband."

I could not repress a cry. That lovely creature, whose charms had so bewitched me in their shadowy counterfeit, a murderess? It was incredible! I snatched the portrait from the table, and gazed at it, trying to discover the secret of the crime in those fair features. Vain attempt! The red lips wore the same inscrutable smile, the blue eyes looked full into mine with the same expression of all-conquering consciousness of beauty.

"No, she does not look it," continued Doctor

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Ludlow; "but the case was clear, for all that. She had stabbed him to the heart with a long sharp slender dagger, in the course of some altercation—a quarrel such as they were constantly having. What it was all about, no one ever knew. The woman, inscrutable as a sphinx, kept her own counsel, and the unknown language in which she and her husband had always conversed, and which was neither English nor German, aided in maintaining the mystery. Your grandfather, my dear Clement, then a rising young lawyer, volunteered to defend her. But what defense was possible when she freely acknowledged her crime? 'I warned him once, twice, and thrice; he would not heed my warning: his blood be upon his own head,' was all that she would say. The utmost that your grandfather's eloquence and arguments could obtain for her from the jury was a verdict that spared her life, but entailed upon her a sentence of imprisonment so long as that life should last. It did not endure long, that crime-shadowed feverish existence. She died within six months after her trial, like a wild-bird that has beaten its life out against its cage."

"And this portrait?"

"Your grandfather bought it at the sale of Herr Scherer's effects. There was a lovely miniature reproduction of the head, on ivory, which also came into his possession, but which got lost, probably, years ago, as I have never seen it since he purchased it."

"I wonder why he was so annoyed at my bringing the old portrait to life?"

"Probably he felt irritated at having this memento of the first conspicuous failure of his professional career disinterred from its hiding-place. But it is growing late, my boy. You had best go home now, and put the picture back in the garret before your grandfather catches you with it in your possession."

I murmured my thanks to the good doctor for his story, and was fortunate enough to replace the portrait in its former position without being observed. Some days later, I was summoned home, and, as time passed on, the image of the mysterious and guilty beauty faded almost wholly from my mind.

The next time I visited Franklinsburg, it was upon a mournful errand. My good grandfather had died suddenly, and, as my parents were absent from the United States at the time, I was summoned to attend the funeral and to hear the reading of the will. When I reached the old homestead, Doctor Ludlow—pale, broken, and grief-stricken—met me at the door. In silence he led the way to my grandfather's bed-room. There, hushed in the majestic repose of death, lay the noble-looking old man, just as he had died, and not yet arrayed in the garments of the grave. As I stood, with streaming eyes, beside the bed, the doctor bent over, and with careful and reverent touch drew aside the linen that covered the pulseless breast.

"Look there," he whispered.

I looked, and beheld upon the silenced heart a gold miniature case suspended to a slender chain. This the doctor detached from its fastening and placed in my hands.

"Your grandmother's portrait, doubtless," he said. "Take charge of it, Clement, and replace it just before the coffin is closed. As he has worn it all his life, it must be buried with him. As he has always kept it sacred from curious eyes, no one must see it."

I touched mechanically the spring that closed the case. The lid flew back, and the face—not of gentle Rosamond Faulkner, but of the mysterious portrait, of Marguerite Scherer—met my astonished gaze.

This, then, had been the secret romance of my grandfather's placid uneventful life! Unforgotten, and ever beloved, the image of that radiant beauty had filled Judge Orde's heart, and had slept upon its pulses till those pulses were stilled forever.

The lovely miniature has long since moldered into dust upon my grandfather's faithful bosom. And when, during the civil war, Franklinsburg was burned by the Confederate forces, the old Orde homestead and all its contents fell a prey to the flames. Thus vanished from the face of the earth the last vestige of my grandfather's client, in the shape of THE OLD PORTRAIT IN THE GARRET.

UNSATISFIED.

BY MINNIE C. BALLARD.

I see the moon behind the clouds,
No stars are in the sky,
A dreamy mist the sad world shrouds—
And lo! the bittern's cry.

The deer beneath the bracken rest,
The shadowy woods are still,
The robin slumbers in its nest—
Hark! to the whip-poor-will.

My little neighbors, all asleep,
With happy dreams are blest.
I, I alone, forever keep
An aimless hopeless quest.

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THE LITTLE MATCHMAKER.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

It was a lovely June morning, and, after an early breakfast and a stroll, Mr. Granger sat down in the quaintly-furnished room which he had already adopted for his study, and proceeded to open and read his letters. He had only arrived at The Hemlocks on the previous evening; but, thanks to the abilities of his faithful John Brooke, who had preceded him by a week, he was as comfortable and well-established as if the charming old-fashioned house had been his home for a decade.

Years before, Mr. Granger had been in the habit of visiting the neighborhood during the summer, and had always remembered the picturesque scenery with such pleasure that, when he learned this special place was for sale, he sent to an acquaintance to purchase it, having decided that a country-home would suit him at his age for at least eight months during the year.

He had bought even the furniture, and his survey of his dwelling and grounds left him even better satisfied with his purchase than he had expected. His possession was situated in the heart of one of Pennsylvania's loveliest valleys. The Susquehanna ran in plain view from his veranda: beyond, spread green fields and wood-lands, dotted with farm-houses and cottages; and distant far enough to give due effect to their lights and shadows, rose the line of rocky bluffs which towered into a very respectable mountain within his range of vision. A half-hour's drive away was a bustling village, which owned a good market, two railway stations, and a fair number of intelligent cultivated people; so the "hermit-life" before him, concerning which he had written several graceful epistles to friends before going to bed on the previous night, was not likely to prove solitary or barren enough to call for any great degree of sympathy from his familiars and well-wishers.

Mr. Granger read his letters, wrote several, then settled himself back in his easy-chair, with his meerschaum between his lips, a new pamphlet of Professor Langley's, concerning "sun-spots," in his hand, looking, as he felt, the very picture of comfort. He was one of those rare human beings who knew and would admit when he was comfortable, and could centre his mind on the present and enjoy it, instead of fretting his soul over what the past had failed to bring, or the future was not likely to grant.

His study was on the ground-floor of a wing which jutted out at the left of the main building without rhyme or reason, and opened directly on the shrubberies—a little too near his next neighbor's dominions, perhaps; but a vine-covered stone wall and a line of hemlocks gave a pleasant sensation of privacy.

Everything was still in-doors as a dream. Without, a light breeze made a low music among the evergreen boughs. A thrush sang meditatively in a thicket. Occasionally the trills of a child's laughter rang from the other side of the wall. Mr. Granger heard it, and thought it sounded poetical; like most old bachelors, he had a theoretic liking for children—at a reasonable distance.

But the pamphlet roused ideas which sent him to the book-shelves in search of a learned volume, which he proceeded to consult, making notes as he read, with the intention of having arms at hand for a future argument with his friend, the Professor. He grew so deeply absorbed that he ceased to hear the melodious tones from without, and his intellectual part was away off in a region of mist numberless leagues beyond this planet, when it was suddenly called back by sounds far from harmonious or peaceful.

First came a dull heavy thud—the splash of water—then a fiendish yell. Mr. Granger started involuntarily, and upset his books and ink-stand, and was vexed beyond measure in an instant: for nothing provoked him so much as to find that any circumstance or crisis had caused him to offer the least show of nervousness.

"Jupiter and Mars!" he exclaimed. "Old John told me he didn't like the chambermaid he had engaged. I wonder if he has already dropped her into the well. I wish he wouldn't make so much noise drowning her."

Like many tender-hearted people, he had a weakness for indulging in small verbal cynicisms; but he did not even stop to pick up his precious tome, before starting to find out what was the matter. He stumbled over the great volume at the first step, and knocked his shin against the table-leg. Then he began a vigorous anathema, which was checked by a second splash of water, and a yell louder and more fiendish than the first.

Forth he rushed, through the shrubberies, fol-

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lowing the path to the left, from which the howls, now grown continuous, appeared to proceed. He came out close to the dividing-wall, and near a great hogshead set close against it, so hidden by a clump of laurel-bushes that it was not visible five feet away.

"Who's in there?" called Mr. Granger.

"Why—why—I am," answered a shrill voice, "and you'd better come and help me, else you'll be arrested and tried and—and gibbeted for drowning me."

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Granger, confounded, as most people would have been, by the manner and matter of the answer to his question.

"Let me out—let me out!" yelled the voice, and there came a third splash of water, accompanied by a sound as of small boot-heels vigorously applied to the inside of the operator's prison.

Mr. Granger looked over the edge of the hogshead, and saw a little white phantom with long flowing hair, as wet as a mermaid, sitting flat at the bottom of the cask, with the water coming nearly up to her shoulders. The image gave a renewed yell as he peered down at her, then began to laugh, at the same time puckering her face in a way which showed she was ready to shed unlimited tears if there should prove the least occasion for such appeal.

"Why, child, what on earth are you doing in there?" he shouted.

"I'm drowning. Can't you see?" retorted the mermaid.

"But how did you get there?" he asked.

"How stupid! Just like a man!" said the mermaid, in high disdain. "How are you going to get me out? That's what I want to know."

"Why, I shall have to tip the hogshead over."

"Well, then, do it; but, for mercy's sake, don't make a noise: if nurse hears, she'll be fit to eat us both."

It was no easy matter to tip the hogshead, and, when it did yield, it came with such impetus that Mr. Granger was nearly overturned, besides being thoroughly drenched.

The mermaid emerged, shook herself like a Newfoundland puppy, and began to laugh.

"You're as wet as I am," she cried. "Oh, don't you look funny?—oh, my!"

"You're a nice young woman," quoth Mr. Granger, irately, glancing from her to his fresh white suit, not only drenched, but hopelessly stained by the green from the hogshead. "I've three minds to put you back into it."

"Oh–oh–oh!" howled the mermaid, and began to weep tumultuously.

"You're safe. What are you crying about?" he asked. "There, there: don't. What makes you?"

"To keep you from scolding," answered the sprite, looking as wicked as a changeling. "If you won't scold, I won't cry."

"Agreed," said Mr. Granger, ready for any compromise that would stop the tears. "But how did you happen to fall in?"

"There's a ladder on our side; I climbed up it, and was sitting on the wall, leaned too far over, and down I went," said the mermaid, staccato and emphatic.

"Little girls shouldn't—"

"Yes, they should; got just as much right to as boys: and boys always do," the mermaid interrupted, as quick as a flash and bold as—I was going to say brass; but, really, the small creature was so pretty, and looked so like some mischievous sprite or naiad, that the comparison sounds too coarse.

"Hark!" she exclaimed. "Oh, you made so much noise, they've heard you. Hear 'em?"

"I made a noise?" he repeated.

"Well, perhaps I made a little, too. Just listen."

"Annette! Annette!" somebody called from the other side of the wall. Then a softer voice sounded from a further distance, demanding: "What is the matter, Dorcas?" And the answer came: "Oh, that child has got into some new mischief: I'm sure I heard her scream."

It was the first speaker's voice that spoke.

"Oh, hide," whispered the mermaid; but there was no time, even if Mr. Granger had felt inclined: for steps nimbly mounted the ladder; an elderly woman's face peered over the top of the wall; a pair of keen gray eyes stared at the gentleman and child for an instant; then the owner of the face and eyes said quietly:

"I expected it. I knew you'd never rest, Annette, till you fell into that hogshead." Then she turned to Mr. Granger, and added, in a deeply-injured tone: "If there isn't any more mischief you'd like her to get into, I'd be obliged if you'd just pass her up to me."

"Not a pass," cried the mermaid. "Don't talk about me, Dorcas, as if I was a basket of provisions you were trying to steal."

"There's a gate further down, sir; but it's locked on your side," continued the woman, in the same tone of injury. "Perhaps, unless there's some good reason for letting her catch her death of cold, you'd be good enough to open the gate."

"This way. I know where it is," announced the mermaid, tearing through the thicket, fol-

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lowed by Mr. Granger. He unlocked the door, and the child pushed and pulled him through. There he stood, in the grounds of his unknown neighbor, old Dorcas glaring, the mermaid laughing—and, worse than all, an exceedingly pretty dainty-looking lady, of twenty-eight or so, hurriedly approaching with uplifted hands and eyes of wonder.

Mr. Granger was rather afraid of women, and it was embarrassing to a scrupulously neat man to be caught such a spectacle; but he bowed, and said, with a fair show of composure:

"Madam, your little girl is only wet. She fell into a hogshead that stands on my side of the wall."

"Oh, Nettie, Nettie," laughed the lady; then added: "I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Granger: you see, I know your name. I am only sorry that our acquaintance begins by your having been put to such annoyance."

"I told your John Brooke that was no place to leave a hogshead," muttered Dorcas.

"Why, how red you both look!" cried the little imp, staring first at the lady, then at Mr. Granger.

"I am glad to have been of service, madam," returned he, rather stiffly; "and, now that your small daughter is safe—"

"I'm not her daughter," put in the imp: "I'm Annette Price, and she's Amy Price, and we're cousins, and that's old Dorcas; and now you know all about us, and, if you like kittens, I'll give you one—a beauty, too: for my cat, Lady Jane, has got six."

"I think, Mr. Granger, that, after this lucid introduction, we may consider ourselves acquaintances," said Miss Price, as she joined that gentleman in his irrepressible laughter.

"I am sure I am very much obliged to Miss Annette," he said, politely.

"Excuse me, Miss Amy," cut in Dorcas, tragically; "I know what'll happen if that child stands there dripping any longer; she'll get inflammation of the lungs, and die, as her poor ma did afore her, five years ago."

This pathetic threat caused Mr. Granger to take a hasty leave, Annette calling after him:

"When we get our clothes changed, you can come and choose the kitten. Just knock on the gate. I'll hear you. We're all acquainted now, and needn't be ceremony-nous!"

It would have been difficult for her elders, if they had tried, to keep up any pretense of ceremony very long, as the small personage took the ordering of their intercourse into her own hands, in a matter-of-course fashion, which was as imperative as it was ludicrous.

Within a fortnight, the households were on as intimate terms as if they had been neighbors for years, and the garden-gate was more frequently open than shut. Even those two difficult and stiff-necked people, Dorcas and John Brooke, who had commenced intercourse with a high degree of mutual aversion, based principally on the slighting views each took of the opposite sex in general, got so far as to quarrel often and to hold long arguments upon every possible subject which their range of thought or experience enabled them to deal with. When Annette had no other business on hand, she superintended these interviews, and spurred the obstinate pair on to fiercer combat, or silenced them both by some bit of crushing wisdom, according to her mood.

Gerald Granger was a bachelor of three and forty, without any near female relatives living, and as slight a knowledge of children as a man could easily have; so, naturally, Miss Annette proved a revelation to him. On their first meeting, he had indulged in a suspicion that the precocious mite of eight would prove something of a nuisance, if he did not guard carefully against it; but he soon discovered that he could not do this, though, so far from an annoyance, her society made one of the chief charms of his days. The third morning after his arrival, he came downstairs with one of his dreadful headaches—the only ailment in which he ever indulged—and shut himself into his study, expecting to lie on the sofa in darkness and solitude as usual. But Miss Annette appeared, and constituted herself nurse, bathing his temples, and ordering toast and tea, and doing it all as quietly as if she were always the quaint old-fashioned little creature she then appeared, instead of being half the time the mischievous sprite who had invaded his water-butt.

She got in the way of studying her lessons in his room, while he read or worked; an early walk became their custom; and, on one pretext or another, she passed three-quarters of her leisure hours in his society, and through her interposition Mr. Granger and her aunt insensibly glided into familiar relations, foreign to the habits of both.

Within a month, Miss Annette reached a resolution which she proceeded one morning to communicate to her aunt, having unexpectedly settled down into one of her sagest moods, after a variety of misdemeanors, which began with her bestowing the supply of cream intended for the family breakfast on a drunken tramp who had excited her sympathy, and ended with her burning up one of Dorcas's best caps in an unlucky spasm of industry.

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"I have made up my mind what I shall do, Aunt Amy," she said, abruptly, as she closed her book.

"To be a good little girl, I hope," said her aunt, "and to remember that trying to be helpful makes other people trouble, unless you consult them first."

"Oh, yes, I know all about that," said Annette, gravely. "Next time, no doubt there'll be milk to give the poor tramp, and Dorcas will recollect not to have her irons so hot; but I have made up my mind—"

"Well, about what?"

"I shall have to marry Cousin Gerald," she replied, employing the title she had some time before adopted for him. "I shan't do it yet, you know."

"Not just yet, I suppose."

"I wish you wouldn't laugh, Aunt Amy—it's a serious matter—the minister said so, yesterday, in his sermon. It just came into my head then. I've thought a great deal about it. Cousin Gerald will want somebody to take care of him. He may get the rheumatism, you know; and John Brooke couldn't nurse him: it will be my—what did Mr. Peters call it in his sermon?—my—my missionary."

"You mean mission. But, dear, you mustn't talk that way. I wish you would run and tell Dorcas I want to speak to her."

Annette departed, found Dorcas in the garden, and, when she had dispatched her into the house, espied John Brooke in a cherry-tree on the other side of the wall, and walked through the gate in great haste.

"John, John," she called, "are the cherries ripe?"

"I'll get a small basketful of nice ones, I guess," John replied; "you wait, and I'll give you some."

"I think I'd rather come up," said Annette.

"Now you stay where you are, Miss Annette," pleaded John, in a voice half coaxing, half imperative. "Young ladies mustn't climb ladders."

"I think I shall come up, John," she repeated.

The difference of opinion waxed sharp, and John finally descended, before his basket was full, and put the ladder away, though, as a peace-offering, he gave her some cherries.

"You mustn't do such a thing again, John," she said, eating her fruit with great relish. "After awhile I'm going to marry my Cousin Gerald, so you must do what I say."

"Wal, of all the childern—if you ain't the beat!" cried John, too thoroughly astounded even to laugh.

Mr. Granger had been smoking on the verandah, and heard their altercation; he came up just in time to catch Annette's remark and John's answer.

"What's that you mean to do, Nettie?" he asked.

"Marry you," she replied, putting another ox-heart in her little mouth. "Don't you think it will be convenient?"

"Well, there's a good deal to be said on both sides."

"Yes, and I've thought it all out. I couldn't do it yet. I must wait till Rosalie is grown up. But, as soon as I have educated her, I shall be ready," she said, with perfect gravity—Rosalie, of course, being her pet doll. "John Brooke, what are you laughing at?"

"I ain't laughing," John vowed, hurriedly turning his snicker into a cough.

She eyed him suspiciously for an instant, then the sight of the basket inspired her with a new idea.

"Those cherries would make a nice pudding," she said.

"Very well, Nettie, we'll ask Mrs. Freeman for one, and you shall stay and help eat it," said Mr. Granger.

"That's a capital idea," she answered; "and now that I've told you and Aunt Amy what I mean to do, I've nothing on my mind—this isn't lesson-day. But perhaps we'd better let auntie know. I never like to dine out unexpectedly, for fear she should be anxious."

Mr. Granger was wheedled into accompanying her, and the morning passed so pleasantly that he forgot all about leaving, until Nettie, coming back from an hour's attention to Rosalie and the kitten, reminded him to his surprise that it was fully time to go and see how Mrs. Freeman had succeeded with the pudding. Miss Amy, of course, was asked, but she declined—promising, however, to take a drive with them towards evening.

Amy Price was one of the gentlest and sweetest of women, and, if not possessed of any remarkable mental originality, was well educated and informed, and owned that faculty of receptivity which, to many intellectual and studious men, renders a woman a pleasanter companion than genius itself could do.

She was nearly three years past thirty, though she did not look her age, and naturally had lived her little romance—one as mild as it was pathetic. She had loved and been engaged at eighteen, and buried her lover before she was twenty. Then came her sister's marriage to her cousin, and on Amy devolved the care of the household, for her sister soon became a confirmed invalid. Mr.

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Price had a mania for speculation, and speedily managed to make sad inroads on the joint fortunes of himself and wife; but luckily he died suddenly, while Annette was an infant, and Amy, after paying his debts, found herself able at least to live comfortably, free from cares for the future. The wife lingered nearly two years longer, then she drifted out of this sphere in the aimless fashion which had characterized her progress all through, and, since then, Amy's life had held no events whatever—a dead level of monotony which she called happiness, though realizing that, except for the child, existence would have been a very empty business.

As this present summer floated on, full of little pleasures and excitements, which possessed the charm of novelty, she asked herself no questions, and would have been an exceedingly astonished person had she suddenly discovered whither she was straying. Probably that surprise could only have been equaled by that of her neighbor, had he opened his eyes to a perception of the change which this new friendship had made in his life.

The time came, however, when they were both to be helped to see clearly enough, and of course the very title of my sketch is a warrant that small Miss Nettie was the instrument chosen by fate for bringing matters to a crisis. The summer had gone, the early autumn had burned out its gorgeous wealth of color, the soft November days had arrived, and the two households were still tranquil in their happy valley, nor had Mr. Granger begun to think of the return to town for the winter, which had been his original intention.

He and Miss Amy were sitting, one afternoon, in her cheerful parlor. They had been prevented from driving out, by a shower which threatened momentarily to arrive, and still held aloof in an exasperating fashion. But, between the charm of a new book, which Mr. Granger read aloud, and intervals of enjoyable conversation, neither had felt inclined to complain of being kept within doors.

Mr. Granger glanced up now and then, thinking what a pretty picture his companion made—what a good intelligent listener she was—and, as had often been the case of late, the vision of a home brightened by such companionship rose agreeably before him. He had never actually told himself that he was in love with Amy Price, but he did realize that her presence was a constant delight—that the idea of existence deprived of her society would have looked dismal enough.

Such thoughts were vaguely in his mind now, as he laid down his book and turned towards her, as she sat with her nimble fingers busy over some dainty piece of work. She looked up, and their eyes met. A sudden faint wave of color swept across Amy's cheeks at his fixed gaze, and a slight embarrassment caused by having been detected in such a persistent stare sent a slight reflection of her blush into his face. Before either could speak, the door opened, and Nettie came rushing in, her curls flying, and she evidently in a high state of excitement.

"I declare," she said, kissing each in rapid succession, "I have neglected you two shamefully, this afternoon; but you really must excuse me: I've been so busy that I haven't had a minute to spare."

The pair laughed, both secretly relieved by the interruption, yet scarcely glad of it, and Mr. Granger said:

"Tell us what wonderful things you have been doing, Nettie."

"Oh, there's no end to what has happened. Only think, that stupid speckled hen of yours has just appeared with a brood of chickens: the idea of her not remembering it was November! Such a time as Mrs. Freeman and I had getting her into a coop; and we scolded her well."

"I hope she seemed penitent?"

"Not a bit. She was as cross as possible, and pecked at us like a fury," said Nettie. "Then our Hannah set her apron on fire, and went into the sulks because Dorcas threw a pail of water over her. Then the kitten got lost; then Rosalie was very tiresome about her lessons; and then—oh, my goodness—I had to give Dorcas and John such a lecture."

"What had happened?" Mr. Granger inquired.

"Well, John came over with a basket of turnips, to show her that his were larger than ours, and they got to arguing about everything under the sun: you know how they go on, Aunt Amy."

"Yes: I have heard them frequently."

"Well, at last John said he thanked his stars that he was a bachelor, and Dorcas told him it was just as well he did, for no woman would ever have him; and that set me thinking, and I just spoke out."

"What did you say?" Mr. Granger asked.

"'Aren't you ashamed, both of you, to tell such fibs?' said I. 'John Brooke, it was only last week that you told me a bachelor was a lonesome fellow, after all.'"

"Did he deny the fact?"

"No; he couldn't. He only stuttered and stammered, and Dorcas began to sneer; but I stopped her. 'Dorcas,' said I, 'you are fibbing, too. You said that John had got into crochety ways from having no wife, but that he was as good as gold at bottom, and any woman might be glad to have him for a husband.'"

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Nettie paused to breathe. Mr. Granger laughed more heartily than anybody had ever seen him. Miss Amy's mirth was nearly as uncontrollable.

"Well, Nettie, what did they say then?" Mr. Granger asked, as soon as he could speak.

"Oh, Dorcas turned as red as fire," continued Nettie, "and tried to dispute having said it; but I remembered just the very time and words; and then she and John both looked ashamed enough of being found out in fibs."

"I should think so, indeed," returned Mr. Granger. "Well?"

"'I'm glad Rosalie isn't here,' I said, 'to be contaminated by such an example; and, now that you are both sorry, I'll tell you what is best to do: John, since you think it isn't nice to be a bachelor, you must ask Dorcas to marry you. And, Dorcas, you said he would make a good husband, and you said, too, that any woman was better off with one, if he was good; so, if you'll listen to advice, you'll accept John when he asks you.'"

Her listeners could only laugh more heartily than before, and exclaim together:

"Oh, Nettie! Nettie!"

"Why, how you both behave!" she exclaimed, rather indignantly. "I don't see what there is to laugh at. Wasn't it good advice?"

"Excellent," Mr. Granger said. "Did they agree to follow it?"

"Oh, Mrs. Freeman called me just then—my cake was baked, so I couldn't stay any longer. But when I came back, just now, I saw them walking up and down in the vegetable-garden, and Dorcas had a corner of her apron in her mouth, and John was trying to light his pipe, but talking so fast that he couldn't do it."

"I fancy, Miss Price," said Mr. Granger, lightly, "that we may prepare ourselves for a revelation. The serious question to us is: Will you lose Dorcas, or shall I lose John?"

"Why, what do you mean?" demanded Nettie, so quickly that her aunt had no time to answer.

"If they marry, they will want to live together," replied Mr. Granger.

"But that needn't make any difference," cried Nettie; "we're almost the same as if we were in one house."

"But Mr. Granger doesn't mean always to live here," said Miss Amy, hastening to speak from a vague sensation of embarrassment, which she could not well have explained to herself.

"Why, it's his home. Of course, he must live here—won't you, Cousin Gerald?" asked Nettie, somewhat aghast.

"A good deal of the time, I hope," he answered. "I had not contemplated spending my winters here."

He glanced at Miss Amy. By some occult process, the embarrassment she felt communicated itself to him; they looked at each other oddly, then both averted their eyes.

Nettie glanced from one to the other, somewhat perplexed and troubled.

"It's very tiresome," she said. "Cousin Gerald couldn't spare John, and I don't know what we should do without Dorcas. Still, I don't like to forbid their marrying now."

"Never mind, Nettie," said her aunt.

"I think you'd better leave them to settle matters," added Mr. Granger.

Nettie did not notice. She was evidently reflecting deeply. Presently, in order to break the silence, during which Miss Amy had returned to her needlework, and Mr. Granger had been diligently cutting the last pages of his book, the latter asked:

"Why, what are you pondering over so gravely, my small maid?"

Nettie looked up, shook her curls, and stepped up to the table between them, as grave as a judge.

"I only see one way of our being comfortable," said she. "Cousin Gerald, it was all settled that I was to marry you; but we'd have to wait a long while: Rosalie can't spell yet; and indeed, somehow, she seems opposed to my marrying—"

"Nettie—Nettie!"

"Wait, please, Aunt Amy! And so it seems to me that the best thing, Cousin Gerald, is for you to marry Aunt Amy. Then we can all live together, and Mrs. Freeman can be cook, and I'll take care of you—"

"Nettie, there's some one ringing—go to the door," interrupted Miss Amy, in nervous haste.

Mr. Granger stole one glance at her agitated countenance, caught Nettie in his arms, and carried her out into the hall.

"Don't come back," he whispered; "you are a darling little girl, and I love you!"

He closed the door and returned to the table. Miss Amy had risen, and was folding up her work; but her half-averted face told a tale of confusion which her pretense of composure could not conceal.

Mr. Granger hurried to her, seized her two hands, and exclaimed, brokenly:

"Amy—could you—would you? I know now that I have loved you a long while—ever since the day we first met—could you learn to care for me?"

"I think I have learned already," she answered, in a low tone, while the tears gathered in her soft eyes.

"And you will make me the happiest man alive? You will be my wife?"

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"Nettie has given her approval," she replied, trying to laugh, and beginning to sob a little.

He caught her in his arms, and during the next half-hour they talked and acted almost as irrationally as lovers a decade younger could have done.

Then an impatient tap sounded at the door, and, when Mr. Granger opened it, there stood Nettie.

"Why didn't you call me?" she asked. "Aunt Amy isn't vexed, is she, Cousin Gerald?"

"Vexed? Not a bit," cried Mr. Granger, holding out his arms. "Nettie, I shall be Uncle Gerald now. Blessings on you for the dearest little matchmaker that ever lived."

When the matter was fully explained and discussed, Nettie said, gravely:

"Well, I am glad it is all settled. But, dear me! these marryings are very troublesome, and upset things a good deal. I am awfully glad that Mrs. Freeman is too old and fat to think about it. Now let me down, please, Uncle Gerald. I must go and set Rosalie's mind at rest. I shouldn't wonder if the kitten guessed the news already, for she's been chasing her tail like mad, all the while I was waiting outside."

AUTUMN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

When the imperial autumn came,
And with its frosty breath
Swept the majestic forest-glades
With the glory of their death,
I loved to sit beneath the trees
And watch the golden haze
Break o'er the pine-clad rocky slopes
And set the woods ablaze.

Then squirrels shook the ripened nuts
Down from the chestnut-burrs,
And flocking pigeons filled the air
With wildly-broken whirrs.
Then I could hear the rustling fruit
Fall dreamily and slow
Down where the ripe red apples lay
Upon the grass below.

And sometimes I could faintly hear,
When all the air was still,
The treading of a weary horse
Down by the cider-mill,
While soft the crush of mellow fruit
Came through the deep profound,
As slow that heavy wooden wheel
Went round, and round, and round.

I loved to watch the sunset-gold
Melt tenderly away,
And leave upon our meadow-lands
A veil of purplish gray,
That wreathed its softly-floating mist
Along the valley-stream,
Then trembled off upon the dusk
Like some bewildering dream.

But in the cold November days,
When all the leaves were sear
And drifting off like ghostly things
Adown the waning year,
I watched them flutter mournfully
Against the leaden sky—
Like famished birds with broken wings,
That only fled to die—

Leaving their old forsaken nests
To meet the wintry breeze
In empty ragged loneliness
Still rocking on the trees.
When all the naked boughs were stirred
By storm-clouds overhead,
And seemed to mourn with plaintive woe
Their foliage lost and dead,

My spirit answered to their wail
As gloomy shadows meet:
For one lone leaflet trembled down
And perished at my feet,
And, as I watched its quivering death,
My heart was thrilled with grief,
That I might close an ardent life
Like that poor withered leaf.

FOR REST.

BY MARGARET KIETH.

To-night I sit looking into the west—
The west, with its splendor of fire and gold,
The last bright beauty of a day that is old.
The glorified clouds before the wind flee
Across a limitless rose-tinted sea
To the shadow of night and rest.

The shadow I know—but oh, the rest?
Ah me! for relief from the ceaseless pain
Throbbing ever and always through heart and brain.
Dost hear, O God, the daily prayer
For rest that shall come sometime, somewhere,
And dull the ache in the breast?

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THE MOTHERLESS GIRL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1884, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CHAPTER I.

It was a small room in the top of a tenement-house, so crowded with inmates that there was never entire stillness in it, even at night; but, whereas other apartments were untidy and made more than comfortless by neglect, this one had an air of neatness that took a visitor by surprise, as he came out of the dreary and unswept hall: a hall only endurable because of the darkness which concealed its accumulations of dust and dirt from those who were compelled to pass up and down the flights of stairs: stairs worn by the tread of many feet, like the broken pavement they led from.

Up these stairs a sad and weary man was toiling. His breath came more and more heavily with each footstep, and more than once he reeled in his walk and looked back, as if afraid of falling. Twice he sat down upon the foot-worn steps, and, covering his face with both hands, trembled and shuddered in all his frame, as if a cold blast of wind were sweeping over him. At such times, his hands were wet with tears when he removed them from his face; but he wiped them away carefully, as he gathered new force; and his thin face gave no trace of them when he reached his own room, and stood panting for breath at the door.

With hesitating and unsteady hands he turned the latch and entered the room, which was occupied by four persons: an elderly if not very old woman, and three children. The eldest was a fair girl, that might be ten or twelve, the other two younger than that, and so alike, though one was a boy, that a stranger would have found it difficult to distinguish them when sitting still, as they were now; for they were bending over a slate, on which the boy was making rude figures with a pencil, that grated rather unpleasantly on the ear.

The elder girl was watching them with an air of motherly patronage. But the woman seemed restless and listening for something that might come to her through the confused noises of the house.

However intently she may have listened, the opening of the door was a surprise; the garment she was mending dropped slowly into her lap, and, looking earnestly into the man's face, she broke the silence by a single word:

"Well?"

The man made an effort to smile; but the pitiful attempt only wandered like a shadow over his features, and he shook his head, glancing at the children as if warning her not to say more while they were listening. So she arose and pushed the rocking-chair toward him, taking another seat in silence, knowing well that he had no good news to offer her.

But the children felt nothing of this dread. To them, the presence of their father was like the challenge for a holiday. The boy came forward with his slate, and proudly exhibited the grand outlines of a horse, with a head almost as large as his body, and an unlimited supply of legs and tail: for which he challenged instant admiration, backed by the little girl, who eagerly asserted that she had put in half the brush of the tail, and had made the leg kicking up behind, when Oliver was mean enough to say that a good horse didn't want more than four legs to stand on, and there wasn't room for hers anyhow.

The man reached forth his hand for the slate. But there was a mist in his eyes that made the pencil-marks swim before them, and, with a weary sigh, he laid the performance of which the children were so proud on the table. They looked at each other in grieved surprise a moment, then the girl scrambled into her father's lap; but the knees she climbed bent under her light weight, and the arms he held out to receive her trembled so visibly that the grandmother interfered.

"Olive, Olive! Don't you see that your father is tired out?" she said, attempting to take the child away; but the spirited little creature rebelled at once.

"Tired—tired! There it is again. I never was too heavy for him—now was I, dear darling old pa? I'll—I'll stop growing first. Now just let me alone, you jealous old thing. I won't be took away."

But the woman persisted, and forced the little girl from her father's arms with some show of impatience: for anxiety made her unusually severe, and she was suffering all the torment of

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suspense that was approaching a painful certainty.

"It is bed-time for you all," she announced with authority. "Rachael, take them into the other room."

Olive planted half a dozen rebellious kisses on her father's worn face before she gave herself up to the grandmother, and resolutely refused to kiss her.

When these two were alone, the woman bent anxiously over the rocking-chair, and laid her hand upon her son-in-law's head. There was scarcely a thread of gray among the brown hair she smoothed; but it lay damply on his forehead, which was cold as marble, and she felt the chill of it almost with a shudder; but conquering that she spoke:

"Well, did you see this doctor?"

"Yes, I was with him a full hour. He is a wise kind man, and knows my case thoroughly."

"Well?"

The question was put in a low forced voice. This woman dreaded the answer so much that she feared to say more.

"He gives me no hope, mother. A month or two is all he promises, and for that I must give up work entirely. I have given up. I knew it must be, for my strength is all gone."

The man leaned his head forward on the table, where his clasped hands rested. The woman drew a chair close to him, and spoke as if his words made her angry:

"I don't believe a word of it. What do doctors know, after all? Good nursing is better than doctors, and that you shall have. I will not give up yet."

The poor man shook his head without raising it.

"Nursing may give me a little ease; but it can do no good. You must not think of that for me. I knew long ago what must come, and have been thoughtful over it. I could not tell you why we left the old rooms for these, or the reason of many things that I have done to save money. When I had health and strength, you know that I never grudged a dollar to any of you; but I saw this time coming, and have done my best to save something for you and the poor motherless children in there. That is why we are up here in the top of the house, and have lived so closely. Oh, God help us! If I could only be sure that you could keep as well off as this: but, with all my care, I have saved so little."

As he spoke, Marsh drew a bank-book from the inner pocket of his worn vest, and laid it open on the table:

"That is all that I could do for you, and all that I ever can do."

He spoke mournfully, but with sad resignation. She pushed the book away as if it terrified her.

"Do not give it to me. I charge you not to do that. Take care of it yourself. Deal it out as you have done—stint us more and more; but do not trust the children's money to me. Why should you—being here yourself—where you will be years and years, and well enough to work again, in spite of the doctors."

The woman spoke vehemently, as if some fierce wrong had been offered to her; but even then kept her eyes on the open bank-book, like some bird fascinated by a snake.

"There is no other person that I can trust. We are too poor for such friends as less hard-working people can get around them. It is to you alone that I can leave them."

Here the poor man turned his face wistfully toward the bed-room door.

"But you will be with us, and well enough to manage things in the old way?"

"No, no; this is the last night—the very last—that I shall spend in my home."

"Silas Marsh, what are you saying?"

"Only this: Even two months' sickness will take so much from these poor savings, that you would have but little left. I must not rob the children in order to keep the comfort of your nursing, and—and of being a little longer with them. I have been with the commissioners to-day. In the morning, they will send me to the hospital."

"The commissioners? What commissioners?"

"The city commissioners of charity, and—"

"The poor-house commissioners? Not that—not that!"

"One can only enter Bellevue with their consent."

"Bellevue? A hospital for paupers?"

"No, it is not that: a hospital for the poor, but not supplied to them in charity. The workingman who pays rent and clothes his family is, according to his degree, a tax-payer like the richest: for rising taxes make higher rents, and the poor man's clothes pay duty in proportion with the more costly clothing of the rich. It is the producer, after all, on whom the taxes fall heaviest, and these taxes support all the institutions that are called city charities. The honest workingmen of this city have earned an interest in its hospitals, and in his need has a right to them. Grander and more comfortable places endowed by rich men may justly be called charities: but Bellevue is not a charity for the workingman, but his right. It is for this reason

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that I have decided to go there rather than take one cent from this."

Marsh had for a moment forgotten his weakness, and spoke with more energy than could have been expected from his prostrated condition. He had evidently thought this subject over, and, in his entire abnegation of self, wished to save his family from the horror of pauperism which had fallen with such crushing effect upon his mother-in-law, and from her might extend to the children. But the energy with which he had spoken only served to exhaust the unnatural strength it had inspired, without removing the settled prejudices of the woman, who, incapable of comprehending the grand moral courage of his motives, saw only hardship and humiliation in this noble resolve.

"To-morrow! to-morrow!" she said, taking off her spectacles, and wiping them till one of the glasses broke between her fingers. "Oh, Silas, how can I explain this to the children? How can I? How can you give them up so?"

The man's head drooped slowly down to his clasped hands that lay trembling on the table, and, for a little time, his faint low sobs broke the stillness of the room; but, after awhile, his pale face was uplifted: with his handkerchief he wiped the stain of tears from his cheek and the cold drops of weakness from his forehead.

"It can be made easy for them. They are so young, and need not know. The hospital is not a prison, and, with this trouble, one dies slowly —I am told, sometimes moving about to the last. It may be that God will give me a little strength to see them again."

Marsh said this with one hand pressed over his panting lungs, and this hope glistened with unnatural brightness in his eyes.

"You will make it easy for them, and try to think it for the best?"

"Oh, Silas, it will break my heart to see you in that place. I cannot—I cannot."

"But you will come, once in a while, and tell me about the children? It will be the one thing I shall pine for."

The woman did not promise. She was greatly disturbed; and, in order to conceal the excitement his words had given, began to move the humble furniture around the room, and put it back again with restless energy, as if physical action could appease the revolt in her heart. At last she gave up this futile effort, and, dropping into the Boston rocking-chair, which was her usual seat, fell to crying bitterly.

Silas Marsh had exhausted his strength in preparing the poor woman for the separation which another day would bring, and sat gazing on her in dumb anguish, unable to speak a word of all that was aching in his bosom, both of pain and sorrow.

"It will not be forever," he said, at last; "a month or two at the most. Then I shall be at peace, to wait for you and them."

The woman threw up her arms, and sobbed aloud. Making another effort, he went on:

"You will not feel alone with so much to do, and having them."

Silas pointed his hand toward the bed-room door, and dropped it wearily down to his knee again.

"With them?—with them? But where will you be? How would you like to see them sick, wretched, and dragging themselves to the poor-house? For that is just what you mean to do."

Silas Marsh shuddered feebly, and veiled his eyes with one thin hand.

"If you love them so well that hardship and disgrace come easy, how must I feel when you threaten to leave us, and bury yourself alive among the city paupers? Oh, Silas! Silas! I never thought that my daughter's husband would come to this."

The poor man arose very feebly, laid his hand on the shoulder of the woman, who shook it off in rebellious grief, and saying, with gentle firmness: "Hush; it must be so," moved toward a cot-bed in the corner of the room, and lay down upon it.

Early the next morning, Silas Marsh arose from this narrow bed, where he had been lying all night wearily gazing into the darkness, and went softly into the little room, where his mother-in-law had fallen into a restless sleep, toward morning, with Rachael in her arms. The twins lay nestling together in the trundle-bed that was concealed beneath her bedstead in the daytime, and, when drawn out at night, gave but little space for anything else in the closet. On the edge of this bed the poor brave man seated himself, and looked down upon the children as they slept. They were pretty creatures, and formed a lovely picture, lying thus with their arms interlaced, and their heads so close together that the soft brown hair of one, curling in with the other, seemed of one bright growth: for the little ones were marvelously alike at that early age, and, sleeping thus, could hardly have been distinguished as the boy or girl.

During some minutes, the father leaned over these little ones, with the pallor and sadness of great misery in his face. With the least noise—and even at daybreak that house was never still—he would start and look around as if this most holy act of his life were a sin to be hidden from

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human sympathy; then his eyes would turn on the children, though he might not see their faces through the tears that, all unconsciously, were beginning to blind them. At last he felt the bed shaking under him, and, unable to still the trembling of his limbs, sank down with his knees upon the floor, and, leaning over, touched the floating hair of the sleepers with his hand, so tenderly that they did not move. Then, urged by the yearning tenderness that transfigured all his features into something no painter ever yet portrayed, he touched the mouths of his children so lightly with his own parched lips that they smiled in their sleep, and one of them murmured something out of its dreams.

Then Silas Marsh arose, and, standing awhile gazing down upon his mother-in-law and Rachael, left his home forever.

CHAPTER II.

THAT morning, Silas Marsh found his way down where the Bellevue Hospital stands—dark, ponderous, and grim—like a walled prison, on the banks of the East River. Fifty years ago this building was the principal almshouse of New York, and stood out alone, rude and gloomy, but with the breezy atmosphere of green fields and the broadly-flowing stream around it; whereas now its walls are hedged in with buildings on every side but one, and there boat-houses, wharves, and crowding river-craft shut out a view of the water and vitiate the air before it can reach the suffering inmates.

To this gloomy pile, saturated with disease in every rude stone of its walls, from foundation to roof—baptized in a century of human suffering, till it seems the hard embodiment of misfortune—this man had come, of his own free will, to die. He expected nothing else. He knew that all hope of existence was gone for him; but he also knew that the great trial of his life was over. That day he had parted from his motherless children: the rest seemed easy to him; and, strange to say, a wan smile came to his lips, as he entered the hospital and found himself only one of many in that sad garner-hall of suffering, the consumptive-ward of Bellevue. Still more strange it was that the smile did not leave his lips as he was taken to his own narrow bed, and left to the loneliness that to most men would be worse than that of a prison-cell.

But this man sat down quietly, and looked around him with sad composure. That atmosphere of pain called forth all his sympathies, and the pale faces he looked upon stirred his bosom with a sublime feeling of brotherhood. A sick man, lying on a bed close to his, was coughing heavily, and turned his weary eyes toward some medicine placed within reach, for which he lacked the strength to stretch forth his hand.

Marsh arose with difficulty—for he was tired and very weak—poured out the drink, and held it to the patient's lips. Then, answering to the thankfulness in those painfully-bright eyes, smoothed the pillow gently as a trained nurse could have done, and, when he lay down, hoping to sleep a little, it was with a feeling of thankfulness that God had left him a little power to help his fellow-men even in that sad place.

Thus, day and night, this hard-working man of the people—with little education and no marvelous power of intellect—exhausted the last strength of his life. Having nothing else to bestow, he gave help to those who suffered scarcely more than himself, and sometimes received his gentle ministrations with murmurs rather than thanks.

It seemed as if this man could give up everything, even the one yearning wish that was always pleading at his heart, for a sight of his children. He longed to see them again, even at the risk of renewing the suffering through which he had passed that night.

But for their sake he resisted the cries of a most affectionate nature, and bore this yearning ache at his heart with gentle patience. Sometimes, as the hospital-rules permitted, his mother-in-law came to him, but always alone: for he had insisted that the children should be spared the gloomy remembrance of a scene that would only close with his death. But this woman was quite incapable of comprehending the greatness of his sacrifice, or the depth of love out of which it found strength. She even felt it a disgrace that he had left his home for a hospital-ward, and wounded him with vague reproaches for the shame he was bringing on the little ones for whose welfare he was dying.

Perhaps it was the impulse of kindness to others that led this man to forget the slow but awfully steady progress of his own disease, and, in the fatigue brought on by exertion felt less of the pain that never left him. Certain it is that his sympathy and efforts of help never failed with those around him, and the poor man who had first been soothed by his care was its constant object night and day: for there was little sound sleep for a person of his sensitive organism, when every expression of suffering thrilled him with the anguish of keen sympathy.

A faint cry from the sick man's couch awoke him, one night, from the unrest of sleep into which he had fallen—a strange low cry, that had something sharper than pain in it. Marsh struggled up from his bed and went to that other couch,

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wavering from weakness as he took the few necessary steps. The sick man had changed greatly. The red spots that had burned so long like living coals on either cheek were quenched, and the gray pallor of death had settled like ashes there.

Marsh knelt down by the cot and took the restless hand, pecking at the blanket, in his, with the tenderness of a good woman. He knew that the angel of death—always merciful in that place—was flinging deeper and deeper shadows over the man who had become his friend, and thus, hand in hand, seemed to be leading him into the Valley of Shadows, thus finding a path there which he must soon tread alone.

Sitting by this man, a feeling of gentle sadness came over him, that was almost rest. While those large bright eyes dwelt upon him with such vivid intensity—while a faint clasp of the hand in his appealed for the help his own failing vitality seemed to give, he felt as if leading this one soul out of the dark valley, and the way did not seem terrible to him. But the light in those eyes was quenched. The hand was growing cold in his; he laid it softly down on the checked coverlet and closed the eyes so tenderly that, alive, they would hardly have felt the touch. Then, checking his breath, that he might by no sound send a thrill of terror down that double line of iron beds, that stretched among the shadows of the ward, he waited by the dead till the morning broke, thankful that no one had been disturbed but himself. Poor man, he had not been in that place long enough to know that time and use can give a dull edge to the finest sympathy, and that even the solemnity of death yields to the monotonous routine which, day after day, makes it a familiar thing. When the morning came, and Marsh gave up his charge, some few of the patients struggled feebly up from their pillows, and, with wildly-sorrowful eyes, saw the helpless form borne through the narrow alleyway left between the beds, and lay down again without a word or moan, while others asked what was going on with gruff impatience, and, being told, turned on their cots and went to sleep again. A few more neither spoke nor moved; but here and there a faint sob broke out, and the pillows were a little wet in places.

Silas Marsh had no strength to follow his friend even down the length of the ward; he could only creep back to his own bed, and lie down upon it.

When one of the young doctors came his rounds, that day, Silas was lying with his face to the wall. He turned fully as the young man came to his bedside, and, seeing the surprised and rather startled look in his face, said quietly:

"I suppose it will not be long now?"

The doctor did not answer directly, for he liked this uncomplaining patient, and was so troubled by the change that had come over him that he spoke a little sharply:

"You have been sitting, night and day, with the poor fellow they took out this morning, and it has about used you up. You may be thankful that he has no more need of you."

Marsh answered with a wan smile.

"I was with him when he died; but for that he would have been alone."

"Well, well: there was no need that you should fling your own chances after him in this way."

Marsh held out his hand. The doctor laid his finger on the pulse, keenly examined the thin face looking into his, and turned away.

"How long, doctor?"

"How long? Why, man—"

The sentence was finished by an impatient gesture.

"If it is so near as that—I thought so—you once made me a promise, doctor."

"Yes, I remember: I was to tell you while there was time. Well, my poor fellow, we have not much to spare. These things are hard to say; but if you have a wish—"

"Only one—my children. Let me see my children."

"I will send for them. It may have been an unwise promise, but I will send for them."

"Now?"

"Or never!" answered the young man, as he moved out of hearing. "Now, or never."

CHAPTER III.

The next morning, old Mrs. Dean, holding little Rachael by the hand, presented herself at the entrance of Bellevue. The woman came upon a mournful errand; but the expression of her face was rather sullen than sad when she asked if orders had been given for her to pass in with the child. The man made a gesture that they should go forward. They passed through the hall and dark passages without hindrance of any kind, till they reached the threshold of the consumptive-ward. The little girl only knew that she was going to see her father, who was ill, and the gloom of the place depressed and almost terrified her; for she felt that the ponderous building was full of human beings, and the stillness around her was so in contrast with the noise and tumult of a tenement-house, that it seemed unnatural. She shrank back upon the threshold of the ward. The solemn range of beds, on which the patients, lying or sitting upon

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them, pale as ghosts and with their great wild eyes turned upon her, sent the last vestige of color from her frightened face. Pulling back from her grandmother's hand, she pleaded:

"Not here—not here! Father cannot be here!"

But a face stirred with tenderness more piteous than tears, that rose up from one of the beds, and a pair of thin arms held out for her, brought back her courage. Breaking from the woman's hold, she hurried up the room, and fell half upon her knees, half across the bed, clinging to the sick man in passionate anguish.

"Oh, father! father! who is it that keeps you here? Come home—come home. We want you so—we want you so."

Those trembling arms were around the child; her kisses were falling upon the poor mouth that was making feeble efforts to meet them for the last time.

"The others? My little ones?" he murmured, with difficulty.

"Grandmother would not let them come. She said they might never know the disgrace of it if she kept them back, and other children could not twit them about it if they did not know; but I would come. I wanted to see you so much. My own, own darling father! And now you will be getting well, and come home? I promised that to the twins: they cried so hard to come."

The old woman had drawn close to the cot by this time, and attempted to force the child away.

"You promised me to keep still," she said.

"I am still," persisted the little girl, turning her eyes, from which the tears were streaming, on the woman's unsympathetic face. "Oh, do leave me alone with father a little while; I won't make the least bit of noise: he likes to have me here."

Marsh tightened his arms around her.

"Only a little while," he pleaded. "Let me see the child alone."

The woman hesitated. Even there she could not give up the habit of interference nor the bitterness of speech his helplessness invited.

"It will only make you worse, and do her no good. Besides, all these fellow-paupers of yours are looking on."

Marsh did not heed this unfeeling taunt: he had no sense of it; but, gathering up all the vital force left to him, he said:

"Go, and leave me alone with my child."

She went: for the kind-hearted young doctor was coming up the ward just then, and, comprehending the situation at a glance, led her away as if for consultation.

Thus, Silas Marsh was left alone with Rachael. Many curious or sympathizing eyes were upon them: still, they were alone.

"Rachael, do you know what this means?"

"It means that you will be getting well, and come back to us," she said, placing herself on the side of the bed, and wiping her eyes.

"It means, Rachael, that your father is going away from you."

"Father! father!"

"Not of his own will, but because it must be so."

"Grandmother told us that they would kill you here."

"No, Rachael; they have been very kind. It is God who takes me."

"As He took our mother?" said the child, covering her face with both little hands

"As He took your mother. I am going—"

"To her? Are you going to her?" questioned the child, dropping her hands, and looking at him through her tears as if some feeling of relief had come to her.

"I hope so; I think so."

"Oh, me!" she sobbed. "How lonesome—how dark—everything seems! What will the children do?"

"You will be their mother, and father too, Rachael."

"But I am so little, father. Only this," she added, looking down upon herself with a piteous sense of helplessness.

"God is always ready to help little children, Rachael; and love for your brother and sister will make you strong. Promise me, before I go, that you will watch over them—guide them—"

"Work for them; love them better than I love myself; go hungry to feed them; go without clothes that they shall be nicely dressed; stand between them and grand—and anyone that wants to be hard with them: this I can promise, father, because I can do it without being very good. But don't ask me to be like you—for I can't—or like mother: for nobody ever was like her."

The child had broken in upon her father's feeble speech earnestly, and with that passionate warmth which seems to give to childhood the strength of maturity. During many a sleepless hour she had thought all these things over: for the injudicious grandmother, in her complainings and miserable pride, had left no feature of their deplorable condition unexplained, and this brave little creature required no promptings from her father's death-bed to increase the sense of responsibility that already possessed her.

A faint glow of content settled on the father's face.

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"Surely, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven'," he whispered; and, closing his eyes, seemed to rest awhile.

Rachael watched him, and a tender smile stole around her sensitive mouth, in spite of the tears that still rose to her eyes: for she felt in all her being a gleam of the comfort her words had given.

Silas Marsh must have slept some moments: for, opening his eyes, he said:

"You are still here, Rachael?"

"Yes, father."

"I remember. But there was something else—"

Marsh partly arose, and, thrusting his hand beneath the pillow, drew forth a small Bible, old and worn at the edges, which were fastened by a silver clasp so oxidized that it gave no sign of precious metal. This clasp he attempted to unlock; but there was not strength enough in his hands. Rachael, seeing this, took the Bible, and, resting it on her knee, managed to open it. As the leaves fell apart, one of those delicately-wrought handkerchiefs, half lace and half embroidery, which represent the artistic labor of months, fell from them. It had been so long pressed between the pages of the book that its folds had taken their form, and at first it seemed only as if some of the blank leaves had fallen away.

"It was your mother's own work," said Marsh, laying his hand with tender reverence on the relic—for such it had been to him—"the last that she ever touched. Her needle was left in the M, that was never finished—keep it, Rachael. Be careful that no one ever takes it from you or the children. It is for them and you—all that I have. Tell the little ones about it, when they are old enough."

Rachael took the bit of embroidery between her little hands, laid it back in the book again, and clasped it in.

"I will keep it always," she said. "No one but the children shall ever touch it."

Marsh evidently understood this promise, for a smile dawned upon his lips, and for a moment he seemed to sleep. Rachael, fearing to disturb him, dropped softly to her knees, with the book between her hands, and waited breathlessly for him to speak again.

"Rachael?"

"Father, I am here."

Marsh turned feebly, and, reaching out his hand, seemed to grope in the darkness till it fell upon her head.

"God bless you. Oh, my child!"

These words were spoken so faintly that she could feel rather than hear them. Her head bent lower and lower, for the hand upon it seemed to grow heavy, and a stillness, that she had never felt till then, settled all around her. A sob at this moment would have seemed like sacrilege; even the sound of her own breath was hushed in the awe that fell upon her, through the stillness which was only for her: for the sad noises of the place went on. Two people stood close to her. One, the young doctor, held a watch in his hand, on which he had counted the last minute of a human life; the other, a woman, leaned toward him, and with keen eyes watched the pointers eagerly.

"Eleven—twenty-two minutes," she whispered to herself. "Eleven, twenty-two—exactly, exactly!"

The doctor removed that cold hand from the child's head, and folded it reverently over the bosom that would never heave with a breath of human life again, and placed the sheet so as to partly conceal the face. Then he bent over her with a tenderness of mercy seldom exhibited in that place.

"Come, my child. It is time to go."

Rachael stood up.

"Has he gone to sleep?"

These words broke from the child with a sob. She tried to suppress it, fearing that it might reach that poor form upon the cot; but a sense of relief from the awful feeling that had seemed to bear her to the earth, under the weight of that cold hand, was too strong for her childish effort; and she allowed the doctor to lead her away without looking back at the father who had blessed her with his last breath.

"When he wakes up, tell him that I couldn't keep from crying, and didn't dare to try and kiss him good-bye, when he was sleeping so nicely," she said, trying to smile through her tears, as the doctor gave her hand to the grandmother. "To-morrow, I will be good."

Mrs. Dean led her grandchild away from the hospital without recognizing the fact that she was still ignorant of her father's death, and was bravely subduing her grief in hopes of seeing him the next day. Absorbed by the selfishness of one overmastering passion, she had misunderstood the outburst of tears that was now dying out in faint sobs as a natural expression of grief, and did not attempt to check them; but went on muttering to herself: "Eleven, twenty, and two—eleven, twenty, and two," as if trying to impress these numbers on her mind, before surrendering it to the recollections of a scene that had as yet scarcely touched her heart.

"Just hush up," she said, impatiently enforc-

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ing her words with a hard pressure of the little hand in hers. "This crying and sobbing mixes up the figures, and I shall be sure to get them wrong. Eleven, twenty-four—no, two! There, don't you see what harm you are doing? Besides, everybody stops to look at you as we go along. Eleven, twenty, and two. There, I have got it right now; so don't take on and disturb me again. Eleven—"

"What do you keep saying that for?" questioned the child, obediently wiping the tears from her face.

"Saying it? Why, it is the very hour, and minute, and second that your father died."

Rachael stopped suddenly, and wrung her hand from that of her grandmother; a wild light broke through the tears that she had tried in vain to drive from her eyes. The poor little creature was pale as death, and shivered as she stood.

"My father died? Oh, grandmother, is he dead?"

"If you didn't know that from the first, what on earth were you crying about?" answered the woman, unfeeling in her surprise.

"His sleep was so still and so cold," said the child, mournfully; "but I did not know that dying was like that."

Rachael seemed to be talking to herself, unmindful of her grandmother's presence; but all at once her face lighted up: yearning for sympathy, she called out: "Oh, grandmother, he touched my head. He blessed me the last thing."

"Eleven, twenty, and two," muttered the old woman, moving forward with her eyes on the pavement. "Now, don't interrupt me again, that's a good girl, Rachael; you ought to know how forgetful I am. Now don't speak another word till we get home."

They did not speak another word, but wandered on, down side-streets and along broken pavements, till they reached the tenement-house, which was all the home Silas Marsh had left to them, after the hard toil of a whole lifetime.

CHAPTER IV.

When Mrs. Dean and little Rachael left their home, that day, the two younger children had been, from necessity, left to themselves, with many admonitions from the grandmother, and tender persuasions to goodness from the sister. They knew that Rachael was going to see their father, and, for a time, had been wild with entreaties to go with her; but yielded at last to the authority that had become almost tyrannical since it had been left entirely to the old woman, and remained at home disappointed, and with their little hearts swelling under a deep sense of wrong.

"Why didn't our own father want to see us, as well as Rachael and grandma, who doesn't love him half so much as we do? I mean grandma don't, or she wouldn't be so mean to us," said little Olive, seating herself in the big rocking-chair, and swinging both little feet to the angry motion she was giving it. "He did want to see us, just as sure as you live, Olly; but she said it wouldn't do, and argued with him, just as she always does, and he had to give in like us. I wonder what grandmothers were made for, anyway?"

The boy listened to this pettish outburst very thoughtfully, and shook his head when it was finished.

"I'm afraid father is more sick than he was, or he would have come to see us his own self. It ain't like him to stay away from home, and not want to see us just as well as Rachael. Oh, if I only knew all about him, it wouldn't seem so bad. Grandmother won't tell us a thing, only that he gets sicker and sicker, and is in a great dark horrid place that makes her feel ashamed."

"If I only knew where the place was. You and I would just put on our things and run away—we shouldn't be ashamed or afraid, either, if we could only find him, and no one to keep us from snuggling into his lap and kissing him as much as we wanted to. I only wish we could, Olly: for it's awful lonesome sitting here and sailing about in her old rocking-chair."

The child spoke eagerly, and with the restless animation of a spirit always ready to assert itself; but she was an affectionate little creature, and, while she felt herself wronged, tears were gathering in her blue-gray eyes, and their long brown lashes were heavy with them: for the sorrowful face of her little brother intensified her sense of injury.

"It is lonesome," he said, "and it's got lonesomer and lonesomer ever since he went away. Oh, sister, what made him go, and where did he go to?"

"If I only knew, we wouldn't be staying here crying like babies; but it's of no use. We've got to—all alone and with nothing to play with: for she's locked up the cupboard and all the things—just like her."

"I shouldn't feel like playing if every plaything had been left out. It seems like Sunday to me, only—only more so."

The boy's voice broke, and, putting both little fists to his eyes, he began to cry in sorrowful earnest.

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Little Olive sprang down from her chair, which swayed backward on its rockers under the passionate shove she gave it, and threw her arms with loving violence around her twin brother.

"Don't, Olly dear, don't. There's no need of crying 'cause it seems like Sunday. I'll tell you what we'll do. I'll get the catechism, and ask over the lessons; not the chief end of man—that's getting old, and we know it by heart; but—"

The boy shook his head.

"Olive!"

"Yes, Olly dear."

"If we could only have father here to say things, or kneeling down just as he used to Sunday nights before we went to bed, with you and me on each side of him, saying his prayers and never forgetting to ask God to take care of us—all of us—it wouldn't seem so hard to be left alone. But it seems to me as if we never, never should see him again."

"Olly," said the little girl, after a few moments of grave thoughtfulness, "people are a good way off when they pray to God: just as like as not father is doing it now, and, if we kneel down here by his empty chair, he may feel as if we were close to him, and pray for us just the same. If God can hear away off so far, father will feel that we are trying to get near him, just as if he had sent for us as well as Rachael."

The boy stopped crying, and lifted his wistful eyes to the bright little face bending to him:

"The Bible says something about little children, as if they could pray to him just when they want to—like grown people. Do you remember?"

"Yes, Olly, and about praying in secret. Suppose, now, that we are left alone to give us a chance."

Olive reached out her hand to the twin brother, and, going to an empty chair in one corner of the room, the two little creatures knelt down by it, and, one after the other, repeated the Lord's Prayer, softly and reverently as cherubs may rehearse the music of angels. They had no other language, and gave their petition in all its simplicity, holding each other by the hand, while their heads were bowed close together.

"Father will know," said Oliver, in a low hushed voice.

The boy was right. Even then a smile was creeping over the lips of Silas Marsh, as he lay dying in the hospital, and it seemed as if the little ones were nestling close to him. Rachael saw it, and was comforted, thinking it a restful sleep.

After this, the twins sat together in gentle silence, or, if they did speak, it was softly and of all the loving things that seemed to flow back to them from their father's life.

When Mrs. Dean and Rachael came back to their home, they found the children crowded together in the Boston rocking-chair, with their arms interlaced, and the boy's head resting on the shoulder of the girl. Rachael came forward, and knelt before them. Her eyes were heavy, her lips trembling. The children shrank back a little from the grief in that young face, and clung together more closely.

"Oliver—Olive, father has gone to our mother!"

The children fastened their eyes upon her earnestly.

"And never sent for us?"

"He did send for you, but now he is dead."

The twins looked at each other till tears, kept back so long, swelled into their eyes. Then, in a passionate burst of grief, they threw themselves forward and clung to their sister, who, kneeling there, only a child herself, told them of the scene she had witnessed at the hospital, and the sublime peacefulness of its close, gently and with a tender pathos of speech that hushed the vague dread that had fallen upon them into touching sadness.

While these three orphans were crowding close together in their piteous bereavement, the old woman watched them in a bewildered way with wild bright eyes, as if her eager thoughts were afar off. Then, tightening the strings of her bonnet and folding her shawl about her, went out, closing the door, and stole down that long line of stairs, flight after flight, muttering:

"Eleven, twenty, and two."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BITTER-SWEET.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.

We stood beneath the wide green oak.
With wild free grace about the tree
Twined bitter-sweet. You smiling broke
A spray of leaves and gave to me:
The shadow of that leafy spray
Is black upon my life to-day.
How could such eyes smile such deceit?
Forevermore, and mockingly,
Sad voices from the past repeat:
Oh, dream, how vain, how bitter-sweet!

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A GARDEN IDYL.

BY BRADLEY COURTLAND.

It was an old-fashioned garden: clinging creepers, forming magic drapery under dim-lit arches; dew-splashed roses, trailing in crimson and gold arabesques over fragrant hedges; clumps of aggressive tiger-lilies, with their tropical color; and over all a purple mist that quivered down from the far-off cameoed highlands.

In the midst of this garden was a rustic bench, and here sat, one bright morning, a marvelously pretty girl, her soft Eastern eyes as arch and sweet as the dew-kissed blossoms around her. She wore a light summer cape on her shoulders, half hiding the embroidered jacket beneath, while on her head a quaint little cap was jauntily set, which, on anyone else, might have looked odd, but which only gave an additional archness to her sweet saucy face.

There was the faintest indication of coquetry and fun in her eyes, as she sang, half defiantly:

"Love he comes, and love he tarries,
Just as fate or fancy carries;
Longest stays when sorest chidden,
Laughs and flies when pressed and bidden."

"A bud among the blossoms," cried a voice, interrupting. There was an impulsive movement among the branches, and then a young man stood before her.

"How you startle one!" she cried, with pretended petulance, though it is not certain she had not heard his approaching step, and sung her song in consequence.

The intruder was Vane De Greville, the handsomest young fellow of his age in the neighborhood, and the abject slave of Miss Rite Bonham, the heroine of our story.

"Why do you steal on one so?" she repeated, shrugging her shoulders with a pretty little pout.

"Did I steal on you so unexpectedly?" he said, in a tone of contrition and apology.

"Yes, like a tiger in a jungle."

"I perceive nothing tigerish—except," hesitating for a moment, "yourself."

"A tiger, am I?" she said, and, turning away, she went on singing, as if no such person as Vane existed:

"Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odor to the lily.
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind love to last for ever."

As she sang on, Vane watched her with a fast-clouding face.

"Pshaw!" he remarked, presently, when she stopped.

She deigned no reply. Then he burst out, wrathfully:

"Why do you behave so aggressively? Do you know it is unwomanly?"

"Unwomanly?"

"Yes!"

"Ah," and she laughed merrily, in scorn: but what a musical laugh it was! "Just now I was 'a bud among blossoms,' then a 'tiger'; and now I am 'unwomanly.' I'm so sorry," mockingly, "that I offend your feminine taste."

He colored hotly at this thrust: for, whatever else he was, Vane was not feminine.

"I should like my wife to embody that virtue, at all events," he answered, and his handsome mouth took a firmer curve.

"It is to be desired," coolly. "Yes, I see her," with another gay laugh: "a dowdy shabby soul, but feminine, from the tips of her crimping-pins to her tatting-bobbins. She is not brave in ideas; but she can talk of servants and gossips with the best of them. Bah! I hate your feminine women: they are always unreliable, and mostly treacherous. It is they who are the tigerish." Rite plucked a handful of the lilies, and threw them on the ground as she spoke.

Vane drew himself up.

"Thank you," he said haughtily. "You have a high estimate of my taste. You have altered your mind, then, as regards an arrangement we entered into only six months ago. Or perhaps you have altogether forgotten the fact of our engagement."

"I am keeping my part of the contract."

"You? How?"

"Let me see—where was I? Oh, yes." And she began to sing again:

"Can you keep the bee from ranging?
Or the ring-dove's neck from changing?
No: nor fettered love from dying;
In the knot there's no untying."

Vane watched the saucy girl moodily. He had loved her since his infancy, and she had always treated him just so; and he had submitted to it—up to the present time.

But he was determined, to-day, to put a stop to it, and forever.

"'Longest stays when sorest chidden'," he

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repeated after her. "You're right there, by heaven."

"It isn't I. Some old party manufactured it, in the dark ages. I only quoted."

"But they are your sentiments," peremptorily, "are they not?"

"Well," and the purple-blue eyes looked into his with the unconsciousness of a child, "you will have to excuse my replying: for I am incapable of evolving any idea on the subject."

She plucked a tiger-lily near at hand, and stuck it saucily under her chin, looking so ravishingly sweet and dimpled, and yet defiant, that Vane was almost beside himself with love and wrath.

"It is only in connection with myself that you are incapable of evolving ideas," he burst out, angrily. "You are fluent enough with the rest of the fellows—confound it!"

"Don't be profane. It isn't pretty. Besides, why shouldn't I be fluent, pray? The 'rest of the fellows,' at least, are nice to me, and—"

"Because you are betrothed to me," he answered, stormily. "That is why you shouldn't." His firm mouth, as he spoke, took on an impression that showed how masterful Vane De Greville could be, and yet how well he was holding himself in hand. "And, by heaven," he added, "I won't stand it."

"Betrothed? Oh! yes, I remember. In a moment of insanity you threatened suicide, and I, in a moment of idiocy, fearful of having a lost soul on my conscience—"

"Conscience? You have none," he broke in, stamping his foot.

"Don't interrupt, sir. It's bad form. In a moment of idiocy, I say, I agreed that, under certain restrictions, I would accept your flowers, and—and—"

"I was a consummate fool," groaned Vane.

"I will not contradict that statement," with elaborate politeness.

"Restrictions?" derisively. "I should think so. I was never to kiss you, for instance: never to assert the rights or privileges of a lover. Oh, yes, I remember what a fool I was. By my soul, I could shoot myself, when I reflect on it. I am not surprised that you have no respect for me. It is half a year since we entered upon the absurd contract which binds me to everything, and you to nothing. Is your husband," savagely, "never to kiss you, either?"

She drew away, haughtily, and said:

"I don't understand you. You said nothing about being my husband."

Vane ground his teeth with rage.

"Dear me!" with a saucy shrug, "all this fuss, when I thought the arrangement would content you. You said so at the time, if you remember—"

"Did I?" breaking in, stormily. "Well, I retract. I release you from your promise. I shall not commit suicide, either," for she had looked up now, startled and half frightened, into his face.

"Oh! indeed—"

"But," breaking in again, and now his tones were forceful and passionate, "it shall never be told that a De Greville was plighted to a mortal woman and parted from her without once tasting the fragrance of her lips."

And before the girl could guess what he meant, could defend herself in the least, he had clasped her in his arms and pressed kiss after kiss upon her rosy mouth.

Under the magnetism of those kisses—frightened, bewildered, dazed, her pulses fluttering—she started up and faced him, at first angrily, then with drooping eyes, then trembling and bashful.

Then she sank on a seat, with averted face.

Could it be that he, Pygmalion-like, had awakened her at last?

But already he was repentant.

"I have dared your anger, your scorn, Rite," he said, humbly, his daring mood passing as rapidly as it had come. "Tell me you forgive me before I go."

But Rite was sobbing her very heart out, her face hidden in her hands.

He drew nearer to her.

"Have I sinned beyond redemption?" he said. Oh! what a diapason of self-abasement there was in his tones. "But you do not know how maddening it was to be always near you, and never—"

Still she made no answer, but sobbed on.

"It was like being in torment, and seeing bliss just above me. I am going now, Rite—"

Silence, except for those irrepressible sobs.

All at once, some subtle instinct told Vane that his masterfulness had done what his humility had failed to do: that he had been a Pygmalion indeed. Why else should he have thrown himself down by her side and taken her into his embrace?

She, like a palpitating bird, lay motionless against his heart, but still sobbing.

"My darling," he whispered, in ecstasies, "you love me at last. Tell me so, Rite, for heaven's sake."

"Ye-es, Vane; only—"

"Only what?"

"I did not know it until—until now."

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"Blessings on you, my darling, for that admission."

Then the innate coquetry of girlhood flashed out again.

"You are very rude, sir—horribly rude," she said, struggling to get away.

But she struggled fainter and fainter every moment, the tear-stains lingering yet on the sweet subjugated face.

Vane stooped over her and whispered:

"Let me look in those lovely eyes, Rite. I could kiss them forever. You can never be cruel to me again, darling."

I fear Vane De Greville took his "innings," that sunny summer morning, under the drooping masses of bloom. And the golden-lipped roses listened to a wooing all the more passionate because denied utterance so long.

At last, Rite, with her usual combativeness, began to sing, saucily, as she pushed him away, now quite resolutely, for all the rest had been make-believe:

"Yet remember, 'midst your wooing,
Love has bliss, but love has rueing."

Vane didn't care. He caught the saucy girl again around the waist, and, with her in his arms, he defied the universe.

They were married that very autumn, and, like all the good old fairy endings, "lived happily ever after."

And this is the idyl of our Bud Among The Blossoms.

WHEN MY MOTHER DIED.

BY MARY C. BALDWIN.

Ah, sad and bitter memories,
That fill my soul to-night,
As, leaning from my lattice out,
I watch the moon's pale light.
It bathes in radiance rock and hill,
Till all seem glorified,
With just such splendor in its beams
As when my mother died.

I stood beside her dying bed,
Lit by that moon's pure glow,
While in her breast the lamp of life
Was flick'ring to and fro;
With breaking heart and tortured brain
I watched her glazing eye,
And felt earth's greatest anguish when
I saw my mother die.

I plead in vain that palsied tongue
To answer to my call—
That gentle voice for aye was chained
In death's cold icy thrall;
The poor dumb lips could never move,
In silence locked so fast:
Of mother kisses on my lips,
I'd felt the first and last.

The years have come and gone since then,
And I have drifted on—
Have labored at my daily task,
One of the busy throng;
But where they laid my mother dear,
My heart is lying low—
Upon the hill-side where she sleeps
Beneath the winter snow.

And when the mantle of the night
Falls o'er the busy day,
And from the noisy crowd and throng
I steal awhile away,
Through memory's halls I wander on,
My loved ones by my side,
And see again the happy days
Before my mother died.

But when the moon's pure beams shine out
And flood the hill and dell,
That wordless woe comes over me
That tongue can never tell:
Again I live that anguished hour,
That e'er with me will stay,
When mother's hands were folded meek
And softly laid away.

HER NAME.

BY GEORGE NORMAN.

Each lover knows one dearest name,
Only less sweet than she who bears it—
A name that in his loyal heart
Sole empire has; no rival shares it,
A name to him more full of grace,
Of gentle dignity and power,
Than aught conferred by ancient race,
By queenly rank or princely dower.
A name whose tender claims are such
There is no service he'll deny it—
His wit, his wealth, his strength, his life—
He gives them all to glorify it.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a walking-costume, of lady's-cloth and bright Scotch plaid woolens. The skirt is made entirely of the plaid, and is kilted all around, with the back-drapery also of plaid, and very bouffant. The bodice is pointed back and front, with long side-basque on the fronts, edged with two kilt-plaitings of the plaid, as seen in the illustration. Long panels of the cloth cover the sides of the skirt; these are lined with silk. Coat-sleeves slightly puffed at the shoulders, with



No. 1.



No. 2.

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a deep cuff of the plaid. Small crocheted buttons to match. Our model calls for brown cloth and bright Scotch plaid of contrasting colors; but any self-colored cloth with plaid, either contrasting or of the same prevailing color of the cloth, will make a stylish costume. These large plaid woolens in combination with plain goods are very largely imported this season. Nine yards of plaid, double fold, and two and one-half yards of cloth, will be required for this costume.



No. 3.

No. 2—Is a traveling or walking wrap for shopping. It is made of Scotch tweed in invisible checks, and trimmed with plaid velvet or velveteen of the same colors. The shape is half-dolman and half-pelisse. The back has two double box-plaits, forming the fullness of the skirt from the waist. Four yards of tweed, and two yards of plaid for trimming, will be required.

No. 3—Is a house-dress, of self-colored cashmere or camel's-hair cloth. The skirt has first two very narrow knife-plaited ruffles, over which are arranged ten bias folds all around the skirt. The front-drapery is then arranged to form one large puff, as seen. The back has one large puff, and from under it the fullness hangs plain and straight—simply hemmed on the edge. The basque is pointed in front, and has a small postillion at the back. Soft surah silk of the same color is plaited in close at the neck and into the pointed front of the basque. This is loose and

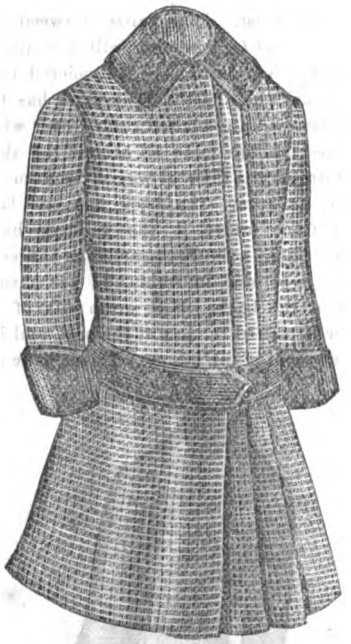


No. 4.

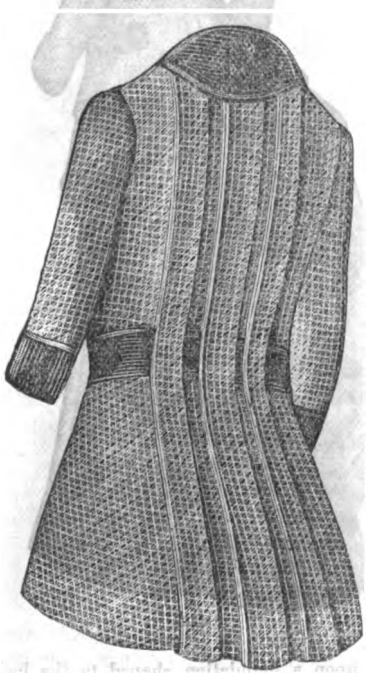
made upon a foundation, shaped to the bodice, and arranged after the bodice is buttoned. A standing velvet collar. Sleeves, slightly puffed at the shoulders, long and tight, complete this

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costume. Tucks, touching each other, may be substituted for the bias folds upon the skirt, if preferred. Ten to twelve yards of cashmere will be required, and three-fourths of a yard of surah silk.



No. 5.—Front.



No. 5.—Back.

No. 4—Is a stylish costume of lady's-cloth and velvet combined. The skirt has kilt-plaits of the cloth at equal distances, between which are stripes of velvet. The over-drapery is simply one width of the cloth, edged with a bias band of velvet. The piece of cloth of the required length—say three yards—is folded in half, and the two ends are plaited in to fit the waist, meeting nearly in front; then the drapery is turned back and caught up into the centre of the back, as seen in the illustration, the band of velvet being arranged on the under side around the top, and in the same way for the bottom, only it is not continued all around. A plain round waist, with velvet belt and buckle, finishes this dress for house-wear. For walking, the jacket we give is simply a close-fitting basque, with hollow plaits at the back. Pockets, cuffs, and collar of velvet to match. Instead of the velvet, striped material may be used for the underskirt, and also used to edge the over-drapery and jacket. These striped materials are very handsome in contrasting colors, or two shades of the same color, with plain goods to match exactly. Five yards of cloth, and six yards of velvet, will be required. Of



No. 6.

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striped material, enough for a plain skirt, and a yard over for trimming only, will be necessary.

No. 5.—For a boy of six to eight years, a paletot-blouse, of heavy Scotch tweed. Three



No. 7.—Front.

box-plaits in the back. One front, double-breasted, with three deep kilt-plaits. Black or brown velvet collar, belt, and cuffs. The paletot buttons under the double front.

No. 6.—For a girl of six, we give a paletot, of black velvet or Arctic seal-cloth, trimmed with chinchilla-fur. Antique silver buttons and cord froggings. This paletot is a simple half-fitting coat-sacque, with deep collar, cuffs, and pockets.

No. 7.—Here we give the back and front view of a stylish costume for a little girl of eight to ten years. It is made of seal-brown cloth. The skirt is kilted in the back, plain across the front, and stitched above the hem in three rows. The basque opens in front over a gathered vest of surah silk to match, buttoning below the waist-line. The silk vest continues under the basque, and comes out forming a soft puff. A double flap forms the sides of the basque, and the back is in two double box-plaits. Under the flaps a wide sash of the surah silk is tied, from one side on the back, passing under the left flap, and tied on



No. 7.—Back.

the right side in front, as seen. A deep collar, rolling in front, completes this costume. All the edges of the basque, cuffs, flaps, and collar are stitched to match the skirt.

BAND IN BLACK CASHMERE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for a band, in black cashmere. Various are the uses to which this band can be applied. The bouquets are embroidered with filoselles in the colors and shades of the natural flowers. The Russian embroidery, or point lancée, is worked in carmine silk and maize veinings. The design would work out into a pretty dress-trimming. Crewels can be used, if preferred, instead of filoselle.

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SOUDAN CORSAGE AND VEST: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



The purpose of this department is to furnish, every month, the most stylish and recent novelty of its kind—a waist, a wrap, a polonaise, a child's dress, etc., etc.—and also a full-size paper pattern, so that any lady may cut it out for herself. In this way the subscriber gets, during the year, the twelve most stylish affairs that appear, and so is kept abreast of the progress of fashion, always with the freshest novelty on hand.

For this month, we give what is called the Soudan Corsage, with Vest. It consists, as will be seen, of six pieces, viz:

No. 1.—Half of Front.
No. 2.—Half of Back.
No. 3.—Side-Back.
No. 4.—Top and Under Side of Sleeve.
No. 5.—Half of Collar.
No. 6.—Half of Vest.

Folded in with this number is a Supplement, on which these pieces are given, full size. Cut these out, following the diagrams, in old newspapers, or any other suitable paper, and fit them to the person—altering, if necessary, till the fit is complete. Then, and then only, cut out your stuff.

The front is of novel shape, being cut away at the waist to show the vest, and turning back à-revers. There is one large dart on the front, and another one under the arm; both of these, as well as the line where the revers turn back, being indicated by a dotted line.

A row of large dots on the vest—No. 6—marks where it is joined to the front. A notch at the neck shows the point to which the end of the collar comes. The back is of the plain pointed form, and is joined to its side-piece, and then to the front in the usual way. The pieces are all lettered, showing how they are joined.

The sleeve is of the latest stylish cut, being fulled in at the shoulder. Rows of braid, a wide and a narrow one close together, trim the front of the skirt, around the back, across the vest. Cuffs and collar. Tiny buttons fasten back the rever on the bodice from H to H.

Our engraving calls for the vest to be fastened under the bodice; but, as that will be difficult, we would suggest the vest opening entirely from the throat to the point, and being buttoned by tiny buttons very close. This makes the costume

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much more easily fitted, and also easier to get into.

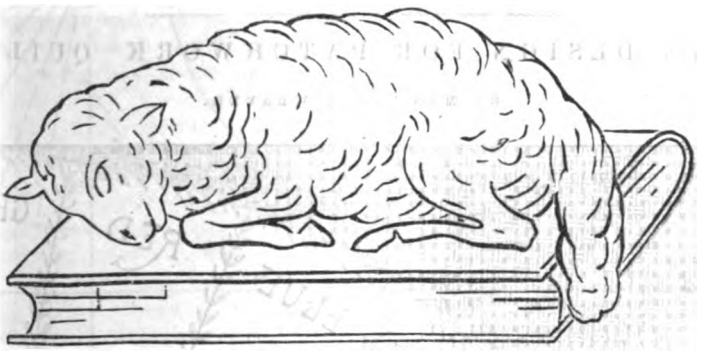
The over-drapery is arranged in one large puff, forming the apron-front and side-paniers, with large puff at the back, from which the straight fullness falls, forming the entire back of the skirt.

Make in self-colored cashmere, camel's-hair cloth, or soft serge, with braids to match. Silk, trimmed with two widths of velvet ribbon, if you wish a more dressy costume.

We also give, on the SUPPLEMENT, three designs in embroidery, for which see descriptions on another page.

LAMB IN OUTLINE DESIGN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We have seen this design done in gold thread on damask. The design is drawn on the material with tracing-paper, but this must be lightly done; if it can be sketched, it would be preferable, as the color of the paper can scarcely be covered with the gold thread, which is laid on and seamed down with the finest red silk. Another mode of embroidery is to outline the whole device in fine gold-color silk, introducing a little gold here and there—no other color must be introduced. This design is very beautiful on wide satin ribbon, for a Bible-marker.

DESIGNS ON THE SUPPLEMENT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

On the SUPPLEMENT folded in with this number, we give three designs in embroidery, etc., etc. These are so placed, it will be observed, as not to interfere with the dress-pattern, and are all new.

No. 1.—Appliqué on silk or net, or it can be worked as embroidery, in satin-stitch or English white embroidery-stitch. Has many uses.

No. 2.—Girl and doll, to be worked in outline-stitch. Would be very pretty for a child's eating-bib, or towel, etc., etc.

No. 3.—Flower and bud in embroidery, to be worked in Kensington-stitch or other embroidery-stitch. Would look well as a tidy for a chair-back, corner of table-cover, etc.; etc.

NAPKIN IN COLORED CROSS-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give an engraving of a napkin, to be worked in colored cross-stitch. We also give, on the same page, a pattern, full size, for the design which is to be worked. Both are printed in black.

Either white or écru linen may be used. The corn-flowers should be worked in two shades of blue, and the leaves in two shades of green. The fringe is raveled from the linen. This pattern would also look well done simply in red working-cotton, and, if so done, would wash better, perhaps, than if done in various colors.

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BABY'S SLIPPER.

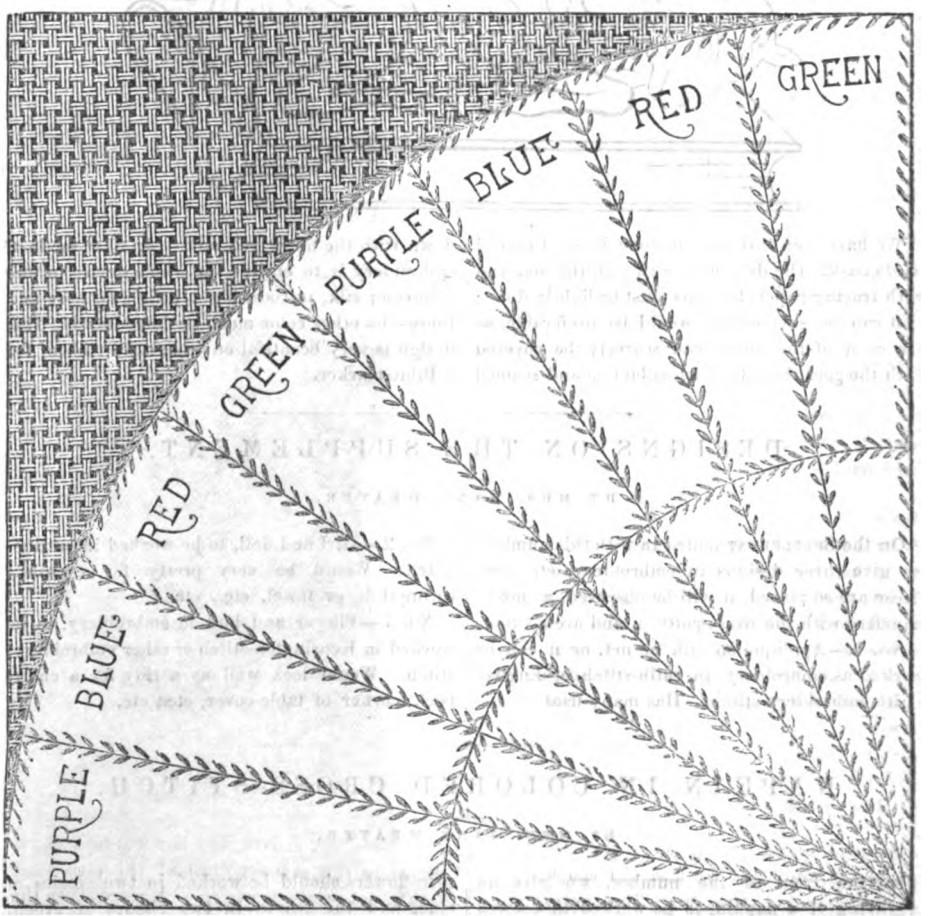
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Make of rose-colored cashmere, and line with fleecy white flannel. The upper edge of the slipper is either braided or embroidered in a simple pattern. A flat bow of ribbon ornaments the toe of the slipper, and a little strap, with button and buttonhole, fastens over the instep, and a quilling of satin ribbon edges the opening.



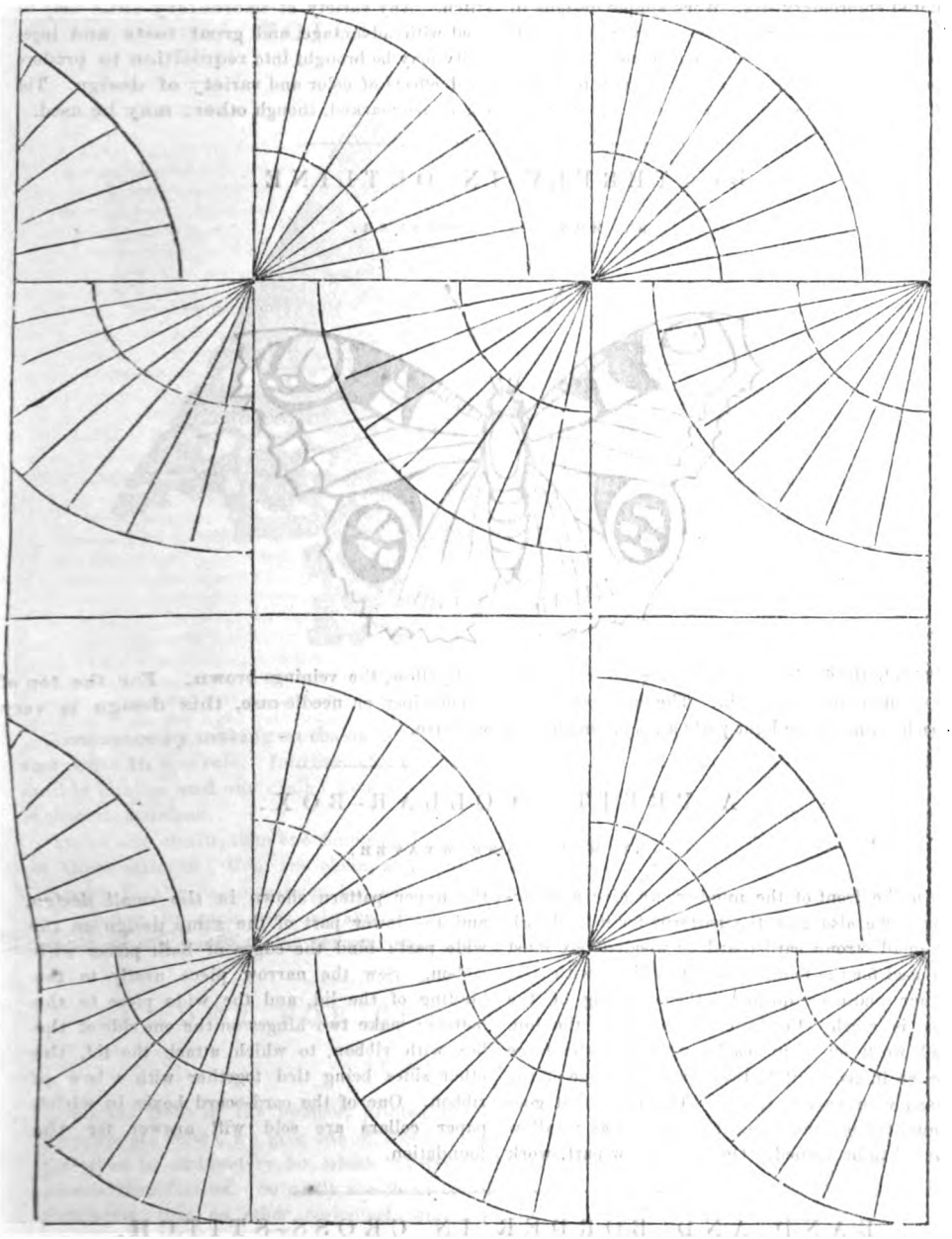
FAN DESIGN FOR PATCHWORK QUILT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This design of Fans, for patchwork, is something entirely new, and certainly produces the most charming effect for patchwork we have ever seen. We give two cuts of it. It is to be

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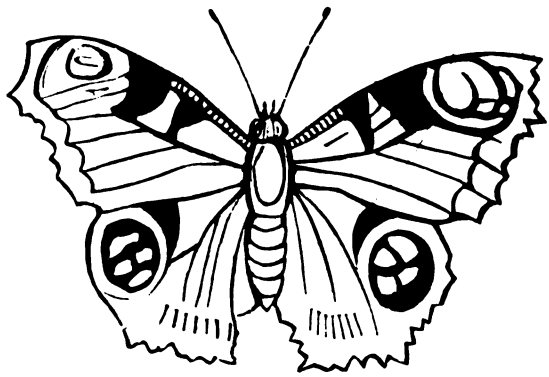
made upon a foundation of soft muslin, and the blocks must be perfect squares. Mark off, upon the foundation-block, the size and shape of the pieces composing the fan. The lower part, answering to the sticks of the fan, is in one solid piece. After the design is marked off, begin at the left side, baste on the small side-piece, allowing enough for the seam of the next piece to cover it. Then take the next piece, run it down on the wrong side, turn it over, and baste it into place. Proceed in this manner until all the pieces are on, then put on the lower or stick piece, then the upper part of the block, which must always be black, either satin or silk. The stick part looks best of velvet, of some light color. Cover all the seams with feather-stitch embroidery in gold-

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colored embroidery-silk. Work simple designs in the different sections. Some may be painted, instead of embroidered. We give a diagram shewing how the blocks are to be put together. All seams are to be covered with the feather-stitch. Any variety of embroidery-silks may be used with advantage, and great taste and ingenuity may be brought into requisition to produce good effects of color and variety of design. The colors are marked, though others may be used.

BUTTERFLY IN OUTLINE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



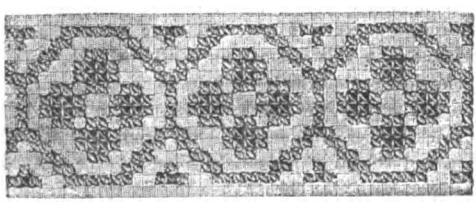
This butterfly-design may be worked in outline, or painted on silk or satin. The dark colors are a rich crimson, the light parts a bright smalt-blue and yellow, the veinings brown. For the top of a penwiper or needle-case, this design is very effective.

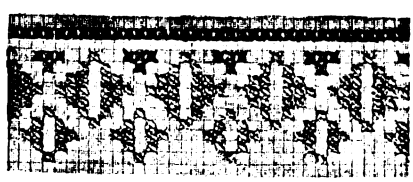
A PRETTY COLLAR-BOX.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a collar-box. We also give the patterns for it in detail. A small strong card-board or wooden box must be used for the foundation; it is lined with silk, either plain or quilted; the covering of the box is crash. Cut a circle to cover the top, and work on it in marking-filoselle the large design in cross-stitch, then bind the edge of the crash with narrow ribbon. The piece that goes round the box must be cut in two, so as to allow the lid to be opened. On the narrow part, work the upper pattern shown in the small design, and the lower part of the same design on the wide part; bind the edges of both pieces with ribbon. Sew the narrow piece neatly to the binding of the lid, and the wide piece to the bottom; make two hinges on the one side of the box with ribbon, to which attach the lid, the other sides being tied together with a bow of ribbon. One of the card-board boxes in which paper collars are sold will answer for the foundation.

BAND AND BORDER IN CROSS-STITCH.

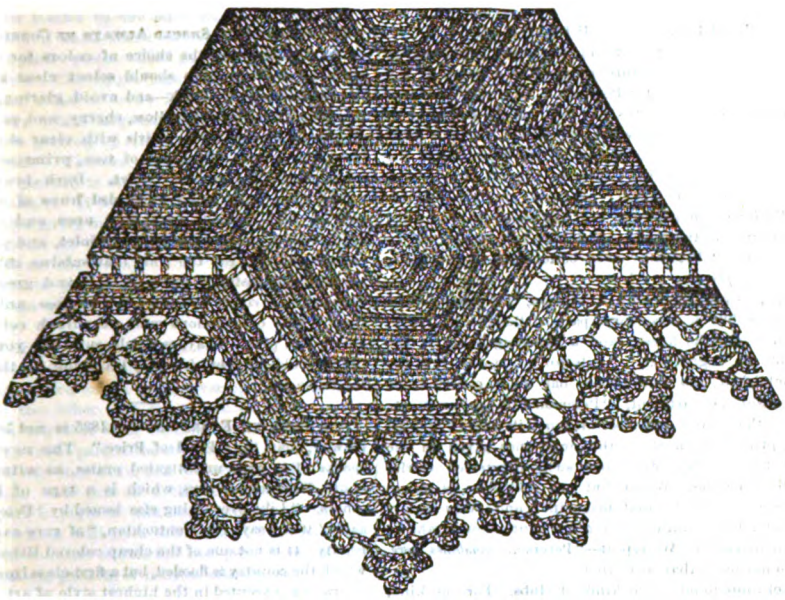




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TOILET-MAT IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Commence by making six chains rather loosely, and unite in a circle. Into each chain work two double chains and one chain: thus there will be eighteen stitches.

Make one chain, then one double-chain in each of three stitches; then one chain, and continue to work in the same manner, but with increase of stitches in each row, always making one chain at the points of the sexagon star. After six stars are made, sew them together with some cotton. Then a row of long stitches—one long, two chain, one long into third loop—excepting at each corner, where the long stitches are made without any chain between: see engraving. Then three rows of double-chain.

For the border: This is worked in two rows. A reference for this to the engraving will be less confusing than minute directions.

BORDER FOR CURTAIN, STRIPE, ETC., ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, printed in the appropriate colors, we give one of those superb patterns in embroidery for which "Peterson" has become famous. So costly are these embellishments, that no other periodical can stand the expense of them: only our immense edition, and our being contented with a small profit, enables us to do it. At a retail store, as everyone knows, a pattern like this would cost from fifty cents to a dollar. On the whole, we think it the most beautiful one we have ever issued: it is certainly the most expensive.

The design, as will be seen, is for a border for a curtain, or it may be used as a stripe for a chair, or for several other purposes. It is done in cross-stitch, with ordinary zephyr: the easiest of all kinds of embroidery, and, many think, the prettiest. This Berlin-work, as it is called, is, we find, the most popular, after all, of all the varieties of embroidery. It is on that account, and because every lady understands how to do it, that we have selected it for this number, to open the year with.

We offer this beautiful pattern to our subscribers for 1865, as a New-Year's gift, with our very best wishes for their health, happiness, and prosperity.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT

"PETERSON" FOR 1885. STILL GREATER INDUCEMENTS THAN EVER!—We offer this number as a proof of the progressive character of "Peterson." We call attention especially to the Prospectus for 1885, on the last page of the cover. We claim there that "Peterson" is both *better and cheaper* than any magazine of its kind. That the public at large admits the justice of this claim is proved by the fact that "Peterson" has now, and has had for years, *the largest circulation of any lady's-book* in the United States, or even in the world. For 1885, no expense will be spared to make "Peterson" even better still. And what is more—*all its promises are kept.*

In fact, as compared with "Peterson," all other lady's-books play but a secondary part. "Peterson's" steel-engravings are the finest; and a steel-engraving is the finest of all engravings. "Peterson's" stories are the best published; no lady's-book has such contributors. In its fashion-department, "Peterson" is pre-eminent: its styles the newest and most elegant; its superb colored plates, printed from steel, the only ones given in the United States. No other has such illustrated stories and other articles. Where but one magazine is taken, "Peterson" should be that magazine; and every family that pretends to culture and refinement should take at least one magazine. We repeat—"Peterson" *combines more, and at a less price*, than any other.

We continue to offer four kinds of clubs. For one kind, the premium is the unrivaled illustrated volume, "The Pearl of Price," or the large engraving, "The Lion in Love," whichever is preferred. For another kind, the premium is a copy of "Peterson" for 1885. For still another kind, there are two premiums: "The Pearl of Price," or "The Lion in Love," *and* a copy of "Peterson." For our very largest clubs, the magazine and both "The Pearl of Price" and "The Lion in Love" are given—*three premiums in all!* No other magazine offers such inducements. Only our immense circulation enables us to do it.

Now is the time to get up clubs. Every lady will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merits and cheapness are *fairly* put before her. A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for in good faith. *Do not lose a moment.*

WHAT TO DO WITH FROSTED PLANTS.—Should some neglect, or anything else, happen to nip your flowers, the best thing to do is to sprinkle them with ordinary hydrant-water, in order to thaw them out, being careful to cover them with papers, or in some manner to shade them from the sun, until they are completely thawed out. We have seen plants quite badly frozen brought around again in this way, so that you could scarcely see that they had been frost-bitten. A plant once badly frosted takes half the winter to recover. A good way to guard against the cold is to place one or two thicknesses of paper between the window and the plants before retiring. Prevention is better than cure, if you only do not neglect or forget it.

THE ASTONISHINGLY LOW PRICES TO CLUBS is one of the principal features of "Peterson." Other magazines, not nearly so good, ask from one-fifth to one-fourth more to club-subscribers. "Peterson" has always gone on the principle that a small profit on a large edition was preferable to a large profit on a small one.

THE COMPLEXION SHOULD ALWAYS BE CONSIDERED FIRST OF ALL, in deciding the choice of colors for dress. Girls with sallow dark faces should select clear tints—white, light-blue, violet, or black—and avoid glaring, bright, and undecided hues. Drab, yellow, cherry, and pale-green are all unsuitable for them. Girls with clear skins and pale faces may choose all shades of rose, primrose, buff, light-green, lilac, brown, and violet. Dark-brown or olive complexions must avoid undecided hues of all kinds, as well as very dark or very light ones, and choose clear decided tints—such as geranium, violet, and pink. Florid persons should wear the tints that subdue color and give the effect of distance—such as blue and green; and fair girls with a color will find few shades unbecoming to them. Pale complexions must wear fresh colors—such as cherry and pink. Gray, as a rule, suits the young girl and the very old lady, but is rarely becoming to those between the two ages.

OUR PREMIUM ENGRAVING for 1885 is not less choice, in its way, than the "Pearl of Price." The newspaper-press speaks of it with unmitigated praise, as witness what the South Kentuckian says, which is a type of hundreds of others. "Like everything else issued by 'Peterson's Magazine,' it is," says the Kentuckian, "of rare excellence and beauty. It is not one of the cheap colored lithographs with which the country is flooded, but a first-class line-and-stipple engraving, executed in the highest style of art. The artists are Illman Brothers, and they have engraved it—size, 21 inches by 27—expressly for 'Peterson,' in their most brilliant manner. The picture is called 'The Lion in Love,' and is a capital affair: sure to raise a smile. In artistic merit, it is, we think, one of the finest even 'Peterson' has ever issued."

THE FASHIONS IN THIS MAGAZINE are not those of any interested dealer, either in Philadelphia, New York, or elsewhere. Nearly all the lady's-magazines—so-called—are now mere advertising-sheets for some one or other dry-goods or dressmaking establishment, and are owned and circulated by such establishments in order to sell their goods. "Peterson" has no connection with such establishments, but gets its fashions direct from Paris. This magazine may, therefore, be relied on for its impartiality. Nevertheless, "Peterson" is not a *mere fashion* magazine; but one also of art and literature, in which also it is unexcelled.

"THE RAG-BABY," ETC.—The first of our two steel-engravings, this month, is after a celebrated picture by Knaus, the great German artist, in the famous collection of William H. Vanderbilt, Esq., of New York. "The Rag-Baby" is one of the best things even "Peterson" has ever engraved. In a different way, "A Bud Among Blossoms" is also a *chef-d'œuvre*, by another eminent European artist. Where else can two such engravings be found?

THE COLORED PATTERN in this number, which we offer to the subscribers of "Peterson" as a New-Year's gift—with our best compliments and wishes for their health, prosperity, and happiness—is the most costly we have ever issued. The expense, indeed, was greater to us than if we had given each subscriber a large chromo. At a retail store this pattern would cost from fifty cents to a dollar.

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"THE PEARL OF PRICE," A COMPANION TO "THE GOLDEN GIFT."—The illustrated volume of poetry, "The Golden Gift," which we issued for 1884, *as a premium for getting up clubs*, has proved so popular that we publish a companion to it, for 1885, which we call "The Pearl of Price." The latter one is of the same size as the "Gift," printed on a similar paper, illustrated with the same number of engravings, and also bound in the same elegant manner. The only difference is that while the writers in the "Gift" were all English poets, those in the "Pearl" are all American ones. The engravings, also, are entirely different. It ought to be on every lady's centre-table.

We also have a fine large-size steel-plate for a premium, so that persons getting up clubs can have it, if they prefer it to the "Pearl." The size is twenty-one by twenty-seven inches. The picture is entitled "The Lion in Love," and is a capital affair. It would frame charmingly.

We will also give, for some of the clubs, an extra copy of the magazine for 1885; and, for large clubs, an extra copy, as well as the "Pearl" and "The Lion in Love." *Now is the time* to get up clubs for 1885. Send for a specimen to canvass with.

A PRETTY NEW-YEAR'S GIFT can be made of a work-case in the shape of a dressing-slipper, by cutting out two thin pieces of card-board for the soles, covering one with brown holland and the other with white silk or cashmere, and sewing them together with white silk; this forms a pin-cushion. The front part of the slipper is also of card-board, covered with velvet or satin, and embroidered with colored silks or beads. Sew this on to the sole, and stitch round the open part a piece of silk large enough to draw up into a bag, which will hold the work. Now fasten some bands of white elastic across the heel-part of the sole, to hold the thimble, packets of needles, scissors, etc.

MATERIALS THAT REFLECT LIGHT should be avoided for the bodice, as they have no shadows, and are trying in their effects. The use of velvet, both black and colored, for the bodice, is most becoming to both the stout and very thin, as it forms deep masses of shadow, absorbing the light, and thus effaces the outlines of both figures. In fact, the chief object of dress, rightly considered, is to show all the outlines of the figure which are good and perfect, and conceal what is exaggerated, ungraceful, or deformed.

THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN PRIZE-STORIES!—Such is the announcement, very conspicuously made, by a contemporary weekly paper. Now, "Peterson" pays more than that, every year, to two writers alone, and yet does not make a boast of it. "The Motherless Girl" is better than any prize story ever published anywhere.

"WAS FOOLISHLY PERSUADED."—Says a subscriber for 1885: "I was foolishly persuaded to try the —— Magazine for 1884." And she adds an apology for having been led away from "Peterson." She had enough of the other, she says, in a month or two.

THE "STORIES" IN "PETERSON."—Where do you get such stories as Josiah Allen's Wife's, Frank Lee Benedict's, Mrs R. Harding Davis's, etc., in this number? Some humorous, some pathetic; all the best of their kind; all original; and all by American writers.

NEARLY EVERYTHING A LADY WANTS can be found advertised in our advertising-pages. Of course, readers must exercise their good sense in sending orders. We go no further than to let the advertiser tell his own story.

WE HAVE NO AGENTS, we repeat for the fiftieth time, for whom we are responsible. We especially warn the public against swindlers who go about offering a "chromo" to every subscriber to "Peterson"; for we put all we can afford into the magazine, and never give premiums to subscribers: our merit is so acknowledged, that we don't have to bribe subscribers in that way. Of course, when a magazine makes such an offer, it is a confession that, *in itself*, the magazine is not worth its price. Either *remit direct to us*, or subscribe through a newsdealer, or give your money to some person that is getting up a club.

"BEST IN THE WORLD."—A lady, remitting for 1885, writes as follows: "It is the best magazine in the world." So, too, say thousands of others.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Daily Strength for Daily Needs. Selected by the Editor of "Quiet Homes." 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—The plan of this book is to give, for every day in the year, a text from Scripture, a bit of appropriate poetry, and a prose selection from some writer of established reputation. The idea is a capital one, and has been carried out with great taste. Opening the volume at random, we find everywhere noble thoughts, sound common sense, exalted religious sentiments, advice as "precious as rubies." It is a book that cannot be too highly praised.

The Wagoner of the Alleghanies. By Thomas Buchanan Read. Illustrated. 1 *vol.*, 8*vo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—Nothing that Buchanan Read ever wrote, with the exception of a few of his lyrics, has been so popular, and so deservedly so, as his "Wagoner of the Alleghanies." Nor is the reason far to seek. Apart from the literary merit of the poem, which is really very high, there is a local color in it which stamps it as distinctively American. The illustrations in this edition are exceptionally fine.

Festival Poems. A Collection for Christmas, New Year, Easter. 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—A most choice little volume. As its name imports, it is a collection of poems devoted to festival occasions, such as Christmas, New Year, and Easter, selected from the best writers in the language. The taste with which this task has been executed is only equaled by that which the publishers have shown in the dainty volume itself.

Harry Coverdale's Courtship and Manners. By Frank R. Smedley. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The author of this sparkling novel is better known even as the author of "Frank Farleigh," one of the very best novels of its kind that ever was written. "Harry Coverdale" is only inferior to that, if at all.

The Seven Ages of Man. Illustrated. 1 *vol.*, *small* 4*to. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—We have here the "Seven Ages" of Shakespeare, from "As You Like It," illustrated with seven spirited engravings, by Church, Frost, Smedley, and others. A very beautiful volume in every way, and especially suitable for a New-Year's gift.

Our Young Folks' "Josephus." Simplified by William Shepard. Illustrated. 1 *vol.*, *small* 8*vo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—An excellent condensation of the famous history, by Josephus, of the antiquities of the Jews, and of the Jewish wars. The volume is handsomely illustrated.

Doris. By the Author of "Molly Bawn." 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—All the novels of this author are more or less sparkling, all have heroines that captivate the fancy. "Doris" is no exception to the rule. Indeed, if anything, it is better than its predecessors.

A Song of the Isle of Cuba. By Joseph A Nunez. With Illustrations. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—One of the most dainty volumes that has recently appeared. One that, even apart from its literary merit, ought to be in the library of every book-fancier.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WHAT LADIES WRITE TO US ABOUT "PETERSON."—In our December number we gave a few out of hundreds of notices of the press. We give, this month, extracts from a few out of the thousands of letters we receive. They all bear the same testimony: that "Peterson" is the *cheapest and the best, and that it always promises what it performs.* Says one lady: "I was silly enough, this last year, to be over-persuaded, against my desire, to try another magazine. The consequence is, I have been out of anything to read that was worth reading. The magazine, too, discontinued before the subscription was half out. From this time out I will stick to "Peterson": it is the *cheapest and best.*" Says another: "Your last number is a perfect beauty. I have taken your magazine for the last year, and must say it is the best lady's-book I ever saw. It is just what it is recommended to be. We are not cheated when we subscribe for it. I could not get along without it." Another calls attention, specifically, to one of its very greatest merits. "I cannot get along without your magazine," she says; "the fancy-work, especially, is splendid." Another writes: "We had a club last year, here, and were all more than pleased with 'Peterson.' I always feel lost without it." And she sends a large club as proof of its popularity." Another writes: "I had no trouble in getting my club. I could have had as many more, if I had the time to spare. Everyone likes the magazine, and speaks of it in terms of the highest praise." Says another: "The ——— Magazine has been taken here; but we are tired of the imposition." Yes, for one year people may be caught by impossible promises; but they soon find out their mistake. "Peterson" has never promised anything that it did not fulfill, and hence it has a larger circulation than all the other lady's-books combined: for when people send their money to it, they know they will receive their magazines regularly, and that every number will be "up to the mark."

DO YOU DREAD WRINKLES?—The death-blow to youthful looks is the sure warning of age, which we would not dread if we could keep back the wrinkles. Palm Kosmeo will surely and positively prevent them, and keep the skin smooth and never chap. My own personal use is proof, and I am happy to say to my thousand customers: "Try it, and you will never be without it." Mrs. C. Thompson, patentee of the Thompson Wave, 32 East Fourteenth Street, New York. Make no mistake in the number.

CATARRH CURED.—A clergyman, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease, catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. A. Lawrence, 199 Dean Street, Brooklyn, New York, will receive the recipe, free of charge.

"THE DEAR OLD FRIEND."—A lady sends us two dollars, and says she tried to do without "Peterson" for 1884; but "I must have the dear old friend 'Peterson' again. I can't live without it," she adds.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE is useful in dyspepsia. It gives the stomach tone, and imparts vigor to the whole system.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

CHILBLAINS ARE RAMPANT at this season, and broken chilblains are miserable triers of temper; but then they should never be permitted to break. The cause is chilled blood, which settles in hard lumps, with intolerable itching on the surface of the hands and feet. The one certain remedy, after which they rarely come again, is first to soak the attacked parts in very hot water, changing it as it cools, or dipping out the cooled water and adding hot. Then, when the skin is very red, wipe it or dab it tenderly with a soft linen rag or towel, and wrap each foot or hand in flannel. Then, having previously obtained two pennyworth of spirits-of-turpentine of the best quality, rub it into the flesh with soft fingers, but away from fire or candle; rub in the turpentine till the lumps feel somewhat soft; then put on a large stocking or sock, and keep the feet well wrapped up, and get into bed; or, if the hands are touched with chilblains, proceed just in the same way; but wrap them in a piece of flannel, and then in a silk handkerchief. This treatment will scarcely need doing twice—or even in after-years it may be relied on. Where hundreds of vaunted remedies have failed to cure chilblains, this we have now given never has failed.

SUDDEN COLDS.—These often cause bilious attacks and indigestion; a sudden cold wind blowing on one will often give both. Nothing is better for sniffing up the nostrils than spirits-of-camphor, obtainable at any chemist's, or according to the following recipe: three ounces of spirits-of-wine, one and a half drachms of camphor; add it together, and shake well; drop a little on a handkerchief, and sniff it till it goes through the nose down the throat. This will stop too great sneezing. For swallowing it, take a teaspoon, fill it half full with moist sugar, then pour from five to ten drops of the camphorated spirits upon it; fill the spoon with cold water till it looks like cream, then swallow it: in a moment heat should permeate the whole body; in ten minutes a dose of five drops, taken in similar manner, may be repeated.

HOLIDAY-GAMES.

FORTUNE-TELLING.—Lead the conversation on to fortune-telling with cards. Probably some clever creature will say it is all rubbish: when you beg to differ, and propose to tell the clever creature his past, present, and future with a pack of cards, if he will undertake to do with them precisely what you tell him. On the promise being made, you say: "Shuffle the pack, and place twenty-one cards in a circle on the floor." Then, handing him a stick, go on with your patter thus: "Step into the circle, utter the word 'Abracadabra,' shut your eyes, turn round three times to the left, point your stick at the cards: now open your eyes, and tell me to which card the stick points." The patter, of course, can be varied. You then remind the victim that you undertook to tell him his past, present, and future with the cards, and conclude thus: "Your past was that you placed those cards in a circle; your present is that you are standing in the circle; and your future will be that you will have to pick up the cards."

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Lock Box 409, Marblehead, Mass.

No. 262.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

[To "IOLANTHE."]

In the "merry glee,"
In the "dashing sea,"
In the "sky's great height,"
In the "child's delight,"
In the "milkman's bell,"

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In the "shady dell,"
You will find my lay
Of an old holiday.

East Brady, Pa. NEFARO.

No. 263.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-nine letters.
My 9, 6, 7, 19, 3, 4, 1, 2 is a general plan.
My 11, 2, 25, 5, 12, 22, 17 is a county in Ontario.
My 13, 27, 14, 28, 24 is to laugh aloud.
My 13, 26, 7, 1, 21, 18, 20, 23, 8, 3, 29 is the title of a novel by Miss Mulock.
My 16, 26, 3, 10 is an interjection.
My whole is a proverb.

St. Albans, Vt. METEOR.

No. 264.—WORD-SQUARE.

1. To elude. 2. Vocal. 3. Striking awe. 4. An evil spirit. 5. A feminine name.

East Brady, Pa. NEFARO.

Answers Next Month.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS AND POULTRY.

Fish Cakes.—Take any sort of cooked fish, well picked from the bones, and mince it. Put the heads, fins, and bones into a stewpan with sufficient water or stock to cover them; add one or two onions, some herbs, and a little pepper and salt. Now put to the fish a third part of bread-crumbs, a little chopped onions and parsley, and season with white pepper, salt, and a mace if liked. Mix these ingredients well together, and then make into small cakes with white of egg and a little melted butter. Fry a nice brown, keeping a plate over the top whilst doing. Strain off the fish-stock, thicken it with butter and flour, add catsup, then put it back into the stewpan with the cakes, and simmer gently for quarter of an hour.

Irish Stew.—Put some slices of cold boiled corned-beef—never fresh—into a stewpan with a good deal of water or thin stock, two large onions sliced, and some cold boiled potatoes—whole—a little pepper. Stew gently, until the potatoes are quite soft and have taken up nearly all the gravy; some will break, but they should be as whole as possible. Turn all out on a flat dish and serve.

Roast Turkey.—Pick, draw, singe, and truss; place a couple of onions and a quarter-pound of salt butter inside the turkey, and roast before a moderate fire, keeping, for the first hour, a piece of buttered paper tied over the breast; baste frequently with butter and lemon-juice. Sprinkle with salt just before serving, and serve with a tureen of gravy.

Veal Cake.—Boil six eggs hard, cut them in slices, and place them around a plain mold; fill the mold with slices of cold roast veal and tongue: add plenty of seasoning and chopped parsley; pour over some good strong stock; bake one hour; when cold, turn out, and garnish with hard-boiled eggs and beet-root cut in rings.

Gravy.—Mince an onion finely, fry it in butter to a dark-brown, then add three-fourths of a pint of good stock, pepper and salt to taste, a small piece of ham minced small, a sprig of thyme, one of parsley, and a little Worcester sauce; let the whole boil five or ten minutes, put it by till wanted, then strain it into a sauce-boat.

VEGETABLES.

Cold Slaw.—Take a part of a head cabbage, and shred it fine, either with a cabbage-cutter or sharp knife; boil one pint of vinegar, with one tablespoonful of butter, three eggs, saltspoonful of salt, a dash of red pepper, and a little sugar if you like it. Let this mixture boil till thick, stir all the time till it is quite thick, then pour it hot over the cut cabbage, and, when cold, it is fit to eat. If this dressing is not perfectly smooth, strain it. Good with cold or hot meat.

Onion Sauce.—Peel some white onions, and boil them in milk and water, without salt. When soft, mash them, season them with pepper and salt, and add a piece of butter.

DESSERTS.

Plum Pudding.—Take one-half pound of stoned Valencia raisins, half a pound of well-cleaned currants, an ounce and a half of flour, one-half pound of beef-suet, chopped very fine, one pound of grated breadcrumb, two ounces of moist sugar, as dark as possible, one-half nutmeg grated, a teaspoonful of ginger, two ounces of candied peel, and the rind of a small lemon, peeled as thin as a wafer. Chop all very small, and mix the ingredients well with a wineglassful of Marsala, and four eggs, well beaten up. Cover over with a plate, and let it stand all night. In the morning, stir it well again, add a little milk, and put in two or three ten-cent or twenty-five cent pieces, which should be well washed before putting in. When well stirred, put the pudding into a well buttered and floured cloth—a new one, well scalded—taking care to leave room for it to swell; tie it up tightly and boil for six hours, a week or so before it is wanted, and at least four hours the day the pudding is eaten. It can be served simply, sprinkled well over the top with powdered white sugar, and with a sprig of holly in the centre, or with the following sauce:

Plum-Pudding Sauce.—Beat up together one-fourth pound of butter, four teaspoonfuls of brown sugar, one egg, and one wineglassful of wine. Boil it up once, and serve immediately.

Mincemeat.—Mince very finely some beef-suet, and of this take one and one-half pounds; pick some currants, stone and chop finely some Malaga raisins, and take one and one-half pounds of each. Peel and core a quantity of apples, and weigh out one and one-half pounds of these; mince them also finely, and mix these four ingredients in a basin, adding to them one pound of moist sugar, one-half pound of mixed orange, citron, and lemon candied peel, also finely minced. Squeeze the juice of a lemon in the mixture, and, lastly, put in half the thin rind of it, chopped as finely as possible. Work the mixture with a spoon for a little time; put half a teaspoonful of salt into half a tumblerful of brandy, with powdered mixed spice and ginger, according to taste; add this to the mince, work it a little more to get it well mixed, and put it by in a covered jar. It should remain seven or eight days before being used, and it will keep for several weeks.

CAKES.

Rice Cake, Rich.—Beat one pound of butter to a cream, mix with it one pound of sugar, pounded, four ounces of chopped sultana raisins, and one pound of ground rice; well whisk six eggs, whites and yolks together; stir them into the mixture, flavor with lemon-rind or finely-chopped citron, an ounce of the latter; bake in a buttered tin, in a quick oven. Kept in a covered cake-tin, this cake will be eatable three weeks after it is made, provided it has been drawn from the oven as soon as cooked—not allowed to get dry. When withdrawing the skewer—that old but generally sure test—it is better that it should be slightly sticky in a cake of this sort, which is required to be kept.

Pound Cake.—One pound of flour, one pound of butter, one pound of sugar, pounded, eight eggs, one pound of sultanas or currants, a few drops of rotafia; beat the butter to a cream, and stir in the sugar and rotafia; whisk the eggs for twenty minutes, yolks and whites together, then stir them and the flour, a little of each at a time, into the other

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ingredients; add the flavoring last of all. By leaving out two yolks of the eggs, and whisking the remaining yolks and whites separately, this cake becomes excessively light and spongy at the top when baked, and the fruit falls to the bottom, an appearance which is admired by some people.

Birthday Cake.—Four ounces of currants, four ounces of sultanas, two ounces of citron, six ounces of butter, six ounces of sugar, one pound of flour, five eggs, a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda; mix the soda with the flour first, then rub in all the other ingredients; beat the eggs for a quarter of an hour, yolks and whites together, then add them to the mixture; if not quite moist enough, stir in a little milk. Bake for an hour and a half.

Soda Cake.—Mix with one pound of flour a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda and one of tartaric acid, then rub in six ounces of butter, four ounces of sugar, and one ounce of finely-shred lemon-peel, together with one-half pound of currants; add two well-beaten eggs, and bring the mixture to the proper consistency with warm milk. Bake at once.

Ordinary Sponge Cake.—Take the weight of four eggs in flour and sifted sugar, beat the eggs, yolks, and whites separately, stir the sugar into the former, then add the flour and whites gradually, stirring all the time. Bake in a buttered tin for three-quarters of an hour. A few drops of essence of lemon greatly improves the flavor of this cake.

Cream Cakes.—Into half a pint of good cream stir a pinch of salt and as much flour as will make a stiff batter, then add a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; bake at once in a shallow tin, in a very quick oven, and serve hot, with sifted sugar over. If liked sweet, two ounces of sugar may be stirred in with the other ingredients.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Potato Cake.—Mash cold boiled potatoes with pepper and salt, mix in a very small proportion of flour, and a little yeast; mix this into the proper consistency with thin cream or milk, roll out to the thickness of an inch, and cut it to the size of the frying-pan; grease this, lay in the cake, and cover with a plate. When one side is cooked, turn it over and fry till done.

Cheese Scallop.—Soak a small teacupful of stale bread-crumb in fresh milk; beat into this one large egg, a teaspoonful of melted butter, and three ounces of grated cheese; pepper and salt to taste. Strew sifted crumb over the top, and bake till it is of a delicate brown.

Baked Eggs.—Butter a flat dish and break into it as many eggs as it will conveniently hold without one encroaching on the other; sprinkle a little pepper and salt on each, also a tiny bit of butter. Bake in a tolerably hot oven until the whites are set. Serve on buttered toast.

Codfish Balls.—Take equal quantities of mashed potatoes and boiled codfish minced fine; to each half-pound allow one ounce of butter and a well-beaten egg; mix thoroughly. Press into balls between two spoons; drop into hot lard, and fry till brown.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

FIG. I.—EVENING-DRESS, OF PINK SATIN, BROCADED WITH LARGE ROSES OF A DEEPER COLOR. The front of the dress is of white pearl-embroidered net over white satin. The side-panels are of the pink brocade, edged with three narrow knife-plaitings of white satin. The train is quite untrimmed, and is of the pink brocade. The bodice, which is high at the back, with a collar, and square in front, is also of the brocade; it is cut with short points back and front. The sleeves and chemisette are of the pearl embroidery.

FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS, OF CANARY-COLORED SILK AND BLACK LACE. The skirt is edged with narrow knife-plaitings, above which are a cluster of five tucks. The train is of moderate length and quite plain. The drapery on the skirt is of canary-colored silk and black lace. High close bodice and sleeves of the silk, covered with black lace.

FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS, OF WHITE NUN'S-VEILING, WITH ROUND SKIRT, DANCING LENGTH. The skirt is full in front, and trimmed with three flounces in front and four at the back, and above the front flounces is a large full trimming of white daisies. Loose paniers and drapery at the back, of the nun's-veiling. The bodice is plaited in front, which forms a kind of vest, is jacket-shaped at the sides and back, where it is laid in habit-plaits. It is square and half-high back and front, and is trimmed on the front and left shoulder with a wreath of daisies. The sleeves are high and full. Daisies in the hair.

FIG. IV.—EVENING-DRESS, OF PRIMROSE-COLORED SURAH, WITH ROUND SKIRT, MADE DANCING-LENGTH. The skirt is trimmed with seven lace flounces, which are ornamented with loops of primrose-colored satin ribbon. The paniers and back-drapery are made of lace in the piece. The bodice is of the surah silk, with a kind of fichu front-bodice of the lace. The sleeves are of the lace, puffed and trimmed with satin ribbon.

FIG. V.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLUE NUN'S-VEILING. The skirt is formed of four box-plaited ruffles, each edged with white lace. The tunic is short, draped from the right side to the left, where it is caught under a rosette-and-ends of black velvet, and is puffed up at the back. The high bodice has a basque set on, which is cut out in battlements and edged with black velvet. The collar and open front are also edged with velvet. Narrow velvet waistband. Red rose in the hair.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-BROWN VELVETEEN AND LIGHT-BROWN CASHMERE. The plain petticoat is of the dark-brown velveteen. The overdress has a tunic which is much draped at the back, and long paniers which are plaited at the waist, of the lighter-brown cashmere. The bodice is close-fitting, with a drapery which falls from the neck and is carried around to the back, and is worn with a vest, collar, and cuffs of velveteen. Bonnet of light-brown felt, trimmed with feathers of the same color, and with dark-brown velvet.

FIG. VII.—PELISSE MANTLE, OF BLACK BROCADED VELVET. It is made full at the back, with dolman-shaped sleeves, and is trimmed with black fur. Black velvet hat.

FIG. VIII.—TAM O'SHANTER HAT, FOR A YOUNG GIRL. It is made of very dark-red plush. The crown is full, and it is ornamented with a dark-gray eagle's feather.

FIG. IX.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN SERGE. The front is shortened to show a plaited flounce of dark-green silk. The tunic is laid scarf-wise in large plaits, and the skirt and tunic are trimmed with many rows of green braid mixed with silver. There is a wide double sash of the serge at the back. The bodice is high and plain, and has two points in the front and at the back. Braid on collar and sleeves.

FIG. X.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF PLAIN DARK-BLUE WOOLEN, AND DARK-BLUE WOOLEN FIGURED WITH DARK-RED. The skirt is of the plain material, and ornamented with three false tucks. The overdress is of the dark-blue woolen, brochéd with small red spots. It is rather full and round in front, and forms a rounded puff at the back, where it is attached to the bodice. This bodice has a point in front, and a narrow vest of dark-blue velvet. At the back it is shorter than at the side, where it forms points. Collar and cuffs of dark-blue velvet.

FIG. XI.—NEW STYLE OF DRESSING THE HAIR, which is laid in loose soft coils.

FIG. XII.—VISITING-DRESS, OF PRUNE-COLORED CAMEL'S-HAIR. The skirt is trimmed with alternate tucks and several rows of braid, put on in clusters. The sash-drapery

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is of a very soft heliotrope-colored silk, brocaded with puce-colored figures. This drapery forms a bow at the back. The bodice has a vest of the heliotrope-colored silk, and the cuffs and collar are trimmed with braid.

FIG. XIII.—HAT, OF GREEN FELT, trimmed with green velvet, red wings, and a bird's head.

FIG. XIV.—COAT, FOR A YOUNG GIRL. It is of dark-brown beaver-cloth. It is made with plaits at the back, has pocket-trimmings and a shoulder-cape of dark-brown plush.

FIG. XV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLACK AND WHITE CHECKED WOOLEN. The skirt is laid in wide plaits, and has a double row of black velvet buttons at the left side. The tunic is simply draped. The jacket is of plain black cloth, has a round basque, and fastens with two rows of small buttons. Bonnet of black felt, trimmed with black ribbon and a high jet ornament.

FIG. XVI.—BONNET, OF BROWN VELVET, trimmed with straw-colored feathers, aigrette, and brown velvet ribbon.

FIG. XVII.—BODICE, OF DARK-RED SURAH SILK. It has a loose silk vest in front, and is gathered at the neck and waist at the back. This fullness forms the loose basque behind. It is trimmed with black lace at the neck and sleeves, and forms a very pretty addition to a black silk skirt. A bodice made of light-blue, pink, mauve, or yellow, trimmed with white, would also add to the variety of a lady's wardrobe.

FIG. XVIII.—VISITING-DRESS, OF SILVER-GRAY POPLIN. The jacket is of silver-gray cloth, with a broad trimming around the bottom, of brocaded velvet. The deep-pointed vest, wide collar, and cuffs are also of the velvet. The trimming of the front of the bonnet and the muff are of fine gray curled Astrakhan, and the bows on the bonnet and muff are of silver-gray velvet.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The old-fashioned Irish poplin is again in great favor. This makes a warm winter-dress and is very durable. All woolen goods are very much worn, and braids of all widths are employed as trimmings, especially on tailor-made cloth dresses.

Combinations of two materials, and often of two different colors, are much used, except in the tailor-made costumes. Sometimes the skirt, or perhaps only the front, with the cuffs and collar, will be of a figured material, and the rest of the dress quite plain, and sometimes the skirt, etc., will be plain, and the rest figured.

The greatest latitude is given to one's fancy in making up dress-material, and, if one or two important items are adhered to, the wearer will be sure to be in the fashion. Plain or trimmed skirts are equally worn. Long or short drapery is equally fashionable. Basques or round waists, plain waists or those with a becoming fullness for slender figures, are all equally in favor. But, to be in the fashion, the back of the dress must puff out over the tournure, moderately at least, though many exaggerate this fashion to a most unbecoming extent; also the sleeves must be put in far up on the shoulder, thus making the shoulder-seam quite short, but the sleeve full at the upper part of the armhole is not absolutely necessary, and we are glad to say that the sleeves are worn less tight than they have been, in this way the comfort and the style both being improved. Another requisite for a fashionable dress is to have the collar quite high and close, a becoming but somewhat uncomfortable fashion.

The old plan of wearing a basque different from the skirt is revived, and is a most economical one, as two old dresses can thus be made into one new one. If a dress is made in this way of new material, it often has the basque of a darker shade of the same stuff as the skirt.

One of the prettiest additions to a dress for the house, to be made in either lace, silk, or velvet, is a collar, square at the back, and two plaited scarfs sewed to each edge on the shoulder. The ends, trimmed, are long enough to fall below the waist; these ends are sewed together, and the whole is slipped over the head, and falls on the bodice quite easily without much arrangement. A gold or silver braid on the edge of the silk or velvet is an improvement.

Plain rows of machine-stitching are often used on woolen dresses, in the place of rows of braid.

Buttons are rather small, and bullet-shape and coin-shape divide the favor. They are of an immense variety of styles, but many of the most elegant imported dresses have small crochet-buttons of the color of the dress.

Wraps are of all lengths, to suit the fancy of the wearer, and are either loose or tight, as may be wished; but either long cloaks, or short jackets, or medium-length mantles may be worn. Plain or brocaded material is equally fashionable.

Bonnets grow higher in front and closer to the head, for general wear; but the best-dressed women are seen in those of medium height, for they are the most becoming. Long thin faces look very badly in the bonnet or hat with high trimming. Velvet, satin, embroidered or plain felt or cloth, are all employed for the new bonnets, and all kinds of small fancy pins, feathers, lace, ribbon, velvet, are all used as trimmings. Strings are quite short, and tied in a bow under the chin, which is usually becoming. Shapes are as varied as the fancy of the wearer. To be in the fashion, the bonnet should not be long nor very broad behind, and should sit close to the head at the sides; after these two requisites are adhered to, the front may be pinched into any shape that suits the wearer. Brocaded goods are often employed for the crowns of bonnets, with lace or velvet for the fronts.

The hair continues to be worn high on the head, though, for young girls, the low knot at the back has not been abandoned. The front is usually worn in soft short curls over the forehead.

Lockets on black velvet around the throat have reappeared, to be worn with dresses that are slightly open in front. An old and most becoming fashion.

Shoes and boots are worn with much lower and broader heels, and the toes are slightly rounded. Any woman, with the slightest consideration for her feet, will never wear the pointed torturing toes.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

Once in a long while there comes a craze in the world of fashion for some particular material, or trimming, or shade of color. Everybody wears it, every shop displays it, no fashionable costume is complete without it. Years ago, the rage was for combinations of blue and green. A little later came the wild enthusiasm for Cluny lace, which continued till ladies appeared in entire dresses of the popular fabric. Next jet, in all forms, and in unlimited quantities, was prescribed, and stylish dames and damsels glistened from head to foot in the street, as well as at balls and dinner-parties. This season we are threatened with a similar craze on behalf of worsted lace. It is employed not only on all styles of stuff costumes, but on bonnets and hats as well. Even the great lace-house, the Compagnie des Indes, has yielded to the force of the current, and is pressing its myriads of lace-weavers into the production of this favorite trimming. So far, it has been shown in black and in white only; but it will probably soon be made of all colors, to match any shade of cloth or cashmere. The patterns are not so pretty as the reproductions of guipure that were in vogue when this kind of lace was last used for fashionable trimming. They are in square block-like designs, which give the lace a coarser and heavier look. It comes in all widths—from an inch and a half to a finger-width—and varies in price in the Parisian shops from fifteen cents a yard to a dollar and three-quarters, according

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to width and quality. It is a strong durable trimming, and looks well on worsted goods of any kind.

Fancy laces in different styles are a good deal used by the Parisian milliners and dressmakers. There is a very stylish and expensive lace in silk, the patterns being those of Spanish lace, and the flowers, leaves, etc., of the design being outlined by a thread of chenille. This is much worn on velvet costumes and bonnets. Another style is a fine silk guipure, interwoven with gold, and bordered with light leaves in gold thread. This novelty is chiefly employed on bonnets and evening-dresses. Imitation Chantilly is now manufactured in very beautiful patterns and of great fineness. It is used by fashionable dressmakers in preference to the real lace, being quite as handsome, while it is much more durable. Black lace, beaded with jet, is again worn, but can hardly contest the palm of popularity with its newer rivals. Worth is employing opaque colored beads largely in his more dressy costumes. They are about the size of a pea, and are put on in loops around the openings in the sides of skirts, at the ends of scarfs, on the edge of a corsage, etc., etc. They must match the material on which they are used, and are very brilliant and effective. Fringes of colored and looking-glass beads are also largely used by him on evening and reception dresses. They are very narrow, and serve to outline the openings and draperies of the dress, as do also the slender vines in silver or in jet, very delicately embroidered by hand, which are seen on some of his more elegant toilettes. There is, in fact, a tendency towards refinement and simplicity in trimmings, this season, which is very noticeable. On the other hand, the patterns of the brocades and velvet-figured satins employed in the composition of evening-dresses are larger and more striking than ever. As to Worth's little carriage-wraps of this season, they are really fantasy run wild in the way of gay-colored velvets, brilliant linings and trimmings, composed of masses of colored beads intermixed with gold and silver ones. Yet withal, the skill of the master and his unerring taste enable him, to evolve elegant and tasteful articles out of these vivid and showy materials. In the matter of fur wraps, La Mode has taken a sudden bound, from the long paletot reaching to the hem of the wearer's dress, to the short dolman with sleeves and square ends in front. Worth is making these dainty garments not only in seal-skin, but in the long-neglected Astrakhan, which really merited revival for its softness, and warmth, and comparatively moderate price, to say nothing of its suitability for wear in mourning.

Very stylish undergarments are now made of the finest linen cambric, and ornamented with a vine in hand-embroidery, which not only encircles the upper part and the opening of the garment, but is worked around the skirt just above the hem. The owner's initials are worked upon the left side of the band, or her monogram is embroidered just below the band. Names in Chinese letters are newer and more popular than the monogram for marking linen. They are very pretty on handkerchiefs, either worked in color on those with colored borders, or in white upon the sheer fine hemstitched cambric article which is now rated the most elegant of all possible handkerchiefs for every-day use. Some fashionable ladies carry their taste for simplicity in this point so far as to have the handkerchief marked with simple initial-letters only.

A very pretty novelty is a vest, tippet, and muff, all in one piece, and made of velvet bordered with fur. It fits closely around the throat, is laid in folds over the chest, and the ends are prolonged and turned up, so as to form a very stylish little muff. The fur border encircles the throat, the sides of the vest, and the ends of the muff. The effect of the whole affair is very tasteful and elegant. Also another novelty to signalize is a square or rather oblong brooch in enamel, representing a landscape, and mounted in an elaborate gold frame: thus presenting the aspect of a tiny and well-framed painting. A minute easel, covered with crimson velvet, is furnished with this artistic trinket, so, that when it is not worn as an ornament, it will furnish a charming addition to the decorations of a drawing-room table, or to the contents of a cabinet of bric-a-brac.

Very elaborate embroidered silk stockings are now worn in full-dress, the embroidery being in silk of the same shade as the stocking itself. In hats and bonnets there is nothing new to chronicle, except the shortening of the bonnet-strings, which are now worn of a length just sufficient to form a good-sized bow with ends of moderate length. The gable-front bonnet, as those with peaked brims are frequently called, is very popular. I regret to learn from the American papers that the hideous cashmere and cloth bonnets and hats are still in vogue in my native land. They were an English invention, and are at once ugly and unstylish.

Light-brown cloth or cashmere costumes, trimmed with velvet ribbon, in stripes of emerald-green, ruby-red, and gold-color, are fashionable for morning-wear or for promenading.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S OUT-DOOR COSTUME. The coat is of rifle-green cloth, plain at the back, but laid in plaits in front. The cape and sides of the coat are braided in black scrolls. The sash, bows, collar, and cuffs are of green velvet, of a darker shade than the cloth. Green felt hat, with plumes.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S OUT-DOOR COSTUME. The coat is blue cloth, and the skirt is laid in two large box-plaits at the back. The upper part, which has a cape-appearance, is plaited at the back, and has dolman-shaped sleeves set in. Blue felt bonnet, trimmed with blue ribbon and coffee-colored lace.

FIG. III.—BOY'S COAT, of dark-gray cloth, with wide collar, front-trimming, and cuffs of black Astrakhan. Gray felt hat, with Astrakhan rim.

FIG. IV.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF DARK-RED AND BLUE STRIPED SERGE. The jacket is of dark-red cloth, double-breasted, and has a basque formed of tabs, which are ornamented with buttons. Hat of dull-red felt. Feathers of the same color.

FIG. V.—BOY'S COAT, OF DARK-BROWN TWEED. It is double-breasted, has a large rolling collar and cuffs of dark-brown velvet.

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LES MODES PARISIENNES

JANUARY

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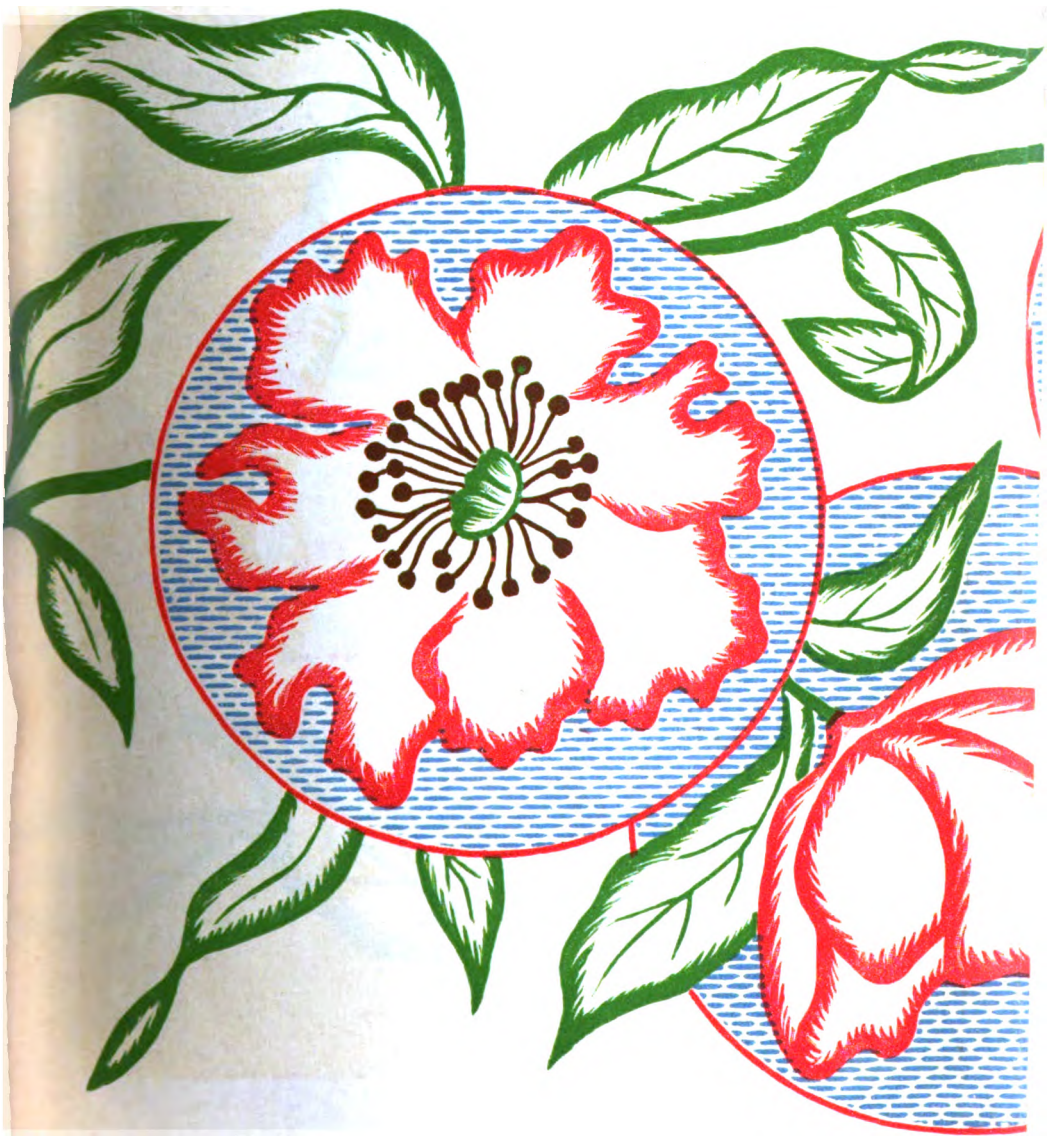


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CHECK TO THE QUEEN. [*See the Story.*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

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NEW-STYLE WRAP. CRINOLETTE. JACKET.

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RIDING-HABIT, FULL LENGTH: BACK OF SAME. FAN. COAT-WRAP.

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WALKING-DRESS, WITH KURSHEEDT TRIMMING. CORSAGE FOR EVENING WEAR. JERSEY.

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VISITING-DRESS. DRESSING-SACQUE AND CORSET-COVER, WITH KURSHEEDT TRIMMING.

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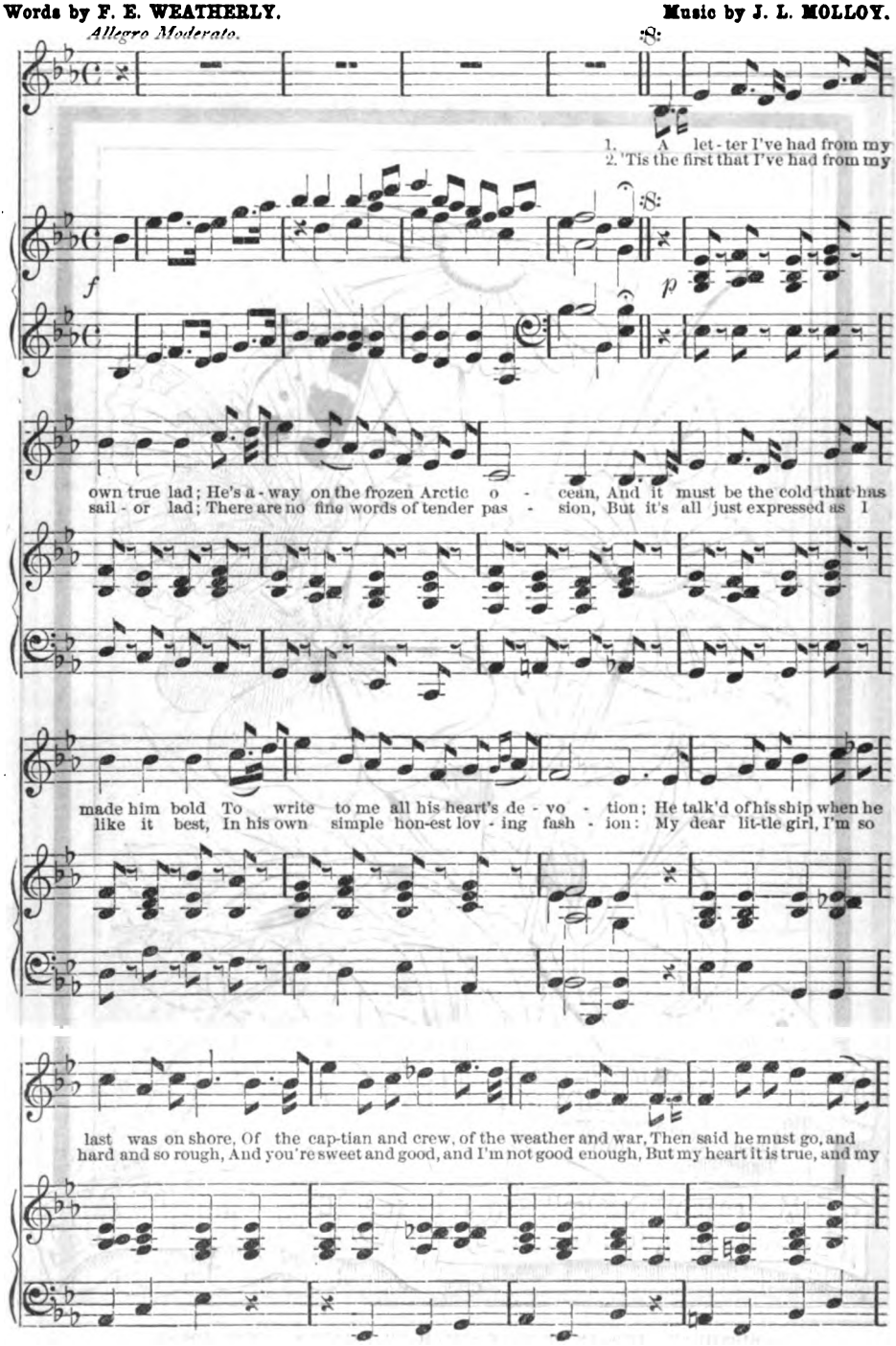


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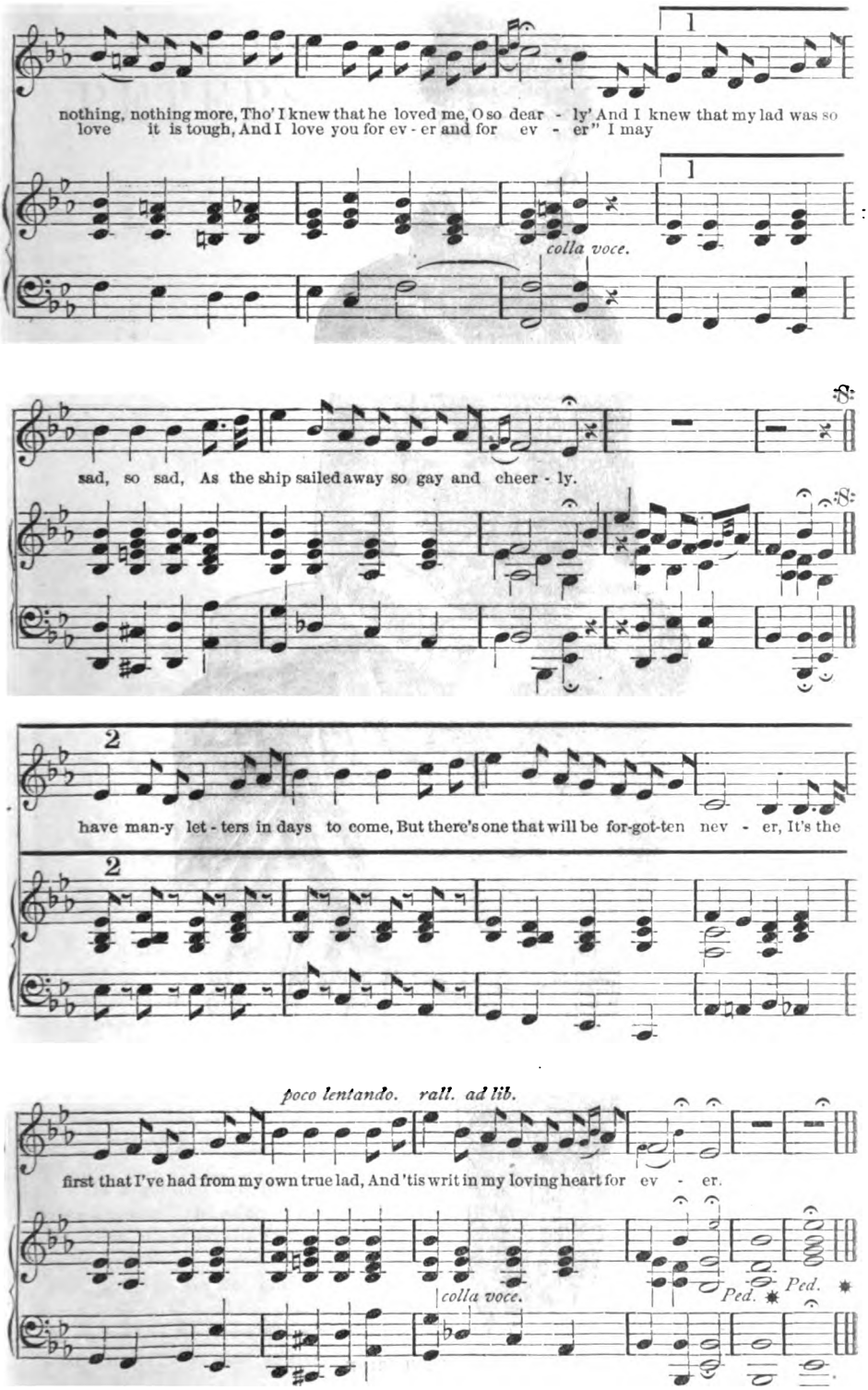
THE FIRST LETTER.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

Words by F. E. WEATHERLY. Music by J. L. MOLLOY.



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NEW-STYLE PELERINE.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXVII. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1885. No. 2.

THE LOVELY DORA.

BY MRS. M. SHEFFEY PETERS.



WRAPPED in costly furs, with the most coquettish of little caps on her head, and nestled back in her father's handsome sleigh, Dora Carew never looked more captivating than on this fateful morning. She was at that age when girlhood is freshest: for she was just seventeen.

"I must be at the school in ten minutes, Howells," she had said to the coachman, and consequently they were going at almost break-neck speed.

"What a glorious time those college-boys are having coasting," she said. "Yonder one comes, right down Rhigi Street. Why, we'll run into him, Howells!"

She sprang to her feet, quivering with excitement.

It was too late for Howells to rein in his spirited horses, or for the rash coaster to check his swift descent. But Dora acted with her usual impulsive decision. She caught up the white wolf-skin from her lap, and threw it at the heads of her mettled steeds. The long fur tangled in the harness, and hung flapping over the ears and eyes of the off horse. Both beasts snorted and plunged, and stood back on their haunches. The flying sled just escaped, in consequence, narrowly missing the front hoofs of the horses. Philip Sydenham leaped off, his face blanched, but a steadfast light shining in his eyes.

"There's no harm done, except the sleigh overturned, and the harness broke—is there?" called Hal Maynard, a member of his class, hurrying down the hill.

Philip answered nothing, but tugged away at the overturned wreck, from which the terrified horses had wrenched themselves loose.

Howells, emerging from the snow-drift into which he had been tossed, hobbled forward.

"Oh, Miss Dora's under here, I'm 'feard," he cried.

"I saw her," broke out Philip, panting, as they heaved the sleigh aside. "She threw the wolf-skin to save me—never thinking of her own self. Thank God, she isn't dead."

For Dora had now been extricated from the sleigh. The fair but unconscious girl was borne away; but, alas! with an injured spine.

If ever she repented, however, of her generous deed, neither Sydenham nor any other ever knew. It was not, indeed, until after many a weary day, given up to the engrossing companionship of pain, that she learned the name of him whose life she had saved.

Apparently Sydenham writhed far more under the burden she had taken upon herself than she did. Haggard, pale, and silent, he haunted Squire Carew's gates, while Dora was at her worst, shrinking from the sight of every member of the household, and asking but few questions of anyone. Later, he would take his gun, and,

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returning from solitary hunts, would hand in game, to be temptingly prepared to suit the palate of the invalid.

But, as the weeks passed on, he ceased all these attentions.

"It seems like a mockery," he wrote to his mother, "to be trying, with paltry birds, and other game, to pay her back for her awful sacrifice. She must hate to eat what I send, or even to hear my name. I cannot stand it. I must get away."

So, even before her recovery, he had left college, and turned his back upon the scene of his tragic adventure.

Dora heard of his departure, and a sad little smile of comprehension crossed her lips.

"Poor fellow," she said, pityingly. "He blames himself. How I wish he could feel that I would have done the same thing for anyone."

She missed the birds and flowers he had sent, and a mournful droop often came to the sweet uncomplaining lips, when she thought of them. And, subsequently, when the news reached her that the Sydenhams, parents and son, had sailed for Europe, she wondered, with another half-pitying smile, if Philip would not altogether forget her.

"He will see so many new things. Besides, one could scarcely expect him to remember what he will try hardest to forget," she thought, nervously fingering her crutch, which was now her constant companion.

Five years, meantime, passed, bringing great changes. The Sydenhams, after a long absence, were returning to America. Phil had accepted an invitation from his old classmate, Hal Maynard, almost immediately, to make him a visit. Maynard's sister, at the same time, was expecting one from Dora. In giving the invitation, she had casually mentioned Sydenham's name, forgetting all about the accident. But Dora remembered it well, and hesitated long before she accepted. "Oh, he will hate the very sight of me, if what I hear is true," she said to herself. She wrote, in fact, more than one letter, first declining, then accepting, again declining, and finally accepting for good. But even after this she still hesitated, and would have recalled the letter if it had not been too late.



Sydenham was even more embarrassed, when he heard that he was likely to meet Dora.

"By the way, Sydenham," Maynard had said, the evening of his arrival, "do you remember Dora Carew—'lovely Dora,' you know, we called her, before that acci—

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hello. Pardon me, Syd. It's just like me to blunder so. But you remember her, anyway?"

"Yes," returned Sydenham, quietly. "I remember. What of her?"

"Oh, nothing. Only she's my sister Madge's divinity; and she's coming to pay us a visit. She's the queen of hearts, I tell you; the jolliest blithest nature you ever saw. The 'Lovely Dora' still, in spite of—"

"Her deformity?" finished Philip, struggling to hide his emotion.

"Yes, though really the lameness now is so slight, and she has such a bird-like way of fluttering along, that one has scarcely the opportunity to discover it. She's a girl in a thousand: so bright and witty, and with a voice like a nightingale."

"Will she endure to see me?" Phil asked, bitterly. "Surely you have forgotten that it was I—I for whom she made the sacrifice of her grace, strength, and rare promise of beauty. Maynard, I must get away from here before she comes. I cannot—dare not—meet her."

"Now," cried his friend, "be reasonable. Neither Madge nor I ever imagined that this old accident would make any difference. How do you think Dora Carew will like it, when she hears of your marked avoidance of her? She's no unsightly hunchback, I can tell you that. She's lovely—such a face, such eyes, such a smile, one doesn't see twice in a lifetime. It

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does strike me that you are just the least bit inconsistent, Syd, in adding this feather's weight to the burden she has carried so patiently for years. Eh, old fellow?"

Sydenham flushed, but responded frankly:

"You are right. It is rank cowardice in me to shrink from this meeting. I will stay."

So the subject was dismissed. But Philip could not so easily banish the thought of seeing, on the morrow, the ill-fated young girl, whose image, misshapen and distorted, had, for years, persistently haunted his morbid fancies.

"She will hate the very sight of me," was his last waking thought, that night, as he tossed upon his uneasy pillow.

As a doomed man would hail a reprieve, therefore, he hailed the proposition of his young host at the breakfast-board, the next morning, that they two should take dogs and guns, and beat the partridge preserves.

"I'll be back in time to go to the station," said Maynard to his sister, "so as to meet your friend. I suppose she'll stop at Colesville. There's no danger of her trying the walk through the woods, from the switch, is there?"

Madge laughed, and shook her head.



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"No, she wrote she would stop at Colesville."

The two sportsmen had made quite a bag of game, before the hour arrived when Maynard had to stop.

"You keep pegging away at the birds, Syd," he said, "and Jerry here will shoulder all you can kill. Eh, Jerry?"

Black Jerry's white teeth glistened.

"E-ef you'll l-l-eave me your g-gun, s-sir," he stuttered, "I-I'll try ter put in de bag all h-h-im a-an' de dogs leaves, s-sir."

Maynard laughed, but, in his easy indulgent way, unslung his gun from his shoulder, and handed it to Jerry. "See to it you don't shoot Mr. Sydenham, however," he added.

"'S-s-specs I-I knows e-er man from e-er partridge, sir," grinned the boy, carrying the gun proudly.

Sydenham and Jerry had worked their way in a half-circle to the meadows bordering a strip of woodland, that intervened between the house and the railroad crossing, which was a few hundred yards distant from the mansion, when Philip suddenly said:

"I thought I heard a whistle, back yonder, a minute ago. Isn't that the train Miss Carew was to come on, Jerry?"

"Y-y-e-es, sir, but it's o-only occasional any passengers g-g-its off below dere, in d-de meddar, a-at d-de switch. Miss D-dory, s-s-she m-m-most in g-ginrul goes on ter de s-s-station at Colesville."

"Yes," said Sydenham, "so they said up at the house. However, it's about time we were turning back. There'll be no little dust to be brushed off before I'm ready to appear at dinner."

"Jes' do preserve d-dat y-y-yaller spot p'inter, sir," was Jerry's answer. For Jerry was rather anxious to postpone the return. "H-he fa'rly 'p-p-pears like h-he'll wr-riggle hisself l-loose in de middle. Dere's somet'ing over d-dere i-i-in de grove. Not partridges, but e-er r-rabbit, e-er g-groun'-hog, b-belike."

"Wait, I'll see what it is," said Sydenham, striding forward.

Jerry raised his piece, and stood expectant.

As Sydenham entered the wood, a luxuriant clump of tall ferns, just ahead, was violently stirred; and in the next instant he perceived a slender figure, clad in a gray traveling-costume, rising from the sward. He turned quickly to give warning to Jerry. But the latter, eager for his shot, misinterpreted the gesture. Sydenham saw him press the trigger, and had barely time to throw himself forward, when there was a sharp report, and he staggered and fell, the upper part of his face and head riddled by shot.

Miss Dora Carew, for it was she, was at the side of the wounded sportsman in a moment. In another, Jerry had flung away his gun, and, with a yell of horror and dismay, had rushed up also.

"I'm not much hurt. Don't be so alarmed," said Philip, faintly attempting to rise; "the shot were all small."

But Miss Carew, seeing the blood trickling down over the shut eyes and white face, knew that he said this only to reassure her.

Still, she thought it wisest to answer him cheerily. "Oh, no, not mortally wounded, I hope,' she said, taking his hand in both of hers, "but you are hurt seriously, nevertheless. Do not attempt to rise." Then turning to Jerry, and speaking in a tone of quiet command, she said: "Stop that rushing about, and go to the house, at once, for help."

"Y-y-es, marm," shouted Jerry, scuttling off at a prize-pace.

"He can go and come in the least while," she said, encouragingly, to Sydenham. "The house would be in sight, you know, but for this strip of woods."

Philip tried to smile his assent, but the effort was ghastly.

"I can walk to the house," he said, to reassure her, "directly: I am only a little staggered."

"If you really think you will be strong enough to walk, I could lead you," Miss Carew answered, eagerly. "It would be better, certainly, for you to be attended to without delay."

Sydenham made the effort, and, supported by Dora's shoulder, and guided by her hand, moved slowly on toward Oakhurst.

Notwithstanding his pain and faintness, he was thrilled by a consciousness of the slightly halting step of his companion. So this was Dora Carew! For five years he had shrunk from the mere thought of meeting her; and now, here she was, walking at his side, and the deformity which he had so dreaded to look upon was actually invisible to him.

"Even in that supreme moment of anguish when I believed that my sight was destroyed forever," he confessed to her, many weeks later, "I was comforted to feel that neither the grace of your womanly presence nor your usefulness had suffered any loss through me. In my folly, I had thought to be overwhelmed with pity for you; and lo! I had need of you to be the light of my darkness and the strength of my weakness."

"I should think," she answered, in her soft musical tones, "that you could have had no other thought, then, but that you had just interposed

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your life to save mine. I saw you, when you threw yourself in the line of Jerry's aim; and, to save me," her voice dropping, "you lost the blessing of your sight."

Sydenham half smiled, turning towards her his bandaged eyes, and reaching forth his hand in a vain search for hers.

"You can do much to reconcile me to life," he said, earnestly. "You risked your life for mine, that I know. You say, on your part, that I risked mine for you. Then why should we not live for each other hereafter, dear?"

His hand groped for hers, and she laid her fingers quietly in its clasp. But she answered him no word, as yet.

"Dora," he whispered, stooping towards her, "do you hesitate to be my wife because they have told me that I will be blind?"

She bent her head, and placed her fair soft cheek against the hand that was clasping hers.

"It is because you are blind that I am willing to be your wife," she answered, her voice quivering with subdued joy.

He laughed a low soft laugh, and drew her to him.

"Never had midnight sky a brighter star, my Dora," he whispered.

She echoed his laugh with the blithe freedom of a child.

"Do you know," he went on, "that I have already seen you twice, just as you are, Dora?"

She started.

"How? When?" she asked, eagerly.

"That morning, when I saw you rise up, like a doomed dryad, within the range of Jerry's gun. And then," passing his arm about her, "this very morning, when you thought me sleeping the sleep of innocence in my easy-chair."

"What? You saw me?" she cried. "You saw me—you? Did they not tell me you would be blind always?"

"Croakers, thank heaven, are not always infallible, my darling. See—"

He lifted the bandage from his eyes, as he spoke.

"I can see almost as well as ever I did," he said, smiling at her. "In a month or so I shall be quite well."

She nestled her head against his shoulder. "Oh, thank God," she cried, and smiled through happy tears.

Phil's prophecy about his sight proved correct. He improved even faster than he had hoped, or than he was willing to tell Dora as yet. He was, in fact, preparing a surprise for her. Her birthday was at hand, and he wished to make his first appearance, downstairs, on that day. He consulted the doctor, who told him he might do it; but it was agreed that it should be kept a profound secret between them.

What was Dora's surprise, therefore, when, going upstairs that morning to see Phil, still thinking him half blind, she met him coming down. The shock, joyful as it was, was almost too much for her, at first. She had to put out her hand, and cling to the balustrade for support; and for a while she thought that she would faint. But, the next moment, she was in Phil's arms. His eager kisses soon brought her back to life.

"Oh, such a glad surprise," she cried, clinging to him. "Except that your eyes look weak, no one would think they had just escaped blindness."

"And you will take me—still—blind or not blind?" said Phil. "It isn't pity, is it?"

"Oh! Philip—"

"Then I give myself to you, as your birthday-gift, let us say," with a gay laugh. "Will you accept?"

"Oh! Philip." This was again her answer. But she clung to him, with a world of love in her eyes, as she spoke.

After a moment, she added, hesitatingly:

"And you will take me—me—even as I am?"

He folded her in a still closer embrace.

"To me," he said, "you are everything that is graceful and beautiful, dear. My Lovely Dora."

TOO LATE.

BY BENNETT BELLMAN.

"Ah, wait," I said, "my wee coquette!
Till you a ball-room belle have grown,
Till longer dresses you can get,
And call some younger heart your own."

Years passed. I hear such tender words!
What recollections back they bring
Of years when, long ago, I heard
From lips like hers the self-same thing.

I said: "My secret I'll confess!
Once, years ago, I loved another.
Who was it? Ah, you cannot guess
My child, that once I loved your mother.

"And so this budding love of thine
You offer me. As is my fate,
My darling maid, alas! it comes
One generation just too late."

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CHECK TO THE QUEEN.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

I.

AFTER MARSTON MOOR.

NESTLED in among a fold of the Yorkshire moors in England, and secluded in a wide park, there stands a fine old manor-house of the time of Queen Elizabeth. One day, as evening drew on, more than two centuries ago, a young girl, apparently about eighteen years old, and evidently of "gentle blood," might have been seen at the park-gates looking up and down the road. It was the period of the Civil War, frequently called the Great Rebellion, and all day the air had been full of rumors of battle: for the forces of the king and those of his opponents were close at hand, at Marston Moor. More than once, indeed, sounds as of distant firing had been heard. Alone with her mother, in the retired manor-house—for her father and brothers were with the Parliamentary army—Edith Mowbray had naturally been a prey to anxiety; so that, when her mother at last fell into her usual afternoon nap, the daughter had stolen out, in order to hear what news there was, if any, should a stray traveler or fugitive soldier pass by. As she stood there now, with the sunset lighting up her eager, animated face, she seemed, with her fair hair, her supple form, and her high-bred bearing, a veritable young Greek goddess, so radiant was she with beauty.

Suddenly, as she looked and listened, there appeared, coming round the turn of the road, about a hundred yards distant, a horseman galloping. Rider and steed were covered with dust; the corslet of the former was dinted and his scarf blood-stained; and the good charger, though bravely essaying to do his best, staggered and swayed from side to side. At last, just as the tired beast reached the gate, he stumbled and fell, rolling over on the highway, almost at the feet of our heroine.

"Oh, oh," she cried, with a little scream, and starting back: for never before had war and its horrors been brought so close.

Her first impulse, indeed, was to fly, as if from something too terrible to witness. But she delayed, for a moment, to see if the rider was hurt.

"He is dead," she said, in an awe-struck voice, observing he did not move. And then, womanly pity getting the better of her timidity, she crept shyly forth and approached the prostrate form.

But the rider was not dead. He had only been stunned temporarily, and was already trying to extricate himself from beneath the horse, which had fallen across one of his limbs. But this was no easy task, for he was weakened by loss of blood, and his right leg was tightly wedged in under the body of the animal.

"Stay, stay," cried the young girl, suddenly gaining courage at this sight, "you will hurt yourself. I am not very strong, but perhaps I can help a little."

As she spoke, she went bravely up to the dead horse, and kneeling, pushed and lifted with all her youthful strength. At first, the wounded man could hardly believe his eyes. What was this vision in white, with such a celestial face? Was it an angel, come down from heaven?

"Nay," he feebly expostulated, "you will only get a wrench—let me do it alone—or, or die here—that, perhaps, would be better," with a tone of unutterable despair; "better, after this fatal, dreadful day."

But the young girl was stronger than might have been supposed. Constant exercise, and in the open air, hunting, hawking, walking, tennis-playing, combined with healthy yet simple food, had given her not only her blooming cheeks, but a nervous energy and muscular power quite unknown to the fashionable nineteenth-century belle. With a second vigorous effort, the hapless man assisting on his part, the limb was released. But alas! when, as his next move, the fallen rider attempted to rise, he fell back with a groan, for he found that his leg was crushed and broken.

"Oh, what shall we do—what shall we do?" cried the girl, looking anxiously around, and almost for the moment losing her self-control. For the situation was more embarrassing than the mere accident indicated. Edith saw, at the first glance, from the dress of the wounded officer, that he was a cavalier, and, judging from his exclamation of despair, that he was flying from a lost battle. Now, nothing was more certain, therefore, that "rigid inquisition," to use a phrase of the day, would be made after all such fugitives; nay, more, that severe penalties, perhaps imprisonment itself, would be visited on whoever succored them.

But the girl's hesitation lasted only for a moment. The lodge was close by, and occupied by the keeper and his wife.

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"Sutton," she cried, "goodwife Amy, here, here. Come quick."

The old couple had heard the gallop of the horse; had been drawn to the window by the sounds; and had seen the catastrophe; but, on discovering that the officer was a royalist, had withdrawn into the room again, too timorous to venture on assistance. Now, however, they reluctantly appeared.

"Sutton," cried the girl, with decision—for she was one, when once aroused, equal to any emergency—"get a shutter, or something like, and call assistance. There must be some gamekeeper or ploughmen lads about: everybody cannot have gone to the wars. We must have this poor wounded gentleman carried up to the hall, instantly."

"But—but—" stammered the old servitor, while his wife clutched at Edith's sleeve deprecatingly, "dost not see what he is?"

"Ay, ay," echoed the goodwife, "and what wilt thine honored father say, my dear young lady?'

"Yes," faintly muttered the bleeding officer, "they speak truly. I am of those on whose head, from this fatal day, a price will be set. It were peril to take me in. Let me die here—I am naught—"

"Distress not yourself, fair sir," replied the girl. "I know my father well. He is indeed on the opposite side to which I judge you to belong; but he is a Christian gentleman, and he would be the first to chide me, if I left you, even if a personal enemy, to suffer in this way. There is no thought of dying," with a charming smile, and in a tone of cheer. "We shall soon have you well: for the rector here is a famous leech, which is lucky, as the nearest surgeon is off to the wars; and my mother herself has no little skill in nursing and healing."

Her imperative orders, now repeated to the keeper, decided the affair so far as they were concerned: while her gracious manner to the injured cavalier somehow seemed suddenly to reconcile him to the turn affairs had taken. In a little while three sturdy lads were found to assist the keeper; and thus, with Edith walking beside, and helping to steady the improvised litter, the wounded man was carried up to the manor-house.

Later, came news that a great battle had been fought that day, at Marston Moor, in which, at first, the king's forces had triumphed, only, however, to be defeated, at the last, by the terrible charge of the Ironsides, led by one Oliver Cromwell, of whom, as yet, people knew but little, except that he was cousin to John Hampden.

II.

THE WOUNDED CAVALIER.

The popular impression, that all who were opposed to the king, in the Great Rebellion, were Puritans, at least in dress and speech, is quite a mistake. In the earlier years of the war, at the time of Marston Moor for instance, a considerable minority of the gentry, and even some of the nobility, were on the side of the Parliament. Lord Mandeville, who led the army of the latter at Marston Moor, Fairfax, and others were of this kind, even Hyde himself, afterwards the great Earl of Clarendon. Among the former were such accomplished gentlemen as Colonel Hutchinson and the great John Hampden, who, while resisting what they thought the usurpations of the Crown, continued to dress more or less in the fashion of the day, and were as courtly, gracious, and gentle-spoken as the most finished of their opponents. What was true of Parliamentarians of this stamp was true also of their wives and daughters. And it was to this class that Edith Mowbray belonged. Except that her dress was, perhaps, a shade less showy, and that there were a few little prim phrases to be noticed in her speech, she wore the costume and had the manners of any other girl of her station, not even excepting the beautiful maids of honor at court. Nevertheless, in religious as well as political opinions, she was the stanchest of little Puritans.

The rector himself leaned slightly to that school, as many other beneficed clergymen of the day did, and therefore was on the most intimate terms at the hall. Summoned in haste thither, he left his evening meal untasted, and worked assiduously, assisted by Lady Mowbray and her maids, for his patient. In earlier life he had studied surgery, and his skill and experience now stood him in good stead.

"There," he said, at last, just as the great clock of the hall was striking ten at night, "he will do now, I think. The bone has been set, and set well, though I say it myself: the contusions have been allayed; and I can now leave him to you, my dear madam, and your most excellent lotions But what he needs, chiefly, is rest. My potion, as you see, has already put him to sleep. I will be up in the morning early, to see how he gets on. Meantime, keep his presence here concealed. You can trust the servants, you say. Well, then, we have nothing to fear. That you have a guest need not, in fact, be known at all."

A considerable interval elapsed before Edith saw the wounded man again. But her thoughts, naturally, often turned towards him, the more so when her father, returning for a brief visit two

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days after Marston Moor, told her something of their guest's history.

"You did right, of course, dear," he said to her, after an interview in the sick-chamber, "but it is a serious affair. Our guest is the young Lord Leaside, one of the most obstinate of the king's partisans, who has raised two regiments at his own expense, and been the hero of more than one sharp encounter. He will escape well if he loses only his land. Were he captured now, when Cromwell and his Ironsides are hot for victims, he would probably go to the block." A stifled little shriek broke from the daughter at these words. "Yes, you may well cry out: war is terrible at best; but civil war most dreadful of all. For my part, I hardly go to the extent of exacting heavy fines, much less death: yet, if it were known we were succoring my lord, such is the passion and prejudice of the time, we might ourselves have to suffer penalties. It was well thought in your mother to have him carried to the west chamber, with its secret passage and hiding-place, so that, in case of search, he would be hidden away. Meantime, our duty is clear. We must make him as comfortable as we can, get him well as soon as possible; and then bid him God-speed. After that, if we should meet in battle, it would be my duty to cut him down, if my stout arm has yet its cunning left—"

"Oh, father dear—"

"Yes, my child. A true gentleman has but one course before him: to be as courteous to the wounded and to a prisoner as he is unflinching before a foe. And if ever there was a 'malignant,' it is this young Lord Leaside."

Edith could not help dwelling, in the days that passed, on what her father had told her, of the daring of this young nobleman. How he had led the storm at such a castle; how he had himself swam a moat to surprise an embattled manor-house; how he had slain three men in succession at Edgehill; and how, finally, at Marston Moor, he had kept on fighting after all hope was gone.

At the end of many weeks, Lord Leaside, at last, was allowed to leave his chamber. An apartment contiguous to it had been fitted up as a sitting-room, and here he and Edith met for the first time since the day of the battle.

"It is you, as I hear," he said, after the first few ceremonious words were over, "that I am indebted to for the fair flowers which, every day, have transformed my sick-room into an ante-chamber to Paradise. How can I thank you enough for your kindness to a poor defeated disgraced man—landless, and outlawed?"

"Not disgraced," replied Edith. After all, if we do what we think is right, is the rest of so much account? Landless or outlawed, we have at least the consciousness that we did our duty. I do not, as you know, hold with you as to this cruel war. I go with my people; but I should think you recreant, as any other true woman would, if you were not ready to die, if need be, for your faith. I am sure I and mine would die for ours."

There was such lofty enthusiasm in her look, such a ring of great deeds in her voice, that her hearer said to himself: "She comes of a race of heroes." Yet, with it all, there was a certain under-current of defiance, as if she flung down the gauntlet at once, to let him know that, much as she had sympathized with his sufferings, and much as she respected his loyalty as mere loyalty, she thought him utterly wrong and misguided, and an enemy. To himself he said: "What a fierce little Puritan—and yet, by Jove, what a beauty! She looks like a Varangian princess, or the goddess Freya herself."

Often and often, after that, the two had hot discussions about king and parliament, from which neither, as we may well suppose, came away converted. In the earlier days of their acquaintance, my lord would bring up the subject merely to see Edith's eye kindle and her cheek flush. But, as the days went on, he began to do it in the hope that, after all, she might be brought round to his way of thinking. For he recognized by this time that he was in love with "the pretty Puritan," and would be only too glad to win her for his wife. "But alas!" he would say to himself, "there is no hope of that, so long as she looks on me as a malignant." And, as to giving up king and church, my lord was too honest and loyal to do that, even to win a wife. Again he would say: "I am a fool: for, even if she might otherwise have loved me, she will never join her fortunes to an impoverished peer, who, if he escapes with life, will have to drag on a beggar's existence in some cheap lodgings in exile."

III.

CHECK TO THE QUEEN.

At last the day so long apparently desired by my lord arrived. He was now well enough to sit in the saddle. He had privately sent for three or four attendants—the sons of his old tenants, who still remained devoted to him—and the next morning he was to set forth.

In vain had good motherly Lady Mowbray—who had become much attached to her guest—urged him to wait a few days longer. He knew his weakness, his folly as he called it, and dared not. Edith had said little beyond repeating her mother's words; but she looked so pleadingly

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with those great eyes of hers, that he was nearly conquered. For the first time the wild hope sprang up in his heart that, Puritan as she was, "malignant" as she had called him, she might not be entirely indifferent to him. "Oh, if that were only so," he said to himself, "I would dare everything. Differences of opinion would be nothing: love would give her charity, as it has given charity to me."

The midday meal passed almost in silence. The coming departure appeared to depress them all. Conversation quite lagged. When the dinner was over, Lord Leaside, trying to assume a cheerful air, said, turning to Edith:

"We must not forget our usual game of chess. You beat me, yesterday, you know. Come, my fair conqueror, let us make a wager on this."

The two had already taken their seats at the little chess-table, beneath the stained-glass window, where they always played. The casement had been flung back, to let in the afternoon light, and the scent of flowers, and the thousand faint noises of the country-side came drifting across them. On the table stood a vase with some roses, which Edith herself had gathered and arranged.

"If I win, I will take one of these," he said, touching a rose. "But I shall expect you to give it to me. What is your wager?"

"I will wait till I see if I win," she said. "And it will be quite fair: I shall not ask for much."

"Very well," said he.

Meantime, Lady Mowbray withdrew, as was her custom, to another window at the further end of the room, where, also as usual, she soon fell into a gentle slumber.

What Edith had decided to ask, in case she won, was that their guest should stay for a few days more. "Oh, he is too weak—entirely too weak to travel," she kept saying to herself. "He will catch a fever, and fall ill at some wayside inn, and be discovered and sent to the Tower, perhaps to the block." She could scarcely keep back her tears. She kept telling herself how pale he looked, and that it was only his health and safety that affected her so.

And yet, unconsciously, in these weeks of convalescence, their guest had become inexpressibly dear to her: only as yet, virginal and shy, as became her years and training and sweet innocence, she knew it not: she believed it was friendship, when it was really love.

The two played in complete silence. They were both such good players, and both so fond of this "mimic war," that they rarely talked much. But to-night not a word was said. The pieces moved to and fro on the board; the pawns fell and were swept away; the more important knights and bishops and castles began to succumb; even the queens, by turn, were in danger. Never had so close a game been played between Edith and her lover before. In her eager desire to have their guest stay, she put her whole soul into her moves, determined, as it were, to win or die. My lord, who, under other circumstances, might have chivalrously given away the victory, was, on his part, as eager to conquer. The game was now at its climax. Edith could hear her heart beating. She almost feared her antagonist would hear it also, and looked up suddenly at him, to see if he did. It was for the first time since the game had begun. Something in his answering look, something so masterful yet so adoring, set her heart throbbing wilder than ever. In her agitation, she dropped her eyes, took up a piece hurriedly, and made a false move.

"Check to the queen," said my lord, instantaneously making a move in turn.

Yes, it was so. The game was lost. But she thought nothing of that in itself. What she did think of was that now my lord would surely go.

She gave an unconscious sigh, that seemed to come from the very depths of her heart; let her hands fall helplessly in her lap; and drooped her head, like some fair deer, suddenly struck with its death-wound.

Lord Leaside was scarcely less moved. Now that the crisis had come, all his courage seemed to desert him. On the next few moments, he knew, hung all his hopes in life. He would rather have faced Cromwell's terrible Ironsides again—yes, twenty times over—than face the startled, indignant look which he feared his words would call up.

He still had his hand on the piece with which he had won, and he now nervously took it from the board, and kept fingering it, as he leaned forward and spoke.

"Edith," he said.

It was the first time he had ever called her by her Christian name. What did it mean? She looked down and away; the color rushed over brow, neck, and bosom: she thought her bodice would burst, her heart was thumping so against it.

"Edith," he repeated, and went on, his voice sinking almost to a whisper, but tremulous with emotion, "there was more in this game than you imagined. I do not know what you played for: but I played for my life."

She gave one quick startled glance, and then her eyes fell again; and again a torrent of crimson rushed over her face and neck.

"Yes, it was not for a rose I played," he said, with increased passion; "or for that only as a

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symbol. What I want is that, with the rose, you should give me yourself. Edith, dear, I love you. No man has ever loved so before. I know it is a great boon that I beg. I am landless, defeated, friendless, ruined in every way—but oh! if you can only love me, will only be my wife, why, Paradise itself is not more welcome to a martyr in the flames than beggary and exile to me."

Oh, bliss of bliss! Oh, heaven of heaven for her, also! This, then, was what the pain of separation meant. This was why she had been so eager to win. It was love, not friendship; and the love was laid at her feet. Laid with such humility, too!

Edith was no coquette. The best women of that day were above all that, as well as the best women of this day are likewise. To great and sincere souls, frankness is nature itself. Difference of political creed, separation from her family, exile and perhaps privation in a strange land, conventional pretenses and false modesty—what were they, in presence of this new, this mighty thing, this all masterful, blissful love?

She looked up, eagerly yet shyly; then she took a rose from the vase, and held it out to him.

"And you won't go away," she said, "to-morrow?"

"No, sweetheart," he cried, springing up and clasping her to his heart; "nor any day, unless you go with me."

There was some opposition at first on the part of my lady, and especially Sir Thomas. But when it was found that Edith's happiness depended on the union, a reluctant consent was given. The marriage took place quietly, one morning, at the neighboring church, the good rector officiating, care being taken to keep it a secret: after which the young couple made their way, by roads not ordinarily traveled, to an unfrequented little town on the coast, where they embarked for Holland. Here they remained until the Restoration, when Lord Leaside returned with the king, and came again into possession of his large estates.

Edith, as the great lady, with a noble old castle for her home, played her part with the same sweet gentleness with which she had won all hearts, in comparative poverty, at the Hague. Outwardly, as became her wifehood, she was loyal to her husband's opinions. "But she is still, at heart," my lord was wont often to say, laughingly, "the same little Puritan as ever."

Yet it was observed, as time went on, that he began to lean more and more to her liberal views, until he became, to use his own phrase, "the most unmalignant of malignants." Her influence over him had brought him to this point even before the Restoration. He was often heard jestingly to declare that, with all his masterfulness, as people called it, he had really never been able, except once, to give CHECK TO THE QUEEN.

A WINTER IDYL.

BY MINNIE IRVING.

BETWEEN the broad oak's branches bare,
And elm-tree, like a great balloon
Inflated with the frosty air,
Rose slowly up the winter moon.
I watched her clear the belt of firs,
And fill with light the skies above:
As radiant was my soul as hers,
For I'd a letter from my love.

The wind was high, the hour was late,
Day built herself a funeral pyre
Before the heaven's western gate,
And died amid its crimson fire.
Across the dead leaves to me came
My lover in its ruddy light,
And clasped, and called me by my name,
And kissed me, and the world was bright.

I looked at morning through the net
Of naked ivy o'er the pane,
And saw the prints his feet had set
Upon the brown grass of the lane;
For all around them elf or fay,
Till in the highroad they were lost,
Between the midnight and the day,
Had set the fairy flowers of frost.

The winter moon grew pale, and pined
And faded in the distance dim;
The sunset waned, and left behind
The evening shadows, gray and grim.
I saw in glittering globes of dew
The frail frost-blossoms melting pass,
Until there only lay a few
Bright tear-drops on the withered grass.

But many a moon will wax and wane,
And many a sunset light the hours,
And many a frost-flower bloom again
To deck the graves of summer's flowers:
Yet nevermore my lover's hand
Upon the garden-gate will be,
For in a far-off foreign land
He sleeps, and has forgotten me.

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THE LOST ARIADNE.

BY MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD, AUTHOR OF "A TRANSPLANTED ROSE."

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CHAPTER IV.

MRS. LEVISON LEWIS was a woman of the world, who cared for all the decencies of life; who did her duty; and who was most respected in all her social relations. But she was possessed of one dominant idea, which, from her early married life, had shaped her course. She meant to marry her daughter to an English nobleman.

Just before the daughter had reached her fifteenth year, Mr. Lewis had failed. The only son of the house had been sent off to India, and Mrs. Lewis felt a despair clutching at her soul. Was she to be thwarted of her ambition?

No: a relative died, and left her a small independence. She would educate Elly so brilliantly that, with her beauty, she might still clutch at a coronet. To that end everything bent. She sought English people, she "scoured Britannia-ware," from morning until night, as the phrase goes. She was known as the Anglo-maniac. To secure a well-bred English girl as a companion for her daughter—one who should tell them everything about that dreamland, who should teach them all the English accent—this was Mrs. Lewis's ambition.

When she saw Ottilie Williams at the house of the rector, coming, as it did, just after her appeal to him, it seemed as if fate had thrown her the very creature she wanted.

What did she care for the girl's history? Respectable, yes: honest, yes: well educated, yes. "Perhaps," as she said to Miss Catharine, "her father may have been one of those convict baronets, or something, who stole money—"

"Perhaps," said Miss Catharine. "My brother knows. I do not."

"Yes," said Mrs. Lewis, making up another hypothetical case, "or perhaps her mother ran away with—a—nobleman." The very thought of such high-bred guilt carried consolation with it.

"My brother says she has suffered very cruel wrongs," said Miss Catharine.

"Undoubtedly, that is it—a very cruel wrong," said Mrs. Lewis, "and I shall always treat her like a lady. She is going to the Delmonico balls with Elly. I cannot be out every evening, and I noticed, when the Countess of Caithness was here, that the governess went out with Lady Mary Sinclair. Yes, that will be very English, and very stylish, I am sure. I wonder if she has any titled relatives. Did your brother ever tell you?"

"No; he is bound to secrecy. You see her nobility in her face, Mrs. Lewis."

"Oh, yes—that kind of nobility; but I want hereditary nobility, you know. I have a great respect for the English system, and they do things so well—don't you know?"

"Ottilie can play well, paint and draw creditably, and she speaks French, and I think German, fluently," said the ex-schoolmistress.

"Oh, yes, no doubt; all that I could get at Miss Haines's. But Miss Williams knows how to ride to hounds, and how to dress on every occasion. Now, I was talking to her about the Ascot, and she said, quite unconsciously: 'When I went with Lady Hastings.' Now that is so high-bred. I like to hear it crop out, don't you know? And she talked of a breakfast at Lord Gargoyle's, in 'the season,' and peaches at Covent Garden, and the 'Drawing-Room'; and her accent is so delicious—just what I want Elly to get; and a lord is no more to her than anybody else."

"I am so glad you are pleased with her," said Miss Catharine, dryly.

Ottilie Williams liked her pupil, her work, and her home with Mrs. Lewis. The older lady, perhaps, astonished her with questions, which seemed rather trivial, about the English nobility and gentry. But the young girl, Elly, was so natural, so fresh, and so thoroughly sweet, that to teach her, to walk with her, to go to balls with her, was delightful. Together they rode two fine thoroughbred horses; together they spent mornings in study and afternoons in exercise; together they went out of evenings into society. The young girl began to have that worship, which is almost love, for her companion, so common in the experience of impulsive and generous young girls.

"Tell me, Ottilie," said her pupil, one day, as they walked along by a group of pretty children in the Park, "tell me, did you ever have any brothers and sisters?"

Poor Elly! she never forgot that face: the contracted brow, the agonized mouth.

She remembered then what she had forgotten.

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She remembered that Miss Williams was never to be spoken to about her past. No, never. Her mother had told her so.

She did the best thing to soothe her—the good young girl, unspotted from the world—she put her arm in that of the older woman, and pressed it to her side.

Elly never smiled that way again. She talked of herself, with a young girl's pleasant egotism, of their studies, her last new dress, and her ball-cards.

Ottilie rarely danced, although it was not for lack of invitations. Mrs. Lewis had carefully spread an entirely apocryphal story, which she believed herself, to the effect that Miss Williams was the daughter at least of a baronet, if not of an earl. And she was so handsome, and so well posed, that even the "jeunesse dorée" were not averse to taking her out for a turn. But she seemed happier to be left alone. And sometimes she said to herself:

"How long? When will the tide turn? Where am I drifting?"

And so matters went on for nearly a year—when misfortune and unmerciful disaster, following fast, and following faster, brought a new trouble.

Levison Lewis, the son, came home from India.

CHAPTER V.

We must go back to pick up a neglected thread in our story.

It was late in the day, and the shadows were falling long over the prairie, as Bessie, Hanson's deserted wife, stood at the door of her house, and looked hopelessly out on the neglected crops, the half-starved animals, and wondered when the wolf, so near the door, would enter in.

For, with her strong English pluck, she had preferred this life to accepting the creed of the Mormons. She could pick up an uncertain precarious existence for herself and her children by keeping a wayside inn. Sometimes the hunters for buffalo, and the young ranchemen, would pass by, eat a meal, and leave her a little money. But it was not a cheerful or very certain existence.

Somehow, as she stood and looked at this particular sunset, her old English home had come back to her. She thought of Combe Fastnesse, its great oaks, and the primroses in the grass, her mother's thatched cottage, the great house where she had served the poor beautiful girl who had had so sorrowful a fate. She wondered how she, Bessie, could have been so foolish as to keep company with the groom, Hanson, whom her mother had never liked. And yet she had loved him. She had married him. He was the father of her children. And he, in a strange land, had loved—it seemed an impossible dream—her own dear young lady, and he had deserted her.

She threw her apron over her head, and sat down on the doorstep, weeping aloud.

She did not hear, on the soft grass of the prairie, the sound of horses' hoofs. Two men had nearly reached her door meantime.

She heard, almost as in a dream, her own name, and the familiar English speech.

"Bessie, don't you remember me? Mr. McLagen, of the Castle?"

Remember? Indeed, she did remember! Here was a voice from home—the rich gentleman, her mother's landlord.

"I and my friend," the speaker said, "Mr. Robarts Ives, of New York, have been off on a hunting-expedition, and, hearing that a woman named Bessie Hanson kept an inn somewhere in this neighborhood, we have come to ask a night's shelter."

It was not until she had given the gentlemen a good supper that Bessie could compose herself to talk.

Then her whole sad story—the flight of Alice Fastnesse, Hanson's change of religion, his desertion of her, his villainy—all came out.

"Bessie," said Mr. McLagen, "my friend here is a lawyer; he wishes to ask you some plain questions about your life at Combe Fastnesse. It may be of help to you—and perhaps to—our dear Miss Fastnesse some day."

"We want to know what you remember of the servants at Combe Fastnesse, and the household. Have you pen and ink?" said the lawyer.

"Yes," answered Bessie, and produced these articles, somewhat clouded and clammy, indeed, yet they served the purposes of Mr. Robarts Ives.

She was puzzled and astonished at their questions. But she answered them simply and truthfully.

"And now," said Mr. McLagen, after Mr. Robarts Ives had finished his paper, "now tell me what of Miss Alice."

"Oh, sir, she reached New York all right, and found that clergyman, your friend. She is going out a-teaching, and she wrote me that your letter had done it all."

"Thank God," said the young man. "Now, Ives, I shall reach New York with what speed I may, and throw myself on the first steamer bound for England. It shall go hard with me if I do not reach Combe Fastnesse in eighteen days. It is of every consequence that I see Mr. Fastnesse, and receive from him the right to pursue my search."

"This testimony of this woman is of great

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importance," said the New York lawyer. "If we can find Fromentin and the woman Hortense, your case is made out."

"It shall go hard with me but I will find them."

"Bessie," said the lawyer, kindly, as if from an afterthought, "do you hear from Hanson? Do you know what he is doing?"

"Yes, sometimes," said the poor wife. "He is one of the saints. He has plenty of money now; he goes for the converts to New York."

"And what was he at home? A groom, I think you said: he knows about horses."

"Oh, yes. He was a very stylish groom, and knows his business," said poor Bessie, remembering the days when he came wooing in a red waistcoat and corduroys.

She rather wondered, did Bessie, that the gentleman wrote all this down.

The next morning, when her little son had brought round the horses, and the gentlemen mounted to depart, Hugh McLagen put a sum of money into Bessie's hand which made her start.

"Sir, it is too much," said she; "it will keep me for a year."

"Keep it, Bessie, for your kindness to Miss Alice, and for your information. It has been worth far more than this to me. Now you must take care of yourself, and, if the time comes, you must be ready, perhaps, in the cause of truth and justice, to swear to these facts in court."

"I never can swear against Hanson," said Bessie, firmly.

Poor faithful creature, he had whipped her with a good-sized thong, after he found Alice gone; but she forgave him, after the fashion of women.

"Well, you can swear to all you knew about the servants at Combe Fastnesse."

"Oh, yes, sir: anything for my young lady!"

So they rode away—two men far removed from her life, carrying with them perhaps extenuation, perhaps further sorrow, for Alice Fastnesse.

Meantime, under her assumed name, she lived her life in New York. It was not her fault—it was her destiny—that the son, who had come home rather unexpectedly from India, had first admired, and then fallen in love with her.

Mrs. Lewis was so intoxicated with her new governess, who spoke such perfect English—she was so persuaded that she was an earl's daughter in disguise—that she had painted her to her son in most glowing colors.

Not much accustomed to considering Levison a success—not having the usual glamor over her eyes with which a mother usually regards her son—Mrs. Lewis had not imagined that Ottilie would look at him, or he at Ottilie.

The mischief was done before she knew that it had begun. Mrs. Levison Lewis had found that, so far as Elly's education was concerned, she was gaining everything from the English governess. Her accent, her seat on horseback, and her walk, had all improved.

And, as a chaperone, Miss Williams had been perfect. No flirtations for herself, no self-seeking, no apparent interest in the "jeunesse dorée." Even the young Englishmen who came to the house—she always avoided them—and, while giving to Mrs. Lewis the most useful information in regard to them, she still kept out of their way.

All this fully confirmed Mrs. Lewis in the story which she had made up for herself. There was of course a family disgrace, poor girl, which hung over her like a pall.

Levison Lewis had, in the estimation of many of his friends, thrown away many chances in life.

> "What our contempts do hurl from us,
> We wish them ours again."

He had been a gay man, a fashionable man, a scholarly man; he had had business-openings before him; he had tried two or three professions.

He had gone out to India with good prospects, and had made friends. But either ill-luck or infirmity of purpose had caused him always to fail in making what he needed—a fortune. He had never known the toil and terror of the real struggle up-hill, from absolute want. Perhaps it would have been better for him if he had.

India had filled him with mystic dreams and with curious notions. If he had not brought home rupees, he had brought home ideas. Perhaps they were destined, some day, to prove more useful and remunerative than the pagoda-tree. Who knows?

He was a tall handsome attractive man, unlike, in his dreamy unpractical way, any man whom Alice Fastnesse had ever seen. He did not seem to know or care very much for this world, which had been so cruel to her, and this indifference was, in its way, admirable to her.

And he had walked, talked, ridden with Elly and herself, as a brother should. He had sat by her side at Delmonico's, while Elly danced, and he had told her of the "essence of Buddhism," of which he thought a great deal too much. He was full of the Tripitaka, and no doubt he talked well, upon a most fascinating subject. He would get away from the temples, only to lose himself in india-rubber groves, and the palms, the palmyra, the talipat, the arica, the golden bamboo, began to weave fatal coverts over the fancies of this weary girl. It seemed to her that he came to bring to her a new world, where, possibly, some day, lulled by

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the legends of a slumberous past, she and he might be happy. It was at least a long way from England, from Utah, from New York. There might be Thugs; but they could not be as bad as Hanson. India took possession of her brain.

Then she found herself listening to his firm slow step in the vestibule. She found herself hurrying to the window, to catch a glimpse of him, as he walked off to his club. He seemed to her a king of men, as he passed slowly down the street. She idealized him, as every woman idealizes her lover.

It came upon her, after all, suddenly and unawares. She had thought of him, dreamed of him; the world had seemed glorified; the sweet overwhelming thought of love, coming to a woman of her character, was a dangerous delirium. She had lost her heart before she knew almost that she had one. He never made her flattering speeches. He had not consciously wooed her. It came upon him, too, just as unexpectedly. It was fate, he thought, and he rolled his Eastern amulet of turquoise over in his pocket, as he started for one of those long delicious walks, marking her noble figure and proud head, by his side, and chatting with his bright pretty sister on the other side.

Elly was almost sure to be joined by some gentleman before they got far; and then the dreamers could talk together, thinking that it was the balmy freshness of the day which they were enjoying.

And so the mischief began.

CHAPTER VI.

Monsieur Dubœuf, chef to Mrs. Richardson, at her beautiful Newport villa, looked admiringly from a low window in his department, at the charming figure of his madame, as she tripped across the lawn to the conservatory. He noted, with a French appreciation, the lightsome American figure, the pretty dress, the slender foot. His Gallic taste was appeased. Monsieur, his master, he was apt to think, was not quite the "fromage" —thinking in French and in English slang had become the second nature of this distinguished man, for he had lived more in London than in Paris. And he secretly put his brown hand on his pocket, and whispered to himself in excellent French—the French of the Academy:

"America pays better than them all."

Yes, Dubœuf was a "cordon bleu," and, but for some very awkward events in his record, he would have remained in England. The Athenæum Club even had applied for him.

But, one day, he hastily left for these shores, where misfortune, or—as Dubœuf thought it a synonym—misunderstood virtue, so often finds a home.

He had drifted to Newport in the summer, like other diplomatic artists, and had found, in the superb house of Mrs. Richardson, a very comfortable lodgment. He admired her and her ambitions almost as much as he enjoyed his salary.

"If she would only pretend to be a success—be a little happier, more contented," said Monsieur Dubœuf, this time in very good French, to himself; "she lacks repose; she has not got what she wants."

And Monsieur Dubœuf, French chef, returned to the rock-candy temple which he was making for the centre-piece to the dinner, for whose further adornment Mrs. Richardson was just now tripping on her small American feet to the conservatory, to consult with the gardener for the purpose of objecting to too many nasturtiums in the floral decorations.

Monsieur Dubœuf knew that Mrs. Richardson's fame rested much on these rock-candy foundations. Strong and resistant as they looked, they were not firm: water could dissolve, fire could melt, careless fingers could break them. With a large fortune and a French chef, Mrs. Richardson was somebody: without them, she had been nobody. And it was curious that, even with them, she was not yet much of a somebody. She had respectable forbears, Mr. Richardson's money had been honestly inherited and acquired, Mrs. Richardson had a good education and unexceptionable manners; to an outsider her position seemed well enough. There was no blot on her escutcheon. But Mrs. Richardson knew well that she was not what she aspired to be—a leader of fashion. She had not penetrated that inner court where the Brooks family and their cousins lived, and therefrom promulgated those mysterious protocols of fashion—and, worse still, Mrs. Delamaine had never asked her to dinner. There were orgies at Mrs. Stacy's which she had only heard of, alas!—and Mrs. Richardson was miserable with an unwon battle before her. Perhaps her very respectability was her bane. The good blood of her grandfather, and the still better blood of her grandmother, held her back from a thousand audacities which might have made her a sensation. If she had harnessed a bull to her curricle, and had driven down Bellevue Avenue; if she had left for Europe with Captain Carrigan, who rode his pony into the Ocean House; if she had dressed herself in brilliant scarlet, and thus hied her to the hunt, Mrs. Stacy would have called on her, and Mrs. Delamaine could not have helped inviting her to dinner. The

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hunting-men would have found her amusing, and would have assured their hostess, à-la-Wales, that they would not come to dinner unless Mrs. Richardson were coming: "the dear fast slangy creature," they would have added, also, à-la-Wales. She was pretty enough still to have gone to England, and to have fascinated "Wales"; and yet certain white hands of long-perished women of good lives, her ancestors, reached from the unknown and held her in mortmain. She could not sell her real estate, and her false estate did not as yet bring her in the spurious gold of a fashionable notoriety.

And yet she wanted it. She was not above the desire to be as these other women were, of whom the world and the reporters talked. She would have liked to grasp that tinsel crown and that wreath of foxglove. Forbidden fruit hung high and looked tempting. What did these women do that they should always be asked to go on a coach, dine at Mrs. Delamaine's, drive with Ballantyne, and sup with Stockton?

She did what she could. She gave excellent dinners. She boasted of her French chef, and repeated his saying that he said he came from Stafford House. She dressed beautifully; she drove unexceptionable equipages. Yet Mrs. Creamery did not bow or invite her to her musicales. The stiff Philadelphia set did not know her at all. When her name was proposed as a patron for the theatricals at the Casino, that tough old aristocrat—Mrs. Appleby, who had always spent her summers at Newport, and who had accepted Mrs. Stacy with a big gulp because she wanted to go to her dinners—Mrs. Appleby had said, loud enough for Mrs. Richardson to hear: "No, don't put her name in: she is of no consequence." People went to her dinners, and forgot to invite her in return. There, also, was "that Mrs. Satterlie," who could come to Newport, and be invited everywhere—her old friend, too: she took no notice of her in New York. It was very annoying, because so illogical. But such women as Mrs. Richardson forget that society—like whist, like fortune, like arithmetic—is always illogical: the sum does not come out as you expect it will—nay, nor as it ought.

Mr. Richardson, good easy man, was not so ambitious for society. He had never cared for it. But he did care very much for his wife. He wanted her to have what she wanted; and, when he saw that the fine Newport house, the French chef—who could not broil a beefsteak, for which Mr. Richardson pined—the horses, the servants, the fine clothes, the company, such as it was, did not satisfy her, he was amazed and distressed.

"What do you care for Mrs. Stacy?" he would ask. "The men at the club make fun of her."

"Yes; but they all go there," said Mrs. Richardson, sighing deeply and contracting her brow.

"I don't think that looks well," said Mr. Richardson; "I don't go where I must laugh at my hostess."

"It is society," said Mrs. Richardson; "and Mrs. Delamaine never asks me, either."

"Why stay in Newport, then, dear, if you are not pleased with your reception here?" the husband asked.

"I mean to conquer it," said his wife.

Mr. Richardson shrugged his shoulders, and walked off to look at his graperies, where hung high the bunches of splendid grapes, which his dyspepsia forbade him to touch.

Monsieur Dubœuf, French chef, had lived in Tantalus before. He was a philosopher. He had seen the rich sigh amid their grandeur. He knew that their peaches were often Dead-Sea apples. He knew that half his rich plâts were set before people who had no appetites, and he made a very good thing, did Monsieur Dubœuf: for, appreciating this fact, he was fond of sending off, in a covered basket, some untouched croquettes and patés, after the dinner-parties were over, by a young man, who looked as if he knew the way to the Pacific House, and who took them, let us hope, to those who had appetites. He was not at all surprised at the rich man's dyspepsia; but he allowed himself a sigh of regret at Mrs. Richardson's furrowed brow. Mrs. Richardson had been kind to his sick daughter, and always spoke to himself politely in most excellent French. He felt that, if she had been happy, she would have been gifted with friandise, and could have appreciated his Soubise of artichokes. As it was, he thought that she came very near knowing how to order a dinner, and he was sorry that a woman so nearly perfect should sigh amid her wealth of luxury.

However, like a true philosopher and good artist, he went on building his temple of rock-candy, with flying buttresses of nougat, and cloud-capped pinnacles of spun sugar.

Mrs. Richardson stepped into the sacred retreat of the chef at this moment. Her hands were full of flowers, a very delicate sweet figure—a sort of Flora.

"Oh, Dubœuf. Oh, chef!" said she. "How very pretty. Your temple is a success."

She stopped a moment to watch him, and with that familiarity which the French tongue seems to allow, as between the servant and the served, she asked him questions about the history of the

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art of confectionery, which the chef, who was a learned man in his art, answered in the most respectful and in the most interesting way. He told her how the royal ladies, even Marie de Medicis herself, had liked to dabble with the melted sugar, and how he, humble Dubœuf, had had the honor to teach noble ladies, in France and England, to make the ornaments for the centre-pieces. Indeed, so much did he amuse Mrs. Richardson, that she took off her gloves and her rings, seized a spoonful of melted sugar, and demanded to be taught then and there. She embarrassed while she honored the artist: for Michel Angelo even would not have permitted Vittoria Colonna to go pottering over the 'David.' But the chef was a Frenchman, and he admired and respected this lady. He was glad to see her smile and be cheerful, so he allowed her to spin out some twisted ribbons of red and white sugar, to manipulate some sugar Cupids, and to build a fortification of nougat, all of which, or most of which, he afterwards condemned to the limbo of lost works of art; but he did not show discomfiture.

"Really, chef," said Mrs. Richardson, after bathing her hands in the rose-water which he brought her, and resuming her rings, gloves, and flowers, "you have amused me for an hour."

"Merci, bien madame," said the chef, returning to his work, being in haste to put it in the ice-chest—candy being one of those artificial adjuncts of luxury which is better for a continued coldness.

The dinner came off at the proper hour, and the gossips said that it was a beautiful dinner, and that Mrs. Richardson's face was wreathed with smiles; that Ballantyne paid her a great deal of attention; that he praised the entrées, and that Stockton admitted that the wines were good. All the hunting-men were there, and "Mrs. Stacy was there, my dear, don't you know? She has no conscience about accepting these invitations, which she never means to return." And Dubby Doolittle was there—he always, you know, goes where he can get a gratuitous meal; and Levison Lewis, he who had been in India so long, he was there, and very agreeable: and it was all "very swell" for Mrs. Richardson. But the gossips remarked, and this was the greatest and most notable surprise, that the mysterious Miss Ottilie Williams, who had been living with Mrs. Lewis, and whom nobody could find out about, some said she was an earl's runaway daughter, was there: that she came with Mrs. Satterlie, whom she was now visiting; that it was a great thing for Mrs. Richardson to get Mrs. Satterlie to come to dinner. By the way, Mrs. Satterlie had only arrived the night before, and would reproduce, at the Casino, that play in which they had, in the spring—don't you know—given so much pleasure at the Stockwell Theatre in New York, "The Dreary Town," you know, etc.

Then the gossips went on to say that Mrs. Richardson had made the candy centre-piece herself, and had told of it. So Levison Lewis, that nice man, who was said to be in love with Mrs. Satterlie and with Ottilie Williams too, had proposed so gracefully and deftly that the nougat should be broken up, and that everyone should carry a piece home with them, after the fashion of wedding-cake. He was quite delightful, and Mrs. Richardson blushed, and the waiters were sent for white note-paper, to wrap the sticky stuff out of harm's way, and every woman spoiled her gloves and her handkerchief with it, and every man found his pocket bedaubed the next morning, and it was "perfectly charming," particularly to Mrs. Radway, who had a craze for carrying home things from dinner-parties, and who suddenly found herself in the fashion, and added a bunch of grapes and a peach to her nougat.

And so the gossips said that it was just at this moment that Mrs. Richardson, in putting on her gloves, looked down at her hands and missed a ring. It was a very valuable intaglio, and had for her, so she said, some important souvenir. She looked in her gloves, under the table, shook her handkerchief, and mentioned her loss to the gentleman who sat next to her; but as it could not be found, she, with lady-like composure, assured him that she had probably left it on her dressing-table, and rising, gave the signal for retiring to the drawing-room, whither she went, summoning quietly her maid, and bidding her look for the ring, "which, it is quite unnecessary to add, she did not find," added the gossips.

CHAPTER VII.

THE man who had sat next to Mrs. Richardson, on this afterwards historical evening, was Ballantyne, at once the richest, idlest, most dissipated, generous creature in all Newport, perhaps in the world. Something in her eyes, the pure unspoiled look of a woman who as yet knew nothing of that world in which he lived, had touched a yet unworn nerve in that very worn-out heart of his, as he looked at his hostess, and suddenly and all unbeknown to Mrs. Richardson, fate, hitherto unkind, jumped to her rescue, and determined that she should become fashionable. The deliverer was at hand, the "open-sesame" of that long-closed and most impenetrable door was spoken. Ballantyne determined to have a flirtation with her.

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And happening to mention at the club, as he paused a moment on his way to the cards, which were being double-shuffled for him on his own green table, that Mrs. Richardson had lost a ring, and that Dubby Doolittle had been at the table, another door of celebrity opened itself for Mrs. Richardson; for two reporters got hold of the story, and telegraphed to the Associated Press, that very night, "that a lady had been showing a valuable ruby at table, that it had rolled on the floor, and that it could not be found: that a gentleman who had been accused, at the Union Club, of stealing another gentleman's 'cat's-eyes' was also at the table; that, at two o'clock in the morning, he had called up his hostess, and had confessed that the ring was in his vest-pocket; unknown to himself, it must have rolled there by the force of gravitation, he thought, etc., etc." The other reporter telegraphed that the ring was found, but that the ruby, worth four thousand dollars, had been extracted, and that Mrs. R—— had offered one thousand dollars reward. All this renown came at once to Mrs. Richardson. Her dinner-party, her lost ring, and her drive to the picnic with Ballantyne, all happened in one week.

It was noticed, as this tide of success flowed in upon Mrs. Richardson, that Monsieur Dubœuf, French chef, took more sea-baths than ever, and branched out into a cottage for his sick daughter, on one of the side-issues of Newport life, which may be called lanes. No one, perhaps, noted this minor fact but Hortense, the French maid, who was at once the aspirant for the hand of Monsieur Dubœuf, en second noces, and who, again, hated him with malignity for having scorned her and her well-fluted caps. In the quiet of her own apartment, Mrs. Richardson had searched for her lost ring somewhat anxiously. Not that its intrinsic value was so great, as that it bore for her a sort of superstitious and talismanic value. Nor had she failed to tell the story to the maid of her having removed her rings in the apartment of the chef; and she had paid that functionary a visit, to see if her memory was defective, and if she had possibly left the ring on the kitchen-table. But Monsieur Dubœuf's memory was quite clean, and so was the kitchen-table. No ring had been left there, and Mrs. Richardson and Hortense were both quite convinced that she had worn the ring to the dinner-table. It was a large long ring, and they remembered the difficulty with which Mrs. Richardson drew over it her long tight Swedish glove, or they thought they remembered, which is quite as well.

"What is all this that I hear about your losing a ring, Susan?" said her husband.

"I miss that intaglio which you gave me in Rome," said she. "I dropped it at the dinner on Thursday, and it cannot be found."

"I wish it had been any other ring than that," said Mr. Richardson, turning rather pale.

"Why? Do you attach any importance to the legend of ill-luck?"

"No: I am not so superstitious. Still, it came from that accursed Antonelli collection. I never quite liked the legend attached to it, nor do I believe the fellow had any right to sell it to you. Castellani said its loss had entailed bad luck on everybody."

"If we should not have owned it, perhaps it is well to lose it. I regret it, because you gave it to me, and because it was perhaps one of the finest intaglios in the world," said she.

Mr. Richardson kissed his wife, and went out, prepared to buy her five rubies and six large sapphires, and thought how lovely she could be, he added to himself, when she was not thinking of society.

It was a dull summer at Newport, after all: for no one had been particularly absurd or particularly bad. There had been no runaway-matches, no divorces, and nobody had been killed in the hunting-field. The men had played high, and had been very drunk; but not in anybody's parlor. Society gasped for a sensation. Even Ballantyne had not done anything for a long time that was excessive. The tea-parties at Mrs. Creamery's were dreadfully dull, and the whole society paused and panted for an excitement.

So Mrs. Richardson and her ring made a delightful ripple; and, when Ballantyne drove her to the picnic, it began to be discovered how very pretty she was.

"I always thought her nose was rather long; but that gives her face distinction," said Mrs. Battledore.

"Yes, and her figure and foot are very good," said Mrs. Shuttlecock.

"They say she had a fine fortune in her own right," said Mrs. Brownson.

"I should think she ought to have, if she can afford to let Dubby Doolittle steal her ruby, worth four thousand dollars, and never say a word. Why, the men tell me he spouted it in New York, at Tiffany's; and that he played and won four thousand more at the Union; and now here he is with a new tilbury and one horse, actually paid for," said Mrs. Battledore.

"I don't believe that the horse is paid for," said Mrs. Shuttlecock, "or the ruby—"

"She says it was not a ruby," said Mrs. Brownson.

"Oh, well, it was. You see she thinks it is

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swell to pretend that she did not lose so valuable a ring, or care for it if she did. I think she will come up. I have no doubt she will. She has a good deal of talent, I discover, for society."

"Who are you all talking about?" said Stockton, peering in on the ladies, at this juncture.

"About Mrs. Richardson," said Mrs. Shuttlecock.

"I should not have imagined you could find anything to abuse *her* for," said Stockton, half maliciously.

"Yet, strange that she should not have made more fuss about that ring," said Mrs. Battledore.

"Perhaps she had a very good reason," said Stockton.

"You don't say so," said all three ladies. "You don't say so! Why, what is it?"

"Aha! ladies, so you think that I am about to part with one of the most delightful and refreshing pieces of scandal that even Newport has ever been blessed with, and with no prospect of a return-ticket? No: when you can give me anything half as good as I can give you, in this story of a lost ruby, you shall have mine—not till then. Good-morning."

Beverley Stockton was a sort of hanger-on to Ballantyne, a well-born, impecunious, and disreputable man of fashion, whom nobody spoke well of, and whom everybody asked to dinner. He was a gentleman in manner, and might have been trusted to obey those instincts which have to be transmitted, it is said, through three generations. No vulgar vices disgraced this man's manner. He would not have repeated a conversation, opened a letter, listened at a door, bowed to a lady first, or have failed to pay his gambling-debts—when he had the money. He knew all the dueling-laws, and played an excellent game of whist. He dressed admirably and quietly, was witty, well educated, a first-rate rider, dancer, and never bored anybody. People said if he would only settle down and do something.

But that was just what Beverley Stockton did not mean to do.

Incorrigibly lazy, and desperately fond of excitement, with every taste for a large fortune, and no money at all, what was left for Beverley Stockton to be but a hanger-on at a rich man's table? In the absence of better men, who were at work earning a livelihood, this worst specimen of an American gentleman became the favored beau at Newport and in New York. The young débutante listened to his fascinating talk, his polluted arm encircled her waist in the waltz, his fevered and brandied breath saluted her young and dewy cheek. Fast young married women adored him, as he talked of Paris; and even those who should have known better said there was no harm in him.

Harm in him? There was nothing else but harm. The very amiability and softness, the pliant gentleness, that had made him what he was, was full of the most noxious poison.

CHAPTER VIII.

PERHAPS the only person in Newport who had not heard of Mrs. Richardson's loss, or who heard of it but to let it go into one ear and out of the other, was Mrs. Satterlie.

She and her charge, Ottilie Williams, had come to Newport to play at the Casino, in one of those graceful little amateur performances which have ever been an attraction there. You might as well have told a flower not to blossom, a robin not to sing, as to tell Mrs. Satterlie not to act. With inborn tact, she depicted passions which she had never felt, with astonishing clearness. She was the very Niobe of tears, without a thorn in her own breast. She could depict love so admirably that everyone was astonished to hear that she had not so very much loved the late Satterlie, who, dying, had left her a rich widow.

Yes she was, a born actress, at least, for an amateur. When this luxurious rich woman abandoned her boudoir for the boards, she became absolutely careless and indifferent as to comfort, food, dress, and luxurious surroundings. That stage was her world, and a rehearsal, however long and tedious, was to her meat and drink. She liked to sit on a broken chair, in a dirty and stuffy office, talking to Mr. Abraham, the stage-manager at the Stockwell Theatre, a little temple of the legitimate drama, which she sometimes hired for her own plays. She often became so fond of her amateur company that, when they broke up, she would shed the only real tears that she had ever shed in all her life.

Of course, a beautiful rich young widow, with such a prepossession as this, making thus all sorts of friends, acquaintances, and companions, did not escape the tongues of her envious enemies. But there was a spirit of eccentric innocence and purity breathing from every act of Mrs. Satterlie that disarmed criticism. People had to finally say that she was very queer, and to accept whatever she chose to do.

Now, of all the "jeunes premiers" who had knelt at her theatrical shrine, none played so well, none had the confidence of Mrs. Satterlie so entirely as had Levison Lewis, this enthusiastic, charmingly handsome man, with impressionable calm. He was the very creature for the husband

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in "Caste," the hero of those tender domestic unrealities which Robertson has delighted to portray —the dear well-dressed exceedingly toned-down lover of the nineteenth century.

To go back in our story a little. About six months before the Newport episode, Mrs. Lewis had called on Mrs. Satterlie, and had explained that she had a first-class grievance—not one of the satin wire-woven extra-plated society grievances, but one which, to Mrs. Lewis, and to her family, meant disintegration and despair.

"What is it, dear?" said Mrs. Satterlie, laying down her little play-book. "Does not Levison know his part?"

That was the only cause too deep for tears with Mrs. Satterlie.

"Oh, dear! how can you be so trivial and trifling? Levison is madly in love with my English governess, Ottilie Williams, and he is determined to marry her. He hasn't a penny, and no talent—but for private theatricals."

An ordinary woman would have been angry—would have exceedingly resented this news of one of her own "followers." But Mrs. Satterlie was no ordinary woman: she was an actress, and she saw the dramatic possibilities of the situation—perhaps she saw something else.

"Send Levison to me," she had said; "I will disillusion him." She too had her little game.

There was a sort of careless mockery in his face—a hard half-smile, as Levison Lewis sauntered into the china-shop which Mrs. Satterlie called her parlor.

He knew it well. He had been in the habit of coming, since he returned from India, to say his parts, to be scolded or commended, as his theatrical queen chose; and he remembered thinking that she, with her charm and her impulsiveness, had seemed to him to have no more real heart than one of the little Dresden-china shepherdesses on the mantel-piece.

"And so you are really in love, Levison?" asked his friend, in her natural tones, which were rather dry.

"Yes, Mrs. Satterlie, really. She is young, good, and beautiful."

"And then, are you not doing her a great injustice to love and marry her?" asked Mrs. Satterlie.

"I am. I am recklessly destroying her and my prospects. I had a good career, a fair future, opening before me. I shall cut short the career, annihilate the future, offend my uncle, and madden my mamma, by marrying her. What is worse, I shall drag Ottilie into poverty. Knowing all that, we both are determined to marry each other."

"Very good," said Mrs. Satterlie, "very good, Levison, go on," as if he had been saying his part.

"How kind of you to listen to my dull tale," said the young man, angrily. "I have nothing more to say, Mrs. Satterlie, except that Ottilie is as determined as I am. She must lose her situation, give up my young sister, who loves her tenderly."

"You are a cheerful lover, Levison."

"Yes, I have been, ever since I came home, her evil genius. But we love each other. Do not suppose that I am one of those idiots who expect wedded happiness in Baxter Street. But I believe in fate, and it has determined that we two must be miserable together."

"More cheerfulness, Levison. You are good in comedy, but you are impossible in real life. What with your Nirvanas, and Brahmas, and Vedas, and I don't know what Indian nonsense, do let this poor child alone."

"Did you never have a real feeling in your life, Mrs. Satterlie?" asked the young man.

Mrs. Satterlie gave him a look which brought him to his senses.

"We have a plan," said he, after bowing low, and apologizing for his rudeness. "We have a plan—Ottilie and I—of marrying and studying for the stage: for which, as you know, we both have talent."

"Now, indeed, I must temporize," thought Mrs. Satterlie.

"It is an honorable profession," he went on. "We would make it more so, and we could earn —why, we might be Charles Kean and Ellen Tree."

"How many years hence, and for how much a week?" said Mrs. Satterlie. "My dear boy, this is madness. You and I have played it often enough, but we always had terrapin suppers and champagne afterwards. Now I can swim around the stage in all my lace, and wear my best real jewels, and talk about my 'weary world-worn self,' and I can sit in a Louis Quinze salon and look out of the window, and watch you in a peasant-dress, at the left-hand exit, and say: 'Love and a peasant's cottage, how perfect,' but do you know I could not live ten minutes without luxury? And no woman of refined breeding wants to live without it, and selfish and disagreeable is the man who asks her to do it. Ottilie Williams is now a governess. But she has been bred a lady. Will you obey a somewhat absurd condition, or do you prefer poverty and Baxter Street?"

"Mrs. Satterlie, I sometimes think I prefer anything to this pasteboard and tinsel existence which we lead in society," said Levison.

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"What if I propose to help you out of it?" she replied.

"I do not understand you, Mrs. Satterlie," said Levison Lewis.

"I dare say not; few people really do, Levison. There are, however, friends—real friends—in this world, even in that 'pasteboard and tinsel' life to which you have referred. Suppose you trust me? Your mother has just cause for her anger. Ottilie should not be so handsome. You should not have come home from India. You should not be so poor. Nothing is as it ought to be. Now I will invite Ottilie to become my companion, on one condition, and that is that you shall not address her as a lover, except on our amateur stage, for one year. You must give your word to your mother and to me, and Ottilie shall also promise, that there shall be a suspension of hostilities. No Charles Kean, Ellen Tree business about it."

There had been a sulky compliance on Levison's part, after this interview; many a tear from Elly: some frowns from Mrs. Lewis, and a calm and mysterious acquiescence on the part of Ottilie.

All this we have told, in order to explain how Ottilie came to be at Newport with Mrs. Satterlie. And now to return to the thread of our story.

"She is so—so very good to me," Ottilie had whispered to her lover, one day, "do thank her, when you next find her alone."

So the next time he called upon her, Levison took one of what he called Mrs. Satterlie' "absent-minded hands"—real "actress-hands," and kissed it, with tears in his eyes. "Thank you for your kindness to Ottilie," said the young fellow, with real tears in his eyes.

"Oh, Levison, if you would only do as well as that in 'The Dreary Town.' Now you were so poor at rehearsal yesterday."

She had forgotten all about her "absent-minded hand." It still rested in the warm palm of young Lewis. Hands were but stage-properties to the actress.

Levison Lewis looked down at the hand. He knew it well. So white, so large, so long, so expressive, a capital hand for the stage, and on the fourth finger—a fine straight marble finger it was—he saw a ring.

"A sapphire intaglio," said he. "Isn't that new? I don't remember that among your rings, and I know them all pretty well."

Mrs. Satterlie suddenly remembered her hand, and snatched it away.

She actually blushed. "No," said she, "no, that is not new; but I seldom wear it. Yes, it is a very fine intaglio. It is my Ariadne. See how well cut—"

With a certain flutter, she took it off and handed it to the young man.

Lewis took it to the window, looked through it at the light.

"Yes," said he, "it is a very fine intaglio, a very remarkable one, in fact."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CLEARER VISION.

BY T. C. JUDKINS.

"How dreary is yon shore!" said I,
As down we drifted with the tide.
"Dreary to you? Not so to me,"
She answer made. Quick I replied,
A trifle piqued: "No beauty I
Can see in dwarfed and leafless trees."
"My vision parts that veil," quoth she,
"I see warm hearts behind those trees."

Since then I've roved—have older grown;
Those simple words are with me still,
Their truth I've proven o'er and o'er
By finding good where seemed was ill,
And yet again, where all looked fair—
Art sharing nature's wish to please—
There anguish dwelt and bitterness;
It lacked warm hearts behind those trees.

I've seen a hut with floor and walls
So bare, that even penury
Did blush to look thereon, and vow
He ne'er had known such misery.
A beggar totters to the door;
Can he expect to there find ease?
He lifts the latch—a kiss: 'tis home,
'Tis life: warm hearts behind those trees.

I've stood on earth where Mammon's gold
Had reared a mansion to the skies;
Forms fairy moved in floods of light,
Through gilded halls, 'neath tapestries.
The master comes; yet pauses now,
And weeps. Why this? Has dire disease
O'ertaken him? Yes, death; he fails
To find warm hearts behind those trees.

Blest is the man who knows true friends;
Curst is the man who ne'er knew one;
The one in life sees hope and love,
The other finds of earth a tomb.
Yet happier far is he who seeks
A balm for woe on bended knees;
Whoe'er then looks on gathering clouds
Finds peace—warm hearts behind those trees.

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THE PICKPOCKET.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Miss Lina Talbot got into a Madison Avenue car one morning. Oddly enough, though born and bred in New York, a ride in a street-car was rather a novelty to her. She was the youngest of a large family: rich, petted, pretty, nineteen, adored by all her family.

She had made her début in society a year previous, and, thanks to the position of her family, joined to her personal advantages, had shone as a bright particular star. Yet she often gave the golden youth of Murray Hill cause to complain that, in spite of their honeyed compliments, her beautiful eyes often had a dreamy far-off expression as puzzling as it was exasperating to their vanity.

For she had a romance, and during these later months it had grown more and more enticing, perhaps in a measure owing to the vigilance with which she guarded it from everybody save her mother. Even Mrs. Talbot, however, was scarcely aware how deep a hold this romance had taken of her darling's fancy.

When Lina was thirteen, her favorite cousin, Jack Faucett, then a youth of one-and-twenty, had gone out to Brazil, to attend to his father's interests in a business-house, in which that gentleman was a silent partner, and had remained there ever since. He had been very fond of Lina from her babyhood, and, as she grew up rapidly into a tall slip of a girl, whose mental faculties matured with equal precocity, she became Jack's fast friend and confidant. Hence, after his departure, what so natural as that she should write frequent and charming letters to him? Time went on, until a photograph, that reproduced marvelously the loveliness into which she had developed at seventeen, roused the young gentleman into absolute passion. His epistles grew more numerous, and their earnestness increased in an equal ratio. Hence, during the last year, it had become an understood thing that, when he came back, the cousins were ready to fall in love. Mrs. Talbot had promised her nephew not to oppose this tacit species of engagement, which she sensibly decided would be idle, since the real mischief was evidently already done.

And now Jack was coming home. Coming by the next steamer, which might be expected any day. So it was no wonder that Lina had grown so much more dreamy and abstracted. The night before our story opens, she had dreamed of Jack, and her thoughts had been full of him all the morning. So, when she stepped into the car and seated herself, she was too busy with her own reflections to notice how many admiring or critical glances, according to the sex of the bestowers, were cast upon her.

All at once, a lurch of the car sent a young gentleman, standing in front of her, almost into her lap, and she came suddenly out of her abstraction to bow in return for his apologies, and vaguely notice that he was particularly well-bred and stylish. But she soon forgot all about him, till she was reminded of his existence by his picking up her pocket-handkerchief, which she had inadvertently dropped. Then she saw that he was staring fixedly at her. Naturally, she grew annoyed. Then he seated himself beside her, and was forced to sit very close, too: for the car was crowded. But he remained apparently oblivious when the rising of two persons on the opposite side left a space, of which he would have done well to avail himself. Instead, he opened a paper, and began to read: yet Lina knew that he was looking at her out of the corner of his eye all the time. She grew indignant; she felt inclined to change her seat, but she disliked to attract attention in that way.

Suddenly, while he still read diligently, his left hand fell to his side, next her. He raised it immediately, and ostentatiously turned his shoulder towards her, as she made an impatient movement. At the same instant, she touched the pocket of her jacket, in which she remembered carelessly to have put her portemonnaie. It was gone.

"He is a thief," she said to herself. There could be no doubt about it. But what should she do? Her first impulse was to call out. Then the dread of a scene flashed across her: he would be arrested; she would be obliged to appear against him; her name would get in the newspapers.

"No, no," she said to herself; "it is better to bear the loss: luckily, there was only twenty dollars in the pocket-book. Oh, I cannot submit to such an annoyance."

But Miss Talbot possessed a fair share of firmness and determination. She had the end seat: she could speak to the man unobserved.

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She bent her head towards him, therefore, very slightly, and said, in a tone audible only to his ear:

"You've stolen my portemonnaie, sir. Unless you leave the car this instant, I will order the conductor to have you arrested by the first policeman he sees."

The wretch started, and she thought he was about to jump up and escape. But no: he leaned back in his seat, and looked at her—impudently, as she thought. His assurance rendered her so indignant, that she was almost ready to give him into custody, when the conductor shouted:

"Fourteenth Street: step lively."

And, as Fourteenth Street was the destination to which she was bound, she had to get out.

As she rose, Lina instinctively glanced back at the thief. He had half risen, as if to get out too. But when he saw she was leaving, he sank into his seat again.

"How do you do, Miss Talbot?" called an acquaintance, stepping to one side of the platform as she got off the other. Then the car dashed on, leaving her to reflect, when too late, that she had done wrong. "She owed it to justice, no matter what the personal annoyance," she said, "to expose the thief."

Meantime, the pickpocket sat perfectly still, mechanically holding his paper, but evidently blind to its contents. But when he heard her name uttered by her acquaintance, he repeated it several times to himself.

"Miss Talbot? Miss Talbot?" he said, curiously.

At first, he had been angry. For, say what you will, no honest man was ever taken for a thief without feeling angry for an instant. Then he began to be amused. He held up his paper, and behind its screen reflected at leisure.

At Astor Place he rose to leave the car. As he reached the door, his neighbor called aloud:

"You've dropped your pocket-book, sir."

The young man looked back, turned pale, and hesitated for an instant. Then he took it, murmured some words of confused thanks, and stepped from the platform.

"After all," he said, "she had reason to suspect me. Yet, if we had got up when she spoke, we would have discovered her portemonnaie just under the edge of my coat. It had hidden itself when dislodged from her pocket. How strange!"

Meanwhile, Miss Talbot finished her shopping. Then she walked up Broadway to Twenty-fifth Street, and stopped, according to agreement, to take luncheon with a friend. Of course, you think she told the story of her loss, before even pausing to greet her hostess. Most young women would have done so. But Lina was not like ordinary girls. After lunch, she went with her friend to Sarony's, where that lady had an appointment to sit for her photograph, and, as there was not only herself but Lina to satisfy, naturally a good deal of time was consumed in the operation.

It was late in the afternoon before Mrs. Lindley dropped Lina at her own abode, that young lady turning a deaf ear to all entreaties to go on to the Park. She had not recovered from the nervousness incident upon her unpleasant adventure, was tired, and longed to go home and rest.

Philo—not the philosopher, but a portly mulatto waiter—admitted his young mistress, with his usual profusion of condescending bows, and, if she had not been preoccupied, she might have observed that his eyes were saucer-wide with some astounding intelligence, which he was quivering with eagerness to impart. But, before he could close the door and open his puffy lips, out of the reception-room flew a tiny lady, with her brown orbs as wide open as Philo's, and her whole frame quivering, not only with excitement, but with indignation.

"I thought it was your ring, Lina," she cried. "Come in here, quick."

She was as rapid in her movements as a little india-rubber ball. She nearly upset Philo in her swoop, seized Lina, dragged her into the reception-room, and had the door shut in a trice, leaving Philo outside, mute and indignant.

Lina, breathless from the haste with which she had been impelled forward, still said, coolly, for she knew her elder sister's excitability:

"What is the matter?"

"Matter?" gasped Mrs. Warner, sinking into a chair, and uplifting both hands. "You may well ask. And you couldn't guess if you tried incessantly for a whole week. No, not if you were a book, holding the answers to all the riddles ever invented."

"Then you'd better tell me at once," said Lina, beginning to laugh, as she sat down and untied her bonnet-strings, deliberately.

"For mercy's sake, don't," cried her sister, "unless you want to drive me out of my senses. It's hard enough to bear without your making a joke of it."

"If it is sympathy you require, dear," rejoined Lina, "it would be better to explain the reason."

"Sympathy?" broke in Mrs. Warner, with an angry sob. "I declare, Lina, sometimes I'm almost ready to believe you have no natural feeling whatever—not a grain."

"You are evidently more vexed than grieved,"

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said Lina, "so I need not dread that any calamity has befallen the children or mamma—"

"I do believe mamma is crazy. If she isn't, she'll drive me so," again interrupted Mrs. Warner, with a second sob, louder and angrier than the preceding.

"If you presume to think such things, I cannot allow you to say them to me, Anna," returned Miss Talbot, still more coldly than before.

"Oh, yes, pounce on me, as if it were my fault. But wait till you hear. There's mamma, not content with knocking a man down in the street, has brought him into the house; and he's upstairs this moment; and the doctor is there; and all this, instead of sending for an ambulance, and getting him to a hospital, as anybody else would have done. What do you think of that? Oh, a nice tale it will make. What will people say? We shall be the laughing-stock of all Murray Hill. There are things society will not submit to, even from a woman in mamma's position."

The door opened at this moment, and Philo interrupted the tirade.

"If you please, Miss Lina," he said, "your mamma desires de pleasure ob a little conversation in her boodier. And, Mrs. Warner, de doctor is jis' gwine out, if you wished to speak to him."

Away dashed Mrs. Warner, and in the hall caught the departing Esculapius, on whom Lina bestowed a hasty salutation, as she hurried up the stairs.

"What has happened, mamma?" she asked, as she entered the luxurious little nest in which her mother sat. "Anna is quite frantic—says you knocked a man down, and with strange inconsistency brought him home, and that all Murray Hill will be aghast at the proceeding."

Mrs. Talbot, whom Lina so closely resembled that one could see just how the girl would look, and how handsome she would still be if she lived to fifty, laughed a little, but said:

"I feel almost as crazy as Anna, to tell you the truth, dear. I had been out driving. A horse ran away. A young gentleman was crossing the street. My carriage-pole knocked him down. His head struck the curb-stone, he fell senseless—"

"Of course, you had him brought in," interrupted Lina, eagerly.

"Of course. He might be dying, for all I knew."

"What does the doctor say?"

"The blow caused concussion of the brain. Fortunately, it is not severe. But he cannot be moved at present. He is still insensible. In a few hours, Dr. Osborne thinks, he will probably rouse up enough so that he can tell us who he is."

"Poor mamma!"

"Yes, dear, it has shaken me a good deal. It was so terrible to seem, even innocently, the cause of such an accident. But the doctor is certain it will not prove very serious. Quite a young man. Somehow he reminds me of some person, but I can't think who it is."

"Where is he?"

"In the Chinese chamber. Hark! isn't that Anna's voice?"

"Yes. She captured the doctor in the hall. She is crying, I think," replied Lina.

"I suppose I must go down and relieve her apprehensions," said Mrs. Talbot. "But just step in and ask Topham the address of that nurse she was speaking of. We can't have Topham sitting up all night."

Mrs. Talbot departed accordingly, while Lina went to do her errand. She opened the door softly. But Topham, the old family nurse, whose ears were as quick as if she had been sixteen, instead of sixty, looked up at once. When she saw that it was Lina, the pride and joy of her old heart, she looked up with a smile.

Lina asked the address.

"I'll run downstairs just a minute, and tell her myself," said Topham. "Just you wait here, my dearest dear. Not that he'll stir or rouse up. I won't be gone no time. But I told that stupid Rhoda to bring me more towels, and she hasn't done it, and I must go and see about them; and so I'll tell your mamma about the address at the same time."

Lina stood in the doorway till the old woman had disappeared, looking about the room. The curtains darkened it, and the bed was turned, so that she could not see its occupant. Finally she stole forward, impelled by an impulse which she could not resist, even while she dreaded it. She drew close to the couch; gazed down at the pale countenance and closed eyes; gave one long look; then started back; then looked again; while a mingling of feelings, in which pity, loathing, and anger all found a place, surged through her mind.

For the man who lay there was the thief who had robbed her in the street-car, that morning.

At first she thought to run away. Then her eye caught sight of a coat, hanging over the back of a chair. The coat was his, of course. She took up the garment, put her hand in the breast-pocket, and drew out a portemonnaie. It was her own.

Some undefined sentiment of pity for the degraded wretch, as rapid as it was unreasoning, caused her to take the pocket-book, and hide it in the nearest drawer. She could not bear the thing

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in her own possession. But she remembered that if, as might easily happen, his garments were searched for proofs of his identity, the book would be at once recognized as her property. She could not endure the thought of having to explain what manner of creature he was, while he lay there, to all outward appearance so near the confines of another world.

Some subtile impulse compelled her, in spite of herself, to turn, before she left the room, and look again at the white immovable face. It was not only handsome, but refined. The forehead, low and broad, beneath the thick clusters of auburn curls, revealed intellect of no common order. More perplexing still, that vague likeness to some known countenance, which her mother had also noticed, rose before her.

A slight noise startled her. She looked to see what had caused it. The coat had fallen on the floor. She stooped, picked it up, and hung it—wrong side out—over the back of the chair. As she did this, she noticed a little square of silk, stitched on the lining just below the collar, on which some words were marked in gilt letters. She took up the coat again, and read the lines. The name was that of the owner of the coat, and there was also the name of the Brazilian tailor who made it, and the first was that of her own cousin, Jack Faucett.

She stood, struck dumb. What did it all mean? Suddenly she heard Topham's step on the stairs, and, hastening into the hall, replied as quietly as she could to the old woman's apologies for detaining her so long, and flew on to the seclusion of her own chamber, to think it all out. A mystery was somewhere.

For a few moments she was so dazed that she could not think at all. But finally a light struck her bewildered brain. It must be Jack. It was impossible that anyone else should have his coat. It was no wonder she had not recognized him, for the only photograph she had of him was so poor that it might have stood for almost anybody's likeness as well as his. But he had undoubtedly recognized her in the cars. So far, well. Then came the perplexing reflection: Why had he not made himself known? Why run the risk of hearing her proclaim him a thief? She remembered that Jack, in old days, was always offending her youthful dignity by indulging in practical jokes. He had elected to inaugurate their meeting by playing what he no doubt considered a capital jest, but it offended her good taste beyond description: even her pity for his accident, as she thought over it all now, could not make her *entirely forgive* him.

One thing was certain. She must find her mother, and tell her who the unknown sufferer was. She looked into the boudoir. Mrs. Talbot was not there, though Lina was certain she heard Anna go out as she left the Chinese chamber.

"Mamma," she said, as she opened the door of the reception-room, "I know who is upstairs. Now, please don't be distressed—"

But alas! before Mrs. Talbot could speak, her sister Anna, who had not gone home as she supposed, broke in.

"Who is it?—who is it?" she cried, excitedly. "A dynamiter? I told you so, mamma."

"I know you did, my dear," interrupted Mrs. Talbot; "and you told me he was twenty other things equally probable. Now, perhaps you will allow Lina to tell us who he really is, and how she found out?"

"Haven't I asked her to? Haven't I begged and prayed?" cried Mrs. Warner. "Heavens and earth—Lina to know and make this mystery—its just like her—I'd not have believed it, if all the world had—"

Mrs. Talbot interrupted the torrent of words by laying her hand on her elder daughter's mouth, and holding it there firmly, while she said:

"Who is it, Lina?"

"Cousin Jack, mamma—Jack Faucett. His name is printed on the lining of his coat."

"I'm not surprised: I expected it," cried Anna. "Over and over I've said that Uncle John would repent sending him off into that godless land—ask George if I haven't: George knows. And now he has met with his reward. I'll go and tell Aunt Marcia. I'll bring her here. She's sure to be at home; for she's so bad with her rheumatism, that she can't get out of bed."

It required the combined strength of her relatives to hold her, she wildly upbraiding them all the while, and demanding, with floods of tears, if they wished to let that poor boy die without the consolation of seeing his mother in his last hours.

"Let me go!" she moaned, "let me go! Every moment is precious; he may be dead before she can reach here."

In the midst of her hysterical cries, the door opened, and Philo, in a stentorian voice, announced:

"Mr. Jack Faucett!"

As Philo spoke, a tall bearded bronzed man rushed into the room.

"Here I am. Would you have known me?" he said. "Not a bit, of course. I sent the photograph before I grew my beard, and did so on purpose. My! aunt, you haven't changed a particle. As for Lina—"

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Before he could get further, before her mother and sister had caught their breath, Mrs. Warner was shrieking:

"Philo! Philo! here's a burglar; here's an assassin. Oh, you bold wretch: and our Cousin Jack this instant upstairs with his back broken, and perhaps not a whole bone in his body, and Aunt Marcia waiting for me to fetch her before he dies."

"You've not changed, either, in the least, Cousin Anna," interrupted the intruder, bursting into a fit of laughter. Then, a moment after, he added: "But what does this all mean, about my being upstairs with my back broken? I was never better in my life. I've had no accident. I'm no burglar—"

Mrs. Talbot here told of the accident, while Lina rapidly explained having discovered Jack's name on the coat. "And—and," she said, confused, "we thought it was you."

It was now Jack's turn to explain.

"It must be Cecil Trevor," he exclaimed, excitedly. "We landed this morning. He wore one of my coats out. Where is he? He is the dearest friend I have in the world. I wrote you about him, Lina. People used to take us for brothers before I grew my beard."

The pickpocket was really Cecil Trevor; and for two weeks he lay so ill in Mrs. Talbot's house that he could give no explanation of his having found the portemonnaie, and being on his way to restore it to Miss Lina, whose address he had discovered written therein, when he met with his accident.

By the time he was able to leave that hospitable roof, he and Lina had grown friends, and it did not require many further weeks to convince the young lady that she had been sorely mistaken in believing Cousin Jack to be her ideal. However—fortunately for her peace of mind, and for that of the handsome pickpocket—Jack, before this, had fallen wildly in love with a youthful Bostonian, and, possessing a fair share of masculine modesty, was only afraid that his fickleness might break Lina's heart. What a relief it was, therefore, to hear the truth.

When the double engagement was announced to the family, silly Mrs. Warner waxed more incoherent than ordinary, crying:

"I predicted it: George knows—ask George. I said this was Providence. Mamma could not have been induced nearly to kill that young man without some special reason, and it seems a miracle that he should have written Jack's name on his coat-collar. And then for Laura Houston to come home from Europe this very spring, as if it was foreordained that she should marry Jack, in spite of Uncle John's sending him out to Brazil to be eaten by anacondas, when he always vowed it should be Lina: George knows. Ask George."

MIRROR LAKE, YOSEMITE.

BY FANNIE ISABELLE SHERRICK.

How like a soul thou art!
So calm and fair,
As through the air
Thy mirrored forms of rocks and trees,
Scarce stirred by wind or zephyr breeze,
Form of thyself a part.

The dizzy cliffs and domes of gray,
Uplifted high
Against the sky,
Look down and see in thy calm face
The impress of a God-like grace,
That cannot fade away.

Wert thou less calm and clear,
The pictures fair
Reflected there
Would never meet the human eye;
But thou hast pictured earth and sky
In shadowy pool-depths near.

Each human soul, like thee,
Is but a glass
Where pictures pass
From day to day; and every care
And every joy is mirrored there,
For God and man to see.

Upon those waves of light
The lines of thought,
In shadows wrought,
Lie mirrored oft; and, like to thine,
Each picture speaks the truth divine
That marks the spirit's flight.

This morn, the orb of gold
Crept still and far,
A golden star,
And on yon crested mount it hung:
By poets eyes unseen, unsung,
Until the morn grew old.

In gorgeous hues it came,
And cast its sheen
Thy waves between,
Until the shadows crept away
Abashed, beneath the touch of day,
And died in shrouds of flame.

Oh, here, where dream-forms lie,
And willows hide
The gentle tide,
The soul could drift forevermore,
And learn of lake and rock-bound shore
Great thoughts that could not die.

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IN THE RING.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

It was the turnkey who spoke.

"Yes, sir, that's the man, in the cell yonder," he said: "him that's walking up and down now, with the big blue eyes and the color in his face. That's Tom, sir—Tom Dennie."

"A fine face," I said, almost unconsciously.

"I believe you, sir. You'd hardly pick out that man, among all the rough lot I've been a-showing you, as the man who's to be hanged to-morrow—eh, sir? Things is wrong, somehow. I say to myself every day, since I came here, things is wrong. Here are we two fellows, who worked together nigh upon ten years in the same circus, he as first rider, and I as Japanese tumbler, and always friends, with never a word between us. And now, here am I—along of hurting my back on a sharp stone left under the carpet, so that I had to leave the profession, which I never should have, any other way—getting good pay and steady work—though it ain't pleasant work, mind you, it ain't pleasant work—as turnkey in the county jail. And here is Tom Dennie, as I never could hold a candle to, the squarest man, take him all round, that ever I knew, in this same jail, under lock and key, and going to be hanged to-morrow.

"I tell you, sir, it ain't right; and nobody can ever make me think it is right. I don't want to say anything disrespectful to anybody; but I sometimes think we managed things better in the old circus than they do in these here courts of justice.

"The story of it, sir? Well, yes. Perhaps I can tell it as well as anybody can: for I was there all along, d'ye see, sir—right beside all the parties, so to speak. And likewise 'twas only yesterday Tom went over the whole thing with me himself. 'It'll make no difference to her or to me,' says he; 'but I'd rather people should know the rights of it.' So, if you'll step into my little room, sir—this way, please. It ain't a pretty room, but it's warm. And I says to myself, whenever I think how dismal it is: 'Steady work,' says I, 'steady work, my boy; and that's what you want, with a family to support.'

"Well, sir, the way of it was this: You see, Tom Dennie and Amy—she that was killed, you know, sir: Amy Conroy, her name was—Tom and Amy had always been together ever since they were children. Amy was ten years old when she came to the circus with her mother—as was 'fat woman' with us for three years; then she died, and left the child to be brought up to the riding. She was a very small child, Amy was, though pretty as a picture; and it was comical enough to see her alongside of her mother, who was nigh onto four hundred in a calico dress and no trimmings. Tom was about fourteen then—the smartest boy in the ring, and the best; and he and Amy—well, sir, they took to each other from the first. They used to play they were brother and sister; and many's the time Tom saved her from a rough word by taking the blame on himself. Not that she ever did anything bad, you understand—for she was as good a child as ever I see—but in little things, such as the ponies' sugar, for example. What can you expect at that age? And then the beasts would turn sulky, and the trainer perhaps lose two or three hours with them. But the trainer was fond of Amy—very fond of her indeed he was—and used to call her Bong-Aimay, I remember: being a Frenchman, and having a foolish manner of speaking, as I notice they do in general.

"It was the prettiest sight to see her and Tom practicing on them ponies. But there, sir, I beg your pardon: living in the ring most of my life, I forget that everybody else hasn't, and I do run on. But you're in a hurry, sir, so I'll get on with my story, and make it as short as I can.

"Things went on very pleasant and very quiet—traveling in summer, hippodrome performances in winter, all regular and peaceful, till this last year—as ever was. Amy was sixteen then, and Tom was twenty; tip-top riders, both of them, and she the best 'tight-rope' in the profession. 'Twas last June that the manager sent her, with a good many others of us, into the back counties on a 'starring' round. She was the 'star,' Amy was, and old Ryder, he was our 'governor.' Ryder and Jinks's Mammoth Constellation Show: you must have seen the bills often, even if you don't care for such things, sir. Old Ryder give her the name of Signorina Maraquina, the 'flashing meteor of the arenic stage.' Yes, sir, quite a name we thought that was: our show always had good names, the governor having a gift that way.

"We was to be gone several weeks, and Tom, he begged hard to go, too; but the governor

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couldn't spare him — like another right hand for him, Tom was—so he had to stay at home. But, before the party started, him and Amy found out as they cared a good deal more for each other than brothers and sisters, and so they were engaged. They were to have been married just about this time, sir. And see how it is now, sir: it ain't right, I tell you: nothing will ever make me think it is right.

"Well, sir, we went off on that round, and that was the beginning of all the trouble: for it was while we was off that the other one joined us—Black Rob. Robert Smith, his name was; but we all called him Black Rob, on account of his ugly looks and ways. I always thought, myself, that he must have Injun blood in his veins: for he had that snaky, venomous look in his eyes, that them varmints have. But, Injun, or Turk, or whatever, he was a downright ugly customer; and old Ryder would never have hired him on, I believe, if he had been along. But Jinks was running this trip, and he didn't know much; and I will say that Rob was a powerful good contortionist. Turn himself inside out, he could, and sit down inside his own skeleton, and grin at you through his ribs. You know that kind, sir; they're always bad characters, I notice, just like the snakes and eels they try to imitate: wriggling, squirming varmints, I call 'em all—yah!

"Well, and what does this precious fellow do, but go and take a shine to our Amy. It was no wonder, for she was as pretty as a pink with the dew on it; but he pestered her almost to death, hanging round her, and making soft speeches to her, and staring at her, when she couldn't bear the sight of him. I never knew Amy to speak hard of anybody except him, for she always seemed to see good in people when nobody else could; but she hated Black Rob as she would a snake. However, she couldn't get rid of him, for he kept following her round like her own shadow, and making love to her, till the poor child was e'enamost crazy.

"We had good luck, and were gone about four weeks. When we came back, Amy told Tom all about these goings-on; and he was mad enough, I tell you. He swore that the first time he caught Rob speaking to her, he'd break his ugly head for him. But Amy, she begged him to let it go. She was afraid of the man, she said, and didn't want his ill-will. When she was married he couldn't tease her, she said. And then she'd laugh, and look up at him with her pretty brown eyes, till he forgot all about Black Rob and everything else but just her.

"We were pretty busy just then, and things went on quiet enough till—well, about two months ago it is now. The wedding-day was fixed, and Amy and Tom was as happy as two birds. They didn't say much, but their faces was as good as a June sun to warm yourself by. The governor made it easy for Amy, so she could do her bits of sewing and that; and she would sit in her little room, sewing away and singing, till you'd have to look in at the window to make sure that she hadn't turned into a canary-bird. That girl! People used to think her a beauty in her white gauze dress, as the Signorina Marquina; but I tell you, sir, that was nothing to the beauty of her in a little pink calico frock she used to wear, with a white collar and apron, and her brown curls falling all about her sweet face. Little Amy! well, well!

"You must excuse me, sir, knowing her ever since she was that high, you see, it comes over me at times, sir—it comes over me!

"One day, Amy was practicing in the ring, all alone as it happened; and, by bad luck, Black Rob came by the door and saw her. He came in and began to talk in the same old way, about dying for her, and why wouldn't she look at him, and all that sort of thing. Amy got out of patience at last: for you see, sir, she thought he knew all about her and Tom being engaged. But it turned out he didn't, having joined but lately, and all the old hands knowing it so long it was a matter of course, let alone his being so disagreeable that nobody cared to talk to him. So she spoke up to him pretty sharp, and told him he ought to be ashamed of himself, and no one but a mean fellow would tease her so: and just then who should come by the door but Tom, and she called him in. He saw in a minute what was up, and he gave it to Rob! told him to let Amy alone and go about his business, or he'd help him, or something like that. 'I'd like to know what right you have to stop my speaking to her?' growls Rob. 'I'll speak to her as much as I like, for all you!' 'Faith,' says Tom, 'I've as good a right as anyone, I'm thinking; the right of the man who is going to marry her next week, my boy.' Rob turned white about the lips at that, and, looking at Amy, 'Is that a lie?' says he. 'No,' says she, drawing close to Tom. 'It's as true as sunshine,' says she. Then, feeling sorry for the man, for he looked as if he had been shot, she said: 'I am sorry I spoke so cross to you, Rob. I thought you knew it, of course. Everybody in the circus has known it this long time.' He didn't seem to hear her, but stood looking first at her, and then at Tom, and his face a kind of greenish-gray color, Tom says, that wasn't pleasant to look at. At last he says: 'Curse you both,'

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says he: 'I'll be even with you yet.' With that he turns away, but at the door he stops and looks back at Tom. Do you know the look of a snake, sir, when you've got him pinned with a forked stick, and the dumb critter wriggles his head round and looks up at you, and tries to tell you with his eyes how he hates you? That was the way he looked, Tom says. 'And so you are going to marry her next week, Tom Dennie?' he says. 'I wish you joy,' and with that he was off.

"Amy was frightened out of her wits, poor little thing. 'Oh, Tom, what did he mean?' she cried. 'I'm afraid of him: I know he'll do us some hurt.' 'Nonsense,' said Tom, cheering her up a bit. 'He didn't mean anything. He was drunk, I believe. Don't worry your little head about him, Birdie, but show me the new step you've been learning.' He laughed it off, and she soon got over her fright: but Tom wasn't quite easy about the matter himself, for all he made so light of it.

"Two days after that, the governor sent Tom over to B——, on some business. I don't know what it was, but it was something very important, and only him or Tom could manage it, and he was laid up with rheumatics. Tom didn't want to go, but there was no help for it, and besides, there didn't seem to be any real reason why he shouldn't go: he just didn't want to, and he couldn't tell why. He was to be away over night, so he got all his work done before he started. There wa'n't no shirking nor putting-off with Tom Dennie: everything square and ready up to the handle—that was the way with him. Amy was to dance that night in the upper ring. The upper ring, sir, is where the rope is stretched twice as high as for the common dancers. Only the first-class ones does it. Well, so Tom went to make sure, last thing before he started, that everything was all right for that. 'Twan't no part of his work. Billy Dalny had charge of the ropes—but Tom didn't think none too much of Billy. He was a good fellow enough—I always said Billy was a good fellow; but you know, sir, some men are born late in the afternoon, and Billy was one of them, so Tom always looked after everything himself, when Amy was going on. He went into the closet where the ropes were kept, to see if they were all right for the evening, and he found that the rope they had been using wasn't fit to go on again—frayed half-way through in one place it was. So he threw it behind a barrel, where nobody could see it, and put a new one out, all ready for use. Then he called Billy Dalny, and told him about it, and scolded him a bit for leaving things till the last minute like that. As he came out of the closet he stumbled against somebody, and, looking up, saw it was Black Rob glowering at him, white as a ghost, and looking uglier than ever. But Amy was waiting for Tom, to say good-night to him, and he hadn't no time to think of Rob, much less speak to him. It came back to him afterwards, though—it came back to him.

"He went off, sir, as happy as a king. When he got to B——, he found the parties he was to see waiting for him, in a hurry, full of business. Well, he wa'n't anxious to fool away any more time than was necessary, so the long and short of it was, they settled everything fair and square, up to the handle—that was Tom's way—in about half the time they had expected to, and Tom found that, by hurrying a bit, he could get back in time for the evening performance. Well, sir, he hurried that bit. He says he never felt in such a hurry in his life before, and he remembers wondering what ailed him: for there wa'n't nothing for him to do, when he did get back. However, back he came, and got in just after the performance had begun. Amy was to dance the first thing, so he was making for the ring at once; but, as he passed by the rope-closet, he saw the door standing open, and he looked in, just to make sure that all was right. He told me, sir, that his heart seemed to stand still in him when he saw the new rope lying there coiled up, just as he had left it. He looked behind the barrel—the old rope was gone. He called out something, he didn't know what, for his head was all in a whirl: but at the sound of his voice, Billy Dalny came out of the common-room close by. 'Why, Tom,' says Billy, 'you back a'ready?' 'The rope!' says Tom; 'the rope!' and that was all he could say. 'Oh, the ropes are all right,' says Billy. 'I hurt my arm this afternoon, powerful bad, and Rob Smith offered to put them up for me, like a good fellow.'

"Then Tom saw through the whole black devil's trick. He caught hold of a chair to steady himself a minute. Then he rushed for the ring. He reached the ring, sir, just in time to hear the great crowd give a yell like a whole menagerie—just in time to see the rope part at the frayed place, and Amy fall from a height of forty feet—

"You'll excuse me, sir. I ain't no hand to tell this story. Knowing her from a child, you see, I—well, sir, it wa'n't a sight to see, that's all. I hope you'll never be called to see one like it, sir.

"Tom lifted up his little sweetheart, sir, as quiet and still as if she was asleep, and he afraid of waking her. She breathed once as he lifted her: that was all. He stood looking at

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her in his arms, quite calm, stunned-like, while everybody was crowding round him, and the women screaming, and the men asking questions, and pushing, and trying to find out how it all happened. Suddenly Tom looked around at the people with a curious dazed look, as if he wondered what they were doing there: then in another minute he had pushed them out of his way with one arm, as if they had been so many straws, and was gone with her.

"He carried her to her own little room, and laid her down on the bed. She had left her work there when she went to dress for the performance—a dress she was making: a white thing, with little flowers worked on it; it was to have been her wedding-dress, sir. Her arm fell on it as Tom laid her down, and the needle ran into her hand. She didn't feel it, sir. There wasn't no more pain for our Amy then. But Tom felt the prick of that needle. It was the first thing that hurt him, he said.

"I went into the common room, sir, with a lot of the other men, to wait for the doctor. We had got the audience safe out, and shut up the shop, and we was waiting around, we didn't know exactly what for. One man had gone to fetch the doctor, though there wasn't nothing for him to do, except to tell us what we knew already. But I was kind o' sick and weak, and maybe all of us was: for we seemed to want to keep together.

"None of us thought to notice Black Rob, sitting in a corner by himself, as he mostly did, away from the rest of us. We was sitting round the stove, with our backs to the door. Presently someone turned round a minute: then suddenly he cried: 'My God! look there, men.' And we all sprang to our feet, and saw Tom Dennie standing in the doorway.

"Never till I die, sir, shall I forget that look. Tom's face, that had always such a bright color in it, was a dead bluish-white, looking like death about the lips, that were set as if he would never open them again; and his eyes had a kind o' hungry shine in them, and were wide open; the lids were moving. He was stooping forward a little, his hand inside the breast of his shirt. He never moved nor spoke, but just stood looking round the room with that awful stare, till his eyes came to Rob Smith, cowering in the corner.

"Then, sir, he made one spring, it seemed, and was on him in an instant. Rob started up with a screech like an Injun, and tried to get out his knife, and called to us to help him; but there wasn't no time for anyone to move: for Tom's hand was out from his breast, and all in one breath came a click, a flash, and a shot, and then a heavy fall.

"Dead? Yes, sir: that black soul was started on its travels before it had time to wonder where it was going—that is, if he had a soul: being, as I said, half Injun, I believe.

"We all ran forward, and some lifted up the body, to see if there was any life in it, while two men caught hold of Tom. He laughed, and threw down his revolver. 'You needn't hold me, boys,' he said: 'I'm not going to run away. And you needn't take no trouble about him,' he added: 'he's as dead as Judas.'

"After that, he wouldn't speak a word, but sat resting his head on his hand, looking straight in front of him. Only, when we carried out the body, he looked after it in a dazed sort of way, as if he was trying to think of something. Presently, he got up, and went out, some of us following. He went into Amy's little room again, and sat down by the bed, and took the little cold hand and began looking for the mark of the needle-prick.

"Nothing could get him away from there. Nothing nor nobody could make him stir nor speak, till the officers came and took him: then he went with them like a lamb, without a word, only looking back at Amy, where the women had laid her, with a flower in her bosom.

"There, sir, that's all the story. There ain't many harder ones, to my thinking. Tom, sir? He's been just as you see him ever since I came here, as was about a month ago: walking up and down, up and down, with that bright look in his face, as if he saw something ahead that he was glad to see. He's in a terrible hurry for to-morrow to come, sir: asks me every half-hour what o'clock it is. Amy's waiting for him, he says."

PERFECTION.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

If in the art of song 'twere mine to gain
The rare perfection that so few attain,
A lyric I would fashion
Breathing of tender love devoid of passion:
And when I had a beauteous setting wrought,
I'd jewel it with thought,
Until the whole should be
A glowing gem of perfect purity!

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WHO WON?

BY MARY BLANE.

"MARY, when will Jack come home?"

The speaker was Gordon Stearns, and, as she spoke, she turned a pair of very handsome blue eyes toward the other occupant of the luxurious Rockland drawing-room, who was quietly reading, that hot June afternoon.

"Indeed, I don't know. Let me see. He was to go to Yosemite, Los Angelos, Los Vegas, and at least a half-dozen other places. I suppose he cannot get back under six months."

"He won't do, then," and Gordon clasped her pretty hands above her head: "he'll return too late."

"What do you mean?"

"Only this: that I propose to be married before the twentieth of next October, and, if Jack were here, which he will not be, it seems, I should certainly marry him—that is, if he would have me."

"Have you?—when he has courted you, semi-annually, for five years? But why do you wish to be married by the twentieth of October?"

"You have heard of Armstead Shipley?"

"Yes."

"He is to be married in October, and my wedding shall come before his—that's all."

"My dear, you are talking in riddles. I had always heard that there was some sort of an engagement between you and Mr. Shipley, and that you were eventually to be married."

"So there was. When we were both little children, that crankiest of uncles, Uncle Armstead Gordon, took it into his crazy pate to adopt his niece and nephew—Mr. Shipley and myself, both namesakes—after the following fashion: We were not to meet until my nineteenth birthday. If we should, after acquaintance, prudently agree upon the business-arrangement of a marriage-ceremony, we should jointly own and enjoy together the Windy Hill plantation and a comfortable income of some thousands a year. If either party should elect to object, said election to be indicated by marrying someone else before that appointed time, his or her right to the property should be forfeited, and the other namesake should remain sole heir."

"Well?"

"That is all of it."

"Did not Mr. Shipley come here last October?" asked Mary. "Surely he could not, after having known you—"

"Thank you for the implication. No, he did not come. But he wrote to father, withdrawing all claim he might have by the will. His humility, he said, would not allow him to hope that my decision would be such as our uncle had hoped for, nor would he be willing to avail himself of my generosity, and bind me to a life-long sacrifice. He would, he said, take immediate legal steps in the matter to provide against any contingency, and closed with the intimation that his claim would most probably be forfeited before the time allowed by the will had expired."

"Well, you don't object to having the estate unencumbered, do you?" asked Mary, laughing. "What more do you want?"

"Want?" exclaimed Gordon, hotly, as two fiery spots took their places on her lovely oval cheeks. "Do you think it is pleasant to be known amongst all your acquaintances as looking for a lover who doesn't appear, even with the inducement of a fortune? It would, at least, have been more gentlemanly to make some show of leaving the matter to my decision."

"But you will have the estate, which will be some comfort—"

"I will not touch it," broke in the other. "Uncle never wanted me—never intended me—to have it by myself. Father says I will be bound to take it, if Armstead marries first; but I will not take it; I'll marry first myself."

The conversation was interrupted, at this moment, by the entry of Henry Stearns, Gordon's sixteen-year-old brother, who came in with the mail-bag. Gordon extended her hand for the mail, and, selecting her own letters, turned the rest over to Mary, whose business it was to assort and distribute them. Suddenly Gordon said:

"Here's a letter from Aunt Rebecca, Mary. She has been ill, and has given up her visit here. She wants us, instead, at Rinlock for a fortnight; and is positively going to have a brand-new Western dude in her summer collection. I wash my hands of him, however. Nothing beyond the Mississippi for me."

"Shall we go?" asked Mary, smiling.

"Oh, of course; but it's frightfully hot to be dressed up and trying to sustain a reputation for beauty. Whew! the very breeze is stifling," and she arose as she spoke, with the added sug-

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gestion that it was more pleasant on the gallery, since the sun was gone.

"Gone?" said Mary, laughing, as she followed her cousin through the window. "You must be under a cloud this evening, or under a delusion. Look at the clock. It is only half-past six."

"Then it is going to rain. Yes, see how it is clouding over."

They stood, for some moments, watching the rising storm, so absorbed that they did not hear the sound of horses' hoofs approaching, and were first aroused by Mr. Stearns's voice, as he entered the gallery at the other end, accompanied by a stranger.

"I am very glad, indeed, sir," he was saying, "that your letters have miscarried, since it gives us an opportunity of having you with us. Your father was an old and very dear friend of mine. My daughter, sir," this to Gordon, who had come forward, on seeing her father. "Gordon, let me introduce to you Mr. Palmer, Aunt Rebecca's nephew, from Tucson. You have heard her speak of him, I know."

"Indeed I have," was the pleasant response, uttered in the sweet voice, and accompanied by the winning smile, which were among Gordon Stearns's chief charms.

"Meantime, my dear," said Mr Stearns, "will you give directions about Mr. Palmer's room? He is on his way to Rinlock; but his uncle has written to him to come through Hedgestone. I am so glad we can thus make his acquaintance." And he bowed to the pleasant-faced guest.

"Do you believe in special Providences, Gordon?" asked Mary, laughingly, when the two girls were left alone on the gallery.

"Wait until I gather a handful of roses before it rains," said Gordon, in her usual wilful way. "Perhaps then I will tell you."

She was gone before her cousin could remonstrate, and, five minutes later, was running back down the gravel-walk with a huge bunch of odorous buds and full-blown roses.

A pair of dark-gray eyes took in the picture from an upper window.

"What a lovely girl," said Mr. Palmer: for he it was who was looking. At that instant, a vivid flash of lightning quickened her speed to a swift run, and she reached the gallery just as the first drops were giving way to a steady rainfall. "Yes, lovely," added the young man, "and runs like an Atalanta."

"Now for the special Providence, Mary," said Gordon, as she parted the flowers, and proceeded to fasten hers at the throat and belt of her delicate blue dress. "I have come to the conclusion that he's very handsome, and just in time. To use Harry's slang, 'this lets Jack out'."

"He is the Western dude," said Mary, "I suppose, that Aunt Rebecca mentioned."

"He lives in Tucson," Gordon commented, abstractedly, "and, I've heard, is very wealthy."

The visit of the dude had drawn to a close, and so had that to Rinlock, whither he had accompanied the two girls. All this while, Gordon had looked her prettiest, and had done her best to turn the heads of all the available material, especially of Mr. Palmer; and now she was at home again, without—so she had confessed to Mary—having had a show for an offer, though, at one time, the company had boasted of four eligible marriageable bachelors. Mr. Palmer had proved a charming acquaintance, and Mary avowed that he looked love at Gordon all day long; but the latter asserted positively that he had never even been conventionally sentimental. He had accompanied Mary and herself back to Hedgestone, and to-morrow would leave for Washington, and thence, a few days later, for Arizona: "unless," he had said, "a business-matter of very vital importance, and not yet adjusted, should bring him back for a few days."

"Why do you persist in living so far away from everybody, Mr. Palmer?" asked Gordon, as they stood on the broad stone step together, the evening before his departure.

"That depends upon one's starting-point, does it not?" he asked, laughing.

"I suppose so. Of course, I always consider Virginia the centre."

"I would very much love, for some reasons, to be in Virginia; but I shall probably never leave Tucson. But you have not given me the souvenir you promised," he added, abruptly.

"A souvenir? Oh, yes; it was a 'gloire de Dijon,' to transplant, you wanted."

"What a hopelessly practical individual. No, I was not referring to the rose-family just then."

"I beg pardon," said Gordon, laughingly. "But I'll get the rose for you, all the same?"

Taking his assent for granted, she led the way toward the garden. Then followed a great deal of commenting, and criticizing, and joking over the selection; but the search was continued, until three twigs were secured sufficiently woody and crooked to satisfy the most exacting rose-grower.

"Call the bush Hedgestone, Mr. Palmer," said Gordon, as she handed the stems to him, "and let it keep our memory green."

"There is small fear of its fading, I assure you," he replied, warmly. "And, by the way, your regrets are now in order: I have determined

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not to wait till morning, but to take the night-train."

Gordon looked, as she expressed herself, extremely sorry to have him go. Indeed, the young man, perhaps, would have been more pleased to see her less frank.

"But," said she, at last, "isn't there a probability of your coming back? I hope for that."

"There seems now no hope of it," he replied, almost gloomily; "but I have not finally settled the matter. I am afraid I am something of a coward and a procrastinator. Do you know that I came here charged with a message which I have not yet found courage to deliver?"

"A message. Not to me."

"Yes, to you."

"For whom? From whom?"

"From your cousin, Armstead Shipley."

If a bombshell had exploded at her feet, Gordon could not have been more startled. But her surprise lasted only for a moment.

"Do not trouble yourself to deliver it," she replied, haughtily, and with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders: "Mr. Shipley and I are not friends."

"Have you ever seen him?"

"No: nor ever wish to."

"It was for that reason, I think, he gave me this commission."

"Did he tell—"

"Yes; he told me that you had returned his letters unopened."

"And—"

"And of your odd uncle's will."

"And—"

He spoke slowly now, as he added: "And of his letter, last autumn, to your father."

"Has your friend not one instinct of a gentleman?" broke out Gordon, angrily, yet in a tone which showed how much self-control she was exercising.

"I have always thought that, on a point of honor, he could defy attack," replied Mr. Palmer, warmly. "He had no idea of—"

"Of what?"

"Of things being as they are," was the answer.

"Things as they are? What does he mean? I suppose there is little doubt that he is acquainted with the fact that he has made me appear in the enviable light of having been discarded."

"Miss Stearns!"

"It is the correct but rather bald way of stating the matter."

"I assure you, I assure you, Armstead Shipley's course was prompted neither by vanity nor coarseness."

"The 'noblesse oblige' was not prominent," was the sarcastic reply.

"He never doubted that you approved of his conduct, until his letters, begging to be allowed to visit you, 'now that the embarrassing contract was removed,' were returned unopened."

"You can assure him," said Gordon, in a hard sharp voice, "that I have no fault to find with his measuring my unwillingness by his own. In thinking I will touch a cent of the money, he has underrated me greatly. I know that Uncle Armstead preferred his favorite nephew should have the property. He is welcome to it. But I cannot forgive his having chosen to take the decision in his own hands, and so made me the subject—yes, the butt—of everybody's ridicule. Let us not talk about him any more, please.' She broke off with a little laugh, as she said this, and with an effort to recover her good-humor. "The subject always shows me at my worst. Take your message, whatever it is, back to him," she continued; "I do not want it. And assure him that, if the gods ever give me my revenge, I shall know how and where to use it—"

She broke off abruptly, fearing, if she went on, she would lose her temper again.

"It would not be a difficult task for you now," said Mr. Palmer, for whom the subject seemed to possess peculiar interest, "to take that revenge."

"How?"

"Let him come to Rockland."

"Never. If he were to come, I should leave."

"Then let me take you to Tucson."

Gordon lifted her brow in bewilderment.

"Let me take you to Tucson," he repeated, slowly, in a calm easy tone of inquiry. "That is clear enough, is it not?"

They had seated themselves on one of the iron benches, in which the old-fashioned garden abounded. He took one of her hands as he spoke. Gordon's only reply was to say: "Mr. Palmer?" interrogatively, and in a tone of half amusement, half surprise, as she attempted to withdraw her hand.

"No, no: it is very comfortable so," was the smiling response, as his fingers closed tightly upon it. "I have been many times tempted to a like experiment, during the past fortnight: but have refrained. Now, I again repeat the question: 'Will you go with me to Tucson?' May I not take you? I ask it with all it implies, for I love you."

A small-sized earthquake could scarcely have surprised Gordon more. In her large experience she had never known so abrupt an offer. Of course he must be jesting, she said to herself. She looked up smiling, in the act to frame a

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coquettish answer. But there was such a serious steady light in his eyes, as he smiled down into hers, that she realized he was in earnest.

"We are not before the footlights, Gordon," he said, using her name for the first time. "I see you think I am trifling with you. But I am painfully in earnest. You must and shall consider this matter seriously." He paused an instant, and then, as she made no reply, added: "Let me hear you say 'I will marry you.' Only that. I ask no more."

"But I—I—it takes me so by surprise," stammered Gordon, in a half-nervous, half-laughing tone; and she made a last and successful effort to reclaim her hand.

He looked at her sadly.

"Will you not at least allow me," he said, "to leave the matter open for future consideration?" And he followed her example and arose.

"I—I—never knew a lover develop so suddenly," Gordon exclaimed, half hysterically, between surprise and amusement. "I really do not know—I—"

"I wish I could hear or even see that you did," was the rather hopeless answer; "but I knew it was too soon. Perhaps it will always be too soon. Let me appeal to other incentives. Remember, 'revenge is sweet.'"

Gordon flushed to her temples.

"Well," she half whispered, toying with the rose at her belt, "what is it that you want me to consider?"

"That I love you intensely, and—"

"Well?"

"That I ask you to give yourself to me."

"Well?"

"That your decision involves, and makes, my happiness or misery."

"But," she replied, "what if I am not in love with you?"

"Well?"

"That I might marry from pique, as I think you asked me to, just now."

"Well?"

She paused a moment.

"If I go with you to Tucson," she said, looking him bravely in the face, "it will not be from pique."

An hour later, when Mr. Palmer, having had an interview with Mr. Stearns, which seemed highly satisfactory to both, was saying his good-byes, he handed Gordon a card.

"You said you would write to me, dear," were his words. "This is my address in Washington. You will keep your word, Gordon, will you not?"

She blushed, and put her hand in his, and looked up smiling into his face, and said:

"Don't stay long. I am beginning to miss you already."

A moment more, and he was gone. Humming a bar from "Figaro," Gordon drew the card from its place in her belt, and read, with eyes growing wide and wider:

ARMSTEAD PALMER SHIPLEY.
Ebbit House.

ASSURANCE.

BY MAUDE MEREDITH.

I know a shy retreat,
Where bright flowers blossom ever,
Filling all the air with fragrance rare,
And drear winds whisper never,
Among the roses sweet.

The sun is never dim,
And never the stars are hid;
For storms drift not o'er the cherished spot,
Where my lover stands amid
The roses pale and sweet.

I know she waits me yet,
And my heart is warm with love,
For close to my breast shall her dear head rest,
While the stars grow pale above,
And the round white moon is set.
I know she waits me yet!

SORROW.

BY F. WYVILLE HORNE.

So does sorrow, tired of day,
Pine and pray for dark and night;
But when day is passed away
Sorrow sets not with the light.

So does sorrow, tired of night,
Pine and pray for light and day;
But when night has taken flight,
Sorrow dies not with the gray.

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THE MOTHERLESS GIRL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1884, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76.

CHAPTER V.

When Mrs. Dean left her room in that huge tenement-house, she went hurriedly forward, as if some errand of life or death were urging her on. She appeared to see no one of the many persons that passed her on the sidewalk, but threaded her way among them as a hound gives his whole being to the object of pursuit. In and out of the entanglement of streets, that became more and more squalid as they led to the water-side, she went into a more open part of the city, where pawnbroker-signs were abundant, and men stood in the doors of their cheap clothing-shops with anxious faces searching the passing crowd for a customer in everyone who turned his eyes on the specimen garments crowded to the sidewalk.

Mrs. Dean took no heed of all these signs of active trade, but kept on her way till she reached a window in which some old bank-notes and a sporic heap of silver seemed to give notice of a broker's office, though the amount of exchange going on in genuine coin, in that neighborhood, must have been confined to very narrow limits indeed. Still, several persons were gathered around this window, looking hungrily at the little heap of money, and others were constantly going in and out of the door close by, carrying bits of paper closed in their hands, some with sly airs of concealment, others looking defiantly around, as if they understood that the policeman who loitered by now and then was more likely to protect than raid the place, which was, in fact, nothing more or less than that gambling-hall of the poor in great cities—a policy-office.

Poor, indeed, were the people who went in and out of that door: for many of them had carried the last cent they had on earth into that den, and came forth dark-browed and sullen with disappointment. Now and then a face, repulsive from gratified greed, appeared among them—for a little fuel must necessarily be thrown upon the evil flame that enticed so many miserable dupes to the burning—and whispered mysteriously to others of his good luck, exhibiting confidentially a crumpled bank-note or precious coin in the palm of his unwashed hand.

Mrs. Dean knew her way into this strange place, and glided with adroit quietness up to the window when the policeman was out of sight—for, being a woman to whom the intricate combinations of law and crime were not from necessity explained, she had some dread of the uniform, and avoided it with childish cowardice. So she slunk through the door and made her way into a small back room, furnished with an office-chair or two, a desk, and a counter, behind which a man sat with his face turned toward the door, and watching each one who passed through it with the eyes of a hawk ready to pounce upon its prey. Now and then he dealt out a bit of paper, and took coin from the hard palm of some vagrant patron of the place; but always with a mysterious movement of the head and some confidential whisper of caution. Two or three women mingled with the group of loiterers permitted to haunt the room, and from among these Mrs. Dean made her way to the counter, meeting the hawk-eyed man with a glance keen and eager as his own. She leaned forward, and whispered:

"Eleven, twenty, and two. Give me these numbers just as I speak them. Say nothing, though. Some of them, might overhear, and get ahead of me. Eleven, twenty, and two—be particular."

The old woman pointed each number, as she gave it, with a tap of her long finger-nail on the counter, and, leaning eagerly forward, watched the man with such intensity that he said:

"I don't remember it, but you must have got a prize at last, and that gives you vim to try again. Hope that will stop your grumbling about blanks."

"Not yet—not yet," answered the woman; "but I shall this time, I am sure."

"Well, that is the kind of talk that breeds luck. How can people expect to draw on fortune, when they haven't got a bit of faith in her? There are your figures, and good luck to them."

Mrs. Dean snatched at the paper eagerly; but the man drew back, shaking his head with great good nature; but still retained it between his fingers.

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"You seem to forget."

Mrs. Dean was searching in the skirts of her dress for a much-worn portemonnaie, that had made its appearance in that place many times before, and with it, she drew forth the bank-book that Silas Marsh had confided to her as guardian of his children. While the woman counted out her money with nervous haste, the man reached forth his hand, drew the book toward him, and began carelessly to turn over the leaves, thus making himself master of its contents without caring whether she noticed the rude action or not. She did notice it, and gave a disagreeable laugh of triumph as she took it from him.

"You see I ain't necessitated to go into your policies," she said, thrusting the bank-book into her pocket again. "I could almost buy you out now, couldn't I?"

The man bent his head in seeming homage to so much wealth.

"Money," he said, "begat money, and luck always followed prosperity. It is a great mistake to suppose that our customers are chiefly among the poor. Why, the great capitalists from Wall Street come here, time and again, just to try the pulse of the market before plunging into greater operations. In fact, that is the way they get into such enormous contracts—build railroads on nothing but pools and syndicates—and get up Black-Friday smashes that make the whole world open its eyes. In fact, policy-shops are the A B C of Wall Street; and the best of it is, sharp-witted women—ladies, like some I could mention, for instance—can take their chances like men, and win too, while no one is the wiser for it. One customer of ours has bought a fur-lined cloak with her winnings, and we can point out plenty of first-class fashionable young ladies who dress like princesses on the money that comes to them in heaps when fortune gives them a good run. In fact, it is marvelous the amount of good that the policy-shops are doing widows with children to bring up, sometimes keeping the wolf from the door month after month with fortunate numbers such as you have chosen. There is a great deal in combinations," he continued; "pools are a great invention."

Mrs. Dean shook her head with vigorous disapprobation.

Pools were the most unhealthy things she knew of; she knew that from the vacant lots in her neighborhood, where they stood half the summer through, with green scum creeping over them and steaming in the sun till the health-officers ought to be ashamed of themselves, and in the winter-time frozen into patches of ice, where the worst boys about the wharves were hooting and sliding all day long. Pools—he needn't mention anything of that sort to her.

The policy-dealer looked at a habitue of his den, who stood behind Mrs. Dean as she uttered this protest, and gave him a slow wink. That gentleman took a soiled handkerchief from his pocket, and, holding it to his mouth while he suppressed the laugh that seemed ready to break from it, brought himself into a condition to join in the conversation.

"I agree with this lady," he said, with a suave bow, which left him leaning upon the counter in a confidential position close to the old woman. "Pools are a nuisance; but syndicates—they are the genteel thing in financial circles nowadays. The Prince of Wales goes in for them, neck and heels. Now a syndicate of ladies with plenty of money in bank, such as our amiable friend here—with experience as well as cash—would make a splendid thing of it. Of course, a person in her position, and with so much magnetism in herself, could get up a sort of circle, and go into tickets wholesale. As she naturally must live in some large mansion, hotel perhaps, with others of her class, nothing would be easier than a syndicate like that."

Mrs. Dean was busy putting an india-rubber band around her dilapidated pocket-book, which she secured with a loud snap and hid away safely in a pocket down in the depths of her skirts, before she entered upon this new idea.

"Syndicate—syndicate—I don't like that word much better than the pools, nor understand it half so well. It seems to have a kind of sneer in it."

"Sneer? Oh, no, nothing of that sort; it only means a good many people rolled into one, and enjoying a soft thing together; a little feminine financial fraternity, pooling—I beg ten thousand pardons—combining their funds and forces to conquer fortune. It is a pity that some woman of superior intelligence and quick wit could not form a society of this kind, and lead it on to such great fortunes as are made in Wall Street every day among men; but such women are not easily found."

Mrs. Dean drew up her slender old frame, and folded her shawl around it as a Roman matron might arrange her garments.

"No," she said, "they are not found on every corner, and a good many people don't believe in 'em at all; but I am one of them that believe that a woman is as good as a man any day—and better, too."

"That was what I was trying to say; but, being a little timid, and afraid of giving offense—"

"Oh, not at all. I ain't in no condition to

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take offense fractiously, being just thrown into deep mourning, without time for the garments," broke in the old lady, yielding to the persuasive compliments of the stranger, and highly elated by the attentions bestowed upon her, both by him and the policy-vender, who leaned both his folded arms upon the counter, and listened to the dialogue with a crafty smile hovering around his mouth, which changed to a look of touching sympathy at once.

"Oh, how mournful!" said the stranger, in a low sympathetic voice, and the handkerchief which he still held was pressed for a moment to his eyes, while he turned away to conceal emotions that, after all, as he observed when he saw that her eyes were upon him, were no discredit to his manhood: the sight of a newly-made widow always appealed to his deepest sympathies.

"Thank you—thank you very much. But not a widow—that happened years ago: only a son-in-law."

"Ah, that is a relief. Some inheritance, perhaps?"

Mrs. Dean's hand moved down from her heart, over which it had been pressed, to the folds of her skirts, where that bank-book rested.

"Who knows?" she answered, with a meaning smile. "'It is an ill wind that blows nobody good.'"

"I am happy to see that it has blown you in the right direction," answered the polite stranger. "But it is getting a little dusky out of doors," he continued, seeing that she was again folding the shawl around her. "Perhaps you will permit me to walk a little way in your direction?"

Now, it was many years since Mrs. Dean had been reminded that she was young enough to be considered an unprotected female in broad daylight, and she felt the compliment in proportion to its absurdity. Once more her meagre form was enfolded, and she went into the street side by side with her new acquaintance, feeling a degree of importance that was exhilarating as wine to her.

Singularly enough, her companion turned into Broadway, and was wonderfully attracted by the shop-windows, especially those funereal ones which made all their display in black and white. He even begged Mrs. Dean not to consider him a hindrance if she wished to go in and make choice of any gloomy fabric she saw for her mourning—a suggestion which the good woman, not being extravagant in sentimentality, declined to accept, all her feminine taste for dress being swallowed up in the ruling passion which makes gamblers even of women, and which sometimes comes out late in life like absolute insanity.

Though baffled in his desire to obtain one more chance of observation from a second view of that old pocket-book, the stranger bent his course with that of the old woman, until he left her at the door of her weird home, when he lifted his hat as if saluting majesty, and, hoping that he might have the satisfaction of meeting her again, left her at the foot of those darkened flights of stairs, bewildered by the swift succession of events that had crowded more excitement into one day than had been known to any twenty-four hours of her life during the last ten years.

CHAPTER VI.

THERE was strange gloom and awe in that little household when Mrs. Dean entered it, flushed with excitement, and looking as if she had come in from a festival, her step was so free, and her countenance so full of life.

"Why, how dark it is! No fire, and no lamp lighted, and you children all huddled together, and looking at each other as if afraid of the dark. Why, Rachael, you might have had a fire going and the table set when I came back. What am I to expect, if you can't do as much as that, I want to know?"

Rachael arose from the rocking-chair, in which Olive had crowded her slender little person, while the twin-brother was leaning against one arm: for a feeling of strange dread, so powerful in children because of its vagueness, had crept over them, and they huddled close to the elder girl, feeling that in her there was both love and protection. The poor child had answered to this feeling with the courage of a woman and the pathetic tenderness of a child. She had told them of their father, of the words he had spoken that day, and many other sayings that came crowding to her memory during the few years in which he had been everything to her—teacher, friend, and the most devoted father that ever made his children forget the bitter orphanage of lost motherhood. She remembered many things that he had impressed on her mind, under the consciousness that his protection and care must soon leave them fatherless as well as motherless.

All this, as it came upon her in the great hour of bereavement, had but one meaning: she, the eldest and most capable of endurance, must be a mother to those little ones; must remember all that he had said to her, all the loving duties he had filled with such gentle authority, and hold them in her heart as she had lived in his.

These children had asked her many questions that day, which made the young heart grow faint in her bosom. They had blamed their father

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for going away and leaving them alone, while they were so little and loved him so much. They could not comprehend the vast vague power that had taken him away against his own will, which must have been to stay with them: for he knew how much they loved him, and how dreadful it would seem not to have him come back to them.

The lesson of submission is always a hard one to give to the heart that is breaking. What man or woman is there on this earth who can give entire belief in all the promises that faith may prompt when a soul in agony appeals to him or her for comfort? If the task is difficult for the experienced and the wise, how impossible it must have been for this little girl to meet the startling questions put to her by those two children, amid their sobs and lamentations over what seemed the cruel desertion of their father?

If little Rachael could not convince herself, as less honest people sometimes do, and reconcile doubts by assertions—if she sometimes found it impossible to answer such shrewd questions as children will ask, she was still child enough to weep with them, and wonder what they had done that the being they loved so entirely must be taken away, no one could tell where, and only grandmother left to take care of them. Love them, she could never do: not as he did—not as he did.

Rachael felt this more painfully than the children could. They had a right of appeal to her: she had no one in the wide, wide world to whom she could go for explanation, counsel, or comfort. Without reasoning on the matter, she felt it, and the loneliness of her soul was terrible.

It was no wonder that Rachael started to her feet, and stood there pale and trembling, when Mrs. Dean came in, full of out-door life and belligerent energy, reproving the child for what had been her own neglect. The children had been fasting since she went out in the morning, and she had never once thought of it till then.

"I—I did not know that you would like it if I undertook to do so much without being told," said Rachael, gently. "Besides, I did not think of being hungry."

"But the children—you might have thought of them."

Rachael cast a piteous look at the twins.

"Yes, I ought to have known about them."

"No, you hadn't, nor anything of the sort," exclaimed Olive, drawing close to her sister, and attempting to wipe away the tears that stood in her eyes with both her little hands, while she turned her own angry gray eyes on the grandmother. "We were not a bit hungry, anyway, after you came home and just broke our two hearts. Though before that it was awful, wasn't it, Olly? Besides, we ain't hungry now, and don't mean to be till you tell us more about our poor darling father. What have you done to him? What has anyone done with him, that he can't come home at all? Rachael don't know any more than we do, only that he has gone, gone, gone, and never will come back again. But you are old enough to know, and we want to know, poor dear Rachael as well as us."

Mrs. Dean was so astonished by this outburst of baby-eloquence, that she sank into the empty rocking-chair and held on to both curved arms in dismay. The excitement of her expedition to the policy-office had so completely occupied her mind that she went back to that scene in the hospital with difficulty; it seemed to have happened weeks ago.

"What do you want of me? What have I done, only to help you on in the world? Your father ought to have taken care of his family long ago; that's what I've been about since I came down from that place, and it's what he ought to have thought of, instead of working himself to death skimping us and saving dollar by dollar, without keeping out enough to bury himself with, for that's his orders. 'No matter about me: only save every cent for the children, and make it last as long as you can.' While I'm bound to do better than that. It's my duty, and I promised him to do it, according to the best of my judgment. Without giving particulars to you, or anyone else, I mean to bring you up as my daughter's children ought to have been from the first. Is that what you want to know of me?"

"No," said little Oliver, coming close to the rocking-chair, and touching the old woman's arm with his delicate little hand. "We want to know what they have done to our father, and why they won't let him come back to us. They would if he was their father and they wanted to see him so bad."

The woman looked down into those deep gray eyes, and even her obtuse nature was touched by the depth of wounded feeling that lay in them: for the boy was struggling with a sense of wrong as well as sorrow. But with her, even sympathy took an expression of anger. She moved restlessly in her chair, and withdrew her arm from his touch.

"What makes you look at me so?" she said. "Do you want me to bring your father down here after he went up to the almshouse in spite of all I could say, and left word to be buried there like the rest? 'No matter about me,' says he. 'Just

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let things take their course,' and that is what I've done. Now I suppose it is a grand funeral you are pining for. You want me to bring him back here to disgrace us with his pine coffin and six-penny cotton shroud, so scanty that it only just wraps round him? Well, if that is what you are all after, I set my foot down here. It can't be done. Your grandmother was brought up for a lady, as discerning people take her for now: for some people can see what nature has done for her, though her daughter did marry a common mechanic, and gloried in it to her dying day. You had a great deal better have been getting supper ready, and putting things to rights, than filling the children's heads with ideas against your dead father's own orders," she continued, turning upon Rachael, "but it's just like you."

The children looked at each other in dismay. Was it wrong to ask for their own father? Why should anyone be angry with them for wanting to see him? They understood nothing of her explanations, only that denial, full of mystery, met all their gentle or passionate entreaties.

"The children do not understand," said Rachael, reaching out her arms, as they crowded back to her under a cruel feeling of repulse. "They do not know what a funeral means, or what death is, as I do. Oh, father—father, as I do! I have been trying to make them know that our father is with his Father in heaven; but they cannot believe me. How should they, knowing how dearly he loved them, and how glad he was to come home always? You see, grandmother, how hard it is to make them believe that he stays away on purpose. They cannot think what dying is, and how can anyone tell them? Oh, grandmother, grandmother, how I wish that I did not know: for then the dreadful things you have said would not cut through me, like sharp ice, as they do now."

The poor girl was indeed shivering with that intense nervous cold which chills the whole frame, and both hands were pressed upon her heart, as if the cruel words of that woman had frozen there. She spoke with such thrilling pathos that the children began to cry aloud.

The woman could not comprehend the force of this nervous chill; but its intensity frightened her a little, and ended in personal aggravation, notwithstanding the child stood before her silent now and white as snow.

"There," she said, "it is just what I ought to have expected, when I left you to care for the children—kept them in the cold till every one of you is chilled through and through. I'm getting shivery myself, and not a spark of fire in the stove—no, nor a sliver of kindling-wood, and I with my best clothes on. Instead of standing there sniveling with the children, it would be more like your duty to run down cellar and bring up something to kindle with. The key to our bin hangs behind the door."

Rachael heard, but remained as if frozen to the spot where she stood. The nervous shock was still on her, and a new sense of dread filled her eyes with wild horror rather than tears.

"What? Are you afraid?" said the grandmother. "So I, tired out as I am, must go up and down four flights of steep stairs, because a girl old enough to do all the housework of a family is a coward. Well, I can do it, for this is the way he has brought you up. I suppose he expected me to wait on you like a hired servant always. Give me the key, if that isn't too much trouble."

"No," said Rachael, scarcely above her breath, "I will go. It is very dark down there; but I will go."

Mrs. Dean settled back in her rocking-chair.

"That's a good girl," she said, complacently. "It won't hurt your young legs, and I've been on mine all day, providing for you. One good turn deserves another, all the world over."

Rachael, moving forward like a little ghost, mounted a chair behind the door and took down a key; with that in her hand, she went out upon the staircase, pausing a little at each landing, and looking back into the dusk above, as if some desperate hope for help checked her. But nothing came: not even the tread of a footstep on the stairs, above or below, relieved the terror that was upon her. At last she reached the cellar-door, and pulled it open with desperate haste, revealing a deep, deep gulf of darkness, made more visible by a tiny flame of gas, that lighted a foot or two of the low stone wall at the bottom of the stairs, leaving the pit of darkness beyond unfathomable.

Here Rachael recoiled: her limbs gave way, and she sat down on the topmost stair, damp and slippery as it was, afraid to descend, and covering her eyes with both hands.

A faint stir, as if of some reptile moving, made her cringe down on the step, and brought a cry from her lips.

"Don't, Rachael; don't, now. It's only us—Olly and me—that sneaked out after you, when she did not notice."

Rachael threw her hands apart with a great sob, and clasped the little creature that had crept closest to her about the neck. She had no idea which of the twins it was: for both were speaking, and both clinging to her in the darkness.

"We had to wait and come, oh, how softly, for

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the stairs are awful dark. Ain't we glad, though, to find you right here? Not that we were afraid, or anything—how should we, being two of us? But how could we have looked you up down there? Oh, my! ain't it deep?"

Rachael did not answer. The burst of grateful tears that swelled up from her heart was too overpowering for that; but she kissed each face as it came close to hers, bathing it with tears, and sat still awhile, with their loving arms struggling for place around her.

"You're not afraid now, Rachael, dear?"

Both those sweet childish voices spoke, but they seemed as one.

"Oh, no, Olly, both of you. It was not exactly fear, only—only something dreadful. The stillness—the dark—the feeling—"

"But we are here to take care of you—both of us—and what is a little dark among three? Then nothing ever can be still when we are about. Don't you remember father always used to say that, just as if he liked it, too?"

Rachael hushed her tears, and laid her head against the little one bent to her, sighing.

"I remember," she said. "Father always did this for grandmother, when he was at home, and I never thought it amounted to much."

"Maybe he wasn't afraid of the dark," said little Olly. "Poor dear father, how I wish we knew where he has gone to."

"But no one will tell us, no matter how much we ask," said the little girl. "Rachael would, but she don't know, more than we do, so we have got to wait and find out. Haven't we, Rachael?"

"If we can—if we can," answered Rachael, suppressing the sob that rose to her throat, with an effort that gave her voice a weird tone, and made the children shrink together.

"What is that?"

The boy had heard some noise overhead, that startled him so that he huddled close to his sister, and held his breath.

"I suppose it's grandmother coming to see what has become of me," said Rachael, standing up. "I must go."

The poor girl was trembling from head to foot—that gulf of darkness lay so deep and appalling beneath her feet.

"We too—Olly and I," exclaimed Olive, made daring by sympathy.

"No, no; you and Olly must hurry back and tell her that I am coming. See, I am gone."

As some poor sailor-boy may plunge from the mast-head into the black waters of a storm, Rachael hurried down those slippery steps, and was lost in the shadows, while Olive was pulling at her brother with a brave desire to follow. But the lad held back, and began to cry. Then the girl sat down on the step, and began to scold and comfort him in the same moment, pausing to call out, now and then:

"Don't be afraid, Rachael. We are here."

Rachael heard this, as she groped her way through the darkness below, and, holding by a door of rude plank, made repeated efforts to get her key into the clumsy padlock that dangled from an iron staple; but her poor little hands trembled so, that this was accomplished with difficulty, and it required a desperate effort to turn the key when once in its lock. At last the door was pulled open, and the child went into the close vault beyond, and, falling upon her knees, began to grope in darkness for the wood, feeling all the time as if some mysterious hand was about to grasp her by the shoulder and drag her away into some more profound depths of gloom than the darkness she struggled with.

Then came that sweet little voice from the stairs:

"Don't be afraid, Rachael. We are here."

Rachael heard it, and her courage rose; she found the pile of kindling-wood, gathered up an armful, and fled into the cellar again, absolutely giving out a sob of relief when she saw that distant twinkle of gas upon the damp wall again.

Olive held out both arms when she saw the girl struggling up the steps with the wood in her arms, and the boy, wiping his eyes, said piteously:

"I—I couldn't help it; something took all the vim out of my legs."

"Indeed, he wanted to come. He's got the courage of a lion. It took all I could do to hold him back; but he's so little, you know, it would not do to let him go," said Olive, "as he wants to, would it, now?"

"I did want to, but couldn't," persisted the lad, still wiping his tears away; "something seemed to hold on to me."

"That was me—only me, Olly."

"I don't know—"

"Anyway, I'm glad you stayed here. It was like hearing angels through the darkness, when you called out to me," said Rachael, as soon as she could gather breath; "come now."

CHAPTER VII.

THE little group of orphans clambered up and up the stairs, keeping close together, and scarcely speaking a word as they went. In place of the unreasoning fear that had possessed them, came a vague dread of their grandmother's displeasure, and they entered the room, where she still sat in her rocking-chair, timidly and like criminals awaiting censure.

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"So you have come at last, Rachael Marsh; but what on earth took the twins away? There, Miss Olive, you must put in your oar, as usual. Isn't Rachael old enough to speak for herself? You thought she would be afraid to go alone, did you? Well, what do you think of me, an elderly woman not used to hard work, as your pa's old mother was, carrying wood up and down? He never expected that of me, knowing how different I had been brought up, and I tell you now his children mustn't."

"The children did not mean any harm; they only wanted to help me a little," pleaded Rachael, whose tremulous voice and pallid young face might have won compassion from a block of ice.

"And now that she has brought up the wood, Olly and I mean to make up the fire, and give you a famous cup of tea, with white sugar in it. Don't we, Olly?" broke in the little girl, whose young face was all aglow with a desire of helpfulness. "Rachael will cut the bread fine, and Olly will toast it before the fire, while I set out the table, and you needn't raise a finger: only wheel the chair round, and eat your supper like a lady."

"Which I always have been, and mean to be," said Mrs. Dean, propitiated by this cordial acceptance of her wishes, "meaning, all the time, to bring you up according to the condition your father has left you in, which means all kinds of usefulness. That is what he enjoined on me to the very last. 'Keep up their learning,' says he, 'but make them useful. You were born in a higher circle than them,' he would say, 'but remember, on the mother's side, they belong to that circle, and a little learning will do no harm; but, on their father's side, make them useful.' So if you are all agreed on beginning now, it isn't for me to make objections or put stumbling-blocks in the way. Only this: be sure to make the tea strong."

Here Mrs. Dean seemed to drift away from her subject, and turn back upon the idea that had occupied her during the afternoon: for she leaned back in her chair, closed her eyes, and fell to calculating figures in her mind. For some time they broke dreamily from her lips, but always in this exact procession—"eleven, twenty, and two"; then her face would beam in the faint light of the lamp, and she would begin again, as if making new combinations, which always ended in these three numbers, as if some great fortune were about to culminate in them.

Meantime, the children were at work with some degree of cheerfulness: for impressions have not an eternal significance to the very young, and reaction comes quickly to them when exertion is required. A good fire was soon burning in the stove, a lively steam of boiling water came from the tea-kettle over it, and little Olly was on his knees before the grate, with the fire blazing over his face till it was red and burning with heat. Olive, according to her announced programme, had opened the leaves of the table, covered it with a clean cloth, and was daintily arranging such fragments of broken tea-sets as remained to them in the best position for display. She was rather proud of the responsibility thrown upon her, and performed her part with as much interest as if she had been superintending a doll's feast in some play-house, little dreaming, poor child, that ability with task-masters gives permanence to servitude without inspiring a grateful thought.

Rachael, whose spirit had been too deeply wounded for such reaction as came upon the children, moved about the room with grave stillness. She felt, and partly understood, the selfish pre-occupation of the grandmother, and a feeling of vague apprehension was added to the deeper grief that had fallen so heavily on her heart in the morning.

Still, the girl was thoughtful of those around her, and smiled in faint sympathy now and then as either of the children appealed to her for approbation.

At last, when all was ready—when light from the lamp upon the table fell on the plate of brown toast, the tea-things neatly arranged on a tray, and the cover removed from a plate of delicately-broiled ham, which sent its flavor through the whole room—Mrs. Dean aroused herself, and, drawing her chair forward, gave an approving glance at the arrangement.

"This is first-rate," she said, seizing the tea-pot, and beginning to refresh herself with the strength of its contents.

"It is what I had a right to expect, but was doubtful. The way your grandmother Marsh had of bringing you up was not my way, by no manner of means; but she was one of the hard-working class, and acted accordingly, doing everything with her own hands, thinking work too much for children, and waiting on them from morning till night. Now, when are children to learn, if they never begin? My system is: put them to it early, and keep them at it. We are going to begin life according to my ideas from this time out, and it is just as well that you should remember all I have been saying—you especially, Rachael Marsh."

Here Mrs. Dean pushed back her tea-cup, brushed some crumbs from the table-cloth into her hand, wheeled her chair from the table, and

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turned her feet to the fire, while the children began diligently to clear away the tea-things, walking on tip-toe, and scarcely speaking above a whisper, in their fear of disturbing the slumberous state into which the woman had fallen, sometimes muttering to herself, and again breathing heavily, as if her brain were laboring under the train of broken calculations running there.

At last the really tired woman aroused herself, and, ordering Rachael to lock the door and see to the fire, went into her own room.

Directly the children followed, undressed themselves in the dark, and, after the twins had crept into their trundle-bed, Rachael, with a strange feeling of desolation, lay down by her sleeping grandmother, thankful for the stillness that surrounded her, and thinking tenderly that sleep would soon relieve the children of troubles.

At last a faint little voice came softly up to her from the trundle-bed.

"Olly—Olly, dear."

"Yes, sister."

"Are you asleep?"

"No: I can't get to sleep."

"I can't, either, Olly. Isn't it lonesome?"

"I wish I could help thinking about him. It's wondering where he is that keeps us awake so. Why won't somebody tell us how to find him?"

"Maybe they can't, Olly. Rachael says that he has gone to God who lives in heaven, and does just what He pleases with the strongest man that ever lived. She says you heard her—that God is good, and is sorry for the little sparrows when they fall and hurt themselves."

"Then why don't He let our father live with his own children? He's worth a whole park full of sparrows."

"That is just what no one will tell us; but I've been thinking of a way. We don't know where God is, or how to find Him, and might be afraid if we knew; but if father is with Him, he wasn't afraid of anything, and, when he knows how pale Rachael is, and how we try to sleep and can't because of his going off so, he will just go to God for us, and tell Him all about it."

"But how can we let father know? That is what we have been trying to do, and can't."

"Don't you remember, Olly, what Rachael said about little children? God loves them, she says, better than birds even, and when they want anything very much they can ask Him, and He's just as kind as any father. What if you and I creep out of the room, and kneel down by father's bed—it seems to me that He can hear us from there—and tell God how much we want him, if it is only to keep grandmother from being so hard on Rachael. Are you getting up, Olly?"

"Yes, I am going."

"Move softly then, and be careful that the door don't creak when we open it, and wake grandmother up. Come."

After a moment, the bed-room door was pushed softly open, and the two children, in their long night-gowns, came through, hand in hand, like a pair of lost cherubs wandering out of some old picture. The firelight, which gave a subdued glow to the dusky atmosphere of the room, touched them here and there in faint flashes.

With breathless precaution, they moved slowly across the floor, and knelt down by the bed which Silas Marsh had occupied before he left his home forever. There, bending their foreheads down to his pillow, they rested side by side, speaking no word; but the soft whispers that came from their lips mingled together in the confused and pathetic simplicity of a childish prayer which angels themselves can best record.

Rachael, lying there by her grandmother, had listened to the little ones as they held this dialogue in the trundle-bed. She saw them, for a moment, standing in the open doorway with that faint glow on their night-garments, but made no attempt to interrupt them, feeling, tenderly, that their childish impulses were better than any wisdom she could give them; but, after minutes had followed minutes and no sound reached her till the clock outside struck the half-hour, she became anxious, and, leaving her bed, went into the next room. Here the fire-light blazed up somewhat, and reached the bed where those two little creatures were kneeling, with their hands clasped on one pillow, and their heads resting upon them, both fast asleep.

As Rachael lifted them, one after the other, in her arms, and laid them softly down in their father's bed, she saw that the sweet tranquility of perfect rest was beaming upon their faces. This her gentle disturbance had brightened into smiles, and one of them murmured:

"Yes, father."

"They are dreaming of him—they are dreaming of him! Oh, father! father! I am only a child—your child, like them. Oh, let me sleep as they do: I am so tired."

With this prayer in her heart rather than upon her lips, Rachael turned back the bed-clothes, and lay softly down by the sleeping children. Directly the eyelids fell together, the hands clasped upon her bosom fell apart: she too was sleeping, and the great sorrow, that had given that sad expression to her sensitive mouth, was softly turning to a smile.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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GRANDMA'S BIRTHDAY GIFT.

BY ALICE ASHLEY.

It was Katie's birthday, and she was wild over her presents, particularly over a very beautiful little riding-whip from grandma.

"Grandma," she said, "did you ever have birthday-presents, when you were a little girl? Ever one so nice as this?"

"I remember one I had, when I was a smaller girl even than you, dear," she said, and her face took on a wistful half-sorrowful look as she spoke. "If I should live to be hundreds of years old, I should never forget it."

"Oh, tell us all about it," cried Katie. And "Tell us all about it," echoed her little sisters and brothers, dancing about their grandmother in high glee. "Your stories, grandma, are always so good."

"Well," said grandma, smiling benignantly on the excited group, "when I was a wee toddling thing, we—that is, my brothers and sisters and several other boys and girls—went out, one fine October morning, nutting, and there we saw a squirrel—"

"Oh," interrupted the impetuous Katie, jumping up and down, "this is going to be ever so nice a story. Was it a real live squirrel, that lived in the woods all by itself?"

"Yes," said grandma, "he lived in the woods all by himself, and, long before we little girls and boys thought of going nutting, he had set about laying up stores for winter. He knew which trees were fullest, and what burrs would open soonest. What a merry time he had! Sometimes he would meet a neighbor among the branches of the great hickory-nut trees, and would stop and have a cozy chat: for you must know that squirrels have a language of their own; and then, each having selected a nut to his taste, they would hurry away to add them to their respective stores.

"If you could have seen Bunnie's store! Such a beautiful lot; for Bunnie never brought home any but the finest and best nuts. It would have made any little child's heart contract with sudden envy. Well, that day when we went nutting, as I have told you, and when some of the bigger boys were preparing to climb the tree, the smallest of the lot, a wee toddler, who, as I happen to know, for it was I, had to be put in one of the baskets before they got back home, she was so tired: well, as I was saying, this little Mina spied our little squirrel, who, with a large nut held tightly in his mouth, was descending the trunk of the tree under which she was standing, on his way home.

"The child screamed with delight, having some vague idea that, if she held out her little apron, Bunnie would drop into it, just like a great hickory-nut. But, dropping his nut plump on her head, Bunnie sprang into the branches of another tree and scampered away. Mina's lip quivered with disappointment. 'Poor little squirrel,' she said, 'I am so sorry he lost his nut.' But it was not long before she forgot all about him: for the shower of nuts which the three boys shook down came rattling so fast, she and all the rest had to retreat to a safe distance, to wait until the boys came down. After this, a lively contest ensued, as to whose basket should be first filled, and so poor Bunnie entirely passed from mind.

"At first, Bunnie was so frightened that he did not dare to venture out of his hole. But, by the next morning, he was able to laugh at his fears, and to resume his employment. Spite of an occasional scare, like the one I have described, those were very happy days, and Bunnie marked every one with a white stone; but a day came, at last, for which he could hardly have found a stone black enough.

"One clear cold night in December, when moonlight and snow combined to make it almost as bright as day, our little squirrel went out for a moonlight walk, in the course of which he passed a hare-trap baited with a luscious red apple. Now, Bunnie thought this same apple would make a delightful change in his bill-of-fare; and so, without stopping to think of any possible peril, he began nibbling at the fruit which, thousands of years before, was the occasion of the fall of a much wiser being than our little squirrel. Alas: once more the most direful consequences followed.

"He was startled in the midst of his pleasant repast by a sudden noise, and found himself, he never quite understood how, in total darkness. We wise ones know it was caused by the falling of the trap-door. Too confused and frightened even to finish his apple, he crouched down in one end of the horrible trap, all of a tremble. But, by-and-bye, his squirrel instincts set him to work to gnaw a way out of his prison-house; and, if Frank Harley, Mina's big brother, had

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forgotten his trap that morning, Bunnie would have escaped.

"When Frank drew the poor little frightened thing from the trap, he gave a long whistle, and started for home on a run, forgetting to re-set the trap, so full was he of the pleasant surprise he had in store for his little sister.

"'See, Mina,' he exclaimed, 'I have got a squirrel for your squirrel-house, at last. And it comes just in time: this is your birthday.'

"The blue eyes danced, and the little fat hands went together with an ecstatic gesture, at sight of the coveted treasure.

"'I do believe,' she said, with her little lisp, 'it is the squirrel I saw in the wood the day we was a-nutting.' She knew it at once.

"Then she proceeded to install Bunnie in his new home, and give him a bountiful breakfast, which he, poor thing, was too frightened to eat. He got over that after awhile, though, and would eat anything brought him by Mina, of whom he became very fond; and I dare say he was as happy as any little creature born to be wild and free could be when he had everything he could want—except liberty.

"But, when spring came, he began to droop. For whole days he would not eat a thing, even from Mina's hand. Perhaps the birds had brought him a message from his old friends. Or perhaps he had seen, through the slats of his tin house, the woods where he had been so happy, and which were so beautiful in their new dress. So, perhaps his squirrel heart was breaking with the longing for his old playmates and his old haunts—who knows?

"Mina brought him all kinds of tempting dainties, and fondled and caressed him, but all to no purpose. One morning, late in May, he did not come out at her call, and, opening his house, she found him dead. She threw herself down by the little tin house, and cried as if her heart would break. I think, for the time, she was as heartily distressed as if it had been her mother almost. But her grief was a little assuaged by the preparations for the funeral, which was quite an imposing affair, only she could not persuade Pomp and Kittie, her pet dog and cat, to behave with proper decorum and keep the places assigned them as chief mourners."

"Poor Bunnie," said Katie; "for my part, I think it was hardly right to keep him a prisoner, even in his pretty tin cage. I know I shouldn't like it."

"I think with you, dear," replied grandma; "and I have never since had a pet—whether squirrel, or bird, or anything else—that I had to keep in a cage. The dear things love their liberty just as much as we do."

THE ANGEL VISITOR.

BY CORA L. FITCH.

Once an angel, formed like manhood,
Paused beside a cottage-door:
Proud he seemed, and fair and stately,
And a regal front he bore,
While a light of heavenly radiance
Shone about him evermore.

To the woman toiling weary
Spake he words of import clear:
"Name that wish thy heart desireth—
I will grant it, have no fear.
Tell me but the one great longing
That fills all thy being here."

Quickly answering, spake she brightly:
"Give me wealth—unending gold."
And the angel, bending stately,
Said: "Thy wish was quickly told.
I will come again at even,
Bearing wealth of price untold."

And he came; but, ere he entered,
Cried she: "I'd a dream last night,
And the vision of an angel
Spake these words, while shone a light:
'Wealth is vain, and worse than idle:
For it deadens heart and sight.'

"So I do not wish for riches:
Give me wisdom broad and deep."
Bowed the angel: "Thou hast spoken,
And shalt soon thy harvest reap.
I will come to-morrow even,
Ere thy eyelids close in sleep."

As the darkness fell, he entered;
And the woman whispered low:
"Came again the angel vision,
Speaking: 'Let thy longing go;
For a fool hath more of comfort
Than the wisest man below.'

"So again I rue my choosing:
Give me rest—I ask no more."
But the angel sadly answered,
As he passed the lowly door:
"Rest is death—'tis thine for asking-
Death is rest forevermore."

Then she murmured: "Life is happy"—
And her smile a radiance lent
To the face now calm and peaceful,
And the head in quiet bent—
"Life is sweet, and toil is blessèd;
I will live—I am content."

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a walking-costume, of dark-blue serge, trimmed with bands of plush of the same color, or of a deep shade of maroon. The skirt of this costume is plain all around, and edged with a plaited flounce, six inches deep. The overskirt is flat at the sides, in panels, with revers turned back and bordered with a band of the plush. The back is in one large puff. The corsage is double-breasted, pointed back



No. 1.



No. 2.

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and front, and edged with a band of the plush corresponding with the skirt. Tight coat-sleeves, slightly fulled upon the shoulder. Close-fitting cuff, edged with a narrower band of the plush. This model is a stylish one for any self-colored woolen material—either serge, camel's-hair, or lady's-cloth. On cloth, a narrow band of fur may be used instead of the plush, and, for a cloth costume, an extra jacket for colder weather may be worn over this. Twelve yards of serge, or



No. 3.

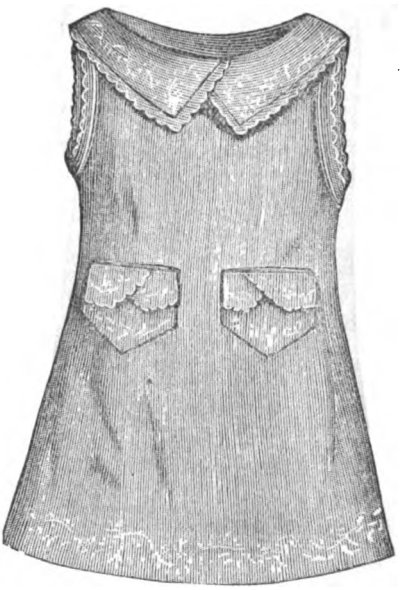
eight yards of cloth, one and a half yards of plush, and twelve buttons will be required.

No. 2—Is a house-toilette, of cashmere or soft silk, in gray, black, or any of the dark shades of blue, myrtle-green, brown, or garnet. The entire skirt is kilted, and there is no overskirt. The bodice is pointed in front, and the back is laid in two hollow plaits. The edge of the basque is simply faced with the silk. Collar and cuffs of velvet to match, and a large bow, with long loops-and-ends made of velvet, and lined with silk, is worn at the left side. A gray cashmere,



No. 4.

with a rich shade of maroon velvet, made after this model, will make a very stylish costume for a young lady. Twelve to fourteen yards of



No. 5.

cashmere, and two yards of velvet, will be required.

No. 3—Is a pretty home-costume, for a young

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girl. It is made of serge, in any dark color. The skirt is plain, with a tiny plissé of the material on the edge. The entire skirt is trimmed with rows of narrow worsted braid,



No. 6.

about three-fourths of an inch apart. If wider braid is used, five to eight rows only are used, as the taste may decide. The wide braids are some of them nearly two inches wide, and they make a very stylish trimming. The bodice is made in a short basque, which is put on under the overskirt. The overskirt is a simple round skirt, looped very high on the sides, and it is fastened to a belt. The front of this overskirt is continued up the front of the waist, making a blouse-front, which fastens under the standing collar. A belt with long loops-and-ends of ribbon is worn with this costume, and fastens at one side. Collar and cuffs of velvet to match. The fullness at the top of the sleeve is optional; quite as many fashionable costumes are made without it as with it. Ten to twelve yards of double-fold material. If narrow braid is used, three dozen yards. If one-inch or one and a half inch braid, eighteen yards will trim the skirt. A plain skirt should be not less than two and a half yards wide, and it must be very tight in front and at the sides, the back to be tied close over the tournure.

No. 4—Is a costume for either boy or girl of four to six years. It is made of serge, flannel, or light lady's-cloth, in any dark color. The skirt is trimmed with seven rows of narrow worsted braid put on above the hem, and is box-plaited all round, and put on to a petticoat-body. The corsage-waist fits neatly like a short paletot. It is trimmed with seven rows of the braid corresponding with the skirt. Collar and cuffs to match. The front buttons under a flap, which is covered with rows of braid to match,



No. 7.

or it may be simply buttoned directly down the front: or, if preferred, the corsage may be cut double-breasted.

No. 5—Is a nursery-pinafore, made of butcher's-

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linen, and embroidered on the pockets, revers, and armholes, in red or blue working-cotton. The pinafore fastens at the back.

No. 6—Is a paletot, of black or brown velvet



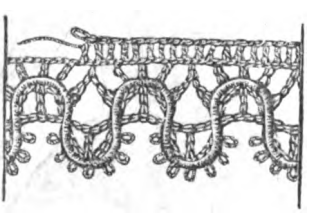
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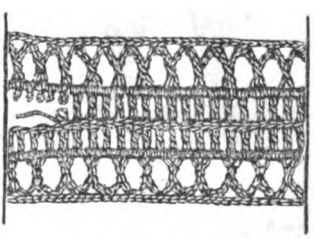
or velveteen, for a boy of five to seven years. It is cut straight like a little overcoat in the back, with two hollow box-plaits from the waist-line down, or without the plaits, as may be preferred. The fronts are double-breasted. A belt of the material, fastening with an oxidized buckle, is kept in place by being run through loops at the sides. Cuffs and a wide collar complete this costume.

No. 7—Is an entirely new model for a little girl's dress, for the house or dancing-school. It is made of cashmere—white, light-pink, or blue, or in any of the dark colors. The front and back alike are plaited into a pointed yoke, buttoning up the back. The skirt is composed of two parts: a foundation, on which is a kilted flounce, and the upper skirt is entirely kilted from the waist. A belt and buckle cover the waist-line. Coat-sleeves with cuff turned back, and high standing collar, complete this costume.

No. 8—Is a model for a simple walking-skirt, to be worn with a Jersey or basque of the same. It is to be made of cloth or camel's-hair. The plain round skirt has first a plissé of the material on the edge. This is put upon the foundation. The front and sides are plain, and trimmed with seven or eight rows of narrow worsted braid above the hem. A short apron-overskirt in front is trimmed to correspond, and the back-drapery falls straight in deep plaits.

CROCHET DESIGNS.





DESIGNS ON THE SUPPLEMENT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

On the SUPPLEMENT folded in with this number, we give a very beautiful design for the end of a Table-Scarf, and also designs for the front and back of a Slipper. We now proceed to describe how they should be worked.

1.—END FOR TABLE-SCARF.—This jalsomin flower, which is not the yellow jessamine, but is much larger and has a tube-shaped corolla, is found wild in Florida, and is the Italian name for a variety of the jessamine. The flower is of the size given on the SUPPLEMENT, and is of a light-yellow, buds darker. It can be worked on linen in crewels, or on velvet, satin, or plush, in filoselle. The leaves are in green, shaded. The border may be done in any color or varieties of color that suit the fancy. The work may be done either in outline or full.

2.—PATTERN FOR SLIPPER.—The slipper can be worked in either cloth or merino, though the heavier material is better. Braid of any pretty contrasting color may be used, or the work may be done in chain-stitch.

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PALETOT FOR YOUNG GIRL: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

As we said in our January number, the purpose of this department is to give the latest novelties in dress—women's and children's—in wraps, bodices, etc., etc., so as to keep our readers abreast of the newest developments in fashion. Each month, therefore, we give some fashionable costume, accompanied by a SUPPLEMENT, on which is a full-size pattern, by aid of which to cut it out.

For this month we give, as particularly seasonable, a Paletot for a young girl from eight to twelve years old. Folded in with the number is a SUPPLEMENT, with the patterns for it, full size. The paletot consists, as will be seen, of five pieces, viz:

1.—HALF OF FRONT.
2.—HALF OF BACK.
3.—SLEEVE.
4.—COLLAR AND CUFF.

The letters on the SUPPLEMENT show how the pieces are put together. The collar turns over at the dotted line, and the dotted line on the cuffs shows where it turns back. Make the paletot of striped or plaided tweed. The only trimmings are a thick rope-cord with tassels, made of worsted and silk, for the waist. Part of the cord is made into a rosette at the back. The other end passes around the waist and ties at the side. Velvet is used for the cuffs, but not for the collar.

We give also, on the SUPPLEMENT, several beautiful designs for embroidery, for descriptions of which see preceding page.



COLORED PATTERN OF POPPY DISKS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give another of those beautiful and costly colored patterns, which are only to be found in "Peterson," because no other lady's-book can, or will, afford the expense. It is as useful as it is beautiful, as is everything, so far as we can make it, in "Peterson." We give nothing merely for show.

This design is suitable for the ends of a bureau-cover, the border of a small table-cover, or a tea-cloth. The work is done in half-outline, either in wash-silks or in English crewels. Our design shows how the half-outline is done. The stitches are taken long and irregular to produce the effect. A little practice will make one proficient, and the work is more effective, giving broader coloring than simple outline.

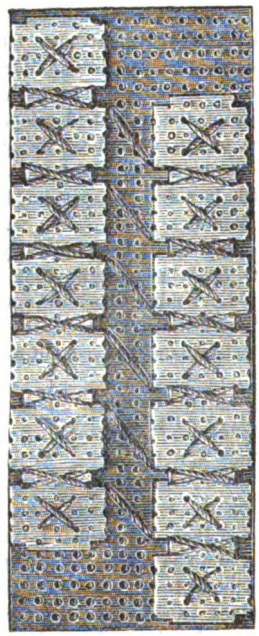
The best materials for working this design on are butcher's-linen, pongee, or China silk.

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LAMP-SHADE: IN CANVAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





This shade is made of perforated card-board canvas, in two colors. The lighter one is cut in stripes, after the design given in the detail. These stripes are put on to the foundation-piece with stitches of filoselle-silks, in different colors, forming the centre border for the shade. The shade is cut out of a circular piece to fit the porcelain shade over which this cover is used. Silk or linen canvas may be used, and any variety of decoration in stitches of silks and gold or tinsel thread. Finish the edge with a binding of ribbon, and lace may be added, if desired.

BIRTHDAY CARDS, Etc

BY MRS JANE WEAVER

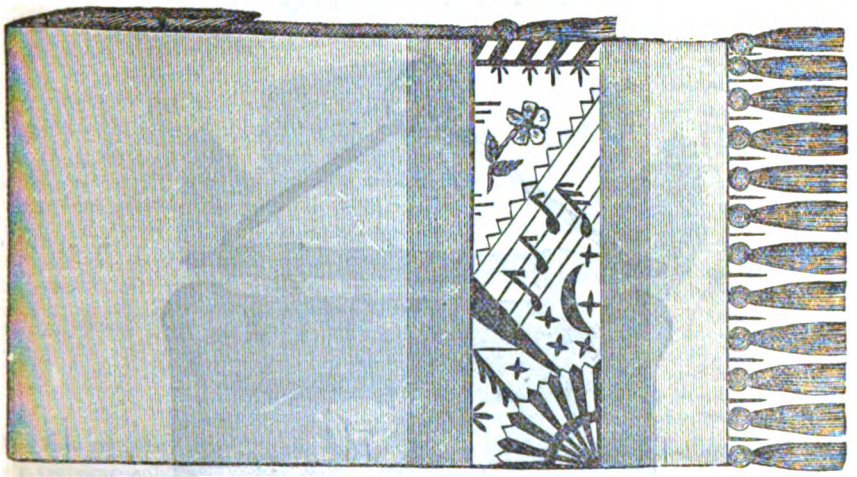
In the front of the number, we give, on opposite pages, two new and very beautiful designs for the birthday cards now so popular They can either be painted on card-board, the natural colors of the flowers, or can be embroidered on silk, satin, or plush, either in outline-stitch or in satin-stitch. In the latter case, the material should be worked so as to cover a piece of card-board entirely, and finished with a fringe, lace, or ribbon, to correspond with the material which is used, or with the colors of the flowers. A twisted cord and tassel, to suspend these cards by, is a pretty finish

We give also, on the same pages, two designs in embroidery, which may be done either in white or in colored embroidery-cottons

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SCARF FOR A MUSIC-STAND.

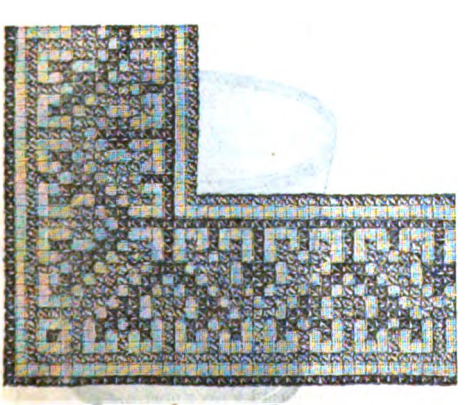
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

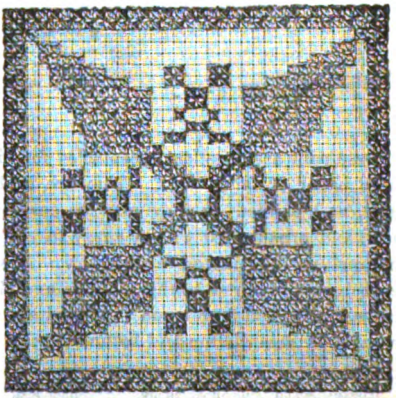


We give here a new and beautiful pattern for a scarf for a music-stand, designed for us by one of the members of the Philadelphia Art School. The scarf is made on a foundation of satin, cloth, or felt. A band of crazy patchwork forms the border of both ends, edged on both sides by a band of plush three inches deep. The band of patchwork may be from six to seven inches wide, and made of silks, satins, and velvet pieces. The bars of music and the notes are all to be done in silks. We have only given a few little designs, showing how to fill up the patches with bits of embroidery and fancy stitches. The best way is to trust to your own taste in selecting or designing patterns. Much of the effectiveness of crazy patchwork comes from its originality.

IN CROSS-STITCH: CORNER AND SQUARE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

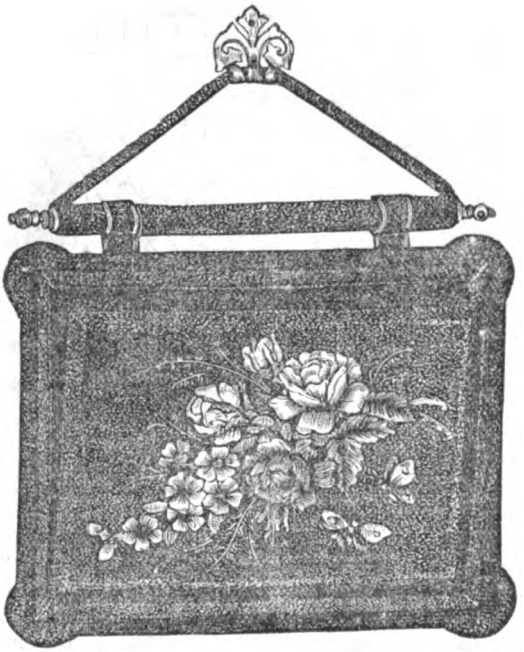




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PORTFOLIO FOR MUSIC OR NEWSPAPERS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The foundation is made of card-board, and the front flap covered with olive-colored plush, on which the design is embroidered in suitable colors. The frame of the back part and the suspension-rod are likewise covered with olive plush, while, for the inner lining of the portfolio, olive satin is used.

WORK-PAILS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

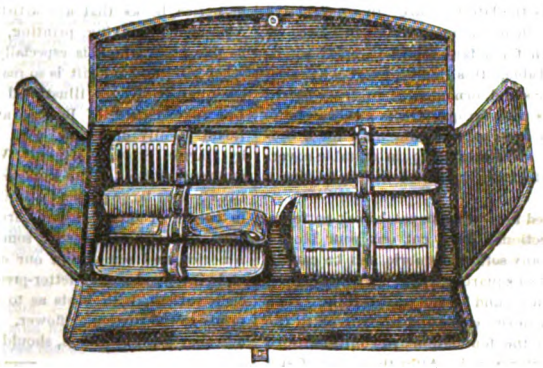
These pails are excellent receptacles for either waste paper or fancy work. They are made in wood, and painted, or they may be covered in satin, and ornamented with a spray in cretonne appliqué or Kensington embroidery. A small peach-basket, covered in this manner and lined, makes a very good foundation. A band of velvet or plush finishes the top and bottom edges.



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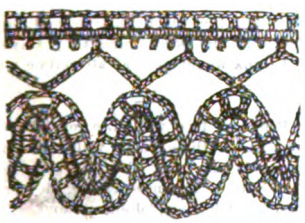
COMB-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This case contains the necessary combs for a lady's traveling-outfit, and a separate pocket for hair-pins. It may be made of alligator-skin or any other leather, the lining of the part where the combs are fixed with leather straps being composed of ruby velvet, while the inside of the flaps are covered with satin of the same color.

CROCHET EDGING.

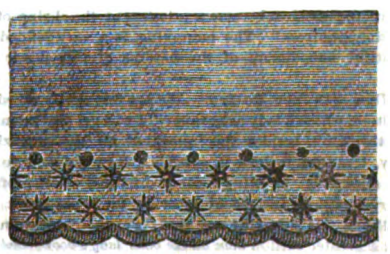




DAISY DESIGN FOR A BORDER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This pretty and simple design is useful for the edge of baby's petticoats, done in silk or linen floss. The same design, done in red or blue cotton, makes a pretty and durable edge for children's frocks and pinafores.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

CRAZY PATCHWORK is the latest "craze" in constructive needlework, as we said in our January number, where we gave an original design for a fan-pattern in crazy patch-work. In our "Work-Table," this month, we give a design for a scarf for a music-stand, ornamented in crazy patch-work. This "craze" is used for quilts, sofa-pillows, chair-seats, etc.; and we have even seen a lambrequin for a bed-room and a table-cover. For a lambrequin or table-cover, an additional border of plush should be added, to give a more decided effect.

As we have been asked how to make patchwork-patterns, we give here the directions: First cut out your blocks, using paper-muslin, or any soft old cambric, and be careful that the blocks are perfect squares. Then, with any-shaped piece, begin near the centre, and baste it on carefully. Then take another, and turn in the edges and baste it on to the piece already laid upon the foundation; so continue until you have the entire block covered. After the pieces of silk and velvet are neatly basted upon the foundation, then cover all the seams with feather-stitch embroidery, using a bright gold-color, or all colors may be used indiscriminately, so using up bits of silk. After the seams are covered, put in bits of embroidery where the pieces are large enough to admit of a simple flower or butterfly design. Other places may be ornamented by point-russe stitches, such simple ones as we often give. Use a variety of colors, and, if making a lambrequin or table-cover, add spangles at the points of the long stitches. This adds much to the brilliancy of the effect, but is not suitable for a quilt. After the blocks are all made, join them by stitching securely, also covering the seams with the feather-stitch. Make a border by using five or six rows of narrow solid-colored satin ribbons, or cut narrow inch-wide strips of solid-colored silks, sew these upon a foundation, making a striped border of several colors. Line the quilt with soft silk, old or new, and put a layer of wool-wadding between.

OUR ILLUSTRATION OF "IPHIGENIA."—One of the most tender and touching of the old Greek stories is that of Iphigenia, the daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra. Having killed a stag—so goes the fable—in the grove of Diana, Agamemnon sought to appease the goddess by sacrificing his daughter. But he put it off, year after year, until, when about to sail for Troy, the winds proved contrary, and the seer Calchas told him that it was in consequence of his neglected vow, and that the death of Iphigenia was necessary to propitiate the gods. Just as the daughter, however, now grown up into beautiful womanhood, was about to be immolated, Diana herself intervened, and bore the victim away in a cloud to Taurus, where the maiden became a priestess at the shrine of the "divine huntress." The engraving is a very refined and beautiful embodiment of the heroine of this classic tale.

"HOW CAN YOU DO IT?"—We are frequently asked the question, which a lady asks thus: "I will get two premiums for this club, besides the 'queen of all the magazines.' Why, I cannot believe it possible. How can you do it?" Our answer is: by being contented with a small profit on a large edition, instead of laboring for a big profit on a small one. It is in this way that "Peterson" has won and kept a greater edition *than all the other lady's-books combined.*

A BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATED BOOK.—We are always glad to notice books that are artistic, and that do honor to American engraving, printing, etc. There is now before us one such, which is especially suitable for a birthday or other gift; and no gift is so really refined as a handsome book, especially an illustrated one. It is published by Lee and Shepard, of Boston, and is called "Orchids, the Royal Family of Plants, with Illustrations from Nature by Harriet Stewart Miner." Without question, it is the most superb book of its kind issued this year. It contains twenty-four large plates, faithfully reproduced from nature, in colors, of orchids: some from the East Indies; some from the isles of the sea; some from South and Central America, and some from our own New England swamps and pine-woods. The letter-press gives full descriptions of each variety, with hints as to culture, and verses appropriate to the particular flower. Everyone fond of orchids, and they must be legion, should have this book.

"DRESSED FOR THE CHARADE."—Our principal engraving this month is, we think, one of the most charming we have ever published. The engraver, however, has made a slight mistake in its title. It is a picture of a real event—in fact, of two little ones, each only four years old, as they appeared at the Opera House in Dallas, Texas, before an audience of six thousand people, and sang the song entitled: "Juvenile Courtship," in the operetta of "Aladdin." It was, of course, in private theatricals, and not as public performers. We are indebted to a friend in Dallas for this pretty picture. She writes: "I have been a reader of your magazine for over fifteen years, and the first thing I look for when it arrives is the steel-engraving. I send you a picture from life, which thousands of people in this city pronounce as fine as anything they have ever seen, and which I think would make an attractive plate for your magazine."

THREE "BOOKS OF BEAUTY."—Lee and Shepard, Boston, have just published three books which are in such exceptionally good taste that they deserve to be called "Books of Beauty." The most choice, in our opinion at least, is "Baby's Kingdom," designed and illustrated by Annie L. Cox, and intended as a sort of album, in which baby's career for years may be noted down by the fond mother. The colored illustrations in this volume are very beautiful. Another, called "The Guest Book," designed for visitors to write in, and similar in general style, is only less perfect. A third is "My Lady's Casket," with selections by Eleanor W. Talbot, also with colored illustrations, all very good, though not in quite as perfect taste, we think, as those in "Baby's Kingdom" or "The Guest Book."

"ONLY TOOK A SHORT TIME."—A lady sends a club, and writes: "When I received my last magazine, I could not think it was the last one I should get, so I started for a club, and it only took a short time to get these eight subscribers. I have taken several magazines, but find 'Peterson' the best."

"LARGER THAN FOR YEARS."—A lady sends us a club, and writes: "My club is larger than for years, and I never had so little trouble in getting one." Yes, the word with "Peterson" is: "Always forward."

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"THE PEARL OF PRICE," A COMPANION TO "THE GOLDEN GIFT."—The illustrated volume of poetry, "The Golden Gift," which we issued for 1884, *as a premium for getting up clubs*, has proved so popular that we publish a companion to it, for 1885, which we call "The Pearl of Price." The latter one is of the same size as the "Gift," printed on a similar page, illustrated with the same number of engravings, and also bound in the same elegant manner. The only difference is that while the writers in the "Gift" were all English poets, those in the "Pearl" are all American ones. As we are constantly asked the price of these books, we answer they are one dollar each to non-subscribers to "Peterson," seventy-five cents to subscribers.

We also have a fine large-size steel-plate for a premium, so that persons getting up clubs can have it, if they prefer it to the "Pearl." The size is twenty-one by twenty-seven inches. The picture is entitled "The Lion in Love," and is a capital affair. It would frame charmingly.

We will also give, for some of the clubs, an extra copy of the magazine for 1885; and, for large clubs, an extra copy, as well as the "Pearl" and "The Lion in Love." *Now is the time* to get up clubs for 1885. Send for a specimen to canvass with.

NO RISK WITH "PETERSON."—A lady sends us a club, and says: "As your magazine has never been taken here before, some of my club were rather afraid of losing their money, as they have lost it when subscribing for certain other magazines, so please send the January number as soon as possible." We notice this to say that no one need be afraid of not having "Peterson" sent. Even when numbers miscarry, we always mail duplicates on being informed of it. Every promise, of every kind, that "Peterson" makes, is kept; and that is one of the reasons why, for so many years, it has had its enormous circulation.

THE DRESSING OF THE HAIR requires some artistic thought. Girls with high foreheads should be careful to avoid drawing it from the face: it should be worn by them either in curls or in waves over it. A thin long face is also improved by the same treatment, especially where the cheek-bones are very visible. A round flat face requires the hair to be dressed on the forehead, and not at the sides; regular and straight features should have simple wavy hair, with the middle parting accurately made, while a beautiful head should have its outline preserved by quite smooth hair.

JAM-POTS, on the breakfast-table, are now thought to be in good taste when roughly painted with the fruit of which the jam is composed. A cluster of cherries, a spray of raspberries, etc., are laid on with a few touches. The painting is in oils, afterwards varnished. Table napkin-rings, of satin, made over card-board, are frequently seen in the various plates, with a different flower painted on each.

SIX INSTEAD OF ONE.—We have a letter that says: "In the December number you expressed a wish that 'every subscriber would send another name, beside her own.' Well, here I come with six beside my own." We have received a great many letters of this kind.

IN CHOOSING A BONNET, remember that stout people, if you happen to be stout, must eschew both the very small and the very large, and preserve a moderate proportion in the appearance of the head.

THE "PEARL OF PRICE."—A lady writes: "I received your premium, the 'Pearl of Price,' and was very much pleased with it: it is so much better than I expected."

WE "WONDER" TOO.—A lady renews her subscription, and writes: "I have taken 'Peterson' since 1879. I often wonder how I ever did without it before."

ADDITIONS MAY BE MADE TO CLUBS at the price paid by the rest of the club, and when enough additional names have been sent, the sender will be entitled to another premium or premiums. The additions may be made at any time all through the year.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

One Year's Sketch Book. 1 *vol., large 4to. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—This is one of the handsomest illustrated volumes that has appeared recently. The engravings are as various as they are artistic, and each engraving is accompanied by letter-press. The work is really one that reflects the highest credit on the publishers, as well as on Mr. Irene E. Jerome, who illustrated and arranged it, and on Mr George T. Andrew, under whose supervision the engravings were made. Every season of the year is illustrated, and almost every phase of landscape, as well as every variety of flower in field and wood, and all are so well done that it is really impossible to give the palm to any particular design.

Romana. By Helen Hunt Jackson (H. H.). 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—We are not sure but that this is the best American book, in the way of fiction, that has appeared for years. The characters are well discriminated and sketched with great force, especially the Señora, Alessandro, and Romana herself. The interest is kept up from first to last. The tale is full of local color. The scene is laid in Southern California, and the scenery, the habits of the people—indeed, everything that gives character to the region—is brought vividly before the reader.

Three Visits to America. By Emily Faithfull. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Fowler & Wells.*—The name of Emily Faithfull has become a household-word, not only in England, but in America also. For twenty years she has been conspicuous for her efforts in behalf of struggling women. During that period she has made three visits to the United States, for the purpose of studying our society, our industrial methods, and our organizations in behalf of the poor. The results of these visits are recorded in the volume before us.

Married Above Her. By A Lady of New York. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is one of those "society novels" which are so popular just now. It is thoroughly original, with a capital plot, and full of life, vigor, and even power. The story turns on a young country-girl, who marries a man belonging to an aristocratic and haughty city family.

Young Folks' Ideas. A Story. By Uncle Lawrence. 1 *vol.*, 8*vo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—The aim of this book is to teach useful information in the guise of story-telling: thus, how bread is made, glass-blowing, gold-seeking, etc., etc. The volume is beautifully printed and handsomely illustrated.

The Making of a Man. By the Author of "His Majesty, Myself," etc. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—Quite up to any of its predecessors by the same author. A story full of incident, told with great force, and having well-marked characters artistically discriminated, especially those of the old farmer, the general, and Thirlmore himself.

Chats. "Now Talked of This, And Then of That." By G. Hamlen. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A delightful little volume, prettily printed, and neatly bound; and made up of sensible racy bits of talk, called "Chats," on all sorts of subjects.

Perseverance Island. By Douglas Frazer. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—This is a "Robinson Crusoe" story of the present century, capitally told, and illustrated with spirited engravings. Just the book for boys.

Floxie Growing Up. By Sophie May. 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—Another of that popular "Floxie Frizzle" series. We know of no books that are such a delight to children.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"Its Praise is in Every Mouth."—From editors, subscribers, persons getting up clubs, etc., we are constantly receiving word, this year, that our magazine is better than ever. Says one: "We have taken 'Peterson' in our family for twelve years, and could not think of getting along without it." Another says: "I have taken your magazine a good many years, until it seems like a friend: I cannot do without it." And another: "I could not get along without your magazine: it is the best book we have ever taken." Still another: "All who take it are well pleased, and always impatient for the next number." And another: "We just feel we could not get along without your book." And another: "Was only out two hours and a half, and have seven subscribers." Another: "I did not take the magazine this year, and it was very dull without it." Another: "I did without it last year, but will never do without it again." And another: "I would rather do without my dinner than the magazine." But we could fill pages, if we had room, with similar commendations. These are enough, however, to show that, in the popular estimation, "Peterson" is still not only the cheapest, but *the best of the lady's-books.*

Catarrh Cured.—A clergyman, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease, catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. A. Lawrence, 199 Dean Street, Brooklyn, New York, will receive the recipe, free of charge.

Took It For Eighteen Years.—Says a lady, in a recent letter: "I have taken your magazine for eighteen years, and will not do without it as long as I can raise two dollars, or get one to join in a club with me." We may add, in this connection, that we have a good many subscribers who have taken "Peterson" for nearly forty years.

"Very Easy to Get."—Says a lady, who sends us a club for this year: "It is very easy to get subscribers for 'Peterson,' for all know they receive twice the worth of their money. One of my club is a lady nearly eighty years old: she says she enjoys reading it so much, and has something to interest her grandchildren when they visit her."

"No Trouble to Get Up."—A lady writes to us: "I had no trouble in getting up my club, as those who took it last year were ready to subscribe again when I called on them, and one lady was so afraid I would forget her that she came to my house with the money before I commenced canvassing." This is the way everybody speaks.

A Wise Woman produces best results with least money. This is exemplified, we are assured, by using Electro-Silicon, the noted silver-polish. Its cost is trivial. It produces unsurpassed brilliancy. It is also harmless. Samples are mailed free. Address 72 John Street, New York.

Horsford's Almanac and Cook-Book mailed free, on application to the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[Medical Botany—Of the Garden, Field, and Forest.]

By Abram Livezey, A. M., M. D.

Conclusion.

Several years ago we invited mothers to walk with us through the garden, and examine the chief characteristics of the plants generally found therein, to learn their botanical names and their medicinal values, and thus add pleasure to profitable employment.

After a year or two thus pleasantly spent, we extended the invitation to the daughters, also, to accompany us out into the fields and forests, to view with us the beauties of creation as manifested in plant-life—in our meadows, in ravines, on the banks of babbling brooks, and in the hushed forest-wilds. Now, after a period extending over several years, during which we have examined nearly every herb, shrub, and tree possessed of any known healing virtue, we are ready to bring our lengthened rambles to a close. Before leaving this most interesting subject, however, we beg leave to offer a few suggestions, or throw out a few thoughts:

I believe the more beauties we see, and the more we appreciate them while on this earth, the more peaceful our lives, and the more pleasures we find in wandering through woods and wilds, along the banks of meadows and rivulets decked with the sweet wild-flowers of nature, and thus look through nature up to nature's God, the more charming will be the future opening to our spiritual vision. We see Deity manifested or evidenced all around us in the lovely aspects of nature, and I apprehend we shall never see Him seated on a throne or located in a city; but my hope is to see Him, spiritually, still more glorified in the life to come.

A happy future life is not a matter of faith in this, however, but will naturally follow a life well spent here—in loving mercy, walking humbly, and doing justly to our neighbor, each day doing the best we can under the circumstances in which we are placed. But to turn from this little digression: Disease is a violation of law, and suffering is the consequence—one to be atoned for. Too much, especially with the thoughtless, is expected of the doctor. True, he can correct derangements, and restore functions; but care and prudence must be exercised by the patient, or by the mother in behalf of her children. Attention to the skin, to food and clothing, must be given; excesses, imprudences avoided. Often a good bath, the giving of the stomach or digestive organs a rest for twenty-four hours, or mainly so on "bread and water" and quietude, will restore one's health. Simple medicines in simple ailments, and especially for children, are the best, safest, and the most successful. The alimentary canal of a child that eats heartily and indiscriminately, as a rule, needs unloading by oil, rhei, magnesia, or an enema, in the beginning of sickness, after which the bath, rest, diet, and nursing will often suffice. Professional observation for forty years inclines the writer to the belief that many mothers are too prone to give active medicines, to "doctor" their children too much; and thus, many healthy children naturally have been seen to become sickly, puny, and pinched in appearance. Preventive measures are the best: avoid the causes of disease; and mothers should be impressed with the importance of this "ounce of prevention," which consists largely in relation to air or ventilation, proper food, clothing, etc. And now we will abandon this department to other and abler heads.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," Peterson's Magazine, Lock Box 409, Marblehead, Mass.

Answers to Puzzles in January Number.

No. 262.

May-day.

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No. 263.

"One take is worth two I'll-give-thees."

No. 264.

E V A D E
V O W E L
A W F U L
D E U C E
E L L E N

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

HEALTHY DRESS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.—The smaller a child is, the less power has it of generating heat, and the more readily does it part with what little it has. Hence children require more warmth in their clothing than grown people. The popular theory that exposing children's limbs hardens them is utterly wrong. Besides the enormous mortality from lung diseases induced by this practice, it is the means of robbing many of the survivors of health and beauty. Exposure means loss of heat; when heat is rapidly lost, the food has to be burned up to maintain the warmth of the body, instead of nourishing it and building up fresh tissue, so that exposure to cold is sure to injure either growth or structure.

Binders, by constricting the chest and abdomen, hinder the work of lungs, heart, stomach, and liver. They very frequently produce pigeon-breasts, and the injuries which they do to the internal organs only too often give rise to life-enduring evils. To avoid these evils, besides giving up the linen roller, the flannel one should be greatly reduced. Cut a strip of flannel long enough to go twice around the infant. Make one end of this narrower than the other, so that it can pass through a slit in the breadth of the other side. It will then sit quite smoothly round the baby, and should be tied to one side in front with ribbons sewed on to the ends. The edges of the flannel should be left raw; at the wider end it should measure two and a half inches, at the narrower an inch and a half. Sew a tiny button on to the outside of the binder above each hip.

The next great object to attain is to have an equal warmth over every part of the body, and to obtain the necessary warmth with the least possible weight. We must, therefore, do away with the ordinary cotton or linen shirt, which only covers the middle part of the body, and substitute for it a garment with long sleeves, fitting closely round the throat and reaching to the feet or a little below them. This should be made of fine flannel or merino; cotton, silk, and linen are all bad, as they are heavy without being warm, and check perspiration, leaving the skin wet, instead of keeping it dry by absorbing the skin-exhalations, as woolen materials do.

The great length and fulness of ordinary baby-clothes is also very injurious; as the child lies in the nurse's arms, the whole weight of this comes on the legs and feet, cramping their movements, and even deforming the feet by dragging on them. The clothes, therefore, should be made short from the very first, and the legs kept warm by knitted woolen stockings, made to fit loosely about the feet and legs, and long enough to fasten on the hips to the buttons on the modified binder, which will pass through the meshes of the stocking. The diaper will protect the child underneath; it should be put on to pass over the binder and stockings at the sides, and fasten in front with a nursery-pin.

The diaper can generally be left off at about six months, and then the stockings should be shortened and supplemented by little flannel drawers. Over the vest described just now, another, made in the same way but without sleeves, should be worn in cold weather. The next thing is the robe, which, for winter, I should make of a pretty twilled flannel or other woolen material that will wash. It should have sleeves to the wrist, and, so that it may fit closely to the throat, it is best to make it fulled in to a little shoulder-piece or yoke. Like the other garment, the robe should only reach the feet, or a couple of inches below them.

None of the clothes should be gathered at the waist, but what little weight there is should hang from the shoulders.

Infants do not require caps indoors where the temperature is generally rather high; but, when carried from room to room, the square of flannel which forms part of every layette should be wrapped around them and over the head. Nervous excitability, and with it the liability of convulsions, is much increased if babies' heads are kept too hot. The absence of hair from the little heads may be taken as an indication that nature has provided for their being kept cool.

Night-gowns should be made of flannel, and be worn over the vest. They also should have long sleeves, so that there need be no fear of the child's taking cold when it kicks off the bed-clothes. Bed-clothes should be as light as possible, and, on the principle that the movements of the body and limbs ought never to be impeded, they should not be tightly tucked in.

In concluding this article, I ought to mention that there are two very good reasons why all garments worn by young children should be white. The first is, that many colors are produced by the agency of poisonous dyes which can only be detected by experts. The other is, that as white shows the dirt very quickly, white clothes are changed much more frequently than those which are colored.

ARTISTIC CORNER.

FLOWER-ALBUMS.—When we settle down to quiet winter-evenings, unless we are authors or artists, and scribble and paint in alternation with reading and working, our usual evening employments are apt to become somewhat monotonous, and the turning out of that varied lot of summer treasures and their arrangement in a book forms a pleasant change of occupation. Not being botanists, we are free to place our specimens according to our own fancy, and may combine them in any way we choose, putting flowers and leaves belonging to the most divergent "classes" in proximity only to be found in nature; and what pretty groups we can make. But now as to backgrounds: Books for this purpose are commonly made with pages all of one color, generally white; but this is a mistake: the book we should choose would be one made of many tints, but more especially black. A book for this use should have quite a preponderance of black pages, as so many of the specimens look far more effective on that ground than on any other. There should also be pages of gray, drab, cream, etc., and some should be white, for such delicate tracery leaves as feather-moss or tiny ferns are shown to greater advantage on white than on anything darker. All leaves from trees should have a dark ground—black is the best, as also is it for many flowers, especially white or very lightly colored ones; but some look well, perhaps best, on gray or drab. The arrangement we must leave to the collector's taste, and anyone who has that eye for beauty sufficient to gather up and preserve the common things of the fields and hedges will need no instruction in grouping them artistically afterwards.

The only gum which should be used for sticking down the specimens is gum tragacanth—commonly known as gum dragon, since this preparation, even although brushed on carelessly, will, when dry, leave no trace behind, as does gum arabic. You can prepare it yourself very simply: place a small piece of the dry gum in a wide-mouthed bottle, and pour cold water upon it; after a few hours you will

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find the gum to have increased to an enormous size, and to have absorbed all the water; now add hot water, and it will dissolve to the consistency that you require. This, well stoppered, will keep some days; but it is best to make only a small quantity at a time, as it is apt to go bad. It is best, in a book of flowers, to use only the right-hand page for the specimens, and each left-hand page—which will be its opposite—for the name of the flower or any little memento you may like to record of where and when it was gathered. This will add much to the interest of the book, at least to its owner.

If, pressed for room, you have to use every page for your specimens, cut to fit, and neatly gum a sheet of tissue-paper between each page, to prevent rubbing.

CAMEO-CUTTING.—The best American artist in cameo-cutting has recently been interviewed upon his costly art. He was found pounding up diamonds with a pestle and mortar. He turned to his lathe by the window, and, rubbing some of the diamond-dust, which he had mixed with sperm-oil, on the end of a small drill, began his work. He was making for a cabinet-piece a large cameo, two by two and a half inches, one of the largest ever cut, of an old gentleman in Germany, whose portrait was placed before him. "I have one hundred and twenty-five of these soft-iron drills," he remarked; "they are made soft so as to catch the diamond-dust, which is the only thing that will cut a cameo. A cameo is indestructible, except you take a hammer and smash it. It is an old art, and was practiced by the Romans, Greeks, and Egyptians. Doctor Schliemann found some cameos in good preservation that were probably three thousand years old. It takes several weeks to cut a large piece like this. Afterwards, it has to be polished with tripoli, first being smoothed with emery and oil, using the lead instrument similar to those for cutting. It is easier to cut a profile than a full-face portrait. Some people prefer intaglios, in which the portrait is depressed instead of raised. They are made on sards and cornelians, the former being a dark reddish-brown, and the latter a clear red. They are harder to make than cameos. I have to take the impression of the work in wax as I go on. I usually cut portraits from photographs, but sometimes have done them from life, and also from casts of dead persons." A large cameo copy of Gerôme's "Cleopatra before Cæsar," which he had cut, was valued at fifteen hundred dollars.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

SOUPS.

Common Stock.—Take all the bones of joints, etc., that are available, carcases and bones of poultry and of game, chop them all into convenient pieces, and put them into a saucepan, together with any scraps of meat, cooked or uncooked, resulting from remnants, the trimming of cutlets, etc., etc. Add a couple of carrots, one onion, a bunch of parsley, one bay-leaf, a small sprig of thyme, and one of marjoram; salt to taste, a small quantity of white pepper and allspice mixed, and two or three cloves. Fill up the saucepan with cold water until it covers the contents by one inch, and set it on the fire to boil slowly for about four hours. Strain the liquor through a cloth into a basin, and, when cold, the cake of fat on the top being removed, the stock will be fit to use.

Crab or Lobster Soup.—Boil and pick two crabs or one large lobster; pound the shell and small claws in a mortar, then boil it for two hours in three and a half pints of water. Fry one small onion in a tablespoonful of butter; when it is rather brown, add the crab or lobster meat, well chopped. Cook one minute, then add one large teaspoonful of flour, salt, and pepper. Stir well; then add three pints of the water in which the shells were boiled and one teaspoonful of minced parsley. Boil slowly one hour, add one pint boiling milk, boil it up once, and serve.

MEATS AND POULTRY.

Cold Chicken.—The meat of large cold roast fowls, however dark in color, and however tough, may be made tender by gentle simmering in a stew-pan over the fire in the usual way—or, better still, in the oven. For the latter, cut the fowl into joints, place them in a deep pie-dish, with enough cold water to completely cover them; place the dish on the bottom shelf of the oven, which should not be too hot, and let it remain until sufficiently tender to draw out the bones: watch it, in order to add more water as the first reduces. It must be kept quite under the water all the time, or it would dry up, and become hard and brown; at the same time, it does not do to put it in too much water at first, as it would draw the goodness from the meat. It will probably take about an hour and a half to do, and, prepared in this way, it will be ready to use for rissoles, croquettes, curry, or mince, taking care to chop up a little fat streaky bacon with it. The liquor in which it has been cooked will be very good to moisten it as required, or it may be added to the stock-pot.

Stewed Rabbit.—Having your rabbit skinned and properly cleaned, place it in cold water, to wash all blood, etc., etc., away; then divide it into small pieces, and again put it into cold water for a minute or two. Then have ready a stew-pan with about a pint and a half of cold water in it, place the rabbit in it, and let it cook over a nice clear fire for an hour, adding a little more water, if required. Thicken the essence with two tablespoonfuls of cold flour and water, and salt and pepper to taste. A little parsley, boiled and chopped very fine, will be found a great improvement to this dish.

Turkey Hash.—Take off all the meat from the bones, and chop it up in small pieces, but not too fine. Mix a little celery or celery-seed, salt, pepper, parsley, and an atom of onion. Add half a tablespoonful of butter rolled well in one of flour, about half a pint of water, or according to the quantity of meat you have, and let it stew until the meat is well heated through.

VEGETABLES.

Hominy.—Hominy requires no previous soaking, and served as fried cakes is excellent; served with roast meat or as a vegetable, is better in every respect than rice. Take five times the measure of boiling water to that of hominy: for instance, one breakfastcupful of hominy, five breakfastcupfuls of boiling water. Wash the hominy in warm water, when cold add a little salt to the boiling water in the saucepan, put in the hominy, and boil it half an hour. Serve it as "mash" or vegetable by stirring an ounce of butter into it.

Potato Croquettes.—Pass some cold boiled potatoes through a sieve. Make them into a paste with the yolk of an egg or a whole egg, according to quantity; add pepper and salt to taste, and a little minced parsley. Fashion the paste into round balls, the size of a nut, by rolling them in breadcrumb. Dip them in egg beaten up, and again roll in breadcrumb. Fry in hot lard, and serve with fried parsley.

Cranberries.—These make a delicious preserve, to be eaten with hot or cold meat. Make a syrup of half a pound of sugar and half a pint of cold water, boil it for a few minutes; then, having washed a pound of cranberries, first in warm then in cold water, and dried them, put them into the boiling syrup, and boil them for half an hour. Serve cold.

DESSERTS.

Broken Bread Pudding.—This pudding will use up the crusts and remnants of bread to be found in every household; all will suit, no matter how dry they are, so that they

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are not moldy. Gather all into a large bowl, and throw over it as much sweetened milk as the bread is likely to absorb, with two or three tablespoonfuls of finely-shred suet and a little salt; cover until well soaked, then beat the whole smooth, and add two or three well-beaten eggs, a few currants and raisins, and some grated nutmeg. The addition of a tablespoonful of rum or brandy will be an improvement. Bake in an ordinary pudding-dish for about an hour and a half.

A Plain Pudding.—Weigh three quarters of a pound of any scraps of bread, crust or crumb, cut them into small pieces, and pour boiling water upon them, allowing them to become well soaked. After standing until the water be cool, press it all out, and mash the bread smooth with the back of a spoon. Add a teaspoonful of powdered ginger, sweeten with moist sugar, and add three-quarters of a pound of cleaned and well-picked currants. Mix well, butter a pan, and lay the mixture in it. Flatten all down with a spoon, lay some pieces of butter on the top, bake in a moderately hot oven, and serve hot.

A Welsh Pudding.—Well butter a pie-dish, place at the bottom some slices of bread and butter, then a layer of black currant, raspberry, or any other jam which may be liked, then some more bread and butter, and repeat until the dish be filled. Bake in a moderate oven, and, when done, turn out on a dish, sift some powdered sugar over, and pour round the dish, not over, some sweet sauce, made of milk, flour, and sugar. This pudding may also be made with fresh fruit, instead of preserved, in which case some sugar must be sprinkled over it with every layer.

Bourdois Pudding.—Mix one quart of Indian meal with four ounces of butter or finely-minced beef-suet, and four ounces of brown sugar or one pint of molasses, add two teaspoonfuls of powdered cinnamon and one pint of milk; add two eggs well beaten, then pour over the whole three pints of boiling milk. Stir a few minutes, then pour it into a pudding-pan, and bake it four or five hours in a moderate oven. Every hour, pour a little cold milk on the top of the pudding to prevent its becoming tough. Serve hot with a pumpkin-pie.

Mince-Pies.—Butter slightly a number of patty-pans, take a piece of the paste, roll it out to the thickness of a quarter of an inch, and line the pans with it. Put a wineglassful of brandy or cider into the mince, stir it well, and put a small quantity of it into each pan; brush the paste round with white of egg, and put on a cover of paste rolled out to about one-third of an inch thick. Press the edges well together, brush the top with cold water, strew finely-powdered sugar over, and bake about half an hour.

Pumpkin-Pie.—Pare some pumpkin or squash, stew it with very little water, drain it, mash it smoothly. To one pint of mashed pumpkin add two cups of sugar, four beaten eggs, a little salt, the grated peel of one lemon, a little essence of rose, one small tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of mixed cinnamon and ginger; mix well, then add one quart of hot milk. Bake it in deep soup-plates lined with paste, without any upper crust. Serve hot or cold.

Tapioca Snow.—Take three tablespoonfuls of tapioca, and put in a stewpan with a piece of butter the size of a hazel-nut, and one pint of milk; let it boil until transparent. Whip two yolks of eggs for ten minutes, and put into it. Turn out into a dish, then whip the whites of the eggs to a strong froth with a pinch of salt, and, when they are well frothed, add three ounces of not too finely pounded sugar. If liked, flavor the tapioca.

CAKES.

Plain Luncheon Cake.—Melt one-quarter pound of butter and two ounces of dripping in the oven together, let it stand till cool, then add three eggs, well beaten; one-quarter pound of moist sugar, one-quarter pound of currants, one-quarter pound of sultanas, and two ounces of candied peel, cut up finely. Have ready, in a separate basin, three-quarters of a pound of flour, mixed with two teaspoonfuls of Borwick's baking-powder, and add this gradually to the other ingredients. Bake one hour and a half in a moderate oven. This makes an excellent cake: resembling round cake, without too much richness. Another recipe for a cake without fruit is as follows: Beat up, either with the hand or a fork, one-quarter pound of butter, then add four eggs, the yolks and whites beaten separately, six ounces of castor-sugar, six ounces of ground rice, and six ounces of flour. Put two or three slices of citron on the top, and a piece of buttered paper over it to prevent burning. Bake about one hour and a half.

Corn Bread, Baked.—Half a pint of buttermilk and half a pint of sweet milk. Add to the buttermilk half a teaspoonful of soda. Beat two eggs, whites and yolks together, pour the milk on to the eggs, and thicken with about nine tablespoonfuls of sifted corn meal. Put the pan in which it is to be baked on the stove, with a piece of lard the size of an egg. When melted, pour in the batter, add a teaspoonful of salt, stir well, and bake.

Plain Rice Cake.—Mix with a half-pound of ground rice a half-pound of pounded sugar, and the grated rind of half a lemon; whisk thoroughly two large eggs, whites and yolks together; mix these with the other ingredients, and bake in buttered tin. This cake is best eaten fresh: after about three days it becomes dry, as it contains no butter; but for using at once it is nice and inexpensive.

Black Cake.—One pound each of flour, butter, and sugar; eleven eggs; four pounds of raisins stoned; four pounds of currants washed and dried; two pounds of citron chopped fine; one and a half tumblers of brandy; one wine-glass of rose-water; half a pound of sweet chocolate grated; three nutmegs; mace; and a teaspoonful of ground cloves. Let the fruit be put in last.

TOILET.

The Hands.—In order to preserve the hands soft and white, they should always be washed in warm water with fine soap, and carefully dried with a moderately coarse towel, being well rubbed every time, to insure a brisk circulation, than which nothing can be more effectual in procuring a transparent and soft surface. If engaged in any accidental pursuit which may hurt the color of the hands, or if they have been exposed to the sun, a little lemon-juice will restore their whiteness for the time; and lemon-soap is proper to wash them with. Almond-paste is of essential service in preserving the delicacy of the hands. The following is a serviceable pomade for rubbing the hands, on retiring to rest: Take two ounces of sweet almonds, beat with three drachms of white wax and three drachms of spermaceti, beaten up carefully in rose-water. Gloves should always be worn on exposure to the atmosphere.

Chilblains.—Take common red pepper or cayenne, and put into spirits sufficient to make quite strong, and bathe the affected parts freely. This will surely cure.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cambric Tea.—Put two lumps of sugar into a cup, fill it a quarter full with cream or milk, and pour the boiling water in last. The flavor is very perceptibly better than a mere cup of hot water seasoned with sugar and cream. It is a useful warm drink for children, or anyone not wishing any stimulant.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIG. 1.—VISITING-DRESS, OF BLACK SILK. The under-skirt is of brocade, and has a side-plaited flounce of plain black silk; on this is placed gimp and jet ornaments, at intervals. The overdress is of plain black silk, draped and

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trimmed with two ruffles of Escurial lace. The bodice is of the brocaded silk, has a collar of Escurial lace, and is trimmed with the jet and gimp ornaments. Bonnet of black velvet, ornamented with light-yellow feathers.

FIG. II.—VISITING-DRESS, OF DARK-RED CAMEL'S-HAIR. The lower skirt is trimmed with bands of figured Persian goods. The tunic is draped very low on the right side, opposite to where the two bands of the Persian goods are placed on the left side, is much puffed on the tournure, and is draped low on the skirt. The bodice has a simulated vest of velvet, with a band of the Persian goods forming revers. Large bow of white cambric at the neck. Hat of red velvet, trimmed with feathers.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS, OF STEEL-BLUE CASHMERE. The underskirt is of black velveteen, edged with a very narrow knife-plaiting of the cashmere. The tunic is draped low and is embossed in the same color, and has a trimming of narrow black velvet ribbon placed between the embossed patterns, which forms battlements. The vest is of black velveteen, cut in two points at the bottom, and the jacket, which is confined only at the arm-seams, has a rolling collar, and is cut so as to form plaits at the back. Hat of steel-blue felt, trimmed with black velveteen and yellow birds and wings.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-BROWN CASHMERE, WITH A SIDE-PLAITED FLOUNCE ON THE BOTTOM. The long cloak is of fawn-colored cloth, made with a full skirt at the back, and ornamented with worsted chenille drops. The upper part of the cloak is dolman-shaped, and is trimmed with worsted chenille and ball fringe. The collar and band of the sleeves are of brown velvet. Hat of fawn-colored felt, edged on the crown with gathered velvet of the same color, and trimmed with brown and fawn-colored feathers.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF HEAVY FIGURED GRAY WOOLEN MATERIAL. The underskirt is of dark-blue velveteen, which is cut out in leaf-scallops at the edge, and falls over a narrow plaited silk ruffle, of the color of the dress. The velvet skirt has a row of buttons down the left side, and it opens slightly above the silk ruffle. The woolen overdress is plaited to the elongated round waist, is rounded at the bottom of the sides, where it opens over the velveteen skirt, and has a waterfall back, which always falls in straight lines. The bodice is plain, and buttons diagonally from the neck to the left side. Collar and cuffs of dark-blue velveteen. Hat of gray felt, faced and trimmed with a band of dark-blue velveteen. Red bird in front.

FIG. VI.—WRAP, OF BROWN BROCHÉ WOOLEN. This mantle fits the figure as far as the waist, and it is draped crosswise from the right to the left hip, where it is fastened under a large buckle. The sleeves are set in high on the shoulders, are wide, then plaited at the hand, and are lined with quilted red satin. Brown felt hat, trimmed with many bows and ends of ribbon and red poppies. This wrap is one of the most graceful that has appeared this season.

FIG. VII.—CRINOLETTE, MADE OF WHITE MOREEN, AND TRIMMED WITH TORCHON LACE. Steels are run in the foundation, where the ruffles are set on. Stiff horse-hair makes a most serviceable crinolette.

FIG. VIII.—JACKET, OF BLACK CLOTH, TRIMMED WITH PATTES OF BLACK BRAID. These pattes can readily be made by any industrious woman. They look well made of gold braid, on white or any colored jacket; but the braid should be of good quality, or they will not pay for the trouble of making.

FIG. IX.—RIDING-HABIT, OF DARK-BLUE CLOTH. The skirt is made without plaits at the waist, and is gored to fit the figure. It should be tried on over the saddle, to insure a good fit. The right side is cut longer than the left, which is so short that it does not come much below the foot, and should fall without a fold. The waist in our engraving is cut with a separate basque, which is very narrow in front, but deep and laid in plaits at the back. It also has revers on the front of the waist. Jockey-cap. Many habits are made plainer than this one, the bodice being cut long, with a point in front, and a short and narrow plaited coat-basque at the back, and the corsage is simply buttoned down the front.

FIG. X.—FAN, OF DARK-RED SILK, hand-painted in a Japanese design, and mounted on tortoise-shell sticks.

FIG. XI.—WRAP, IN IRON-GRAY CLOTH, trimmed with a wide mohair braid, and with a narrower braid, which is put on in a turned pattern. The front is buttoned like a vest. The sleeve has a pelerine effect in front, and is set in to form part of the back. The narrow part of the back, between the sides of the sleeves, is laid in full plaits below the waist, to fall easily over the tournure. The sleeves are slightly full at the neck.

FIG. XII.—VISITING-DRESS, OR HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLACK NUN'S-VEILING AND BLACK FIGURED SATIN. The skirt is made of the figured satin, with three narrow side-plaitings, headed by a galloon novelty, just introduced, in Kursheedt's gold embroidery-braid, in arabesque designs. The overdress, which is elaborately draped, is of the black nun's-veiling, figured with the gold embroidery-braid. The Louis XV basque is of the figured satin, with plaits at the back, and a nun's-veiling chemisette in front, which falls below the waist. It is covered with quaint designs in Kursheedt's all-over embroidery. The whole of the dress is ornamented with the popular and stylish Kursheedt-trimming in black worsted, figured with gold. Bonnet of velvet, trimmed with black satin ribbon, jet buckle, and old-gold feathers.

FIG. XIII.—CORSAGE, FOR EVENING-WEAR, MADE OF BROCHÉD SATIN. It is close-fitting, and has a chemisette of Mechlin lace, which falls below the waist. The wide belt, which extends across the front, should be of the color of the bodice. Narrow bow of the same color on the left side.

FIG. XIV.—JERSEY, OF GREEN ELASTIC CLOTH. It is trimmed with braid mixed in green and silver.

FIG. XV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLACK CAMEL'S-HAIR. The underskirt is edged with a very narrow knife-plaiting of black silk. The skirt is made of black striped silk and velvet. The tunic, of camel's-hair, is draped scarfwise in front, and falls in long loops-and-ends behind. The jacket-corsage is close-fitting, and is finished with a plaiting of the camel's-hair at the bottom. Hat of black felt, trimmed with black brocade and black feathers. This is a most stylish costume for either light mourning, or for persons who are not in mourning.

FIG. XVI.—DRESSING-SACQUE, formed entirely of Kursheedt's standard all-over tucked and embroidered material, now so popular for children's garments, yokes, sleeves, and draperies, for children and misses.

FIG. XVII.—CORSET-COVER, OF WHITE CAMBRIC, made square in the neck, and finished—as are so many undergarments now—with the Kursheedt-trimming.

FIG. XVIII.—NEW STYLE OF PELERINE, MADE OF SKUNK. It is lined with brown quilted satin. The collar has two long fur tails as a trimming, and two more finish the muff. The end of the pelerine is also edged with similar tails. The cap is of the fur, with an aigrette and brown cord trimming.

GENERAL REMARKS.—At this season of the year there is nothing absolutely new in the fashions. Modifications and adaptations are going on all the time, in these days of individuality, and a garment or bonnet that is universally worn is taken by a woman of taste and adapted to her own peculiar style, and yet it remains in the fashion.

Bodices, overskirts, wrappings, trimmings, and bonnets are in an immense variety; but many of the bodices have shirred chemisettes of silk or satin, sometimes of the color of the dress, sometimes of a pretty contrasting color. Plaid silk handkerchiefs are often employed to make one of these full vests or chemisettes. Some come from the neck, others

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from the shoulders; but they should only be worn by rather slender people. For more dressy wear, light-colored crêpe de Chine or lace is used in the place of silk or satin. Bodices pointed in front, with various kinds of basques at the back, are general; but round waists, especially for young girls, and basques reaching below the hips, are also equally in style.

Overskirts and underskirts present as great a variety as all other parts of the dress; but less trimming is used than formerly, or it is put on with a less full effect.

Paniers are still popular, as they tend to make the hips look larger and the waist consequently smaller; but for stout people especially they should be worn without much fullness. The full overdress that is plaited in all around the bodice is much liked by some persons.

The tunic or overdress may be full only at the back, and plain in front, or long or short, much or little draped, and yet be in the fashion in any of these styles; but the very slender woman will look best with a full short tunic, and a large woman better with a long slightly-draped one.

Underskirts may be made quite plain, with only a very narrow knife-plaiting around the bottom, or they may be tucked, or be made with false bias-folds, or trimmed with many narrow flounces, or one or two wide ones, as the fancy or the material may dictate. One rule, however, is universal with the short skirt: it must be full at the back, to fall easily over the tournure now always worn, and it is still close-fitting in front.

Sleeves are much wider at the top. Perhaps these sleeves indicate the return to the old fashioned "leg-of-mutton" sleeve. They are still put in high on the shoulder; but have but little fullness.

Black dresses are still most popular for street-wear. They are often trimmed with black worsted lace, sometimes with velvet. For young girls, colored waistcoats are used for these black dresses, such as dark-blue, garnet, poppy-red, etc.

Fashion has now decreed that the last place for a fancy pocket-handkerchief shall be high up on the right side of the bodice, a little below the shoulder. Into this little pocket the handkerchief is inserted, with only the colored edge showing, looking more like half a rosette than anything else.

The Swiss bands, or broad pointed belts, are to be seen on many dresses, and are made either of the material of the dress, or satin, velvet, silk or brocade. They should fit most perfectly, and lace up closely at the back. For convenience, some ladies lace them in front, using ribbon and finishing off in a neat bow. There are three bones in front, three at the back, and one in the middle of each side. The material is cut on the straight, and half a yard to three-quarters is required. The full bodice looks better with these deep-pointed bands than with the plain straight ordinary waistband.

Notwithstanding all adverse opinions, we still see the crinolette worn, and at least we can urge that its use well displays the rich fabrics that are now in vogue. The great weight and the length of the mantles, all heavily trimmed as they are, would be a sufficient excuse to adopt the supporting tournure.

Wraps have grown somewhat longer with cold weather, but have by no means expelled the more jaunty dolman and short tailor-made jacket. These long wraps are warmer, but not so stylish, usually, as their shorter sisterhood.

Furs are used everywhere: as wraps, as trimmings on cloth mantles, dresses, and even on bonnets. Nothing is more stylish than a fur trimmed garment, and some of the commoner furs come so cheap that they are within the means of most people, especially when the fur is employed as a trimming only, comparatively little can be used. But chenille and jet fringes are also in fashion, equally with the broad Hercules-braid.

Bonnets continue high and ugly, though the best-dressed women moderate the trimming and even the bonnet itself. Soft full crowns are popular, and may be made of either the material of the front of the bonnet, or may be of brocaded silk, satin, etc. One of the prettiest bonnets which we have seen is moderately high, and is of poppy-colored velvet, trimmed with a large rosette of black lace.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

There are various modifications in the styles of bonnets, due to the advent of the very cold weather. The pretty little capotes are now shown in dark-colored velvets, bordered all around with fur, and, fitting the head closely as they do, are very warm and comfortable as well as elegant. Another novelty consists in bonnets composed entirely of the feathers of some bird, the bird's head being placed just in the centre of the brim. Paroquets' feathers, and those of the pheasant, are employed in this manner with good effect. A very tasteful bonnet has the crown composed of the breast of a peacock, and the brim covered with the smaller feathers of the tail. In fact, there is no end to the charming creations in this new style. I have even seen a bonnet in crows' feathers prepared for a lady in mourning, and it was exceedingly pretty. Bonnets in lace and tulle are already shown, in anticipation of the spring, as ladies, thus late in the winter, like to purchase something that will be useful to them in the coming season as well as for present wear. Point appliqué lace is occasionally made up over pale-colored velvet or satin, the trimming being ostrich-tips sprinkled with gold. Very small gold pins, with heads shaped like the ace of clubs, hold down the lace on the foundation of the bonnet. This style is exceedingly pretty in pale-olive or mignonette color. Bonnets composed of black lace have rows of jet passementerie an inch wide running from the front of the bonnet and crossing on the crown, the brim being composed of jet passementerie laid over black velvet. The front is adorned with a large high cockade, in black watered ribbon, lined with pale-pink. Watered ribbon is indeed the height of fashion for stylish millinery just now, and has quite superseded velvet ribbon for trimmings and strings.

Fancy muffs are now made to match the bonnet with which they are to be carried, and, of course, their styles and materials are in endless variety. Cloth muffs are drawn at the top like a reticule, and are surmounted with a bow of Astrakhan fur. Muffs of satin, lined and wadded, are covered with ruffles of lace, and are either ornamented with a velvet bow, or with a cluster of flowers. Velvet muffs, drawn in full folds, are made to match the costumes with which they are to be carried.

Worth is employing artificial flowers largely on tulle ball-dresses, and, with his usual happy audacity, is combining embroideries of gold and silver with garlands of many-tinted blossoms. Morning-glories, in all their lovely varieties of hue, are his latest favorites. He is also blending the vivid scarlet of the pomegranate-blossom and its coral-like buds with clusters of daisies on dresses of white tulle. That soft aerial poetic-looking—but alas! most perishable—material is largely employed by him this season for ball-dresses. They are almost invariably made with short round skirts, the back covered with tucked flounces edged with ruchings, and the front composed of full perfectly plain widths of tulle falling in many-skirted fullness, and held down at intervals by large flat branches of flowers and foliage. For half-mourning visiting-dresses he is using a rich black material, showing large interlaced and lattice-like patterns in uncut velvet on a satin ground.

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A new material, that he blends with plain satin for dinner and reception dresses, has a groundwork of changeable satin, figured with small set designs in velvet: thus, a garnet-and-gold ground has the designs in garnet velvet.

There is a marked change in the fashions as regards the fans of the day. Those dainty and expensive adjuncts to a lady's toilette have for a long time past been composed almost exclusively of feathers in various styles. They are now shown in painted gauze or in lace, either imitation or real. The wide sticks in pearl or tortoise shell are replaced by slender ones in the Watteau style, in ivory or ebony enriched with touches of gilding. The gauze leaves are shown in white, scarlet, black, or pale blues and pinks, according to the dress or the occasion for which the fan is prepared. The devices are varied, comprising flowers, groups of figures, birds, butterflies, etc., etc., very finely executed. Real lace fans, either white or black, are mounted upon sticks of mother-of-pearl. The very large-sized leaf in lace fans continues in favor. In the fans of white imitation lace, more scope of fancy is shown. Sometimes small birds, or flowers, or leaves are painted upon the plain foundation of the lace amongst the raised white pattern of the material itself. These imitation lace fans are charming for ball-room wear for young ladies. Fans painted on satin are still used, and are mounted on sticks of wood colored of the exact hue of the satin. In various shades of red this style is very effective. Satin fans are now often painted with a bold sketchy design covering nearly the whole of the leaf. A pale-pink satin fan with pink sticks painted in this style with wreaths of roses and a group of birds is altogether artistic. Smaller-sized ostrich-feather fans in pale blue or pink, with sticks of pale blue or pink mother-of-pearl, are much in vogue for ball-room wear. White ostrich-feathers are now mounted on sticks of imitation blonde tortoise-shell, the imitation looking quite as well as the real material, and wearing a great deal better. For elderly ladies, a very beautiful and appropriate fan is one of moderate size, with sticks of dark tortoise-shell, and the leaf in white silk, painted, by hand, with a group of Watteau personages.

One of the prettiest novelties of the present month is a dog-collar band for the throat, about an inch and a half wide, and composed of bead passementerie, either jet or colored to match the dress, and laid over dark velvet of the same color as the beads. It is headed with a narrow piping of light or bright hued velvet, and a bow of narrow velvet ribbon of the same hue as the piping is set at one side. Scarlet or peachblossom-pink velvet looks well for the piping, and bow of a collar in jet passementerie and pale-blue goes well with one of brown metallic beads. These bands are worn instead of collars or plissés, and have the merit of being much more durable.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—COAT, FOR A YOUNG GIRL. The material is of garnet cloth. The front, which fits the figure, is fastened on crosswise, and is ornamented with a bordering of black braid. The pockets, collar, and sleeves are likewise trimmed with braid. Hat of garnet-colored felt, trimmed with garnet-colored velvet ribbon and feathers.

FIG. II.—BOY'S SUIT, OF DARK-BROWN CLOTH. The knickerbockers are not very tight. The coat is single-breasted, and the pockets and the back are ornamented with black braid. Large white linen collar. Brown felt Derby hat.

FIG. III.—BACK VIEW OF THE COAT FOR A YOUNG GIRL. The back is close-fitting, and the skirt falls in full plaits below the waist. A passementerie trimming is placed below the waist.

KURSHEEDT'S
FASHIONABLE
SPECIALTIES.

CAUTION.

For the protection and guidance of the numerous ladies who have protested against imposition, and have declined to accept other goods offered them by unscrupulous dealers, in place of "KURSHEEDT'S STANDARD" TRIMMINGS, we now, and will hereafter, give the trade names and numbers of the specialties illustrated in PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

FASHION ILLUSTRATIONS.

Figure No. XII, on page 124, described on page 190, shows one of Kursheedt's novelties, the gold-embroidered braid, same and other designs executed in gold or silver. Jacket of Kursheedt's standard all-over embroidered material.

Figure No. XVII, on page 125, described on page 190, illustrates one of the many kinds of Kursheedt's standard white fabrics, prepared all-over and lace tuckings and puffings, suitable for ladies', misses', and children's underwear and outside garments.

STANDARD WHITE FABRICS.

It is really very little trouble now to dress young people prettily, in garments easily laundried, when ladies are able to procure Kursheedt's standard, tucked, puffed, and lace-inserting materials, ready for cutting out the various parts of any desired garments, such as dresses, aprons, sacques, night-gowns, chemises, or any article to be partly or entirely made of decorated goods: in lawn, cambric, or long cloth.—*Household Words.*

EMBROIDERED TRIMMINGS.

Among the most popular trimmings for costumes intended for spring and summer wear are Kursheedt's standard all-over embroideries, in beautiful designs, on colored Chambrey, manufactured specially to trim easily-laundried suits for ladies, or dresses and aprons for children. The embroideries are executed on similar materials to those of which such garments are formed.—*Fashion Journal.*

NOVELTIES IN BRAIDS.

Simultaneously with their introduction in Europe, our fashionable ladies are shown the new creations in dress-trimmings, in Kursheedt's tinsel-braids. A few weeks ago, came specimens of diagonal, striped, and plaid tinsel-braid. Now attention is called to Kursheedt's gold and silver embroidered braid-, the tinsel-arabesque or Egyptian designs, being executed in chain-stitch on the surface of the braid, not interwoven, as in the still newer zig-zag braid, with gold and silver rail-fence lines. These new and rich braids will be largely used on costumes of Gilbert-cloth and other woolen fabrics.—*Philadelphia Times.*

IMPORTANT TO LADIES.

How to procure KURSHEEDT'S ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULARS OF STANDARD DRESS-FANCIES AND FASHIONABLE DECORATIVE NOVELTIES: Write as follows to

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Please send me your descriptive publications with illustrations of standard all-over and lace tuckings, new braids, embroidered appliqués and trimmings, also other specialties and novelties, together with information as to where your goods may be obtained, for which find enclosed three cents in postage-stamps.

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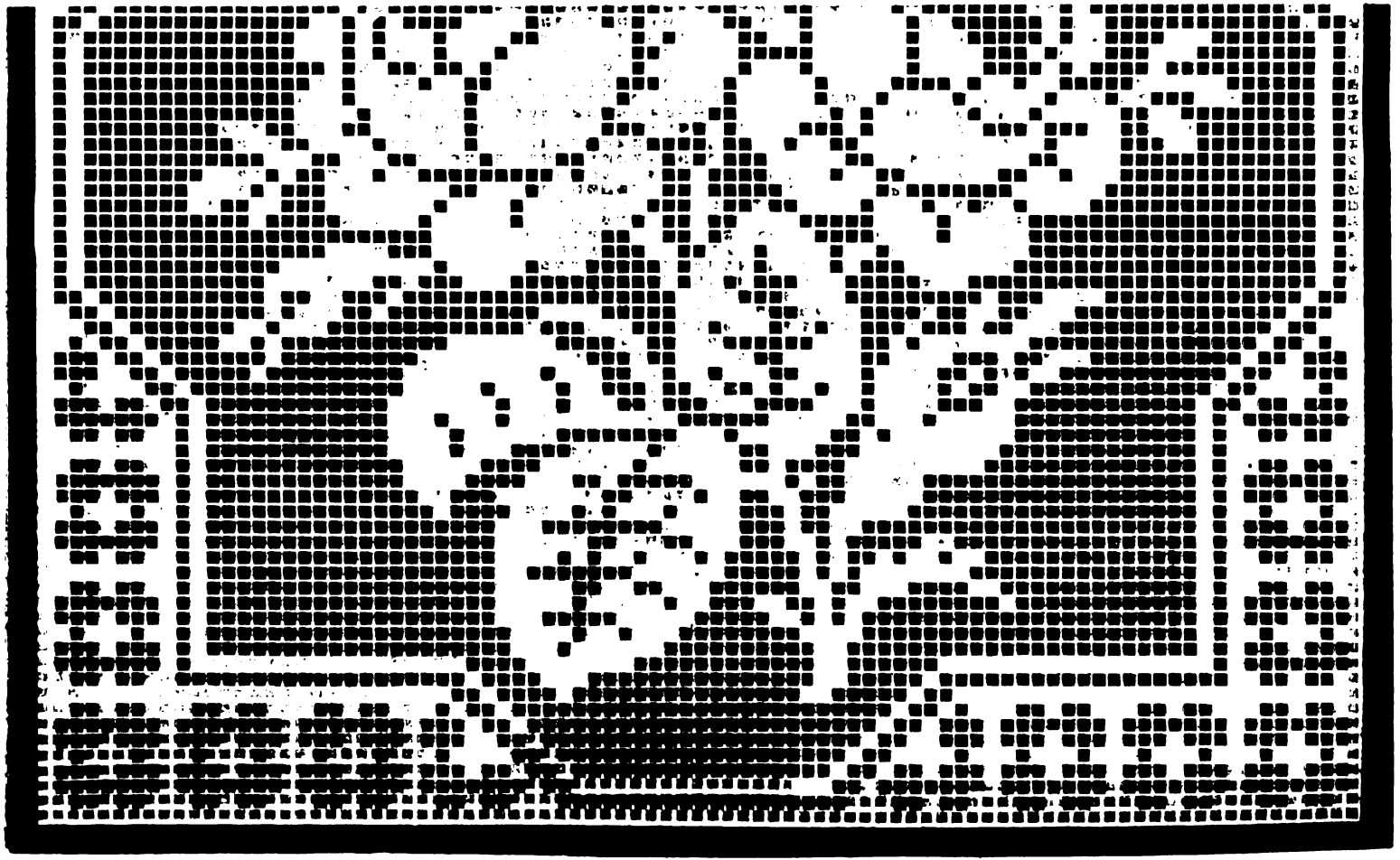
THE SISTERS.

SEE THE STORY "TERENCE'S RISE" W. A.

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine.

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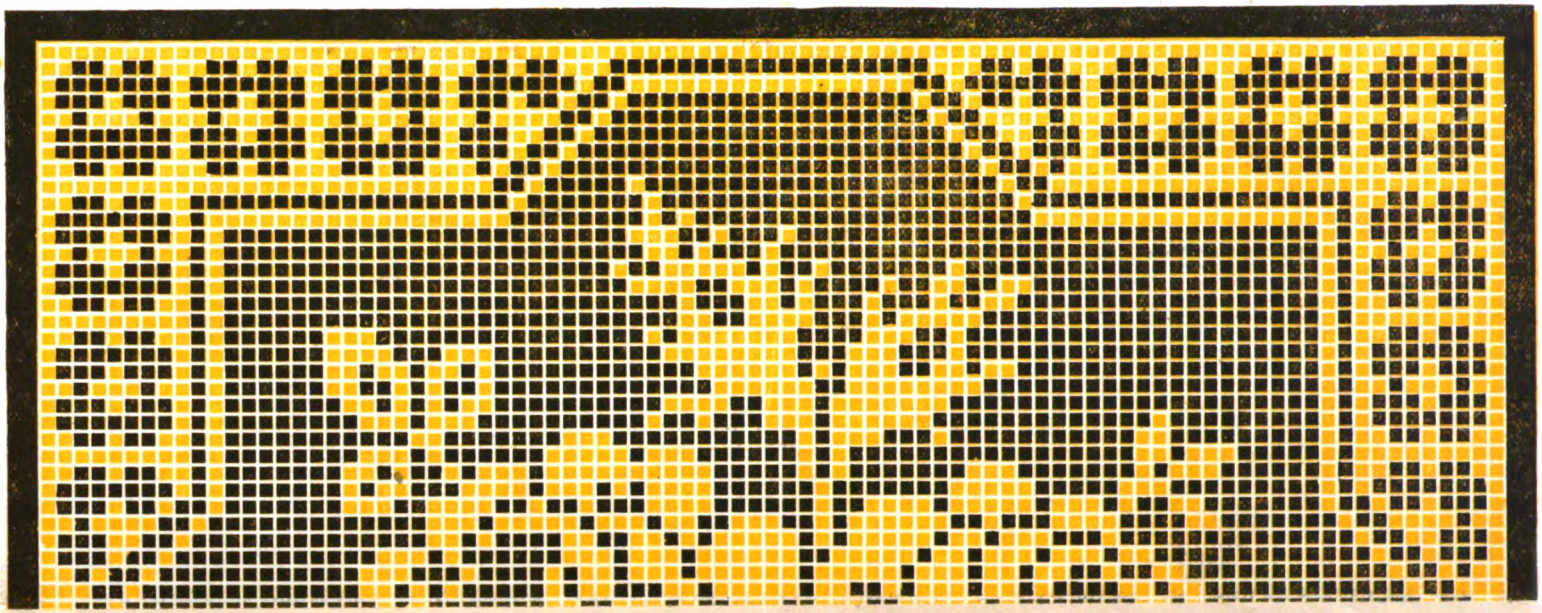
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TIDY: ON JAVA CANVAS

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE—MARCH, 1885



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A BELEAGUERED GARRISON.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MARCH. CHILDREN'S HATS.

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WALKING-DRESSES.

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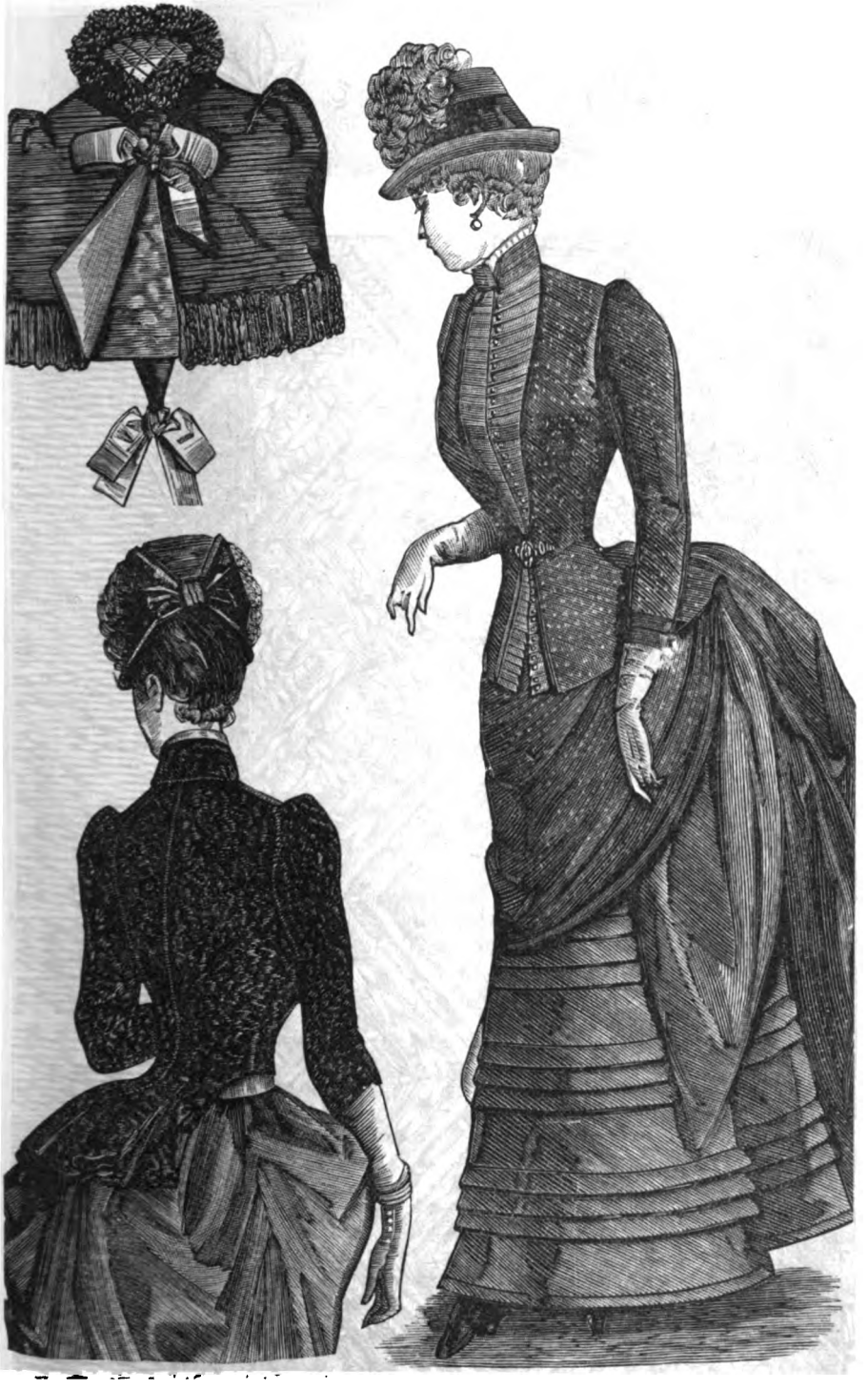
WALKING-DRESS. HOUSE-DRESS.

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WALKING-DRESS. BODICE. BACK OF PELERINE.

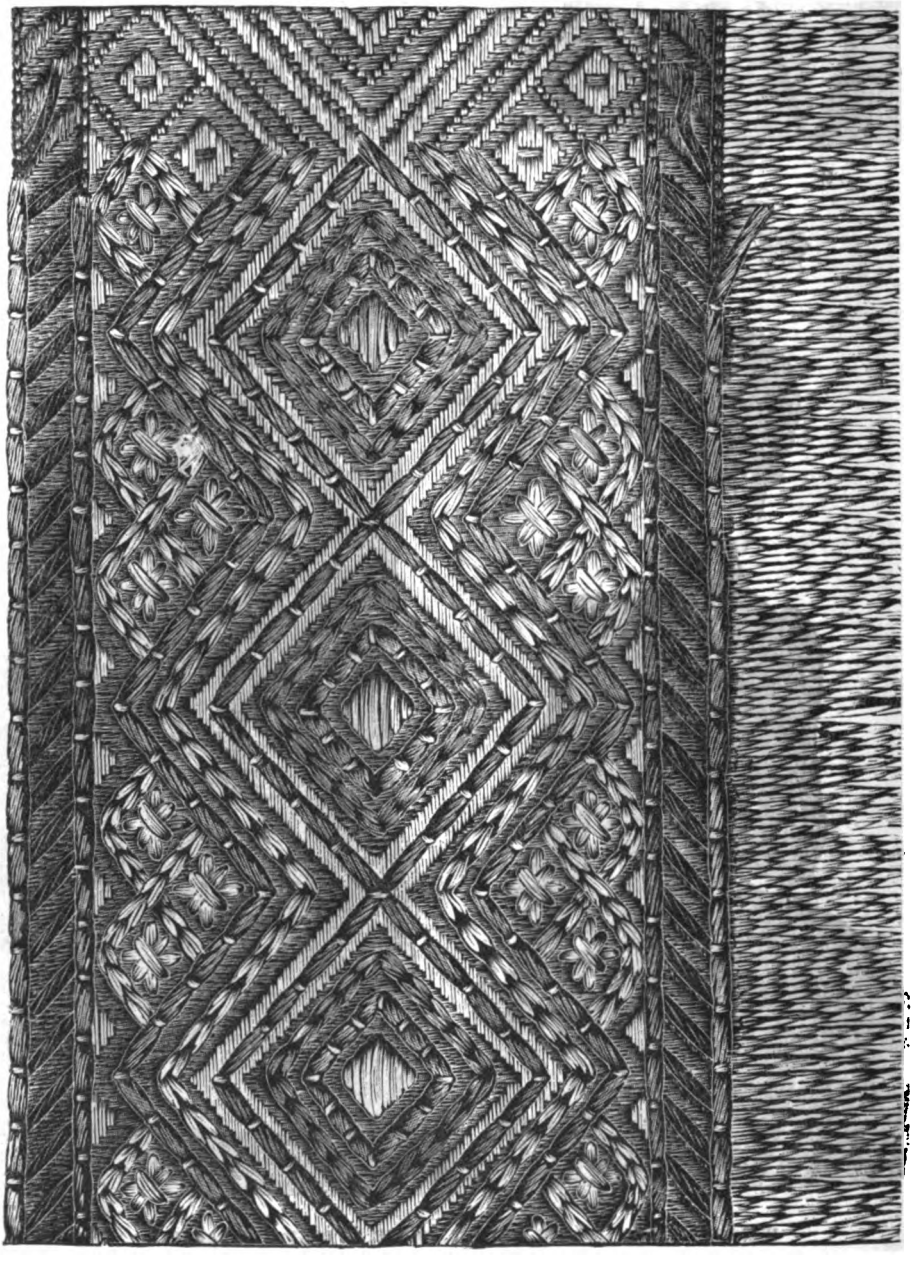
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WALKING-DRESS. BLACK VELVET BODICE. FRONT OF PELERINE.

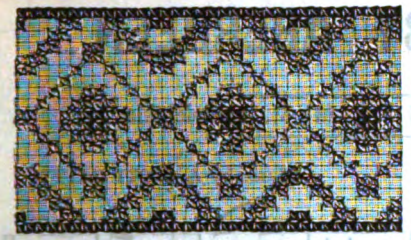
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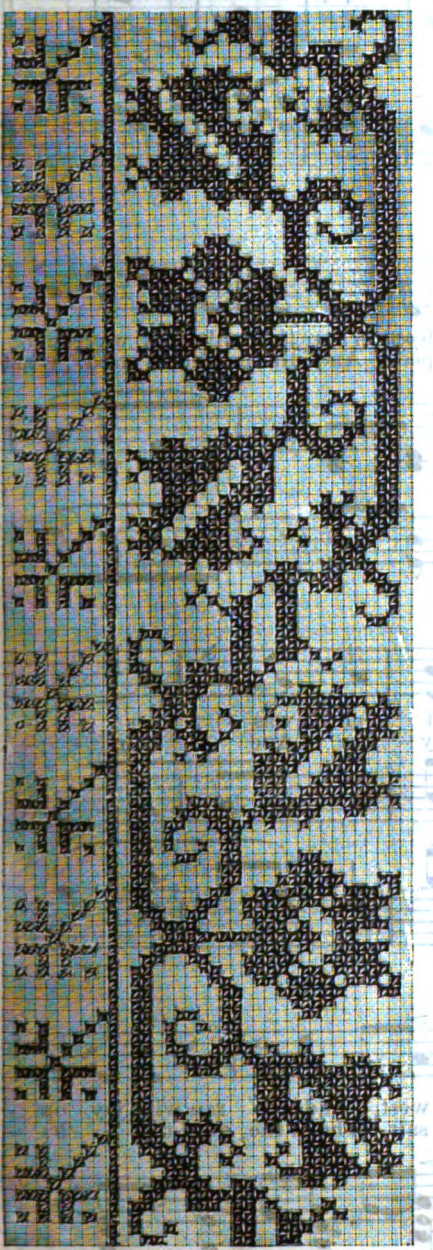


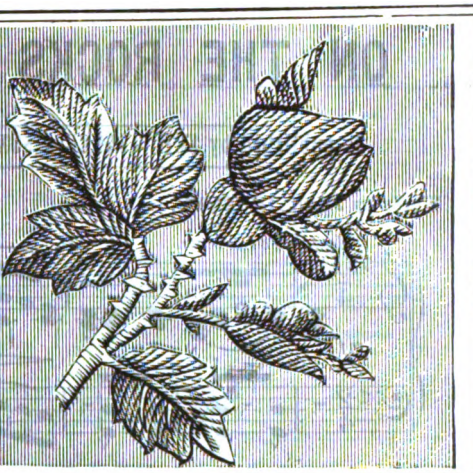


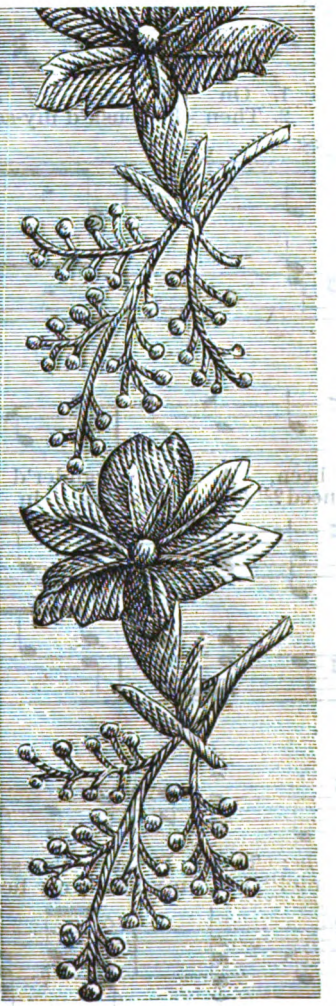
BORDER FOR TABLE-COVER OR CURTAIN. INSERTION.

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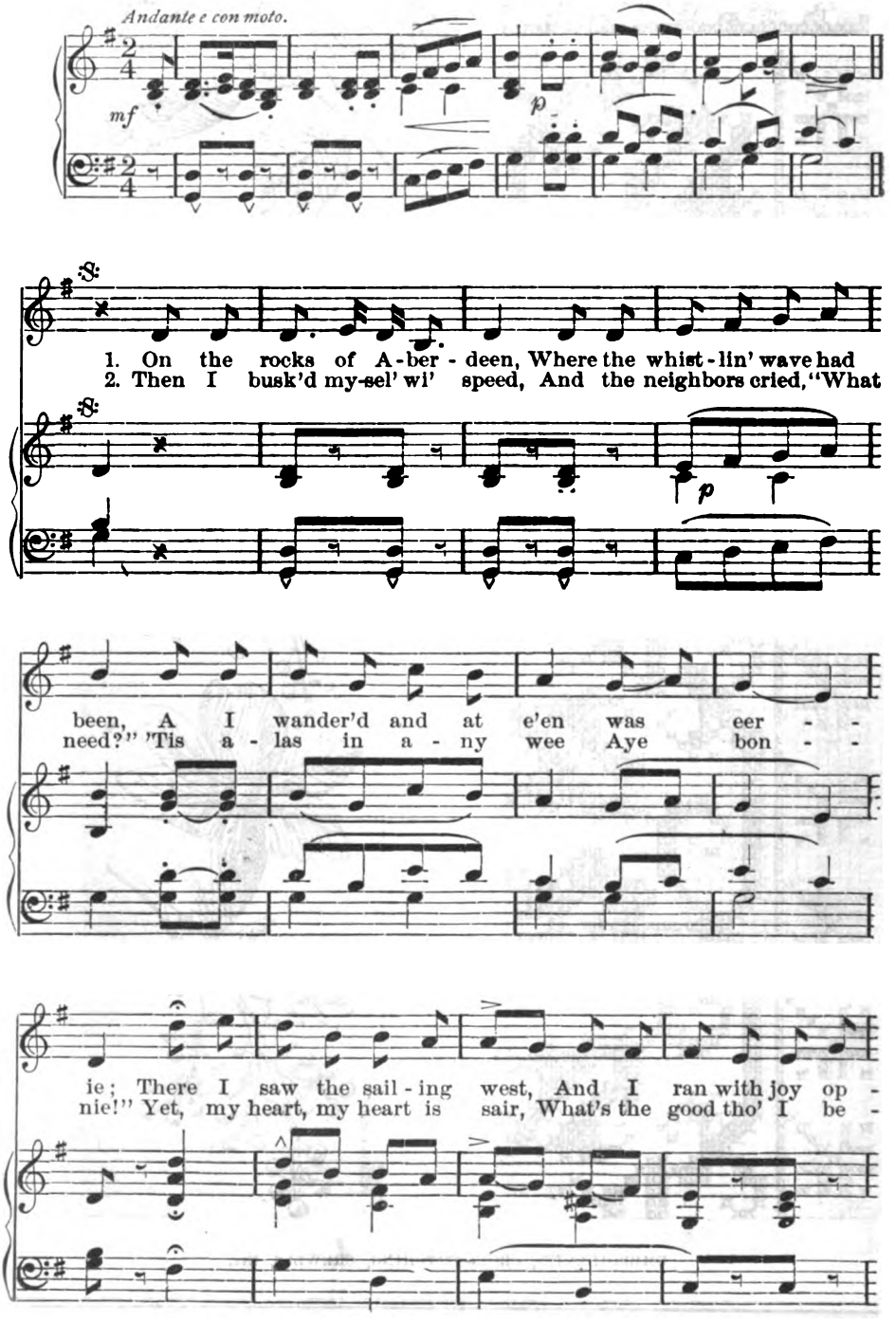








EMBROIDERIES, CROSS-STITCHING, CREWELS, Etc.

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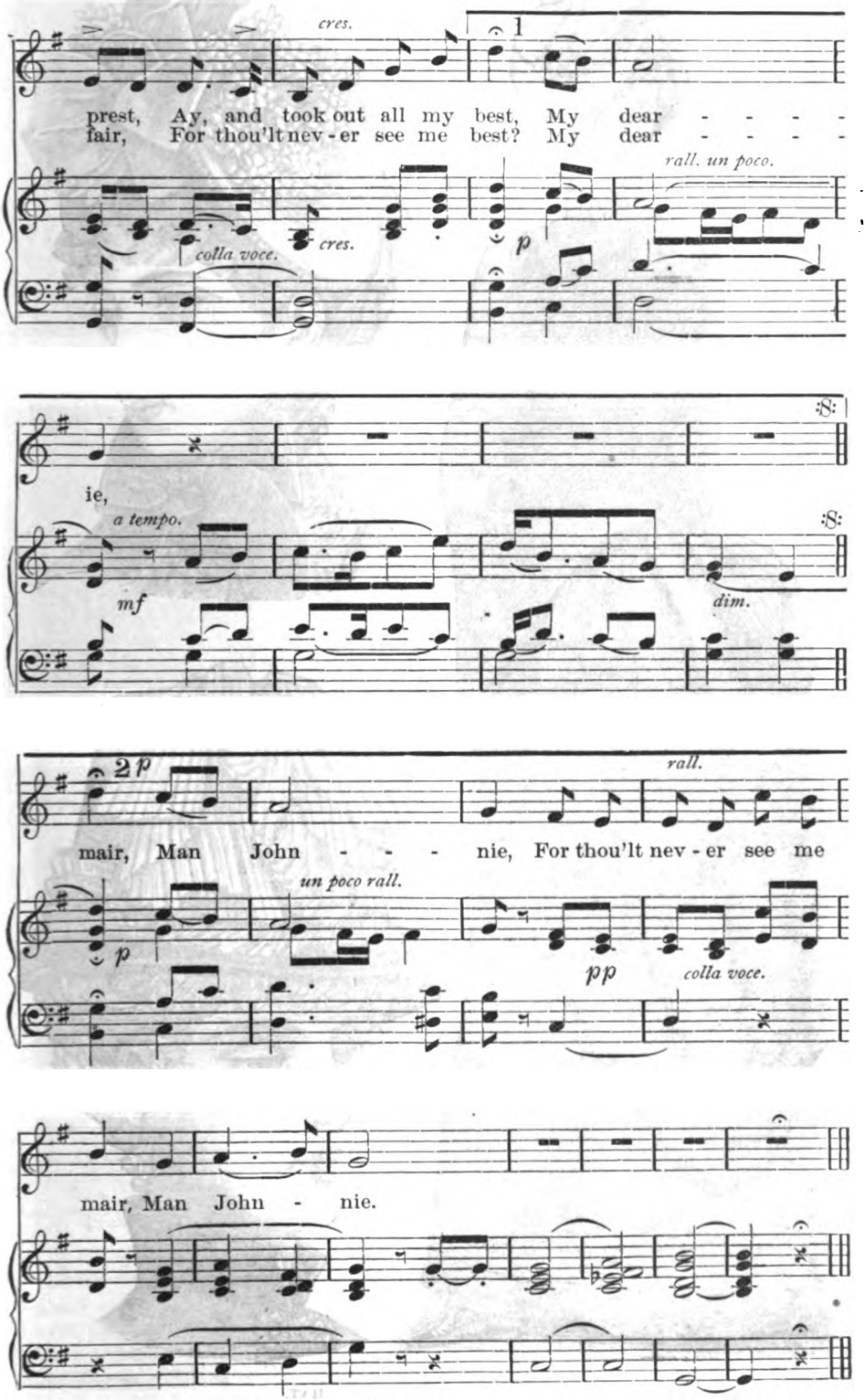
ON THE ROCKS BY ABERDEEN.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

Words by JEAN INGELOW. Music by A. SCOTT GATTY.



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WALKING-DRESS. BONNET. HAT.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXVII. PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1885. No. 3.

WASHINGTON CITY: ITS PICTORIAL SIDE.

BY J. Q. THROCKMORTON.



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

THE Washington Monument has been completed at last. Certain self-opinionated critics have denounced it as only a big monstrosity. But it and the Capitol building, after all, are the first objects which arrest the eye and fix the attention of the traveler, as he approaches the Federal city. Tall and stately, the monument shoots into the air, like some vast obelisk of a pre-Adamite world.

It appears to the best advantage, if mere picturesqueness is considered, when seen from Fifteenth Street, in front of the Arlington Hotel. Looking southward from that point, the spectator beholds it at the end of a vista of trees, closing in the prospect with the very finest effect. We saw it, recently, from that vantage-ground, and, the street being covered with snow, it made one of the most striking pictures conceivable.

There was a time, and that not very long ago, when the city of Washington was regarded as little more than a pretentious village, rambling over deserted fields, with a domed legislative hall on a hill at one end, and a white staring Executive Mansion in a swamp at the other. But all this has been changed. The improvements which have been made in recent years, in the Government edifices, in the public squares, and in the architecture of private houses, have given a new character to the place, so that it is now among the most beautiful of American cities, and may fairly rank, if not in size, at least in other respects, with the famed capitals of Europe. No wonder, therefore, that the crowd of visitors to it, year by year, grows greater and still greater. No wonder that a trip to Washington, once in a lifetime at least, has come to be regarded as almost as necessary to an American as a pilgrimage to Mecca is to a Moslem.

So well known is Washington City, indeed, that it would be superfluous to describe it, in the ordinary way. The Treasury Department, War Department, Patent Office, Post Office, are familiar to everyone. The Senate Chamber, the Hall of the Representatives, the Supreme Court Room, the Rotunda, and the rest, are they not almost legion in number, and duly inspected in turn by every visitor? It is not our purpose to

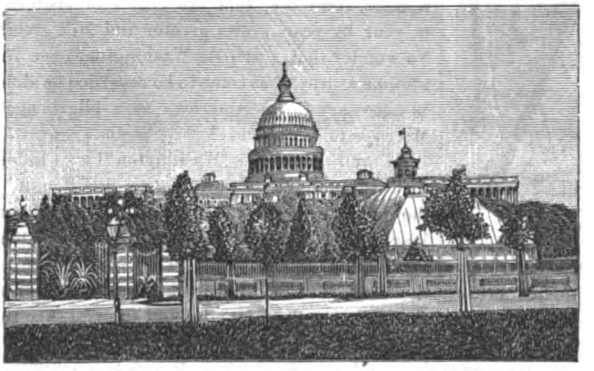
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THE CAPITOL: FROM THE NORTHEAST.

go over old ground. We propose, on the contrary, to consider Washington from its pictorial side. There are certain things about it, and there will, we hope, be more, architecturally and otherwise, to raise it far above any other American city. In these respects it cannot but exercise a powerful influence in refining the popular mind, at least in the direction we have indicated. The Centennial Exhibition worked, in many things, a revolution in public taste. There is no reason why Washington, in regard to architecture, to the laying out of parks, to the necessity of wide and well-paved streets, to the elevating teachings of statues and pictures, should not produce results not less widespread and beneficial. In this view, the money spent by Congress in beautifying Washington is not wasted, as unthinking persons maintain, but is put out, so to speak, at interest, to return a hundredfold.

The dominating feature of the Washington landscape is the dome of the Capitol. From whatever quarter you approach the city, this dome looms up like that of St. Peter's at Rome. The Capitol itself depends on it for most of its effect. Many critics consider the dome too large, or rather too lofty. Certainly, as viewed directly in front of the Capitol, it appears to crush the building. The long façade is too low for the superincumbent mass. But this defect becomes less marked when the vast edifice is beheld from the northeast, and disappears altogether when it is looked at from the Botanical Gardens, and especially from down Pennsylvania Avenue, whence the best foreground of all is to be had. The architect probably knew, better than his critics, what he was about. If he had made the dome lower, so that it would have looked symmetrical and well proportioned directly in front, he would have lost the dominating influence which it exercises from every other point of view, and especially from distant ones.



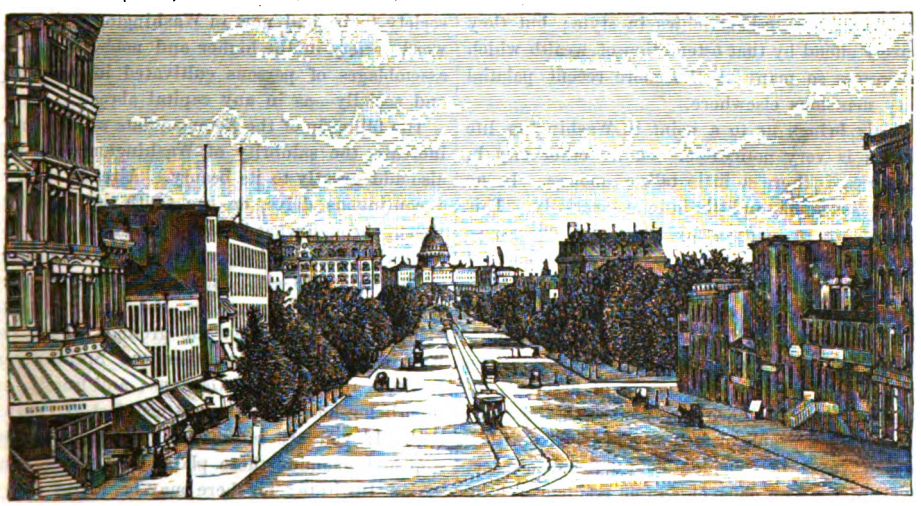
THE CAPITOL, FROM THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.

It is said by others that the Capitol is too big for architectural beauty. But it should be remembered that size is one of the chief elements of grandeur. The pyramids at Gizeh would be nothing without their magnitude. The Coliseum, dwarfed to the proportions of a dwelling-house, would be ridiculous. The same objection has been made to the Washington Monument. But, after all, that pretends to be only an obelisk, and it is something to be the "biggest" obelisk in the world. There has

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been a great deal of nonsense written on this subject. Amplitude of size has always been an element of grandeur. A mountain is nobler than a hill simply because it is larger. There are some things, indeed, that "bigness" does not make better. A Greek temple would not be improved by enlarging it: but a Gothic cathedral would.

It has also been the fashion to abuse the White House. Yet there is no building in Washington which, for its size, and for social purposes, is handsomer or in better taste. The time will come, after the rage for the so-called Queen Anne style is over, when this will be universally recognized. The wonder is, not that the edifice is not a more elegant one, but that it is so really meritorious, considering when it was built and the comparative poverty of the period. The south front, which remains as originally constructed, is better, too, than the north front, to which the protruding portico has been added. The subject of building a new residence for the President has been frequently agitated. But if the White House was confined entirely to social purposes—if the President never saw anyone on business there, but had an office especially for that purpose elsewhere—the White House would be quite sufficient for the needs of its occupants. We do not see how the rooms on the lower floor, which are used for entertaining, could be improved. The East Room is really elegant as well as imposing. The Blue Room, the Red Room, and the State Dining-Room are also very fine, each in a different way, and each appropriately so. For the chief magistrate of a republic, the house is quite grand enough; and as for its style, it certainly

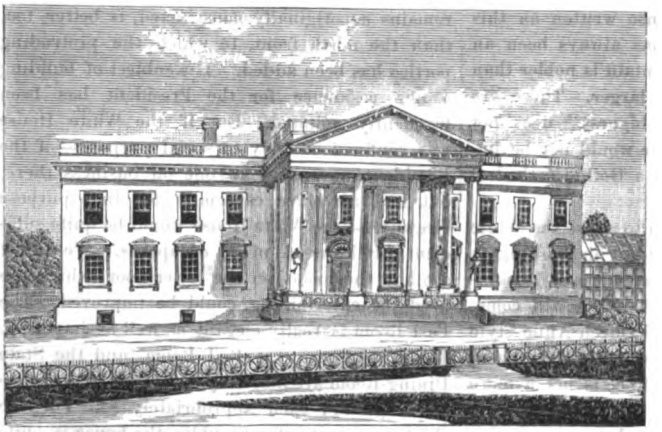


THE CAPITOL: LOOKING EAST ALONG PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

could not be improved, at least by any of the now popular architects. It really gives one a feeling of repose, a sense of having escaped from "ahem," to see it, after beholding many of the edifices, public and private, put up in Washington within the last twenty years. The best view of the White House is from the Mall, now being laid out on the south. It is a pity, however, that the building for the State and War Departments, which stands on the west, had not been made to match, at least in height, the Treasury building, which stands at about the same distance on the east. As it is, the former is so lofty that it quite dwarfs the White House, and spoils what would have been, otherwise, a very fine architectural and landscape effect.

The new part of Washington, north of the White House, is being rapidly built up with handsome private dwellings; and will be, for a generation or two, if not always, the fashionable quarter. It is here that the British Embassy is located, and that the houses of Blaine, Windom, Cameron, and other Senators, past or present, are to be found. Washington was originally laid out in the form of a parallelogram, like Philadelphia; but now broad avenues cut diagonally across the streets; while, at every few hundred feet, an open space is left, designated as a circle. Of these circles there are several: Scott Circle, Thomas Circle, Dupont Circle, and others; they are called after eminent generals or admirals, and each is adorned in the centre with a statue of the person for whom the circle is named. Except in Boston, the houses in this new quarter are in better taste, on the whole, than anywhere else in the United States. Some of them

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THE PRESIDENTIAL MANSION: NORTH FRONT.

run into excess, in the way of gables, bay-windows, and eccentricities in style; but they rarely offend by that ostentation of wealth which disgraces so many of the more recent palatial city mansions elsewhere.

This brings us to a point in Washington life which is very noticeable. In no other city in America is there so little talk of money. In no other has money so little influence socially. This is because so many army and navy officers, so many foreign diplomats, so many members of Congress, and so many high officers of the Government, with but comparatively small incomes, yet with cultivated families, and themselves cultivated also, live there, at least for a part of the year. Nor is politics, as might at first be supposed, a factor in society any more than wealth. This has led people of fortune and leisure, within recent years, in considerable numbers, to select Washington as a place of winter residence. The newer and more elegant private houses, in large proportion, have been erected by these persons. A foreign ambassador once said to the writer of this article, in reference to one of the largest of our cities: "Ven I go out to ze dinner, I find zey have no conversation at all: zey can only talk of ze money, ze stocks, and ze horses—oh, mon Dieu!" This criticism is not applicable to Washington: for there one meets Bancroft, and others of his type, as one used to meet Professor Henry: and, if a new resident comes and boasts of his wines or his wealth, as he has been accustomed to do elsewhere, he is very soon sent to Coventry. On the whole, the intellectual tone of society, the graciousness which good manners throw around it, is more noticeable in the Federal capital than in any other American city. Everything, in fact, is more cosmopolitan. We have the authority of a gentleman who has spent a large portion of his life in Europe—mixing there, like the late Mr. Ticknor, with the very best circles—for saying that there is as good society to be had now in Washington, using the word society in the higher and nobler sense—as assemblages of persons cultivated intellectually and socially—as in any capital abroad.

The filling in of the Potomac flats will not only increase the salubrity of Washington, but will also add greatly to its beauty. Already there is a continuous drive, on the south of the White House, through what is really a park, all the way from the State and War Departments building to the Capitol itself. First comes what is called the Mall, where you pass the ponds of the Fish Commission; then the grounds about the Washington Monument; then the Smithsonian Institute and Botanical Gardens; and finally the superb hot-houses at the western foot of Capitol Hill. If you are interested in trees, you can stop and examine those planted by the Smithsonian Institute: for here may be found every rare variety, both evergreen and deciduous, that has been acclimated in the United States.



THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.

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It is the intention, we believe, to cut away the terrace of turf that now leads up to the Capitol, on the west, and substitute terraces of stone, one rising above another, with flights of steps. This will be, architecturally, a very great improvement; for it will remove, to a certain extent, the feeling that the Capitol building is too low and flat for the superincumbent dome; the stone terraces and flights of steps becoming in this case, as it were, an integral part of the edifice itself, and subordinating the dome to the general mass. When this is done, the view of the Capitol, as approached through the drive we have described, will present one of the finest architectural effects in the world.

The Capitol is one of the few edifices in the United States that is honestly built. Nowhere is there any "sham." The rarest marbles to be had in America have been used freely in its construction; the floors are laid in cement and tiles, generally in excellent taste; and statues, historical paintings, and frescoes are to be met in the greatest profusion. And here we may say that these pictures and statues, and the statues in the circles and elsewhere, though of different degrees of merit, are on the whole much more creditable than might be expected, especially considering the youth of the nation as an art-producer, and the general ignorance of the public, and even of Congressmen, on the subject. Of course, there are many that are worthless, the result, more or less, we fear, of jobbery.

There is one institution in Washington which, even in matters of art, however, will compare favorably with many in the United States. We allude to the Corcoran Gallery, erected by the great banker of that name, and generously dedicated to public use. Here the visitor will find an extensive collection of casts from the antique, from which one who has never seen the originals may get a very correct idea of the masterpieces in sculpture preserved in the Vatican, or at Florence, or elsewhere. Here, also, is the figure in marble of Napoleon at St. Helena, by the contemporary Italian sculptor, Vera, representing the great emperor sitting, an invalid, in his chair just before his death, gazing sadly on the map of Europe that lies unrolled in his lap. This is certainly one of the most original and impressive works of art of the nineteenth century. It is a pity, we think, that it is not in bronze. Barbadienne, of Paris, has reduced it for cabinet size in that material, and the sombre color of the metal, even in this diminished form, adds greatly to its pathos and tragedy. In the Corcoran Gallery, with many inferior pictures, are also many of very great merit, besides much really rare bric-a-brac, especially one or two magnificent and colossal Japanese vases.

A few miles from Washington, on elevated ground overlooking the city, is the Soldiers' Home, a refuge, as its name implies, for disabled or aged army veterans. It is chiefly remarkable, from the artistic point of view, for the extensive and beautiful grounds which surround it, and from which, in almost every direction, there are fine views of the adjacent country, with glimpses of the Potomac in the distance. At one point, through a natural gap in the native forest, the dome of the Capitol becomes visible, far off down a vista of trees. No one who has once come on this sight unexpectedly, as we did, can ever after say that the dome is wanting in picturesqueness.

IN SECRET.

BY NELLIE LEMERY.

I STAND at the foot of the staircase old,
And my thoughts are far away;
I see a face which is sweet yet cold,
And deep-blue eyes and hair of gold,
O'er which the sunbeams play.

My fancy has flown away, mile on mile,
When a footstep makes me start—
Ah, will she go by with her calm sweet smile,
And never dream all the while
She is treading upon my heart?

She is coming slowly down the stair
In a mist of satin and lace,
Her arms clasped round with jewels rare,
And diamond stars in her golden hair,
And the light on her fair proud face.

I watch her now as she glides along
With her step so light and free,
And I think of the time I did her wrong
When she sang me that passionate little love-song,
And I thought her voice trembled for me.

I whispered some words, and I looked in her eyes,
We were far apart from the rest;
And she glanced at me with a sad surprise,
A dawning coldness in her eyes,
And I laughed it off as a jest.

Ah, well, she must never know this strife—
I must bear it and give no sign:
She must never know she has ruined my life—
That noble woman, that perfect wife—
The fault it was wholly mine.

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KEEPING HIS WORD.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

AND she had loved the man—oh, even in these darkest hours of anxiety and danger, that humiliating thought was the hardest of all to bear. That she, Olga Bolski, could have been so weak and blind as to let her heart go out towards a creature capable of such perfidy and baseness: she had lost her own respect—confidence in her own judgment and intuitions, and this self-abasement burned like the scorch of a voluntary sin.

And while she was wrestling with the first fierceness of her misery and horror, they had brought her word that he was waiting to see her—he, Ivan Apraxin, so secure in the success of his artfully-laid scheme that he had no shadow of fear that her brother's disgrace and exile could be traced to his door.

And she had been waiting for the interview—had expected his coming—had meant at last to tell him frankly the honest reason why she had treated him coldly and tried to prevent his putting his passion into words—oh, had meant to put by the half-superstitious scruples which had hitherto kept her silent—to tell him that the love he longed for was his.

A month and more had gone by since that day, but she remembered its every incident as vividly as if in reality it had been, what it seemed to her distracted mind, the affair of an hour previous.

They told her that he was waiting, and she swept into the great gloomy chamber and confronted him—noiseless and still, in her thick white robes, as a ray of light.

And he had started up—handsome enough, even in his modern military dress, to have served as a model for a second Antinous—exclaiming:

"Madam—Olga—you know why I am here—"

"Listen," she had broken in, "till I tell you why I have received you."

Her name broke from his lips again, in a tone of mingled wonder and tenderness; but she stopped him by a gesture. She could recollect catching sight of her own face in the great mirror opposite, white as the dress she wore, with eyes that burned like fire.

"I have come to tell you that you are a liar and a traitor. I expected you this day—an hour ago I learned the whole truth concerning you. The voice that accused my poor weak brother of sharing in the Nihilist plot was yours—the hand that wove the web about him was yours. You did worse than commit murder, and all for gold. You wanted my fortune, and he stood in the way Oh, you shame to your name and lineage—you disgrace to manhood!"

For an instant, she had thought he meant to kill her then and there. He sprang forward with his beautiful face scarcely human in its despairing rage.

"You look like the bear I have told you I once met in the forest," she said, disdainfully. "I was not afraid of him—I am not of you."

Then he fell back in his chair, and, for a few seconds, sat with his face hidden in his hands. She did not change her attitude; she stood and waited, her hand pointing towards the door. He looked up suddenly, rose, and stared at her with features as pallid and set as if he had been a three-days corpse.

"I am going," he said, "but say it again. You accuse me of inventing the evidence which procured your brother's banishment—I wonder what the reason could have been."

"Not content yet?" she had exclaimed. "You want the whole of your infamy put into words? Well, then, you did it because he had discovered you were a villain in every way—because he threatened to expose you to me unless you promised never to seek my presence again."

"He did not tell you this—he had no time—"

"No; but carefully as you have watched, he has been able to write. Go, I say, go! Do you want to hear again that I know you to be a traitor—without honor, without truth—or do you want to threaten me with your revenge?"

A spectral smile played over his lips; his eyes shot forth a strange gleam, then grew dead and cold again.

"Yes," he said, in a slow difficult voice, "yes, I will have my revenge—you may be certain of that."

He went out of the room without casting a second glance towards her, staggering like a drunken man, his fingers fumbling for seconds at the door-knob before he could turn it.

That evening she was told he had left the town. Five weeks had elapsed, and now to-night she had just learned what his vengeance was to be.

Oscar Bolski had himself hastened to bring her the information—good, rough, patient Oscar,

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the cousin of her dead husband, whose devotion and generosity she had estimated at so much below their real value, until these last dreadful weeks had taught her his worth. It was the count who had furnished her the clue to Apraxin's treachery —her brother had managed to send him a letter which contained the whole story. When she repeated to him Apraxin's threat, Oscar had bidden her have no fear. His plans were well laid—his surveillance sure; whatever plot the foiled villain might harbor, should be circumvented in ample time.

And he had kept his word faithfully. Olga had just finished dressing for a ball, that was to be given by the officers of the garrison. Her sister had been eager to go, and the countess never could refuse her wishes; besides, in her present position, she felt that it would be unwise to run the risk of giving offense by declining an invitation on the part of those connected with the government. The dancing was to begin at an early hour, and, as soon as she had dressed, Madam Bolski started to go to her sister's apartment, to make sure that her petted Irene was nearly ready, and that the girlish loveliness of which Olga was so proud showed to its full advantage in its festive adornments.

But in the ante-chamber she met one of the old servants coming to inform her that Count Oscar wished to speak with her for a moment, on a matter of business.

Olga knew what the message meant. She realized now that she had been expecting it all day, though she had thrust the foreboding aside and kept herself as actively employed as if all the varied tasks she undertook were of such imperative necessity that no procrastination could be allowed. She hastened to her cousin, in the very room which had witnessed her stormy parting with Ivan Apraxin.

The thought of it came up as she opened the door and looked down the great salon, so dimly lighted that its hangings showed black and funereal in the gloom. She almost expected to see Ivan standing there with that spectral smile on his lips, and to hear his voice again in that sinister threat: "I will have my revenge—you may be certain of that."

But it was only blunt soldierly Count Oscar who came forward to meet her with hurried greetings in those musical tones which contrasted so strangely with his rugged features and brusque demeanor. It was a wonderful voice—that of Count Oscar—deep as the undernote of an organ, yet sweet and clear as a bell. It possessed an inexpressible charm even to those who did not like him, and a famous diplomatist once said, regarding it: "that, though Bolski could almost fulfill the old proverb about talking a bird off the bush, it was done by his voice, not the words he used."

"I am afraid my visit is unseasonable, dear Olga," he said; "but I could not wait—my errand was too important—"

"You have bad news?" she interrupted. "Let me hear it, please."

"I'm not good, you know, at softening things; but you'll not be frightened? Besides, if I come to tell you of danger, I bring the means of escape as well."

"Quick!" she said. "I can bear anything but suspense. These weeks of waiting have been worse than this crisis. You have found out what that man means to do?"

He answered her unhesitatingly:

"Within thirty-six hours, Ivan Apraxin will be here with an order for your arrest."

She did not even start. Not a line of her beautiful face quivered. Her great brown eyes shone on him lambent and steady.

He went on:

"There is no time to tell you how I know. I ought to have heard before, but my man was detained."

"What is the accusation?" she asked.

"Oh, something about Nihilism, I suppose; but it's no matter what. Apraxin has fulfilled his threat so far. Now for the way to foil him."

"And you know one?"

"Yes. You must go to the ball: leave there before two o'clock, come home, and dress yourself for a journey. We can trust your servants; the carriage will wait for you in the road back of your grounds: in that way you will avoid the sentinels."

"And where am I going?" she asked.

"You will be supposed to have escaped over the frontier—to be on your way to Paris," he replied. "In reality, to-morrow morning will find you safe in the house of one of my tenants; by noon I shall meet you there—"

"And then?"

"Another twenty-four hours' journey will find us in my old mountain-castle. I have it so arranged that you could stay a year there undiscovered; but long before that you will be in France."

She stood silent, pressing her hands to her forehead.

"You are not troubled? You know that you can trust me?" he asked, in a tone tender as a woman's.

She laid her hand quickly in his, saying:

"I was thinking of Irene. She is not strong—"

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"Yes; I suppose she must go too," he said, hesitatingly. "It might be wiser for her to remain: she would run no risk—"

"She would not stay behind, nor would I leave her," Olga replied.

Count Oscar nodded impatiently, with the air of a man agreeing to something to which it was better to submit than to waste any time in arguing over.

"I shall start at once," he said. "I have already seen the commandant; told him I was obliged to start for Paris immediately—couldn't even wait for his ball. Now listen: The order for your arrest has been kept a profound secret: that was part of Ivan's revenge. He can't be here, as I tell you, under thirty-six hours, so up to that time nobody will know whether you are in your house or out of it."

"But—Count Oscar—don't you run a great danger?"

"Not a bit: you can't catch an old soldier with chaff any more than you can a horse," he said, without a smile, and yet his voice rendered the rough words sweeter than a score of gallant protestations could have done. "See here—I'm no diplomat: I tell plain truth because it is so ingrained in my blood that I couldn't lie if I wished. I am safe because I hold a secret which Gortschakoff couldn't afford to have known—I am safe personally."

"Then I am content," the countess answered, with a smile which in the days of chivalry a gallant knight might easily have considered reward enough for daring death itself.

"Then we are both," returned Count Oscar. "But don't thank me: I deserve no praise—I was born so. There's a difference between men; but they don't make themselves. You refused to marry me; but that did not hinder my considering that my life belonged to you. Apraxin is sent adrift, and he swears to have revenge. Now, I don't curse him, and I don't admire myself: we both act in accordance with the instincts of our natures—he didn't select his, nor I mine."

"Oh, I am familiar with your dreadful fatalistic doctrines," returned the countess, smiling. "But you are a horrible hypocrite, all the same; you are as anxious to hide your noble qualities as common men are their faults."

"A Bolski couldn't be a common man," he exclaimed, proudly, then began to laugh, adding quickly: "Come, come: be off to your ball. Where's that lazy little Irene? Not half ready yet, I'll be bound."

The door had opened as he began to speak, and a charming apparition appeared: Irene Norjeski in her ball-dress, a younger likeness of her sister—just the difference between a bud and an opening rose.

"I heard you, Cousin Oscar," she said, "and have your punishment prepared: you shall dance the first quadrille with me."

"I shall be on my way to the station at that precise moment," returned he; "I'm off for Paris, and only came to say good-bye."

"I don't believe a word of it," retorted Irene. "Oh, my gloves—I have forgotten them. Matilda! Matilda!"

As she turned again into the ante-chamber, Count Oscar moved close to Olga, and shook her hand warmly.

"No use," he said, "to disturb the child's pleasure by telling her the truth—time enough when you leave the ball. Now I am off. You need have no fear—no anxiety, even; a baby in its cradle couldn't be more carefully watched over. Do just what I have planned, and nothing will fail. I say it—your rough old Oscar—you ought to know by this time that with me a thing said is done."

"I do know it," Olga exclaimed, impulsively leaning forward as he bent towards her, and for the first time pressing her lips on his forehead.

Count Oscar shook from head to foot as a stout pine-tree might wave its branches in a sudden gust of wind, turned away his head, then looked back, half pushed her off, and laughed gruffly.

"No tricks with old soldiers," said he, and, absurd as the comparison sounds, an Æolian harp could not have been sweeter than his voice; its softness told the whole story of his love, his self-sacrifice, his eagerness to serve her, as no words could have done. The impulse was strong upon her—born of mingled emotions, her scorn of herself for having lived unworthily, and her admiration of his manliness—to tell him then and there, if his love for her would content him, she was his from that moment; but he spoke so quickly that she had not space to give the wild thought utterance.

"Now I am off," he said. "When you reach the place the carriage will take you to, go to bed and sleep. It may be past noon before I get there; rest just as quietly as ever you did when a child in your mother's arms. Oscar says it: trust to him. Now, good-bye."

He turned away, started back, caught her in his arms, and kissed her forehead twice, then rushed to the door; there he paused, gave a military salute, and, with his gruff laugh and his sweetest voice, said:

"The embrace was for my cousin, the obeisance is for the widow of the head of our house."

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Olga heard his rapid farewells to Irene; heard his firm quick step ringing down the stone corridor and stairs, then her sister came flying back.

"The carriage is here, Olga," she said, "and it is nine o'clock—we must go. Oh, how beautiful you look! Nobody will ever remember to give even a glance at poor me."

She seized her sister round the waist, and danced towards a long mirror, which the scant light struck full enough to give back their united reflection. The family resemblance was strong between the two sisters, though the countess was taller; but the very contrast between the opening loveliness of the girl of seventeen and her beauty in the full splendor of her five-and-twenty years added to the charms of both. Olga gazed wonderingly at her own image: not the slightest trace of the agitation which strung her nerves to their highest pitch was visible in her countenance; then her eyes rested with admiring tenderness upon her sister.

"Oh, I look like a baby beside you," cried Irene; "a pretty baby, if you will: but you—you look like some wonderful heroine that has gone unscathed through trials that— Bless me, there's Max to say we are keeping the carriage—and oh, I can't miss the first quadrille."

So they drove away to the ball, and their entrance produced a sufficient sensation to have satisfied the two most frivolous society dames that ever laid the sacrifice of their lives on the great altar of worldly vanity.

It was like a strange dream to Olga—half tragic, half grotesque. She and her sister stood the acknowledged queens of the brilliant scene, and, before a second sunset, of all the throng that bent before them, probably there would not be one willing to admit even that he had exchanged so much as a friendly word with either.

She marveled a little at her own calmness, then thought proudly that it was only what should be expected of Norjeski's daughter and Bolski's widow; to assume any personal credit did not enter her mind. Suddenly came the galling reflection that she, daughter and wife of two such men, had been capable even for an hour of letting her affection go out towards a man so vile as the unworthy Russian, and she could have trampled on the weak heart that had brought her pride so low

She had been a widow since her twenty-first birthday. Many men had sought her hand; but she had had no hope to offer any, not even her good Oscar, until within the last eighteen months, when fate flung this false Ivan Apraxin in her path. She had been quietly happy enough, with a fortune sufficient for her needs, and Irene to care for as if she had been her own child. Her brother, Stanislas, had often caused her much anxiety: he was a handsome weak-minded young man, and had on numerous occasions been led into adventures which gave Olga keen dread for his future. But her imagination had fancied nothing so dreadful as that which happened. A few months previous, he had been accused by an anonymous hand of complicity with a Nihilistic plot, though everybody who knew him was well aware that he had not the least interest in any social questions. Fortunately, Olga had powerful friends, and was herself highly considered by the Czarina, so the end of the matter was Stanislas's banishment from Russia and Poland. The sisters had not been allowed to accompany him, and, by the Empress's advice, Olga had retired to her Polish estates for a time.

Not long after her arrival, Ivan Apraxin was appointed one of the officers in the garrison town. He told her frankly that he had sought the position in order to be near her. She had allowed herself to be happy, and had at length made up her mind to put by the scruples which had troubled her conscience. With his last breath, her husband had begged her never to marry a Russian—had threatened her with his curse unless she promised—and, though she had not actually given the pledge, a superstitious fear had held her back from yielding to her affection for Apraxin.

But the letter which Count Oscar had received from her brother arrived just in time to prevent her allowing the false Muscovite to learn what a hold he had taken on her affections—oh, that was a little comfort to her pride.

She was thinking of all these things even in the midst of the light and noise of the ball-room—not much of the peril in which she stood—from that she resolutely kept her mind aloof. Good faithful Oscar was prominent in her thoughts too. She remembered, with ever-increasing regret, how, for years, she had doubted and feared him; had listened to sinister whispers from his foes, and dreaded lest her refusal to marry him had not made him her secret enemy.

The night passed on. It was nearly two o'clock before Olga and Irene could get away from their troop of adorers, but they were at home at last, and then the countess had to tell her sister of the peril and flight which lay before them. Irene trembled and clung to Olga, weeping bitterly, but the spirit of her race soon asserted itself.

"I believe you would be safe enough, if you were to remain here," Olga said; "you could

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stop with good old Madam Brobrinski. I know she would take care of you."

Irene ceased weeping, and laid her hand lightly on Olga's lips, saying only:

"Not a word more, dear. I'm a poor weak creature compared to you; but I am your sister, so I cannot be a coward at bottom. Come, Olga, come! We have wasted time enough—we must dress—we must start."

Scarcely another word passed between them until they were ready to depart, both dressed in thick Polish costumes, with fur overdresses and caps.

"What are you doing?" Irene exclaimed, suddenly, as she saw her sister open a drawer and take out a small revolver. "I certainly shall die of fright if you take that—you know my horror of a pistol."

Olga smiled and laid the weapon back, selecting instead a sharp-pointed dagger.

"At least you won't be afraid of this," she said, "and in my turn I should grow cowardly if I did not feel that I had some means of defense within my reach."

The old servants had been prepared by Count Oscar for their ladies' departure. The carriage awaited at the appointed spot, and, within an hour from the time they left the ball-room, the sisters were speeding away as fast as four stout horses could carry them along the solitary road which led towards safety.

"Oscar assured you that we run no risk," was all Irene said; "we can trust him implicitly."

Besides this confidence in the count, habits of thought and family traditions rendered the flight a less gruesome thing to the sisters than it would have proved to women of the Anglo-Saxon race. Their father was the first of the family who had honestly accepted Russian dominion; before that, the Norjeskis had been a line of fierce rebels, and in their childhood the sisters had fed on tales of risks and perils incurred by more than one ancestress, compared to which their journey, made in warmth and comfort, seemed a commonplace affair enough.

By sunrise they reached the farm-house at which they were to stop. It was evident that their coming had been expected. They were cordially welcomed, given coarse but clean food, and shown to a room where they were assured they could rest in peace until such time as Count Oscar or his agents arrived.

They laid aside their heavy outer garments and lay down. Irene soon fell asleep, but Olga felt so wide awake and so restless that, after a time, she rose, afraid of disturbing her sister by her uneasy movements.

She went to the window, and sat looking absently out over the dreary landscape, that seemed to form a fitting frame for her gloomy meditations. It was still early in the autumn; the first snow of the season had begun to fall towards daybreak, and now the great white flakes were dropping faster and faster. The north wind had risen, and every sign portended a long and tedious storm.

Olga sank into an unquiet slumber at length, and it was high noon before she woke. She was roused by eager knocks upon the chamber-door; she hurried to open it, and met the old farmer on the threshold.

"There is no time to lose, madame," he said; "one of my scouts has brought word that there's a party of cavalry on the road by which you came."

"What are we to do?" she asked, calling, in the same breath: "Irene! Irene! wake up: we must go."

Irene started from the bed, wide awake on the instant, and able to comprehend what the old man was saying.

"Don't be frightened, ladies—it's all arranged," he said. "Just before Loski brought the news, Count Oscar's man got here. The count will arrive in a quarter of an hour. The carriage and horses will go off down the main road; my boy will show you a path through the woods: I am too lame to go myself."

"But, if we get into the carriage, they will overtake us," Olga said.

"Ah, but that is what you won't do; so let them follow the calèche. You will have to go on horseback—but you will not mind that—straight into the mountains. Count Oscar knows the path well: in half an hour you will be where the whole army couldn't find you in a week."

The sisters resumed their outer garments without exchanging so much as a word; at the threshold they paused, embraced silently, then went hand-in-hand out of the house following in the footsteps of their youthful guide.

They had to traverse a dense wood; when they were half-way through, the boy fell, spraining his ankle so severely that it was impossible for him to take another step.

"Don't stop for me," he said; "go straight on to the fallen pine, then turn to the left: keep straight forward till you see the horses. Go, go, gracious ladies: I can crawl to the house after a little."

"It is too dreadful to leave him," Olga said. "Irene, I could run back—"

"Go!" shouted the boy. "Hark! I can hear the soldiers on the high-road now—go!"

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Irene heard the sounds too, and forced her sister forward. They ran at full speed along the narrow path; the snow came down faster and faster, blinding them as they raced on.

"We have come a long way," Olga said, at length. "I can see no trace of a fallen pine."

"And it grows light yonder," returned Irene. "Oh, we are coming out on the plain. Olga! Olga! we have lost our way."

A few moments' further progress proved the truth of her words: they reached the bleak waste which spread for leagues to the right.

"We are lost—lost!" repeated Olga. "We must get back to the wood."

"Yes; I must rest first: I can't breathe," moaned Irene.

She sank helpless to the ground, and Olga dropped on her knees beside her. Both were so exhausted and breathless that for a little they could only crouch on the earth, dumb and still.

Presently they roused themselves, and started up at the same instant; but just then, through the distance, they heard the tramp of horses and the jingle of swords.

"They are coming," Irene whispered.

"And from two directions," Olga answered. "Hark! I hear them on the road and in the wood."

Irene threw herself forward, and clung about her sister's waist. Olga halted, with one arm folded over Irene's shoulder, her right hand grasping the knife. She stood erect, looking straight before her; there was no fear in her face—only a stern determination which made her delicate features hard and set as iron.

Nearer and nearer from the snow-hidden road came the tramp of cavalry; but at the same moment, from beyond the wood, appeared three men on horseback.

"Irene, it is Oscar," cried Olga.

Up rode the count, calling to them as he spurred on; but, just as he reached them, the band of soldiers appeared in view, and in advance rode Ivan Apraxin.

"Countess," he called, in a voice which rang out like a trumpet, "that man has deceived you: he is trying to carry you off to his mountain-den to make you his wife; there has been no thought of your arrest. Come on, men—we have him now."

With a howl more like that of a wild beast than a human being, Oscar Bolski turned his horse in flight; but, as he did so, he drew his pistol. Olga saw the flash, heard the report, standing so close that the shock half stunned her for an instant. When she could see clearly again, Ivan Apraxin lay stretched senseless upon the ground, and Oscar Bolski's fleet mountain-horse had already disappeared with his rider behind the shelter of the pines.

Apraxin's wound was examined, and proved not to be dangerous; in a few hours, lying on the rough bed in the peasant's house, he was able to tell Olga the whole story. We will repeat it, though in fewer words.

When he left the town so hurriedly, weeks before, he went to obtain the proofs that he was innocent of the treachery of which she had accused him; he had not only succeeded in this, but he had obtained her brother's pardon, and got to the bottom of Bolski's deep-laid plot—even to the exposure of the artfully-forged letter in Stanislas's hand.

One of the count's own instruments had betrayed him, and he had been purposely misled as to the date of Apraxin's arrival. Ivan reached the town at daylight, and, learning from his secret agents, who had watched Count Oscar's every movement, of the sisters' disappearance, was able to follow at once upon their track, and foil the traitor in his design.

"I told you, Olga, that I would have my revenge," Ivan said, smiling up at her with all his soul in his eyes; "now you know what it was to be."

"And am I forgiven?" she murmured, as she knelt by the bed and pressed her lips on his hand.

"You are loved," he whispered; "does not that answer hold all?"

MARGURITE.

BY BENNETT BELLMAN.

Some idle hours, some verses spent
In lines of rhyming compliment.
Mere trifles they—by love well meant.

But Margurite is coy to please.
"Write me," said she, "lines like to these,
Grand old Miltonic symphonies."

"Know you," said I, "that, in the heart
That's wholly dedicate to art,
Woman can have but little part?"

"Alas! 'tis true," said Margurite,
Low lying idly at my feet,
"Write me but such dear verses sweet."

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UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

BY ADELAIDE MERRIMAN.

It is a warm afternoon in July. I am swinging luxuriously in a hammock, pretending to read, though in reality I doze a little now and then between the chapters. The hammock is swung underneath a huge oak-tree, which stands in the lower end of our garden. This oak is one of the features of the place. For some unexplained reason it has been christened the "Greenwood Tree," and we always speak of it by that name. It is truly a "brave old oak." On one side the hammock swings; on the other steps are arranged, which lead to a seat high up among the branches. In this airy retreat, one can read or sew in peaceful seclusion, entirely hidden from observation by a thick screen of leaves. Whenever I am not to be found in the house, I am generally discovered in the "greenwood tree," or under it.

My book on this particular afternoon is not interesting, and I finally fling it aside in disgust. Just then a slight noise attracts my attention, and a moment after, to my great astonishment, a small English bull-dog of the ugliest description appears in sight from behind the tree. The animal walks gravely to within a few feet of the hammock, deliberately seats himself, and stares solemnly at me, with his nose very much in the air. He wears a collar on which his name, and that of his owner, is evidently engraved. I lean out of the hammock at a perilous angle and examine this collar, as I am afraid to touch the ugly little beast. Presently I sink back, having discovered that the name of the dog is Tiger, and that he is the property of J. Sylvester Hutchinson. Then I suddenly assume a more upright position, fluff up my bangs a trifle, and glance meditatively at my negligé costume. I feel convinced that the dog is only the herald of his master, who cannot be far behind. I decide, lazily, that it will not pay to dress for Sylvester: we are such extremely old friends, having become acquainted in tender infancy, and having lived next door to each other ever since, until within the past two or three years. Although not actually related, I entertain for Sylvester a somewhat cousinly regard. To be sure, I think him rather conceited, and feel assured that the brilliancy of his intellect will never dazzle anyone, to put it mildly. Nevertheless, he is always so good-natured and obliging, that we have ever been most excellent friends. I have not seen him for a year or so, however—not since he departed, a verdant freshman, to enter his class in a large Eastern college.

I am wondering idly whether college-life has improved him, when I hear footsteps approaching, and listen for his well-known "Hullo! Nell."

I listen in vain. The footsteps come nearer, and finally Mr. J. Sylvester Hutchinson appears in sight from behind the tree; but he says nothing for a moment, while I give a little gasp of astonishment, and then stare at him in open-mouthed wonder.

For a marvelous change has been wrought in my old playfellow: he is attired in a tight-fitting checked suit of the largest and most conspicuous pattern. His trousers, especially, are distressingly snug. His small face looks out from under an enormous "pot" hat, very ugly as to shape and color, and outrageously unbecoming. His chin is propped up by a high collar, which is vainly trying to cut his throat for him. An eye-glass is screwed into his right eye. He carries a walking-stick with a silver top. As he catches sight of me, he pauses, his limbs become perfectly rigid, his body is thrust forward until he nearly forms a right angle. He screws his eye-glass more firmly into his eye, and examines me attentively for a moment. A faint gleam of intelligence then appears in the dull vacuity of his countenance. He moves forward, and drawls languidly:

"By Jove! Helen, didn't know you at first—didn't, for a fact. Jolly glad to see you. Just got back yesterday. Ran right over, you see."

I can hardly believe that this extraordinary creature is really my old playfellow, Vest Hutchinson. I am unable to speak at first; and, meanwhile, my visitor seats himself very gingerly upon a rustic bench. The bull-dog immediately springs up and seats himself by his master's side. The pair sit there and gaze at me solemnly, while I mentally conclude there are a pair of them.

"'Pon my word, Helen," Mr. Hutchinson remarks, after a pause, "you don't give a chap a very warm welcome."

I collect my scattered senses, and say feebly:

"I beg your pardon, Sylvester; but the surprise of seeing you startled me a little—and

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then, you have changed somewhat, you know—and—"

I break down in the middle of my sentence.

"Yes," remarks Sylvester, complacently; "a fellow naturally changes as he grows older. He must live East, too, if he wants to know what is what. 'Pon my word, the West is a deuced bore to me now. Don't know what to do with myself in this beastly place. Gad! I wish you would ask that Miss Armstrong to visit you for a spell—saw her photo, you know. Deucedly fetching girl. Most extraord'nary eyes. Like to be booked for a jolly little flirtation with her—would, for a fact."

I move uneasily as the sound of Sylvester's newly-acquired English accent dies away, and hurriedly, almost involuntarily, glance upward. For the briefest possible moment the leaves which hide the seat overhead are thrust aside, and a lovely face appears, wearing an entreating expression. The finger on the lips, the energetic shaking of the head, all seem to be pleading for silence on my part.

I look back at Sylvester. He has evidently seen nothing: he is staring straight before him, with a look of blank idiocy on his face. I run my eyes over his costume once more. I glance at the cane and eye-glass, and from them to the disgusting little beast at his side, whose expression seems an exact counterpart of his master's. This rapid survey decides me. In spite of our early friendship, in spite of the fact that the gorgeous creature before me once fished me out of a pond and probably saved my life, I resolve to turn traitor.

"How strange that you should mention Mae Armstrong," I remark, sweetly. "I have already invited her to visit me; she will be here very soon—to-morrow, in fact."

A faint expression of interest actually dawns upon the impassive face. The eye-glass drops in consequence.

"By Jove! but that is quite too awfully jolly," he exclaims. "Deucedly glad to hear it." Then he relapses into the languid drawl. "But is she as fetching as her photo, though? Want you to post me before she comes. Is she up to a little flirtation? Don't fancy sailing in strong, you know, unless she understands all that sort of thing. Not a marrying man, you know; and don't want to break the little girl's heart—deuced bother, that. Had beastly lot of trouble this spring: met a little Baltimore girl—awfully taking, too—rest of the chaps wild about her. I sailed in, of course, and cut them all out. Didn't mean anything, you know—wanted to chaff the other fellows. Never thought of becoming serious. Not the thing. All this emotional business quite bad form, you know—out of style—passé. Well-regulated people marry for convenience, nowadays, but not for love. Little girl not posted. Got so fond of me, I had to cut the town—had to, for a fact. Deucedly careful now."

I make no reply at first. His vanity strikes me as something stupendous. There is the faintest possible rustle in the leaves of the "greenwood tree," and a leaf floats slowly downward. I manage to assume a sober expression, and say solemnly:

"I am glad you mentioned this, Sylvester. It is always well to guard against misunderstandings. I want to warn you, though, before Mae comes, not to be too fascinating: for she is an unusually susceptible girl. She has lived in the country, you know, and I doubt if she has ever met a young gentleman like you. You can imagine what the effect will be, if you carry the flirtation too far, so I caution you to be careful. If she should grow too fond of you, and lose her peace of mind, I should never cease to regret it, knowing as I do that you are not a marrying man."

The branches overhead rustle once more, as if a breath of wind were passing over them. Something appears for a moment, which resembles a small clenched fist, shaken savagely in my direction.

Mr. Hutchinson has been engaged in adjusting his eye-glass. He smiles complacently when I finish speaking, and murmurs:

"Quite correct. Always well to understand in time. 'Pon honor, I'll be careful. Have to be, up here—no rivals, you know—all smooth sailing."

"There is George Monroe," I say, involuntarily.

"Oh, Gawge is nobody," returns Sylvester, with increased complacency. "Gawge is a cad. Tremendously stupid chap, Gawge: no fears of him. Have it all my own way, you see."

I do not see, but refrain from saying so; and Sylvester continues, as he rises stiffly upon his seemingly wooden legs:

"Think I must go now. Be over again soon. Want to see the little girl. Take her to ride in my tilbury. You must see my tilbury—simply immense. Quite the correct thing, the tilbury."

He takes up his cane, and holds it, together with his gloves, before him in the latest and most approved manner.

"Well, see you to-morrow night, I fancy. Come, Tige."

The pair place themselves in position, Tiger

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following close on his master's heels. As they disappear around the tree, I suddenly recall a walking-doll I once possessed, and find I have been unconsciously listening for the whirr of internal machinery, and wondering vaguely how the pair managed to wind themselves up so silently.

I am not left long to my reflections. As soon as the gate clicks, Mae Armstrong comes tumbling out of the tree in a manner more expressive of haste than dignity. She pounces upon me at once.

"You wretch! you villain! you slanderer!" she cries, catching up the book I have cast aside, and trying to box my ears with it. "Oh, I'm very susceptible, am I? Lived always in the country, have I?" she continues, using the book with renewed vigor. Then she suddenly drops it, and sinks exhausted into the seat just abandoned by the magnificent Sylvester. As she pushes back her disheveled hair from her fresh glowing face, and looks at me with sparkling eyes, I fancy her like some radiant young Hebe. An expression of gleeful anticipation dawns upon her flushed countenance.

"Won't I teach him a lesson, though?" she murmurs, fervently.

I am convinced that she will. She has had plenty of experience in that line. I am also convinced that Sylvester needs the lesson.

So, on the following evening, I relentlessly give him into the hands of the lovely and seemingly artless Mae, who plays the role of simple country maiden to perfection. I give him over without remorse, though I know that Mae has the reputation of being the most accomplished and artful little flirt who ever counted her victims by the dozen.

A month goes by. If, during that time, a day passes in which Mr. J. Sylvester Hutchinson does not "Just drop in for a moment, you know," I cannot remember it. Between him and George Monroe, Mae has little time to herself. Sylvester apparently has the lead, and he grows so devoted that we christen him, among ourselves, "Mae's shadow." Considering his diminutive form and thin little legs, the name does not seem inappropriate.

One pleasant afternoon, Mae goes to ride in the "correct" tilbury, while I betake myself to my favorite seat high up in the "greenwood tree." After a time, my attention is aroused from my book by the sound of approaching voices: Mae has returned from her drive, and is accompanied, as usual, by her ever-faithful "shadow." The two seat themselves on the rustic bench. I peep through the leaves at them, and note how lovely Mae looks as she removes her hat and fans her flushed face. I also observe that the attire of Mr. Hutchinson is exceptionally gorgeous, even for him, and that there is an anxious expression on his usually vacant countenance. As I look, he begins to speak, and his voice actually trembles.

"'Pon my word, Miss Mae," he says, "you are awfully unkind. You don't treat a chap fairly—you don't, now, for a fact. I meant every word I said during our drive—I did, 'pon honor. You really mustn't laugh when I am so serious. A fellow doesn't like that sort of thing, you know."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Hutchinson, if I have offended you," says Mae, sweetly. "But really I have no idea to what you are referring."

"Oh, come now," says Sylvester, complacently: "I can't believe that—I really can't, you know. You probably thought that I did not mean it—but I did. I love you, Mae—'pon my word, I do. Quite adore you, in fact. I am not a marrying man—that is, I never was until now; but, since meeting you, why—aw—you know—Oh, deuce take it all!" he exclaims, becoming excited, while his eye-glass shoots wildly from his eye. "Just say the word, and I'll marry you to-morrow, no matter what the fellows say."

I start, and look hurriedly around. It just dawns upon me that I am deliberately playing the part of eavesdropper. There is no way of escaping unobserved, however. I catch up my book, and try to read: but, to save my life, I cannot keep my eyes from straying over the edge of the volume in the direction of the rustic bench. Neither can I help hearing Mae say, sarcastically:

"Your magnanimity, Mr. Hutchinson, quite overpowers me. Believe me, I am truly grateful for your kind condescension. At the same time, I can never allow you to do anything that is such extremely bad form. I have always admired you, Mr. Hutchinson, as a young man who always, under every circumstance, made it a point to do the 'correct' thing. In this respect, you excel any young man I ever met. You must be aware, though, that this sort of thing—this emotional business, this love and adoration which you mention—is not good form. 'Well-regulated people marry for convenience, nowadays, but not for love.' That is out of style—quite passé. Whatever my feelings may be, I can never allow you to fall from the pinnacle where I have placed you, by doing that which, on the face of it, is so plainly not the thing."

"Oh, bother the fashion," cries Sylvester. "I can't help loving you, you know—tried to, but couldn't. Never was spoons on a girl before;

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but this is the genuine article. I know what you say is true: it isn't correct at all. The chaps will chaff me no end; but, hang it all, Mae, I'll marry you to-morrow, in spite of them."

"Pardon me, Mr. Hutchinson," says Mae, politely, "but I must beg leave to differ with you."

Sylvester screws in his eye-glass, and stares at her for a moment.

"Oh—aw—you mean—"

"Yes," says Mae, severely: "I mean that I really find myself unable to consent to the arrangement."

"Why—why—" Sylvester stammers, "I am serious. I mean it. Do you fancy I am trifling or flirting? I own that I was, at first; but now I am in dead earnest—I am, 'pon honor."

"I am very sorry," says Mae, softly.

"Don't you care for me?" asks Sylvester, with a little inflection of surprise. "Give me a chance, then, and I will make you love me—I will now, 'pon my word. I will do anything that you say. I will—"

"There is no use in talking farther on this subject," interrupts Mae, firmly. "I, too, am in earnest when I say I can never marry you."

Mr. Hutchinson draws himself up in a dignified manner. His chin is very much in the air, as he inquires loftily:

"May I ask why?"

"Certainly," responds Mae, cheerfully. "I have three very good reasons: Firstly, I do not love you. Secondly, I am quite convinced that I can never learn to love you, and, being a country-girl and unsophisticated, as you know, I am old-fashioned enough to resolve to marry for love, and nothing else. Thirdly—and this is the principal reason, as you will see—I am engaged to George Monroe."

I feel that I would give worlds if I were an artist, and able to transfer to paper the expression which appears on the face of Mr. J. Sylvester Hutchinson. It fades away, after a time. He slowly collects his scattered senses, and repossesses himself of his gloves and cane. Rising with great dignity, he says formally:

"I will bid you good-day, Miss Armstrong."

Tiger falls in line, and the procession of two passes around the tree and moves slowly and solemnly from sight: Mr. J. Sylvester Hutchinson has had his lesson.

Mae does not remain with me much longer. She is obliged to go home in order to prepare for a certain interesting event, in which I am to figure as bridesmaid. On the day of her departure, I hasten to my usual retreat in the garden. There I find Sylvester and the faithful Tiger, seated side by side on the rustic bench, in their favorite position. A suspicion of melancholy hangs over them. I drop into the hammock, and say dolefully:

"Well, she has gone; and I am so lonesome, I do not know what to do with myself."

Mr. Hutchinson sucks the head of his cane, and gazes passively into vacancy.

"By the way, Sylvester," I continue, cruelly, "how did your flirtation come on?"

He starts a little, and removes the cane long enough to say carelessly:

"Oh, nicely, thanks. Deucedly pretty girl, is Mae."

"Yes," I return; "she is the prettiest girl I ever saw." After a moment, I continue, hypocritically: "I was quite surprised when I heard she was engaged to George. I really think you ought to have been the happy man: you certainly had first chance."

"Didn't care for the honor," replies Sylvester, coolly. "Could have married her fast enough, if I had wanted to. Not my style, though. Nice little thing, as far as flirting goes; but, as to marrying—aw, no—couldn't think of it."

I fall back suddenly in the hammock, and reflect on the vanity of mankind and the ease with which Sylvester can tell such outrageous fibs. During the pause, I notice that he moves uneasily once or twice; and finally I look up, to encounter the eye-glass turned full upon me. The expression of the eye behind it strikes me as being rather singular—Sylvester really looks as if he had an idea. He is evidently afraid of losing it; and, knowing they are extremely scarce with him, he says hurriedly:

"Helen, are you to be bridesmaid—hers, you know?"

"Yes," I answer, promptly, wondering what is coming next.

"Well, then—I say, let's alter the programme—let's make it a double wedding."

"What?" I exclaim, in amazement.

"Oh, I mean it," he continues, noting my astonishment. "Always been fond of you—awfully fond. Pulled you out of the pond once—you remember. Loved you ever since. Just say the word, and we'll make it a double affair—jolly surprise all around—no end of fun."

He smiles in an idiotic way and looks at me, evidently in some doubt as to how I will take his extraordinary proposition. I recognize his motives at once. Mae's refusal has gone deeper than we thought: his vanity has received a severe wound. In his anxiety to show Mae that he does not care in the least, he coolly proposes to marry me out of pique.

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For a moment my indignation does not allow me to speak. Then I manage to control myself a little, though I rise up in my wrath, and stand very erect before him.

"Sylvester Hutchinson," I cry, hotly, "I wish I could find words strong enough to express my disgust and indignation. I gave you credit for possessing at least one grain of sense. I thought one lesson would be sufficient for you; but it seems I was mistaken. That college has been the ruination of you. I longed, when you first came home with your idiotic imitation-of-the-English airs, to give you a good piece of my mind, and tell you what a fool you were making of yourself. If I had not been fond of your mother, I could hardly have kept silent for so long. When, however, you have the impudence to come over here and insult me in my own garden—for I take it as an insult, knowing what I do—I think that endurance has ceased to be a virtue. Do you suppose that I, or any other girl, would consent to marry such a creature as you? Let me tell you that all girls prefer a man whom they can respect, to a tailor's dummy. If I had not played with you as a child, and been rather fond of you then, I would go straight over, this very night, and tell your father and mother how you have been behaving, this summer. However, you are so young that there may be hopes of you yet, if you take my advice and turn over a new leaf. Leave that college, where you have evidently learned nothing but English slang and how to carry a cane. Throw away that absurd eye-glass, dress like a civilized human being, and begin to help your poor old father in his business, instead of idling away your time, doing nothing. One thing more, and I am done with you forever, unless you alter very much in the future. If you ever propose to a young lady again, do not, if she refuses you, propose to her most intimate friend within a week's time. Be careful, also, not to make your offers of marriage under a tree which holds a very convenient seat where a chance listener may—involuntarily, of course—hear all your fervent vows and protestations."

With this parting shot, I gather up books and work, and make my exit with my head very high in the air. Sylvester has not spoken a word. I cannot resist giving one backward glance. He seems quite paralyzed, and is staring vacantly after me, the eye-glass still in his eye, the cane tightly grasped in his hand, the supercilious Tiger at his side.

Thus I leave him: a crushed, defeated, utterly routed—but, let us hope, somewhat wiser—being, sitting there, an abject spectacle in spite of his gorgeous array, on the old rustic bench, under the traitorous "greenwood tree."

I DO NOT LOVE YOU NOW.

BY KATE AULD.

A YEAR has passed—a long, long year;
A century it seems!
Containing in its pages sealed
My first affection's dreams.
But sorrow drew her curtain round
My fever-throbbing brow:
Your vows were but a broken reed—
I do not love you now.

Oh, once I loved as woman loves—
With love all fresh and pure—
And thought affection's flow'rs would bloom
While ages should endure.
But ah, you sundered loving hearts,
And broke your holiest vow,
And all a woman's faith was crushed—
I do not love you now.

You scorned my pure affection once,
Now you shall nevermore.
No: you can ne'er inflict the pain,
The pangs you did before.
There was a time when joyous dreams
Played o'er my happy brow;
But time has brought its blessed change—
I do not love you now.

I've torn your image from my heart,
Once more I'll joyous be.
Although I mourned before the words
Which then proclaimed me free,
With kind intent time lent her touch
To soothe my throbbing brow,
And now I deem my lot most blest—
I do not love you now.

I once with wild devotion loved,
And gave my willing heart
Into your trusty keeping—ah,
I knew not what thou art.
But when you turned that smile away,
And scorned each sacred vow,
I summoned all my woman's pride—
I do not love you now.

But one has crossed my path, and I
Am happy to be free—
Am glad to shake the fetters off
That bound me once to thee.
Another claims henceforth the vows
I gave you long ago;
To him I'll be a loving bride—
I do not love you now.

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THE LOST ARIADNE.

BY MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD, AUTHOR OF "A TRANSPLANTED ROSE."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 151.

CHAPTER IX.

Not long after Ottilie Williams had gone to the house of Mrs. Levison Lewis—not long after he saw her well established in a comfortable and respectable position—the health of the reverend and useful rector of St. Swithin's began to decline. He got an obstinate and very troublesome bronchial cough. Mr. Atchison, his head vestryman, had declared that the rector must go away for a year—to India, his physician said.

Tilton Huntingman did not want to go; but the physician's dictum was absolute. The old New England fiend, consumption, had taken off the rector's father and mother, and Miss Catharine trembled as she heard him cough. She knew his danger only too well.

So he went, after a long and confidential talk with Mrs. Satterlie, and a talk neither long nor so confidential with Ottilie: to her he had become strangely far-off, and almost cold; and, when she reproached him, he said:

"Forgive me, my child; I am really too ill to talk." And she would go away saddened.

When the inevitable had arrived, and her ill-luck brought a lover to the house where she was so calmly happy, and when she, for her sins, also fell in love, and for the first time in her troubled existence saw the dawn of a new and a hopeful passion, she had not wondered at what followed: that Mrs. Satterlie had come to her rescue, had asked her to become her companion, had treated her with a kindness which was phenomenal. She knew well that it was all at the rector's suggestion, and had accepted it with what had now become almost stunned nerves.

She did not know that the rector had said: "If the worst comes to the worst, and Ottilie has a love-affair, temporize—put off—do all that you can to gain time."

Mrs. Satterlie fell in love with the girl, as all the rest had done, and, by a strange sympathy through the ruling passion, Ottilie became necessary to Mrs. Satterlie. She was a good "second lady." Her acting was admirable: it supplemented Mrs. Satterlie's.

Perhaps it was imprudent to have brought her out as she did, that spring season, in "The Dreary Town," with Levison Lewis, if she wished to "temporize." Perhaps it was a thing which had better have been avoided. Ottilie herself should have known better. But New Yorkers had forgotten already the rectory evenings, or remembered but faintly the handsome English girl. Nor did they concern themselves very much about Mrs. Levison Lewis and her discharged governess.

But the glare of the footlights leaves much to be found out—or at least it throws a scrutinizing glare. Ottilie began to be discussed.

Who was she? An English girl, of good family, who had run away? Perhaps the victim of an imprudent marriage? She might be a Southerner, of good family, who had taken refuge at the North. She was everything by turns, and nothing long, in the gossip which ensued.

There she had stood, however, and played with her little bunch of lilies-of-the-valley, as she acted her pretty part—as pure, as white, as graceful, as unconscious as they. She heard, answered, played her part, and won her audience—and, all unknown to her, in the audience, Hugh McLagen. He was the last and best of the newly-arrived Englishmen whose advent in New York made that city gay. He looked at her inquiringly, jumped from his seat, and left the little theatre abruptly, to the amazement of his next neighbor.

The play was over, and had been beautifully done. Mrs. Satterlie sat in the "green-room"—smiling, self-collected, and gratified—to receive the encomiums, flowers, and applause which rained down upon her. A few friends had been admitted to the "green-room."

"Mr. Robarts Ives desires to present his compliments," said the stage-manager, at the door.

"Of course; ask him in," said Mrs. Satterlie, rubbing her white hands together to get off the powder with which they were obscured.

"And who is she?" asked Mr. Robarts Ives, a tall, slender, stylish, and agreeable man of the world, who seemed to be the most possible *futur* for the widow, if she should marry again. "Who is she—your new ingénue?"

"I have great pleasure in presenting you to Miss Ottilie Williams," said Mrs. Satterlie, in

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reply. "Did she not do well? And her first essay as an actress, Mr. Ives. Wonderful, is it not?"

"I make you my compliment, Miss Williams," said Mr. Ives. "And the first time you have ever played? I can scarcely believe it. You remind me so much of those almost professional amateurs I have seen in English country-houses. Really, is it the first time you have ever played?"

Mrs. Satterlie was watching her protegée, and she saw a muscle twitch about the mouth.

"Ottilie is very tired. Let me ask you to take her to a seat, Levison," said Mrs. Satterlie.

That evening, Mrs. Satterlie got an anonymous letter; she often got them. She was one of the famous women whom the anonymous letter-writer loves. She generally burned them; but this one she locked in her desk.

"I will send for Mr. Atchison," said she. "This is a case for his intelligence."

And, all smiles, composure, kindness, and apparent calm, Mrs. Satterlie had kept the secret of the anonymous letter, and what it told, in her heart, and remained at her post of New York woman of fashion — driving, coaching, dining, supping, devoted to Ottilie, who became the fashion, and who observed with a wonderful obedience her compact with Levison Lewis, or rather against that poor fellow, who in his turn received no reward of virtue except the promise which Mrs. Satterlie had extended to him: that he should go to Newport with them, to play there in "The Dreary Town," and to see Ottilie again as a lover—if, after his probation and certain explanations, he should wish to do so.

Mrs. Satterlie, however, in the solitude of her closet, acknowledged herself in a dilemma. It was one out of which private theatricals even would never help her. She wanted advice; and, although she rather dreaded to do it, she determined to call on Mr. Atchison.

Something unspoken had always told her that Mr. Atchison held her in high disapproval, and she did not like to be scolded. No: she did not intend to be criticized. Yet, if anybody had a right—no, nobody had a right.

Why should she be afraid of Mr. Atchison? If she had got herself in an awkward dilemma, who so bound to help her out as the friend of her father and her husband, and one who knew so much of human nature? Who so wise, so clever, so good, so prudent, so powerful as Mr. Atchison?

Mr. Atchison was a man of great clearness of perception: he read men as other men read books. In the daily conduct of his life, he had gone on reading his fellow-men, partly by the help of a strong common sense, partly by the result of experience, partly from some unknown faculty, like the keen scent of a hound, which could only be described as his own, but which was not accounted for. Nobody knew how or why Mr. Atchison saw through and through his fellow-beings—they only knew that he did.

He had been the president of a railroad, and had accumulated a large fortune. He was the most respectable of men. He owned a pew in the best church in New York—even St. Swithin's itself—and was a vestryman of the same. His honor was as unimpeachable as his chin was clean-shaven. He was almost chivalrous in the conduct of business; and, except for the quiet and unpretending manner in which he did every duty that came to him, he would have perhaps almost been called a Dombey. But Mr. Atchison escaped all disagreeable synonyms of a too stiff propriety. If Mr. Atchison had had but a virtue to excess—if he had had one redeeming vice—he would have been almost fascinating. Respectability was, however, his native air, and he was ashamed of his sense of humor, and of a certain sweetness of character he was unaware of—an unsuspected simplicity. He hated Bohemians, eccentrics, and people who did not wear conventional clothes. He was seen to shudder once as his eyes fell on Oscar Wilde, then at his worst eruption. In his practical way, he relegated all people who were "queer" to some disused railroad tracks, upon which superfluous cars were shunted off. Mr. Atchison was a good-looking man, and in his youth had been handsome. His exquisite neatness kept up the fiction that he was handsome still: it is the proper coquetry of middle-age.

He had been married, and his house was not destitute of children; but Mrs. Atchison had died young. A gray sister, with all of Mr. Atchison's iron in her nature, but with none of his gold, had brought up his children for him with austere propriety.

Perhaps it was owing to the severe character of Hannah, this sister, that Mr. Atchison was so ignorant of women: for, transparent as were to him his fellow-men, his fellow-women were exceedingly opaque—unknown quantities, in fact. He avowed, with a certain pathos which was touching—especially, as coming from a man who had never been "taken in" in Wall Street—that he could not understand women. He had a great deal to do with them: he was a favorite at many a dinner-table. He was trustee under a dozen wills. Several widows made of him a confidant. He sold railway-shares for them; he was blessed with many sisters in the church, who gave him

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every opportunity of knowing them better than he did. But, with a profound air of respect, touching his hat as he did so, he acknowledged to a friend that, as to understanding women, he did not, and, as to widows, he was still a little child picking up shells on the sea-shore, and should always remain so.

CHAPTER X.

It was the fate of this excellent man, to his great sorrow and unhappiness, to fall violently and absurdly in love with Mrs. Satterlie.

It came upon him as the typhoid fever does—with a chill—as he sat in the Stockwell Theatre and looked at her acting. Of all the inexplicable women in this world, this amateur actress was the most outrageous to him. He hated, despised, and disapproved of her course. He had known her father and her husband; they had been, like him, steeped in respectability. He could not forgive Amalie—almost young enough to be his child, she who was almost a daughter to him, she might have sat on his knee—for having so far forgotten her birth, her blood, her breeding, as to go and be even an amateur actress. Yet she owed no allegiance to him. He was nothing to her, he owned to himself, but an old family friend: he took care of her fortune; he came to dine with her, now and then; and, when she saucily insisted on his coming to see her act, he had shaken his head in the negative. But, one day—"he never knew why he went," he said—he did go, and great was the fall thereof. He had gone to see "The Dreary Town," and it was all over with him.

"Henry, you need a blue-pill," said his iron sister, Hannah, as she watched him at breakfast, eating nothing; "you have had no appetite for a week."

"Pooh!" said Mr. Atchison, gulping down, with a great sense of shame, an obtrusive heart-ache and a desire to go and see Mrs. Satterlie.

And just as he had said to himself that there was no fool like an old fool, and that no human eye should see him fall, his bell rang loudly.

It was the crack of doom. The butler entered, with a note from Mrs. Satterlie.

Mr. Atchison had once been in a railroad-accident, in the old days of "sleepers," when a snake-head, as it was called—a detached rail—had been caught up in the flooring of the car, tearing it out, and strewing human beings along the track. He had saved himself by a bit of presence of mind. Catching on the hooks above his head, he had seated himself in the open window before the floor quite left him. Something of the same sense of impending calamity made him start from his chair and throw up his hands.

"Why, Henry, whatever is the matter?" said Miss Hannah, frightened.

"Nothing but a cramp in my leg," said Mr. Atchison, seating himself again to read Mrs. Satterlie's note.

It began with that uncomplimentary frankness which lovers dislike:

"DEAR OLD FRIEND:

I am in a little bit of trouble. Will you come to me before going down-town, this morning?

Yours cordially,

AMALIE SATTERLIE."

"Anything the matter with Amy?" asked Miss Hannah, who had recognized Mrs. Satterlie's page in the bearer of the note.

"No. Probably she wants to sell out her Western Union. She is always flighty about stocks," said Mr. Atchison, with a horrible sense that he was telling a lie.

"You look very yellow," said Miss Hannah. "I wish, brother, you would take a blue-pill. And, if you do go to see Amy, tell her that the whole town is talking about the way she kisses that Levison Lewis on the stage: they say it is positively indecent. I thought of writing her a note. If she will play these horrid plays, she need not be so fond of overdoing them. Why, it is quite enough—for Mrs. Bulthorpe said so—if lovers shake hands on the stage when they must make love, if they must. Or she might, if it is absolutely necessary, let him kiss her hand: although that is a liberty I never would allow any man to take with me."

Miss Hannah looked down on a very skinny member as she thus denounced the enforced intimacies of the drama, and Mr. Atchison partly smiled as he contrasted the hand with that of Mrs. Satterlie.

"Amy is her own mistress in every particular," said Mr. Atchison, dryly. "I should not, if I were you, Hannah, volunteer any advice."

And Mr. Atchison accepted from his servant the best-brushed hat in New York, and, taking a faultless umbrella from the same silent and subservient hand, he walked, with a strange quaking of his usually well-regulated heart, around to Mrs. Satterlie's.

He had to wait ten minutes in the much-littered-up parlor of the Dresden shepherdess, and, looking with scorn and dismay at the array of placques on the wall, he felt like cleaving with his umbrella a sort of roadway for his feet amid the lumber of small chairs, brioches, foot-stools, pug-dogs, rugs, and dying gladiators, with

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which the parquet floor, so slippery and uncertain, was strewn. He could not find a chair large enough or strong enough for his manly figure, and was leaning on the mantel-piece, in imminent contagion of the shepherdesses, when Mrs. Satterlie's page, a being of infinite resource, discovered him, and pulled out an immense old carved chair, which had a leather seat of somewhat slippery incline, but which did afford Mr. Atchison a perch, and in which he looked like the effigy of Charles the Fifth in the Escorial. How he grieved and scorned himself as he felt that, in spite of all this nonsense, he loved the author of it. How he bit his nether lip, as she came fluttering downstairs in her gorgeous tea-gown. How he suffered, as he made her a stately bow; and how he grappled with the internal heart-beat, which betrayed to him the presence of that inconvenient disease—a passion—in a man's middle-age.

"Good-morning, dear old friend. This is very kind," said his hostess.

"Good-morning, Amy," said Mr. Atchison, rising, and sitting down again.

"Why, how pale you look. What is the matter with you, Mr. Atchison?" said Mrs. Satterlie.

"I think it is your—green curtains," said Mr. Atchison, longing, he knew not why, to swear. He would have liked to condemn those esthetic curtains to any hospitable Hades in the neighborhood.

"Oh, no; now I think of it, Hannah did say you had something the matter with your liver. Well, you look badly; but you must go to Saratoga for a month."

"I have taken a cottage at Newport," said Mr. Atchison, choking and coughing.

"Have you, indeed? So have I; but only a little nest for August. I am going up solely to play at the Casino. It will be so nice to have you there, Mr. Atchison. I may need your help."

And Mrs. Satterlie went to her desk, and, taking from it the anonymous letter, she put it in Mr. Atchison's hands.

The two talked long and earnestly, but with closed doors. Not even the page knew what had happened. He could not hear well through key-holes over which gorgeous portières were hung. It was a great blow to him, this way of furnishing. It sometimes made him desire to leave his place, which had, however, many other advantages and few drawbacks; so he staid, noble page.

At length Mrs. Satterlie rose, and threw open the door, and Mr. Atchison stood for a moment holding the curtain in his hand.

"Prudence, Amy, caution, and wait," he said. The page heard only these words.

"And you do not think I should take any more active measures?" said Mrs. Satterlie.

"No," said Mr. Atchison. "Watch and wait. I shall immediately take the proper steps of course, on the other side. Go on as if nothing had happened. I shall be at Newport, and ready to help you."

And so he was. When Mrs. Satterlie got there, he was at the Wickford boat to meet her. He gave his arm, with a fine old-fashioned gallantry, to Miss Ottilie Williams. He formed the most dignified "piece de resistance" at the famous dinner of which mention has been made—the dinner where Mrs. Richardson lost her ring.

"By the way, Amy—" said Mr. Atchison, the morning after this dinner, as he called at the Humming-bird's Nest, in Kay Street, where Mrs. Satterlie and Ottilie were "perching," as they called it, "by the way—did not you and Mrs. Richardson, our hostess of last evening, meet in Rome? I think I remember that you were there together."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Atchison—in fact, Mrs. Richardson and I have known each other everywhere but in New York. There we seem never to have met. She is a very nice person—a little too anxious to succeed in society, but otherwise pleasant."

"I saw her just now, with Ballantyne," said Mr. Atchison, looking disgusted.

"Oh, that means success, you know, my dear old respectable friend," said Mrs. Satterlie, not averse to a little chaffing, especially as she knew how he hated it.

"Good-morning, Amy," said Mr. Atchison, seizing his umbrella, and his respectability, and his Old-World notions, and his overpowering passion, and walking off with all these impediments.

Mrs. Satterlie and Ottilie Williams were together at every hunt, and at every polo gathering, and at every musicale, dinner, and picnic, for the next two weeks, besides finding time for the rehearsals and the mornings at the Casino. No one who has not known the American woman in the gay season would have believed that human nature could have endured so much fatigue.

Now, it must not be supposed that, in her loyalty to her absent friend, the rector, in the care of this mysterious girl, of whose history she had known almost nothing, Mrs. Satterlie, with all her generosity, had not strange forebodings and some compunctions of conscience. She was a great novel-reader. She thought more than once of the tales of mistaken identity, the Mercy

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Merrick kind of thing, the dramatic possibilities of what Ottilie might turn out to be.

Intimate as they were, she learned to respect Ottilie, as everybody did. Character, that most determined thing, spoke in all the daily acts of this girl. Refinement, which could not but have come from a refined education; truth, and care in little things; a strong religious sense, which Mrs. Satterlie did not believe to be hypocrisy; and then mystery, the strange expression, the icy reserve.

Whether she really loved Levison Lewis or not, at least she had seemed to do so. But could any woman so entirely keep her word as she had done, in apparently letting the love-affair drop? This Mrs. Satterlie did not understand. Then had come the anonymous letter, about which she had consulted Mr. Atchison. Despise the letter-writer as she might, he had evidently written with full knowledge; and then again had come another letter, signed "H. McL.," which had commended her kindness in terms most eloquent and real. "Defend and protect your charge," this last letter had said. "She is in every way worthy of your kindness."

Ottilie rode remarkably well to hounds, and as that has become, of all things, the "open-sesame" to fame at Newport, so she added in every way to her attraction, which, as a mystery and a beauty, became every day more and more noteworthy.

"I tell you what it is, Stockton," said Story Strangeways, at the club: "I don't understand why Mrs. Satterlie spends so much money on that companion of hers. Why, she told me to buy one of the best mounts in Newport for her."

"Well, Story," said Stockton, "if there is anything you don't understand, I think we may as well give it up."

"Now, don't be insulting, Stockton. But it is queer, isn't it?"

"I never knew Mrs. Satterlie to do anything that was not queer," said Stockton. "Half in love with Levison Lewis herself, she takes this girl in, pampers her, dresses her divinely, gives him every opportunity to see her in the best setting, and keeps him trailing round with the theatrical company. Buy horses for a rejected governess, and make her the belle of Newport? Well, everything will be explained some day—even Mrs. Satterlie."

Just at that moment Ballantyne entered, and gave a sign to Stockton.

"She seems rather wild and shy of the net," said he. "See to it for me, will you, Stockton?"

"What can I do?' said the toady. "Carry off Mrs. Richardson for you?"

"I don't know. You said you had a key—something to reach her—didn't you?"

Stockton felt in his pocket.

"There is the ring," said he.

Ballantyne looked at it.

"A sapphire intaglio—very rare. Well, you had some brilliant thought—what was it? Get some hold over her; frighten her a little—not too much: for I am not desperate. But I should like her to fall in love—just a little, you know."

"And what about Ottilie?"

"Oh, it won't do to stalk this game in couples. Let the girl wait. She is very handsome, superb figure, and rides like the devil. But let us wait for her until after the play. Then, if I were too attentive to her now, Mrs. Satterlie might make me marry her. No: give me my little Richardson for a summer flirtation. She is so coy, and modest, and respectable."

And the worthy pair parted; Stockton to do his friend's noble errand.

CHAPTER XI.

Mademoiselle Jeanne Dubœuf, a delicate little hunchbacked girl, sat at her window, marking some linen. She had quite a specialty in this way, and Mr. Beverley Stockton was there to call upon her, with a dozen or so pocket-handkerchiefs. He had a great talent for putting two and two together, and he had tracked Monsieur Dubœuf to the lane where his modest cottage was situated. By a chance, Mademoiselle Hortense was also paying the little invalid a friendly call; and presently the chef dropped in, to cool his fevered brow. Beverley spoke French very well, and Dubœuf soon found himself in the midst of an interested group: Mademoiselle Hortense giving her advice on the subject of the lettering with true French vivacity, little Jeanne showing all her monograms and patterns. As Monsieur Stockton was very particular about his mouchoirs, it required some time to decide all this; and he took occasion to ask, with much concern:

"Had Madame Richardson found yet the ring?"

"No," was the answer; "madame had not found the ring—malheureusement—madame had not found yet the ring."

So, after several well-managed compliments, he left, saying he would call again with some more handkerchiefs—for the bee-pattern, perhaps.

"Monsieur Ballantyne," he added, "wished also some handkerchiefs, but would probably call himself." And so: "Au-revoir."

A charming polite garçon was Mr. Stockton: so

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thought little Jeanne and Mademoiselle Hortense. But old Dubœuf put one brown finger against his reddest of red noses.

"He is a fox," said he; "a much older and wary one than the poor puss whom they send out with the annis-seed. I shall watch you, Mr. Stockton; I shall watch my Mr. Fox."

Stockton had found Mrs. Richardson's ring in the sticky conglomerate of nougat, which, to his disgust, he had been forced to put in his pocket at Mrs. Richardson's dinner. The hostess had pulled it off, and rolled it up in the sugar in her confectionery exploit, a fact which neither she nor Dubœuf had noticed. It had come in Ottilie's parcel, which, little thinking of the consequences, she had exchanged with Stockton, after a silly fashion of after-dinnerisms.

When Stockton, too poor to keep a valet, had, to his infinite disgust, been obliged to clean out his own pockets, where he had thoughtlessly thrust the nougat, there he found the ring, and, putting two and two together, he knew exactly how it had got there. But it was a secret of too great importance to give up. He immediately knew that he could frighten Mrs. Richardson, play into the hands of his chief—probably induce her to come to Dubœuf's cottage to meet Ballantyne. He did not know how or where it would end: he did not care. He saw advantages to Beverley Stockton, so long as he kept the secret. So he went with the handkerchiefs to poor deformed Jeanne. The embroidery was so innocent a thing—a capital blind. Poor Dubœuf suspected him, but little knew what a double danger lay for him in Stockton's vest-pocket. He saw much, did Dubœuf: but he did not see everything. He was grateful to Mrs. Richardson because she had been so kind to his poor little Jeanne. It was his most respectable emotion, so he defended his cottage against the subtleties of Stockton and of Ballantyne. But he could not know how fate—which he did not believe in, as a Frenchman—was weaving a net about him through this same Mr. Stockton—Mr. Fox, he called him—nor how mysteriously was trouble to strike him, as it did Rigoletto, through this little daughter whom he loved, though in a more remote, and, so far as she was concerned, impersonal way.

Mademoiselle Hortense was very fond of sea-bathing—most Parisians are. She had the usual easy hours of a fashionable lady's lady's-maid, and she was apt to wander to the beach at the hour of eight in the morning. Now Stockton, not usually so matutinal, also found it necessary to his health to try the early-morning bath; and so it occurred that, for several mornings, Mr. Atchison—who, with Hannah and his daughter, went virtuously to an early bath—saw this strangely-assorted couple chatting on the sands, after a dip in the salt sea-waves.

For some reason, which is only known to great railroad-men, Mr. Atchison was apt to watch inferiors, and to put away in his memory things which were immeasurably below him, and far away from his own reputable life. This became for him one of those mysterious and unintelligible events which he classified and laid up for reference in the orderly pigeon-holes of his brain. Mr. Stockton bathing at an early hour with an elderly French maid, not at all pretty nor seemingly coquettish: Mr. Atchison was gravely, and, in a saline way, somewhat interested.

CHAPTER XII.

On the night of the production of "The Dreary Town," at the Casino, Mrs. Satterlie was found to be unaccountably nervous.

"What is the matter with her?" asked Levison, of Ottilie, as they stood dressed, painted, bewigged, and eyebrowed, at their respective side-scene.

"I don't know," said Ottilie, herself as calm as a summer morning. "She has been very nervous for two days."

"Queer woman."

"I know neither of us understand her, Levison."

The conversation stopped, as a burst of applause greeted Mrs. Satterlie. She had come on from the opposite side, and was bowing to the audience.

"Everybody" was in that audience. "Everybody" had rushed for tickets. It was the most representative of fashionable houses. A great diplomatist looked over the audience, and said he "had never seen so many pretty women together," and a distinguished historian told him that his remark was becoming commonplace: for that, in forty years, he had heard eighty diplomatists make that same remark. Mrs. Richardson was seated between Ballantyne and Stockton. Mr. Atchison gravely upheld his chin with his cane, directly behind them. And the Dubby Doolittles, and the Battledores, and the Shuttlecocks, and the Applebys, and Mrs. Stacy, and the Brooks family and their cousins, and even Mrs. Delamaine, were all there: all the big bears, and the little bears, and the middle-sized bears; those who were fashionable, and those who were not; and those who hoped they should be fashionable; and a very small number who laughed, and did not care whether they were or not: they were all there, applauding the pretty

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woman, their favorite, who was acting for their amusement.

"She is nervous," said Mrs. Richardson, speaking in a low tone, to Ballantyne.

"Awfully pretty, though, isn't she?" said Ballantyne, indiscreetly.

"Well, Amalie is rather beyond the 'pretty' age—don't you think so?" said the neophyte of fashion.

"Oh, I don't know. I shouldn't think her much older than you," said Ballantyne, recovering lost ground.

In the next act, Mrs. Satterlie was so decidedly nervous that Ottilie took off all the honors of the piece; and Levison Lewis saw, for the first time in all his experience, a shade of jealousy on the brow of Mrs. Satterlie. That night, the audience had been treated to comedy: that night, Ottilie was treated to tragedy, behind the scenes.

As Mrs. Satterlie returned to her dressing-room, she looked for her intaglio—the beautiful sapphire, the Ariadne.

It was gone!

No one had any knowledge of it. Who could have? She had taken it off, as she went on the stage for the last time, to put on her glove: and no one had entered that room but Ottilie.

There stood all her belongings as she had left them. A pretty little pair of slippers, with real diamond buckles, was on the dressing-table. A vulgar thief would have taken those. No one but an elegant refined kleptomaniac would have stolen that ring. She had told Ottilie that the rector gave it to her, years before, in Rome, and she had seen the girl change color. "So she loved him, did she?" Mrs. Satterlie was not herself, that night; and, when Ottilie came in to her, she closed the door, and said, in a voice which Rachel might have envied:

"Alice Fastnesse, you are a thief. You may have been—a murderess. You see, I know you: you have stolen my ring. Now, give it back to me, and you shall go—go out into this world which you have conquered—unsullied. But, if you do not give it to me, I will denounce you."

"Oh, fate! fate! fate!" said the girl. "I have not your ring. I know nothing of it—why should I want it?"

"Because you loved Tilton Huntingman," said Mrs. Satterlie, quite beside herself.

"Never! my friend—my kindest friend—but I do not love him, Mrs. Satterlie. All I ask is that you give yourself, this night, to reason. I am Alice Fastnesse. Mr. Huntingman knows my history. The horrible accusation you make has been made before: but I am innocent. You will find your ring. I love only one man. I have never loved anyone else. He is just outside—Levison Lewis. But I beg, as a wretch about to die asks for one moment in which to say his prayers, that you will give me this night's reprieve. Do not tell him what you think—"

A loud knock at the door broke in on this scene of unexpected earnestness.

"I will be silent," said Mrs. Satterlie; "but leave me."

"Mr. Robarts Ives, Mrs. Satterlie—with an English friend, Mr. Hugh McLagen—desires to speak to you, to be presented—to congratulate you," said Levison Lewis.

"Why, Ottilie, how pale you are!" and he drew her away to another part of the theatre, she pale, trembling, and unable to explain, poor creature.

CHAPTER XIII.

A few days after the private theatricals at the Casino came the first of September, and the usual hegira from the Ocean House, leaving only the cottagers behind. A young girl, a great friend of Elly Lewis, one who had often seen Miss Williams, was on the Wickford boat, and was being taken away from the autumnal glories of the gay watering-place, by her mother, most unwillingly.

"There, mother, there she is—she is going away too," said this young person, whose heart was in the polo-ground. "There is the beautiful Miss Williams, whom we saw at the Casino, and that is Mr. Beverley Stockton, the great beau, you know. I suppose they are going to Lenox."

"Never mind, Katy," said her mother, rather severely; "come up and get good seats."

"That is Mr. Levison Lewis, Elly's brother. And those are Mrs. Satterlie's liveries; and there is the rich Mr. Ballantyne; and the lady kissing Miss Williams is Mrs. Richardson."

"And where is Mrs. Satterlie?" asked the mamma, who had seen the theatricals, but did not know Newport, nor care for it.

"I do not see her," said poor Katy, looking at a group of the young riding-men, and recognizing one of her dancing-beaux in the crowd. "I hope we shall sit near Miss Williams," said Katy, as her sharp-featured Puritan mamma selected their seats. "I want you to hear her voice—it is so sweet."

"I never listen to people's conversation," said her mother.

Poor Katy, with eyes full of tears, as she saw Newport recede in the distance, began to be comforted as she noticed that Ottilie and her maid had taken seats near her. Presently Stockton sauntered up, and they began talking together.

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They chatted on lightly about the events of the past week.

"And why do you desert Newport just now?" asked Mr. Stockton of Miss Williams.

"It does not agree with my throat; you see how dreadfully hoarse I am."

"And you are going to Lenox?"

"No. I am going up in the country—to my friend, Miss Huntingman," said Ottilie. "And you?"

"I am going to Europe," said Stockton.

"Ah, then I suppose Mr. Ballantyne is off on another yacht-voyage?"

"N–n–no, I think not," said Stockton.

As they chatted over the events of the season, showing such knowledge of the gay world to the unsophisticated Katy, whose draught of Newport and society delights had been but presented to her lips only to be snatched away, the young girl listened with the keenest envy. She little knew, however, what depth of despair was hidden in both their hearts, under those careless words.

A few days after, her mother, reading the "New York Arrow" through her spectacles, in the quiet village where Katy lived, remarked coolly:

"Katy, what was that man's name, on the Wickford boat—Beverley Stockton?"

"Yes, mamma—"

"He's been found in the East River. It is supposed he drowned himself."

"Oh, mamma!"

Yes, it was true. Beverley Stockton had closed his accounts. If it was murder, no one ever knew. If it was suicide, still less. Some of his boon companions were aware that he had quarreled with Ballantyne, been turned off, guilty of some complicity, it was feared, with a dishonest servant. No one was certain of the exact truth. Everybody believed the worst. He had not succeeded in that little affair at the chef's cottage—that Ballantyne knew.

As for Ottilie, she had not met Mrs. Satterlie since the scene in the green-room. Her meals were sent to her room: that and silence had been accorded her. She had telegraphed to Miss Huntingman that she was coming, and that good woman had answered: "I knew you would—welcome." Mrs. Satterlie had determined to send her maid with her—an elderly and discreet person. Society should not know that they had quarreled. So far, she behaved most kindly. The evening before she was to leave Newport, however, Ottilie remembered that she had left her watch at Joachim's, near the Casino. It was the only piece of her old jewelry which she had kept; it was a pretty thing, which her grandfather had bought in Paris, half a century ago, perhaps; and it had been the property of her own dear unforgotten mother. Joachim was a little Jew, who held one of those shops which inhabit the avenue during the season. She and Mrs. Satterlie were fond of dropping in there to look at the pretty things. Ottilie had, on one of these occasions, finding the watch out of order, taken it off her chatelaine, and left it to be repaired. It had in it an enamel portrait of her mother, her own initials and family crest, and it was ornamented with diamonds and rubies. She had forgotten until now, as she stole out in the twilight to get it, how much there was about it to betray her identity; and when she asked Joachim for it, there was a certain tremulousness in her voice which the little Jew remarked.

He had been much struck with the watch, and recognized in it one of the famous curios which are so dear to the collector.

"I am so sorry, Miss Williams," he said, "but I have sent it to New York, to be repaired. We could not do it here. It will be back to-morrow."

"But I go away on the Wickford boat, and need it," said Miss Williams.

"So sorry—so sorry. Could I send it to you?"

At this moment, Ottilie saw Mr. Atchison and his daughter coming into the little shop.

She did not wish to meet them, and, calling Joachim's attention to the desk at the back of the shop, she retreated thither, and wrote her address, care of Miss Catharine Huntingman.

Mr. Atchison and his daughter made some small purchases, and left before she did.

"You can send me my watch as soon as it arrives," said Ottilie, to the obsequious shopman, and she laid down some money on the counter.

"Yes, mademoiselle, certainly," said Joachim, aloud.

So Ottilie walked out.

Then to himself he remarked, as he opened a drawer, where the watch lay in perfect repair:

"Hein, hein! She will not be done for some time—this little darling watch. No, indeed—I may have a burglary first. Who knows? These small shops very unsafe places—very unsafe."

It was in the show-case of this very shop, under the hand of this noble and veracious son of the art of Francia and of Benvenuto Cellini, that a great surprise greeted Mrs. Satterlie and Mr. Atchison, as they wandered in, after Ottilie had left.

There, in the very light of day, lay Mrs. Satterlie's intaglio—the lost Ariadne!

She called to Levison Lewis, who, with several other young men, was lounging in the door, and to Mr. Atchison, and mutely pointed to it.

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"Yes," said Levison, "I could swear to it anywhere."

"Then," said she, drawing him to the back of the shop, "then she is a thief."

Mr. Atchison had told her of Ottilie's mysterious evening visit to the jeweler's shop.

They all had the prudence to leave the shop, without allowing Joachim to see that they had identified the ring.

The next morning, unimpeachable in the respectability of his morning toilette, Mr. Atchison went down to the jeweler's, prepared with a series of questions which would have extracted the truth from a stone fence.

But fate was before him. Mrs. Richardson was there, loudly vociferating to Ballantyne and to Mrs. Stacy that her ring was found, her beautiful intaglio—her lost Ariadne!

"Yes," said she, "there it is—the most perfect sapphire intaglio in the world. Now, Joachim, where did you get it?"

The shopman bowed low. "It was sold to me by a woman closely veiled," said he. "I only know I gave her a very good price for it."

"Take care, Joachim. You have been receiving stolen goods," said Ballantyne. "Give the lady her ring. I will pay you what you gave for it. Here's my check."

"I forbid that," said Mr. Atchison, stepping forward. "That ring belongs to Mrs. Satterlie. She identified it last evening, and I have come down to get it for her. She lost it the night of the private theatricals, and we found it here yesterday."

Mr. Atchison awed everybody—it was a way he had. Even Mrs. Richardson paused.

Joachim was bowing and smiling behind the counter.

"It must be a judgment of Solomon," said he.

"Let us wait until Mr. Richardson and Mrs. Satterlie can be sent for," said Mrs. Richardson. "I am quite sure that Mr. Richardson can convince Mrs. Satterlie that this is my ring."

The two absentees were not so readily found. One was down at the bath, and the other was not yet up.

So all the idlers, tired of waiting, dispersed to amuse themselves. But Mr. Atchison remained on guard—a terrible watch-dog, of whom Joachim felt an instinctive terror.

Mrs. Satterlie and Mr. Richardson arrived, however, after a time, and were closeted alone with the jeweler and the ring, in the back shop.

"I bought that intaglio in Rome, in the year 1874, from the Antonelli collection," said Mr. Richardson. "It was then said to be the finest sapphire intaglio in the world. The man at Castellani's added that no doubt old Antonelli had stolen it from the Vatican."

"Mine was bought in Rome, in the winter of 1874, from the Antonelli collection," said Mrs. Satterlie. "Castellani added that no doubt old Antonelli had stolen it from the Vatican." She said this slowly and impressively.

"Who bought it, may I ask?" said Mr. Richardson. "Did you?"

"No. It was bought by a friend of mine."

"Astonishing coincidence," said Mr. Atchison. "Amy, Castellani must have deceived one of you."

"Or there may have been two rings exactly alike," said Mr. Richardson.

"This is my ring," said Mrs. Satterlie. "A woman knows her own rings by a thousand little intimate rubs and scratches. I can see an indentation on that little knob in the setting, which I have given it by a habit I have of knocking my little finger against the table."

Mr. Richardson was too polite to contradict a lady; but the ring was too curious and too valuable to be abandoned, and it was decided by all parties to leave the case in the hands of Mr. Atchison, who began to talk of private detectives, at the sound of which phrase Joachim turned pale.

CHAPTER XIV.

"You see, my dear Levison," said Mrs. Satterlie to the jeune premier, "you see I was not hasty. Ottilie alone had access to my room. She took the ring. She went to Joachim's shop, on the only occasion when she left my house, before departing for good. Mr. Atchison saw her whispering to Joachim. She had refused to take money from me, so she needed the small sum to get away with. It is hard to believe her a thief, but it must be done. That young Englishman, Hugh McLagen, as you know, came to tell me that she was all right, just as I found out that the Rev. Tilton Huntingman had imposed upon me," she spoke thickly and hardly, "an escaped murderess and thief. I had received, just after he left, a letter—an anonymous letter—saying that she was Alice Fastnesse, the heroine of that dreadful story, the high-born English girl, who poisoned her little brother, and stole her step-mother's jewels. Now you know why I imposed the promise upon you, that you would not marry her for a year. Then I was bound by my promise to the Rev. Tilton Huntingman to take care of her until he came back. He loved her, as you all do."

A great light broke in on Levison Lewis. This, then, was Mrs. Satterlie's secret? She was in love with the rector. Hence her scorn of Mr. Robarts Ives and a dozen other eligible

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men. Hence her sudden and, as he thought, peremptory change of base in regard to Alice Fastnesse. It gave him a sudden shock to call her by another name, even to himself; although she had told him, early in their acquaintance, that Ottilie Williams was an assumed name: for under that name he had loved her first, and it was hard to give it up.

Still, he was in love; and, being a lover, he read Mrs. Satterlie's secret. He remembered that she had blushed when she showed him the ring, and that he had been astonished at it. He remembered that she showed a feeling then which seemed to be genuine; and he immediately jumped at the conclusion that this ring had been given to Mrs. Satterlie by the rector.

Improbable as it seemed, not only was he the hero of Mrs. Satterlie's dreams, but Mr. Atchison, the stiff and straight vestryman of the same, was in love with her. Yet events forced these truths upon the mind of Levison Lewis, his eyes being anointed by the magic juice of the little flower called "love-in-idleness"; and, in spite of his own terrible perplexity, he laughed at the freaks of Cupid, and imagined the sore distress of the respectable members of that fashionable church, should they ever find out the defection of their two pillars of respectability.

But, in his heart of hearts, Levison Lewis believed in his own love. Ottilie was neither murderess nor thief. The true man hidden under his varnish and his frivolity went out more and more strongly to her, and he determined to see her. There was his mother, whom he deeply loved, who would, he knew, refuse to speak to him if he married a pariah. He felt all the influence of caste himself, yet there were places, he reflected, where a man can take the woman whom he loves, and where he can hide her shame, whatever it may be, so that she loves him, and is true to him.

"I shall go and see Ottilie," said he, bravely, to Mrs. Satterlie, "and shall tell her that I believe in her."

"Undoubtedly you will," said Mrs. Satterlie. "She will keep on deceiving men—and women—to the last. Miss Huntingman believes in her, although I have written her the whole story Hugh McLagen believes in her, although that also is explained by the fact that he is in love with her. Oh, my anonymous correspondent did not fail to tell me that."

"The secret of her real name and history is, however, known only to how many?"

"I have been true to my promise to the rector," said Mrs. Satterlie; "I have temporized. You, as the person most interested; and Miss Huntingman, who ought to know whom she is harboring; Mr. Atchison; and, of course, Hugh McLagen; and my anonymous correspondent, whoever he may be: these alone know of her real name and history."

"Mrs. Satterlie," said Levison, "you have shown a real kindness. But you are now under an excusable prejudice. I will wager you another ring—perhaps not an intaglio, cut in sapphire, but one as valuable, an old Indian mystic ring, a real talisman—that within a month you will pronounce my dear love innocent."

He took out of his pocket a turquoise, of the size of a bean, on which were engraved characters in gold.

"See: it does not pale," said he.

"Oh, some of your Indian nonsense," said she; but she was touched with his belief and constancy. "Levison," said the amateur queen, restored for a moment to her real kindheartedness, "I hope you are right, and I wrong."

The page entered with notes, which Mrs. Satterlie took, excusing herself for opening them.

"Here is one from Mrs. Richardson. She asks me, a fortnight hence, to dinner," said Mrs. Satterlie, "to meet Mr. Hugh McLagen. How that woman keeps it up. Yes, and she allows the question of the ring to remain in abeyance. Hugh McLagen takes Ballantyne's place."

"What? Is Ballantyne in disgrace?"

"For some reason—perhaps because the great English swell is a novelty—she seems to have dropped the one and taken up the other. Hugh McLagen is very devoted to her."

"Then he cannot have loved Ottilie."

"Ah, my dear boy, you 'have it bad,' as you say in your horrid slang. Well, remember the wager."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

END OF THE SEASON.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

This is the end of the season,
Let us give over our dreaming.
Nay, do not prate of my treason—
For others your smiles will be beaming.

I need not give any reason
For all this chill change in my seeming:
This is the end of the season,
Let us give over our dreaming.

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A MOUNT VERNON IDYL.

BY JEANIE GOULD LINCOLN.

It was the softest and sweetest of June mornings. The summer breeze swept up the Potomac in an idle fashion, as if hardly yet roused for its day's work, causing ever so slight a ripple on the blue waters; while out on the green lawn, dotted here and there with yellow-hearted daisies and purple clover, the robins were darting to and fro, and a lark sang its morning song from the lower branch of a great oak.

The quaint old Virginia mansion looked picturesque enough in the sunlight that streamed over the eastern front and crept around the corner of the south porch, where it fell with a bright ray across the hair of a girl who sat on the topmost step with her hands folded in her lap, gazing down the grassy slope, apparently lost in a far-away reverie.

She had a quaint air herself, this little maiden of ours, that was somewhat in keeping with her olden-time surroundings. Her hair, which was that lovely shade that is neither golden nor red, but a happy mingling of both, was twisted in a big knot on the top of her shapely head, escaping into tiny soft curls, that lay on her pretty forehead and nestled in the curve of her white throat just behind the dainty pink ears. But, beautiful as her hair was, it was the changing eyes of almost golden-brown that made Dorothy Carroll's chief beauty. They were the eyes that sometimes, though rarely, accompany that shade of hair; and, when nature sets them in a face of child-like bloom, and puts a half-shy, half-wistful gleam in them, they become about as irresistible a possession as a human being can be crowned with.

Dorothy's gown was of palest blue, and clung to her slight graceful form in folds that seemed the more fully to define her charming shape; and she had a muslin handkerchief tied loosely around her fair throat; and a bunch of garden-pinks lay in her lap, with the dew still on them, while her high-heeled slippers were a trifle soiled, showing that Dorothy had been off for a morning stroll even at this early hour.

"I wonder what makes Dorothy look so grave?" thought Nelly Custis, as she drew aside the muslin curtain softly, and looked out on the porch. "This is the third time in two days that I have seen her sit musing alone." And, breaking off a spray of the fragrant honeysuckle that climbed over the window-sill, Nelly called:

"A good-day to you, Dorothy, dear. And pray, where have you been before breakfast?"

As she spoke, she tossed the spray down on the girl's bright hair.

Dorothy gave a great start, and the rosy color flushed up in her face as she answered slowly:

"I? Oh, Nelly, how you startled me. Why, who could stay in bed such a lovely morning, except a sleepy-pate like yourself? I have been all over the pleasance, and came back through the garden, where I plucked these pinks. See." And she held them up against Nelly's cheek, as the girl sat down on the step beside her.

"Dorothy, Dorothy," whispered Nelly, with a roguish smile, and placing her lips very near the small pink ear as she spoke, "your slippers are by no means guiltless of mud, and we all know that dew only is to be found on the pleasance at this hour. Fie, for shame! If I cudgeled my 'sleepy pate' very hard, do you think I could perhaps guess that a certain gay—"

"Hush, for heaven's sake, dear Nelly," panted Dorothy, laying her hand on Nelly's lips. "You won't betray me? How clever you are. How did you ever fancy such a thing?"

"I am no more blind than my neighbors," said Nelly, with some warmth; "and, moreover, I think you might have placed more confidence in your dearest and oldest friend, Dorothy."

The accent of reproach in her voice completed Dorothy's conquest. The latter drew closer to Nelly as she answered:

"That is not kind. I did not tell you because Philip said it was unfair to draw you into our sad plight; and, besides, Madame Washington would justly accuse me of teaching you deceit, if I told you all"

"Madame Washington would never think Dorothy Carroll could do wrong," said Nelly, impatiently. "Is she not always holding you up as a model to myself?"

"Ah, yes," said Dorothy, with a little sigh. "But what would she say if she knew that I met Philip this morning, at six o'clock, under the great oak? I fear me, I should never be quoted as a 'model' more." And a mischievous smile crept into Dorothy's dimples, and chased away the sigh.

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"Oh!" said Nelly, divided between awe at this escapade and delight at her own cleverness in detecting it. "And so he has really come to see you, notwithstanding the ban? Tell me all about him, Dorothy. Is he as handsome as they say, and does he swear that he adores you and cannot live without you?"

"Philip never swears," said Dorothy, with dignity; "and, as for living without me, we are like to have to live apart, I fear, whether we wish or no," and a great tear splashed down on the pinks in her lap.

"And pray, why should your family be so set against him?" asked Nelly, with a reassuring embrace. "The war is over now, and the General says all these unseemly differences of opinion should be buried and forgot."

"Aye," said Dorothy, "I would that all were as wise and prudent as the General. But there is hot blood between Philip and my brother Charles; and, even if my father gave his consent, I know there would be bitter feeling always. Oh, Nelly, it is so hard to know what becomes a maiden when her heart bids her follow its dictates, and her duty and obedience stand sternly in the path of her desires."

"Nay, dear Dorothy, dry your eyes," whispered Nelly, in dismay, "for I hear the rustle of my grandmother's gown on the staircase, and there comes James to announce that breakfast is served. It is pure good-fortune that the General did not elect to rise and go out for a ride, as he frequently does at this season; you are braver than I, Dorothy, for I am like to die of fright at the bare idea of his having met you."

But Dorothy frowned and shook her head at her indiscreet friend; for they were already entering the breakfast-room, where sat the stately form that Americans had already learned to love and revere—General Washington himself, happy and calm in the retirement of his beloved Mount Vernon.

Behind the shining silver service, which was burnished to mirror-like brightness, sat Mrs. Washington, erect and handsome as in the days when the gallant young soldier wooed and won her. The General rose from his chair as Dorothy entered, and, uttering a courtly "good-morning," remained standing until both girls were seated.

"You are out betimes, this morning," he said, smiling at Dorothy's bright young face; "I saw you come up from the garden, half an hour ago, gathering pinks as you came through the box-walk."

"Heaven send you saw no farther," was Dorothy's private petition; but she said, little hypocrite: "I thought I should have met you, General. Had Black Hargrave gone lame, or did you over-sleep yourself, this morning?"

"Ah, there you have it," said Mrs. Washington, with a gentle laugh. "Sleep was the traitor, Dorothy. And that reminds me, General: did you send your note of invitation to Colonel Hunter, last evening? I quite forgot to ask—ah, then you have changed your mind?"

"I did forget it," said the General, ruefully, as he stirred his golden-brown coffee. "The letters from Philadelphia were of such importance that my dinner-party escaped my mind. But I can send Cato over to Arlington with it, this morning. I cannot go myself, as those Philadelphia letters must be answered at once. To-day is only Tuesday, and the colonel will grant me forgiveness for the informality of my invitation."

"When will the Fitzhughs arrive?" asked Nelly. "As they are coming by water, they may select to-day."

"We were speaking of them, just before you came in," said Mrs. Washington. "I do not expect them before Thursday. Still, if wind and water bring them sooner, we must be prepared. And that reminds me that I shall want you, Nelly, to assist me in looking over the linen, this morning; and be sure that fresh lavender is spread over all the sheets, in turn."

"May I come, too?" asked Dorothy. "I have always longed to see the inside of your famous presses; and I am sure my fingers are as deft as Nelly's—are they not?'

"No doubt," said the General, gallantly, glancing at the snowy hands and rose-tipped nails, as they fluttered over her plate and coffee-cup. "I think you had best be set to pluck the lavender, however, if I may make a suggestion."

But although Dorothy blushed far deeper than the remark would seem to justify, she adhered to her desire to assist Nelly; and presently, when breakfast was concluded, she went away to her own little room, assuring Nelly, in a whisper, that she "would return anon."

It was all very well for Dorothy to promise to assist her hostess; but the poor little maiden was so sorely distressed with the burden of her own love-affair, that a few moments of reflection seemed absolutely necessary to her. And yet she could hardly be said to progress toward any settlement of her woes: for what she did, on reaching the pretty apartment which she called hers, was to rush toward the window and peer anxiously over the pleasance into the woods beyond, half hoping, half fearing that she would see the young lover whose untimely coming had caused her such dismay. But there was nothing

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to be seen. So, after a prolonged survey, she heaved a sigh compounded of many things, and, going to her bureau-drawer, took out a small case, which, when opened, disclosed Philip Peyton's handsome face.

We will not betray what Dorothy did next. Lovers and maidens are the same, I fancy, in our day as in that of our great-grandmothers; and fair lips touch photographs now, no doubt, with the same fondness that they bestowed on the more delicate miniatures of old.

"It does not make one bit of difference," thought Dorothy. "Time and absence have no effect on Philip and me. And yet what am I to do? He is fain to carry me off like some border-knight in the olden days, and I cannot so demean myself. No: I will do nothing of which I am ashamed." And, having made this brave and high-sounding resolve, Dorothy dropped her golden head on the nearest and most uncomfortable chair, and sobbed aloud.

"I am at my very wits'-end," she sighed, presently, gathering herself up, and feeling that a twist in her pretty neck did not tend to mend matters; "I must contrive to slip away again before long, or Philip will grow impatient, and heaven only knows what he might be rash enough to do then—come to the house, perhaps." And, under the influence of that dreadful climax, Dorothy fled downstairs, and nearly stumbled over Nelly, who, with hands full of lavender, was making her way to her grandmother's linen-closet.

Arranging the guest-linen was a solemn ceremony. Dorothy found; and each sheet and pillow-case had to be folded, and strewn with the fresh lavender; every towel aired, and then posies arranged for each pillow. Nelly would smile, and look roguishly at her over Mrs. Washington's head, causing poor Dorothy a small panic of fear, every time, lest the disrespectful nod should be seen, in which event both girls would be required to stand meekly and listen to a homily on good manners to one's elders, delivered in Mrs. Washington's most impressive style. So Dorothy felt greatly relieved when the last posy was tied. But her face fell when Mrs. Washington placidly remarked:

"As I shall not have time to see the poultry fed, Nelly, I would like you to attend to them for me: and be, in especial, particular about the brown hen's new brood. Two of the chicks looked sickly yesterday, and Chloe must be told to examine their beaks carefully. Dorothy, you may read that last new French book to me while I set a stitch in my padusoy."

The two girls exchanged a look of dismay.

"Oh, grandmamma," cried Nelly, "Dorothy read you the last book; it really is my turn now. And beside, she loves chickens far more than I. Do, please, dear Dorothy, feed the poultry for me this morning." And Nelly's face, of coaxing and mischief combined, nearly destroyed Dorothy's gravity.

In a few moments, therefore, Dorothy was free to bend her steps toward the poultry-house, which stood on the south side, and just beyond the servants' quarters: for Mrs. Washington thought very highly of her plump chickens and fat turkeys and ducks, and assigned them the best and sunniest of homes. Chloe appeared in the door, holding a huge bowl, which contained the food for her pets, and Dorothy immediately entered upon her pretty task.

General Washington had been seated for some time at his desk, and was deeply engaged in the letters to which he referred, when a tap at his door caused him to lay down his busy pen, and say, in a tone of some severity—for his orders against interruptions were strict: "Come in."

It was George, his faithful body-servant, who proved to be the intruder; and the General's frown disappeared as he asked:

"What now, George? Has Black Hargrave fallen lame, that you intrude upon me in my morning hours?"

"No, General," said the man: "praise de Lor', tain't nuffin' o' dat sort. Dat blessed hoss's legs am jus' as soun' as ebber dey wuz. No, tain't dat; but, General, I seed sumfin' so mighty queer an' myster'us, dat I jus' t'ought I'll go an' tell de General, suah."

"Well, George, go on. Is it a ghost, this time?"

"Laws, General, you nebber jus' can forget dat," chuckled George. "Maybe 'tis a ghost, sah—but it's a mighty spry one—an' it's got a han'some bay hoss 'long wid him. No, dis chile wuz comin' 'long fru' de park, 'yond de big gates, an' I seed a man—a nice straight soldier-lookin' gemman—holdin' de hoss by de bridle. I t'ought fust he wuz comin' yere, to see you an' de ladies, General; but I noticed he kin' o' kep' 'longside de bushes, as if he didn't go for to be seen; an' dere wuz sumfin' so altogedder 'spicious 'bout him, dat I jus' come right 'long to mention de fac'."

"George," said the General, impatiently, "this is absurd. If there be a gentleman outside my gates, it is your place to open them for him. If, on the contrary, the fellow looks as if he were lurking about for plunder or other unlawful purposes, take Cato and stop him."

"But, General," stammered George, half disliking his errand, and yet loyally compelled to

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inform his master of what was transpiring on the domain, "I—well, de truf am dis: I saw Miss Dorothy come out o' dem gates, and skim 'long de path like a little bird, an' I jus' wuz goin' to holler to warn her dere wuz somebody dar, when I saw de gemman take off his hat an' go to meet her like—well, sah, like dey wuz ole frien's, suah 'nuf!"

A heavy frown knit the General's brow.

"I am obliged to you," said the General, as he took his hat from the table where it had been thrown: "I will go for a stroll into the park myself, and find Miss Dorothy. I depend upon your silence in the matter."

Pretty Dorothy had nearly wept her eyes red upon her lover's shoulder, as they sat on a friendly log beneath the oaks, while Philip's horse was indulging in as much of a nibble at the green turf as the length of his bridle would allow. Philip did his best to soothe her and kiss away her tears, but without avail.

"Nay," said Philip, ruefully, as the tears kept pouring down, "is it worth while to make a very Niobe of yourself, sweetheart?"

"Bethink," sobbed Dorothy, "I may never see you more. What should I do if anyone should find you here? If madame should once know I had tryst with you, it were all over with poor Dorothy then."

"Do?" said Philip, with a touch of scorn in his brave young voice. "Do, Dorothy? Why, take my hand, as I would yours, and stand up before them all in yonder mansion, and say: 'This is my sweetheart and plighted lover, whom my father forbids me to wed, but whom I love and will be true and loyal to forevermore!'"

"Brave words, young sir," said a grave quiet voice behind the pair. "Do you think you can say them over again in my presence?" And General Washington stood before them, hat in hand.

Dorothy gave a faint scream as she sprang to her feet; but Philip held her hand fast, and with the other saluted his General, as he said—stately young lover that he was:

"With all my heart, General, and thank you, as well, for standing to hear them."

As the General's eyes fell on the speaker, his stern face changed, and a look of pleased recognition took its place.

"What! Philip Peyton, my brave volunteer at Trenton, on the Pennington road? Did you fancy that the gates of Mount Vernon would be closed against you? The country owes you something, young man, and you have been too modest. And why, pray," here an involuntary smile crossed the General's face, "why should so brave a soldier be daunted by a love-affair, when Dorothy here seems to be his ally?"

Then Dorothy plucked up heart of grace, and told the General the whole story; how her brother and Philip had some boyish quarrel lang syne, and that her father had forbidden her even to think of obtaining his consent to her marriage with Philip. And beside—here Dorothy hung her head—there was another, a richer suitor, whom her father desired her to wed. "Not that I ever would," quoth the little passionate maiden, her eyes flashing indignantly through her tears, "not if he were twenty times as wealthy, and owned the half of New York itself. Oh, General, tell me that you think my father is unkind and unwise to strain my duty like this!"

But the General declined to commit himself to any such statement. He only said courteously that he would be glad of a little more conversation with Captain Peyton, and he had better accompany them to the house, and they would send for his horse; had not Captain Peyton best accept the hospitalities of Mount Vernon for that night at least? It would give Mrs. Washington pleasure to meet a young officer who had been of such signal service to her husband and the country in the late war.

So Dorothy dried her eyes, and so Philip was taken into the drawing-room, and formally presented to Mrs. Washington and herself; and, after making himself as agreeable as possible to the ladies, the General suggested that perhaps the young officer would like to take a ride in his company before dinner.

It all seemed very strange and unreal to Dorothy; and, as she dressed for dinner, that afternoon, and donned her prettiest gown—which consisted of a blue petticoat and a taffeta slip, embroidered with tiny pink rosebuds, not to mention her blue slippers with high heels and brilliant buckles—she felt her heart beat high with hope that good-fortune was in store for her, and longed for a half-hour alone with Philip, to ask about his interview with the General.

She was destined to wait some time for it, however: for, before her toilette was completed, a stir and bustle below-stairs told of some new arrival; and at last Nelly, all breathless, came to her door, to say that the Fitzhughs and Fairfaxes had all come together from Norfolk.

"And oh, Dorothy: who do you think came also?" said Nelly. "I cannot but think you will not be best pleased. It's that Mr. Livingston of whom you told me; and pleased enough he looked, I assure you, when I told him you were our guest."

Dorothy did indeed look vexed at this intelligence; but, in a moment more, she laughed merrily.

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"Never mind, Nelly. He is not an ogre, to devour poor little me, and perhaps it's as well for Philip that he should have some restraint put upon him. You will see how distant and dignified Dorothy Carroll can be—enough so, perhaps, to satisfy Madame Washington herself. Don't you recollect what she said to us, yesterday, about being 'circumspect'? I shall say that long word over very often at dinner, just to keep myself in order."

And, in good sooth, Mistress Dorothy was as good as her word: for a daintier, more reserved young damsel was never seen than she, as she sat—with her obnoxious suitor on one hand, and Philip on the other—in the drawing-room before dinner. It was worse still at the table: for poor Philip sat at some distance from her, and it needed her mischievous aside, as they left the dining-room, to restore his equanimity.

"Fie, for shame," she whispered, dropping her handkerchief that he might have the opportunity to pick it up. "Must you look like a grieved school-boy because I am fain to play propriety for us both, Mr. Grave-face?"

Philip took his revenge a little later, however: for, when the clear moon came up, and decked Mount Vernon with its pale-silver beauty, and all the company came out upon the east porch to enjoy the sight, Dorothy had to slip quietly around nearer her lover before he would see the little sign she made him with her fan. And, somehow—Dorothy never would explain how the chance befell—presently they found themselves wandering down the stately box-walk in the garden where the pinks grew that Dorothy loved. Strange to say, the box-walk was sacred in Dorothy's eyes forever after; and for long years Philip kept and cherished tenderly a bunch of those same pinks which they gathered together that June evening by the silver light of the moon.

There was a gay house-full at Mount Vernon for a week after; but Philip rode away next day, in accordance with some advice given him by the kindly General; and Dorothy's eyes sparkled with hope even through the tears she shed when she bade him good-bye: for she knew that General Washington's good word would go far to influence her father in Philip's favor.

The post in those days was neither fast nor frequent, and it was a mounted courier at last who brought to Mount Vernon, together with letters for the General, one for Dorothy, which brought joy to that little maiden's heart. It is old and yellow now, that self-same letter, and the ink is almost faded out in places; but it reads just as quaintly sweet and true, with its formal wording, as it did when Dorothy's eyes first fell upon it. And this was what the letter said:

"SWEETHEART:

You will excuse the precipitancy with which I proceed in my endeavors to accomplish my connection with you. I expected last evening to have set off for New York, and I could not endure the least uncertainty until I returned. Therefore, I rode to Carrollton to deliver the General's letter, and then disclosed my wishes respecting you to your sire and marm, and they have generously given me permission to marry with you. I hope I shall never meet with your disapprobation.

Transported with joy and expectation, I am

Your sincere lover,

PHILIP PEYTON."

And, in this present year of our Lord, in the leafy month of June, when the regents met at Mount Vernon, I went there to pass two days with a lovely and gracious descendant of pretty Dorothy, and then I heard the little idyl just related, from lips almost as fair as hers. And, as we stood on the west porch and glanced over the moonlit lawn into the garden, I fancied I could see Dorothy with her soldier-lover pacing slowly down the old box-walk, with a "posy" of Mrs. Washington's famous pinks in her dainty hands.

DAWN.

BY DAVID N. BROOKS.

THE red cock crows upon the hill,
Shrill herald of the day;
The darkness leaves the morning skies,
And for the light makes way.
The birds assembled in the trees
Their greeting-chorus sing,
The clouds array themselves with gold
In honor of their king—
The sun is rising!

The mist hangs low above the lake,
The land is cool and still,
The gray clouds linger on the peak
Of yonder distant hill:
A ruddier dawn begins to glow,
The waking breezes sigh—
And lo, a burst of golden light
Fills all the empty sky:
The sun has risen!

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CUPID'S CAMPAIGN.

BY EMILY IENNOX.

"Do you know," said Sylvia, with a restless movement of her pretty peacock-fan, "I am really unhappy this morning."

Webster Arbuthnot leaned over with a look of such obvious devotion that a third party, if there had been any such a disagreeable person present, could not possibly have doubted his hopeless infatuation.

"Tell me all about it," he said, possessing himself of the hand nearest to him. "What is it that troubles my darling?"

Sylvia's sunny head drooped on his shoulder.

"Papa is going to run for Congress," she said, disconsolately; but was quite unmindful of the start her lover gave. "We always have such a disagreeable time when papa is running for an office. We have to conciliate the lower classes, you know. We always have receptions, and I have to shake hands with such horrid men. Why, when papa was running for City Controller, I sat for a whole hour on the sofa with a blacksmith, and I drank champagne with all sorts of queer people—carpenters, and tinkers, and—and what do you call those men who shovel coal? Coal-drivers? No—"

"I hope you did not despise the men because of their occupation," exclaimed Webster, a little bit shocked at such language.

"Oh, dear, no. They were papa's constituency, and some of them were quite clever fellows. I didn't mean it at all. Only it seems so queer. Why, I met a mechanic who could talk as well as—as you do. But it does keep us in such a turmoil, when papa runs for office, that you must pardon me if I am a little cross, and even speak disrespectfully of his followers. Oh, Webster," sighing, "after we are married, I hope you will never take to politics."

Webster got up quickly

"I am sorry you don't like it, Sylvia," he began, in a nervous way. But a sudden burst of music from a brass band broke off his speech abruptly

"It is a parade," Sylvia cried, excitedly, springing to the window as the band, at the head of a body of delegates, turned the corner.

Webster followed her reluctantly. He had grown suddenly pale.

"Sylvia," he said, hurriedly, "I—"

"It is the opposition," she interrupted. "See! There is the banner. 'We Want Reform, and We Have Secured It by the Nomination for Congress—"

Sylvia gasped.

"—of Webster Arbuthnot!'"

"Darling!" he cried, flinging his arm around her. "Let me explain. I was just going to tell you, when—"

"Then you are going to run for Congress, too? And against papa?"

"They forced the nomination upon me. I was the compromise candidate. Heaven knows, I did not seek the honor; but I was in such a position that I could not—"

"Oh, no doubt," she answered, caustically, freeing herself from his embrace. "Those honors usually are thrust upon one, it seems."

"Sylvia, you are unkind."

"And no doubt you expect to defeat papa. Oh, the arrogance of some men is astounding."

"Don't be angry, darling. I am sorry that your father and I happen to be opposing candidates. But every man has a right to his opinion, and it cannot make any difference to us, what are our respective politics."

"No? It makes just this difference, Mr. Arbuthnot—"

"Mr. Arbuthnot?—Sylvia!"

"I should be sorry to marry a politician, anyhow—they are always a low set; but I will not marry one of the opposition."

"Oh, my darling, don't say that!"

"I mean it. You knew that I did not like politics. If you would rather engage in them than please me, you may do so. I have nothing more to say."

"But you would not have me give up my honest convictions just because you oppose them, Sylvia. You could not respect me as a man."

"I mean exactly what I say," she replied, shrugging her shoulders. "I have no desire to hamper you in any way. Let us consider our engagement at an end."

Webster drew back and looked at her. Her tall figure was drawn up to its full height; her eyes flashed; and he knew by the haughty curl of her proud lips that she was both earnest and angry.

"As you will," he replied, taking his hat, with a dignified bow. "Good-morning."

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She turned, when he had left her, half hurt that he had taken her at her word and gone away. Then, woman-like, she burst into tears.

"He can just go," she said, sobbingly. "He can go and re-reform the cor-cor-rupt party which my father belongs to. But oh, I do hope he'll be beaten."

Several weeks before the election, ex-Controller Scott, who had been so occupied as rarely to eat at home, was dining at last with his daughter.

"So you and Arbuthnot cannot make it out any more?"

As he spoke, he looked over the top of a newspaper, which was well known as an organ of the popular party.

"I am not a friend to the opposition," she said, proudly.

Mr. Scott laughed.

"What a girl you are, Sylvia. You're an out-and-out partisan. But you needn't have been so hard on young Arbuthnot. He's a nice young fellow—too nice to run as the candidate of such a party as the opposition; but, bless you, he hasn't the ghost of a show. We're going to sweep the polls this time."

"Then you feel sure of your election, papa?"

"I'd bet my last dollar on it. But I'd rather the papers would do the square thing. This attack on Arbuthnot's record in the Custom House is downright mean."

"You are going to speak in Billingham Square to-night, aren't you?" Sylvia said, changing the subject deftly. "Thomas is going to drive me there."

"You must not think of such a thing."

"Oh, yes. I will go in the barouche, and I won't even stick my head out once. Now, papa, don't bother: Cousin Fred is going with me; and you know I never heard you make a stump-speech."

Sylvia had her way about this. At the hour appointed for the mass-meeting, she was driven to the grand stand. Billingham Square was packed with people. By the light of the blazing torches, carried by the marching clubs who had turned out, Sylvia saw such a scene as she had never witnessed before. Her carriage could not get very near the platform, and, as the wind was blowing the wrong way, Mr. Scott's speech was all lost to her.

"I can't hear a word, Fred," she said, turning to her cousin.

Across the sea of upturned faces, showing every gradation of virtue and intelligence, marking every station in life, touching every phase of depravity, Sylvia saw her father haranguing the populace with all the earnestness of enthusiasm.

"Oh, I wish I could hear what he says," she cried, leaning forward. But her cousin drew her back.

"You mustn't show your face, Sylvia," he said, emphatically. "There is a perfect mob around you, and you promised that you wouldn't look out of the window."

"But I can't hear," she retorted, in vexation. "I might as well go home."

"I think it would be a great deal better," said her cousin, who was annoyed at having brought her. "But you can't drive through a crowd like this without killing someone; so there's nothing to do but wait till it breaks up."

"If I only had some chocolates. Don't be disagreeable, Fred. Won't you run over to Marron's, and get me a box?"

Fred hesitated.

"I won't stir, and it won't take ten minutes. You're a man, and you can get through the crowd very easily. Do, there's a dear boy."

Fred got out, and did as she bade him. Sylvia sat in the carriage, looking curiously at the surging crowd. The horses shied a little at some passing torches, and Sylvia leaned forward thoughtlessly, so that the light fell full upon her beautiful face, with its misty glory of yellow hair.

The crowd saw her.

"Whew! Ain't she a stunner?" cried some coarse fellow, with a leer in his eye. And, in a moment, several ugly faces were peering in the carriage-door, making vulgar comments, and shouting their approval.

With a low frightened cry, Sylvia shrank back in the carriage.

"I say, beauty, gimme a kiss, won't you?" cried a low fellow, with his hand on the door and his foot on the step.

"This is Mr. Scott's carriage," she cried, frantically. "Help! help!"

A strong hand came to her deliverance. The ruffian was dragged away by the collar; there was a fierce scuffle outside the carriage; and, cowering in one corner, Sylvia heard the cry of "Police!" Then there was a roaring in her ears, and she came very near fainting. Suddenly someone touched her, and said in low tense tones:

"Sylvia, are you safe?"

"Webster!" she sobbed. "Oh, thank God! Take me home—take me home."

He had gathered her in his arms, and she was too much frightened to resist.

"Drive on," he cried, to the coachman. But this was impossible now: for the way was fairly blocked.

In the crowd a fight was in progress: for the

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rowdies who had accosted Sylvia resented the interference of some who had come to her rescue, and a passage-at-arms followed. Two fellows in particular closed in a scuffle: and, before the police arrived, they had drawn weapons.

The sharp report of a pistol was heard unexpectedly. But, in the surge of a scuffle, the course of the ball was changed completely. Flying wide of its intended victim, it sped over the heads of the crowd and struck Sylvia's father, who was still speaking. He fell forward, blood gushing from a wound in his side.

"Mr. Scott is assassinated," was the cry that echoed through the streets. Sylvia heard it, and sank insensible into Webster's arms.

That was an awful night. Fred, delayed in a scuffle with a thief who tried to pick his pocket, came home, wild with anxiety, having failed on his return to find either Sylvia or the carriage. Mr. Scott was in a dangerous condition, but not dead. It was a singular sight, in the weeks that followed, to see the opposition candidate spending all his leisure at the bedside of his antagonist.

"You'll beat me now, Arbuthnot," Mr. Scott said, with the resignation of extreme weakness. "The ten days before election make or mar a candidate, and I haven't the ghost of a show, lying here like a helpless baby."

"I don't feel so sure, sir," said Webster, quietly. "You were very popular as Controller, and a great many of the opposition are going to vote for you."

"Maybe so. But, if I am beaten, I'll have the consolation of knowing it was by a good man."

But Arbuthnot was right. A great many of the opposition did vote for Mr. Scott. The wound he had received, moreover, awoke general sympathy, and so brought him votes. He had in the district a majority of five hundred, which elected him.

When the returns were all in, and Webster knew positively that he was defeated, he came to Sylvia with a smiling face.

"I am beaten," he said, bravely. "But I shall count my loss as little, if you will only renominate me for your husband, Sylvia."

She looked at him with shining eyes, and held out her hands with sweet impulsiveness.

"You are elected—by an overwhelming majority," she said, softly.

He took her in his arms, and politics were nowhere.

"But I think that I ought to ask you to forgive me," she said, at length. "You have behaved beautifully, dear; and I am proud of you—if—if you do belong to the opposition. I think every man has a right to his convictions, provided they are generous, and—and—if a man has a taste for politics—a real taste, I mean—of course he can't be blamed for—"

Here she was spared the necessity of further humiliating herself: for Webster stopped her mouth with kisses.

The second year of their marriage, Arbuthnot was again nominated for Congress, and ran so much better than the candidate of the popular party that he polled a higher majority than any candidate who ever ran in that district.

FAR AWAY.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

How far away
My childhood fancies seem to-day!
I thought the sky a veil of blue,
With stars and angels peeping through;
And, when a bright cloud seemed afloat,
I fancied it an angel's boat,
And wished myself amid the crew
Bound for a land beyond my view.
The earth seemed limitless and grand,
With gems for every empty hand,
And golden ways we need not miss,
That led to every earthly bliss:
Some of these fancies still I know—
But ah, the years have dulled them so!

How far away
The friends of childhood seem to-day!
The dear home-circle is no more—
They wait me on an unknown shore.
The grave is cold and wide and deep,
And never bridged except in sleep.
In dreams I meet them gay and glad,
Though one dear face is always sad.
My school-friends, now and then, I see:
They live and love, but not for me;
Each buoyed by hopes that glint and shine
In their fond eyes, but not in mine.
Their paths and mine no longer meet,
Each learns her lesson, sad or sweet.

How far away
The years of childhood seem to-day!
Not for the fancies that have flown;
Not for the years that we have known:
It is the thoughts that intervene,
The wants and woes that drift between;
The gales that left our gardens bare;
The joys and griefs that none could share—
These make the years of childhood seem,
Sometimes, a half-forgotten dream.

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THE MOTHERLESS GIRL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1884, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 172.

CHAPTER VIII.

Few people have a clear appreciation of the suffering that keen sensibility can bring to a child, or how secretly that suffering may be concealed in the little bosom it torments. Rachael Marsh slept well that night; but her dreams carried out the thoughts of the day, and more clearly defined the duties that lay before. All night long she was with her father, and these dreams in after-days became like realities. He seemed, in his gentle communion with her, to complete the broken behests of his death-bed, while he comforted her in her loneliness: for it seemed to her, all the time, even in dreaming, that he had come from afar off and must not stay long. Thus, in her sleep, the child's soul seemed to question his; and, in the morning, all that he had said to her was enameled on her heart, to live there forevermore.

This was the burden of Rachael's dream: She was to be a mother to his children, though a child herself; she was to forget that, and grow strong like a woman—watch over them, work for them, teach them as he had done, and, forgetting herself, be all in all to these little ones. Strange enough, the grandmother never once came into these dreams; but a shadowy old woman, with white hair, and a smile of gentle patience in her eyes, seemed to hover near the background, and give force to all that her son was saying. This shadowy form was that of the mother whom Marsh had laid in the grave less than twelve months before he followed her with heroic submission through the gates of "Potter's field." She was a gentle good old woman, who had filled the young wife's place since the children of Silas Marsh had become motherless. After that, the widow Dean had come into the household, and brought with her an atmosphere of restlessness, if not neglect, which had been accepted by the failing man with the faith he had given his own mother and the forbearance of a man who felt that her very presence in his home was a kindness. The character of Marsh, his gentle firmness, his store of knowledge, acquired in such broken time as most workingmen fritter away in idleness, had a strong influence on this keen old woman, who was far too busy in concealing her faults for any thought of amending them, and he had but faint knowledge of her real character. He believed that she loved her daughter's children, and for that trusted her with all the little hoard he had almost starved himself to save for them.

But, even then, while the pine coffin that held him was on its way to that dreary patch of earth near the East River, which the authorities have appropriated as "God's acre" for the poor, this woman had broken into this sacred trust, and, all night long, slept peacefully with the paltry bit of policy-paper under her pillow. She was sleeping thus when Rachael crept softly from the children's bed and began to dress herself, in the half-daylight. She had learned habits of personal neatness from the good grandmother who was dead, and made her simple toilet daintily as any little lady of the land might have done: daintily, but with great precaution, lest she should disturb the old sleeper, who was beginning to mutter numbers in her broken dreams, or startle the twins from each other's arms. Thoughtful, and filled with gentle resolution which would have been heroism in an older person, this child-woman brushed out the soft ashen-gold of her silken hair, braided it in even bands, and tied each braid with a knot of black ribbon, old and a little rusty, but all the mourning that she could command for the father who was gone. Tears came into her eyes as she knotted the ribbons and looked into the small mirror near the bed, wondering if the grandmother would think any harm of it, or if people in the house would not feel a little sorry when they thought that she had now neither mother nor father in the wide, wide world. Oh, how wide it seemed then! But it was daylight now, and she must begin her work. In a few moments she was down on her knees blacking the stove, carrying the ashes away, and kindling a fresh fire in the grate, from which the sparks began to rise, and the flames to crackle so cheerfully, that her heart grew warmer under their influence;

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and in work she found more relief than spoken consolation ever gave to a suffering spirit. It almost seemed as if she were getting breakfast for her father when she drew out the table, smoothed the cloth over it with her small hands, and prepared the breakfast with so little noise that the children started up from a sound sleep when she told them it was ready. Their cheerful young voices, untamed as yet by a sorrow they could scarcely comprehend, soon aroused the grandmother, who sat up in bed, and sharply asked what all the noise was about.

"It is only that breakfast is ready, and the children getting up," said Rachael, looking in at the bed-room door. "I will do Olive's hair while you are dressing yourself."

"Do Olive's hair? If she can't do that for herself—and more too—it's a pity. It isn't waiting on each other that you have got to be, after this, but work all around. I'm glad that you seem to understand that it isn't always play-day, if you are children. When I was your age, there was no end to the things I did—without thinking it anything, either; but young folks, nowadays, if they only lift a finger, expect to be worshiped for it, and stand before you with their hands folded, waiting to be flattered: but that is something no one ever gets from me."

Mrs. Dean was hurrying on her clothes as she made this announcement, and came out of her bed-room buttoning her dress, and with her gray hair tucked under her cap at the temple in tangled twists.

"I wish you wouldn't hurry one so," she said, with renewed breath, as she drew her rocking-chair to the table. "The breakfast is well enough—I don't complain of that—but it does aggravate me to be woke up in my morning nap. Still, as I was saying, you have done it for the best, and I don't mean to complain: though, at my age, and brought up as I was, a woman has a right to expect a good deal of waiting-on from young legs—all the neighbors agree to that."

"I mean to wait on you, grandmother. What can I do now?" said Rachael, anxiously. "I thought—"

"Children have no right to think: their part is to obey. The coffee is a little riley; but you may pour me out another cup. It's better than nothing, and I suppose I must learn to put up with things."

Rachael was silent; her lips trembled a little, and, in the brave struggle she made to keep back her tears, a sob almost broke from her.

Mrs. Dean, notwithstanding all her discontent, sat long at the breakfast-table, and sipped the despised coffee luxuriously, while she even deigned to speak in favorable terms of the toast, which, with a little practice, she said, "Rachael would soon learn to make to her liking." After all, it was a comfort to have someone around who wasn't afraid to try.

Having thrown this bit of encouragement at the gentle child, Mrs. Dean remembered that her neighbors on the next floor below would naturally be expecting her to drop in and be more friendly than her son-in-law had deemed prudent during his lifetime, and, after giving her hair a fresh twist before the glass, she went out, sniffing back imaginary tears, and forcing her crafty old face into mourning as she went. Rachael stood in the middle of the room, stunned by a vague idea of the life that lay before her. Her heart would have sunk under the cares that were so cruelly heaped upon her childhood, had she formed any real idea of their magnitude or threatened duration; but she had not learned to calculate or look forward: the day was before her, and she took up its duties bravely, after the first shock of surprise was over, growing more and more cheerful as action gave its best reward—increased energy.

In this way Rachael entered upon her orphan-life. The children helped her with bursts of fitful sympathy, undoing half she attempted, in their eager efforts at usefulness, working with breathless energy for awhile, but verging off into play before any real good came from their generous impulses. Still they were everything to her, and she to them was all.

The grandmother, quite content with these household arrangements, which secured her own ease and comfort without restraint or compulsion, took the new life easily, and, instead of troubling the children often with her presence, drifted from room to room in that tenement-house, enjoying the importance of her guardianship and the idleness of leisure in this exchange of endless gossip.

Every day, and sometimes twice each day, she would dress herself for the street and wander off mysteriously, as if she had some important business to transact for the orphans left under her charge, and, as she gave out in exclamations and complaints, were now living on her bounty; but her walks always turned in one direction, and ended in the neighborhood of the policy-shops, where she would steal in and out, whisper questions about the time of drawing, with the keen interest of a broker on 'Change, and return home again, sometimes fractious from hope delayed, sometimes elated with visionary heaps of gold that fortune held in store for her.

One day, when the crowd around that window, tempting the poor workingman with its inevitable

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pile of dusty coin, was somewhat larger than usual, Mrs. Dean came through the narrow door with a flutter and rush, unlike her usual feline movements, and halted on the sidewalk, panting with exultation. In the palm of her hand, thrust there down the wrist of a dusty cotton glove, she held something that seemed to burn like a coal of living fire. Her fingers worked nervously over it; she would hide her hand in the folds of her dress, one moment casting suspicious glances around, then draw it forth, and, rubbing both palms together, listen for the rustle of new paper, to make sure that it was absolutely there.

Whispers and a shrewd exchange of glances ran through the crowd. In it were several persons who had become familiar with the old woman in whom the gambling spirit was burning like an unholy fire.

"What is it?" said one, approaching her with a cajoling smile, which envy and greed made repulsive. "Has the good time come at last?"

"At last?" exclaimed the woman, with a hysterical laugh, while her eyes flashed like steel and her chest dilated under the shawl folded over it. "At last? I should think so. Look here."

Pushing the cotton glove down from the wrist, she drew from beneath it a crisp new bank-note, unfolded it with her trembling old fingers, and held it quivering like a plucked leaf before her questioner's eyes..

"Look quick! Look quick!" she said, casting an apprehensive glance around.

"One, one—by the living jingo, them's two oughts. It's one hundred, as sure as I'm a sinner."

"Just as sure, and that is just why I mean to keep it so," answered the woman, closing her fingers tightly over the paper, as her street-friend reached out his hand with a rapacious clutch. "Wouldn't you like to get hold of it now?"

"Only for a touch. It would make me feel rich only to have hold of so much genuine money for a minute; but how did you get it? Where did it come from? In yonder?"

The woman nodded, shook her head, and closed her hand more tightly.

"Yes, there. Eleven, twenty, and two—that did it. I was sure it would, and here you see it with your own eyes."

"It must do your heart good only to feel it rustling about in your hand," said the street-lounger, enviously. "Why, how rich you are."

"Are? Oh, yes, this is something; but so little, compared to what it may be. Now that I know where certain numbers are to be got, good luck is easy: one can afford to live without grudging every cent they bring down here."

"I only wish someone would lend me the cents to begin with. I might find luck catching, mightn't I now?"

Mrs. Dean closed her hand tightly. The man observed it, and a cold sarcastic gleam came into his pale half-open eyes.

"That's the way of rich people. All of 'em draw the strings tight on a full purse. Now, if you had only drawed a shilling or so, there wouldn't have been so much about letting a feller-creature into a crumb of your good luck; but a hundred dollars—oh, no!"

"Don't speak so loud—it isn't safe; besides, your face looks as if—as if you would like to—"

"To borrow—well, say a shilling that you may have lying about loose in your pocket, just to try if luck isn't catching," wheedled the man. "Ah, I see you a-feeling for the change—it may be that a quarter will come up first—like a born lady as you always was."

Mrs. Dean had dropped her disengaged hand down to guard any loose change that might be in her pocket from the man's rapacity; but his last words relaxed the rigid intent. After a faint jingling of coin in her skirt, she drew forth—not the coveted quarter, but a worn ten-cent piece, which a car-conductor had refused to take.

The man accepted this dole with an ill grace, but greedily; and, a moment later, disappeared down an alleyway, walking much faster than was usual to him, while Mrs. Dean made her way proudly through the throng of loiterers around the policy-exchange, and walked up the sunny side of the Bowery like a stage-queen.

CHAPTER IX.

THERE was revelry in that high room of the tenement-building that night. Rachael was directed to bring out the largest table-cloth, and spread out both leaves of the family table, while her grandmother received several mysteriously-covered pails on the stairway and emptied them at the corner cupboard, with her back to the children, while others were brought in boldly and above-board, their contents poured with a rich gurgle of sound into the largest cooking-utensil in the house, which was directly sending forth a luscious odor from the cooking-stove, that quite astonished the young ones with an atmosphere of luxury, that brought all the excitement of a coming revel with it.

"Oysters," whispered little Oliver, in a glow of expectation. "Quarts on quarts. Oh, won't there be enough for us all this time?"

"They can't be for us—not so many: for

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grandma is cooking them herself. She won't trust Rachael with oysters. There is going to be company again, you'll see."

"Yes," answered the lad. "Besides, she's so awfully good-natured. Only just look here."

Here Oliver drew from his pocket a stick of candy, made in twists of red and white, like a miniature barber's-pole, and exhibited it with a look of great satisfaction.

"When I met her on the stairs, almost jumping up the steps as if she wanted to dance, she just catched me up, and chucked this into my pocket, and, as true as you live, kissed me like anything. 'You may give half of it to Olive,' says she: just as if I shouldn't do that anyway.

'Only tell her not to be greedy,' says she: as if that was likely."

"But I am—just a little," said the girl, softly smacking her lips. "It is so long since we had any."

After a moment's reflection, Oliver broke the stick of candy in uneven parts, and gave the larger portion to his sister.

"That isn't fair," she said, almost angrily. "I don't want more than my half."

Oliver shook his head, and laughed a little.

"But I like the little end best."

"Then take a big bite, and make this the little end, you bad boy."

Still Oliver resisted.

"Do, or I'll see about it," commanded the pretty tyrant, stamping her tiny foot on the floor. "Bite now."

"Well, you bite first—then I will: that will even it down."

Olive took the candy, and crushed her little teeth into one end of it, leaving a dainty bit in her mouth, and crunching it with a crafty pretense of abundance.

"Now bite, your ownself."

Oliver took his bite with dainty forbearance, as she had done; but there was no more contest of generosity after this: each had a delicious taste of sweetness in the mouth. And, as the two sat feasting together in a dark corner of the room, from which soft murmurs and a faint crushing sound came for a minute or more:

"What are you doing there, you young tykes," called out the grandmother, from the stove, "snuggling down in a corner, while there is so much to do? Just as if your father had left a fortune, instead of expecting me to make one for you, as I am doing now pretty fast; but that is no excuse for laziness, let me tell you."

The children started up, eager and cheerful.

"What can we do, grandma? What can we do? After that famous bite of candy, we are on hand for any kind of work."

The old woman was only finding fault on general principles; she was not prepared to point out any particular duty for the youngsters, and was puzzled to give them any portion of her own, which was an ambitious effort to make a grand oyster-stew worthy of the occasion. This had already brought heated drops to her forehead, which she paused to wipe away with the back of her hand before answering.

"What can you do? Well, just keep out of the way: that is about all that children are good for."

She said this smiling, and in such high good-humor that little Oliver took hold of her gown and wanted to kiss her.

"That is because of the candy," she said, pushing the little fellow away with a cheerful laugh.

"No. It's because you are so awful nice," cried Oliver, with a still more vigorous jump, and leaving another futile kiss in the air. "I want to do something for you in the worst way."

"Well, then, take the black jug out from the under cupboard, run around to the saloon at the corner, and tell them to fill it, and I'll attend to it after—that is all. They'll know what it means."

Rachael, who was busy at the table, stopped to listen. She grew suddenly pale, and a look of intense excitement came into her face.

"No, grandmother," she said, with deep trembling of the voice. "Oliver can't do that—father said he never must."

Mrs. Dean turned sharply on the girl. All the hilarious good-nature fled from her countenance:

"What are you saying, Rachael Marsh?"

"Only what my father said to us. Oliver must never go to places like that," answered the girl, speaking more steadily as she gained courage. "It was one of the things I promised him."

"You promised him? But where was I all the time?"

"He often said it before you; I remember it well."

"Oh, yes, I haven't a doubt of it. Lessons of disobedience was all he had to leave for you. The rest was for me. The hard work, the wearing trouble to keep you off the street, the anxiety night and day that you may fill a better place in the world than he ever gave you, and no thanks for it—that was what he left for me—his own wife's mother, who was brought up a lady, as he never was, and it was impudence in him to enter the family."

Rachael stood pale and still through this tirade;

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but on her fair young face lay the calm of a fixed resolution, that aggravated the woman into passion, as she exclaimed:

"We shall see which is mistress here—you or me. Oliver, get that jug, and do just as I told you."

The boy stood irresolute, turning his frightened eyes first on the woman, then on his brave sister, incapable of resisting either of them.

"Go!" commanded the woman.

"May I?" whispered the child, turning his pleading eyes on Rachael.

"You needn't be afraid to let him go: for I shall be along to take care of him," interposed Olive, coming bravely into the fray. "Nobody will ever dare to hurt me."

Rachael reached out her hands, took the two children, drew them into the bed-room, and shut the door. Then she stood gravely before the astonished woman.

"I gave my dead father a promise that Oliver should never go into a place like that, while I could help it," she said, with firm gentleness. "He never shall."

"But how do you mean to help it, my hoity-toity young princess? How are you going to help it?"

"I have told you what my father asked of me. You are our grandmother, and will not ask a child to go against the wishes of his dead father. He never cursed any living thing; but I almost think he would speak from his grave if you did this by his boy. But you will not—you will not!"

The girl clasped her hands piteously; her childhood all came back; she trembled from head to foot.

It seemed to the woman as if the curse that Silas Marsh would never have uttered was coming upon her through the intense agitation of his child. She swept drops from her forehead that no heat of the fire had sent there, and cast a frightened look into the dark corners of the room in vague expectancy. Notwithstanding the heat of the stove, a cold chill crept over her. A moment of dead silence followed. Coming partially out of her terror, she shrugged her shoulders, and, with an effort at audacity, broke into a forced laugh.

"What an awful touse you are making about nothing at all. What do I care whether the young 'un goes to the corner or not? There are a dozen boys ready to fetch and carry for me all day long, without howling about their dead when they are nothing but dust and ashes; and this, when I had done such a grand thing for you—earned more money in one day than he could have made by the hardest work in a month—and this is the way I am treated for it."

Here Mrs. Dean dropped into her rocking-chair, gathered up the apron she had tied over her alpaca dress, and was about to give way to a burst of hysterical crying, when the oyster-stew began to boil over and make a great commotion at the stove. Then she started up in angry haste.

"There it is—just as I expected. Your ungrateful impudence has done its worst. If you don't intend to bring the house down on my head, which I suppose you mean to end off with, push in that damper."

Rachael took hold of the damper, which was burning hot, but far less cruel in the pain it gave than her grandmother's words, which were rained upon her fiercely, as the old woman plunged a great iron spoon into the stew and stirred it vigorously down with both hands; then, pausing for breath—for the disturbance had been hard to subdue—she turned all her wrath on the child.

"There now: you see what you have done. I did mean to keep you all up for the company; but it is high time you should find out what your place is, and I mean you shall, after this. Now just go and hide your ungrateful face with the young 'uns, and don't let me see it again to-night."

Rachael hesitated.

"May I finish setting the table?" she said. "I did not mean to hurt your feelings, grandmother."

The old woman received this gentle reply with a laugh that had something of the hyena in it.

"No," she said. "The best thing you can do is to get out of my sight, and stay where you have hived up the children, who would have had a good supper but for you. Just take yourself off—that is all."

Rachael obeyed the vigorous gesture that accompanied these words, and went into the bed-room, closing the door after her, with a heavy heart: for there sat the imprisoned children side by side on the edge of the bed, like caged birds on one perch, crying with bitter disappointment, and full of sullen indignation against their sister for taking them out of the other room, as if they had been doing something wrong. When she approached them, the little creatures lifted their shoulders defiantly, and turned their faces resolutely away.

"It's no use trying to make up with us," said Olive, with angry tears in her eyes. "It was awful mean of you to shy us out of the room just as supper was getting ready—such a supper—when only the smell of it had made us so hungry. Grandma is better than you, anyway."

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Rachael sat down on the bed; but the twins, full of childish resentment, jumped down and crowded themselves together in a chair, with looks of avoidance that made the heart ache in her bosom.

"I couldn't help it," she said. "It was hard to stand out against grandmother, and it seemed wicked with you standing by. I didn't mean to take you away for good."

"But you have—just when that famous supper was almost ready, and we so hungry. Oh, Olly, Olly, she is pouring out the oysters now. I can hear them gurgle into the great dish. Now folks are coming in, and she will forget us. It's just like Rachael to sit there with her hands in her lap and pretending to be sorry, without opening the door or saying a word to make grandma remember."

Rachael listened to these murmurs hopelessly and self-accusing. She knew that company was indeed coming in: for there was a constant trampling of feet, loud voices uttering confused congratulations for some great good-fortune that seemed to have fallen on the old woman, a confused jingling of glasses and crockery, then, for a moment, comparative stillness, broken only by a movement of chairs. The twins, no longer capable of enduring their impatience, sprang from the chair and made a struggle for the keyhole, each pulling the other away from the tantalizing glance to be obtained through it.

"There—just as I told you," they exclaimed, in a passion of distress; "sitting down, every one of them, and not room enough for all who crowd in to get at the table. Eating and drinking, and enjoying themselves like anything, and we shut up here, with nothing but a sniff of it through the keyhole. It's awful."

It was awful for the poor girl sitting there in utter despondency on the edge of that bed: for every word of these children fell upon her with the cruel force of an accusation. She tried to keep back her tears; but her bosom swelled, and at last a sob broke from it.

"She will let us have supper by and by," she said, with a piteous attempt at consolation.

"But there won't be any," the children exclaimed together; "not a spoonful. Only hear how they are eating."

Driven to desperation, Rachael went to the door and partly opened it:

"Grandmother!"

It was difficult to make her voice heard in that coarse scene of revelry: for a dozen or more persons, men and women, were on their feet around the table, filling their glasses from the black jug, and draining them over and over again in honor of their hostess and her wonderful good-fortune.

The twins had crept up to Rachael, and, with their eager faces at the opening, were looking upon this scene.

"Speak louder—louder," they pleaded, pulling at her skirts. "She looks awful good-natured—speak louder."

"Grandmother!"

Mrs. Dean heard this sweet humble voice through all the noise of the revel, and, half rising from her chair, swept her arm toward the door through which those anxious young faces were peering.

"Don't you see that I've got company?" she said, casting a triumphant glance around at her guests. "Children should be seen, not heard—especially when they fly in the face of their betters. Shut that door, and don't let me hear a whimper from you again to-night."

Rachael closed the door, drew the children close to her, and sat down upon the bed again.

CHAPTER X.

THE gambler's spirit came on Mrs. Dean in all its evil force, after this one success, which had been permitted to her in subtle craft by her friends at the policy-shop: for they knew that a rich return of advertising-power would be secured by the clamorous delight with which she would proclaim her good-fortune, and had been too long in their nefarious business not to understand that fish never continue to bite at a naked hook.

They had made a close estimate of the money that bank-book might command, and day by day were drawing it into their den with rapacious cunning, always feeding the hopes of their dupe with predictions of a great run of luck in the future, and whetting the vanity that was growing strong in her with compliments on her sagacity and wonderful acuteness in selecting numbers for herself and others.

It did not require many months to transfer the last dollar of that money which Silas Marsh had earned with the very breath of his life, before the bank-book became a worthless thing. The process by which this was brought about was one of eternal excitement to the little family this woman, in her greed of gain, was robbing. One day the house was overrun with provisions, some of them even luxurious in the extravagance of their cost, then the most pressing home-wants were neglected weeks together; but, during it all, the rude hospitality she had offered to her neighbors, after her great windfall, as she called it, was kept up even when she was beginning to search secretly among the little treasures that Silas Marsh had

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left in his home, and leave them at a mysterious-looking place in the Bowery, which she began to haunt now covertly as she still hovered around the policy-shop.

At last, one by one, all the treasured keepsakes and heirlooms that had been so sacredly cared for by Grandmother Marsh, who really had been a woman of fine intelligence and some taste, disappeared. First a quaint little silver tea-pot, the very pride of the household, was taken out of the corner cupboard, and never came back. Then one or two of the thinly-worn tea-spoons could not be found when little Rachael counted them one morning, and the misery of their loss haunted her for days.

At last there came a time when there was no food in the house. The child had been told to go to a small grocery in the neighborhood for bread when they wanted it; but her requests had been more than once met with inattention; and, one day, when she entered timidly and asked for a loaf, it was refused, with a curt message to her grandmother that it would be of no use sending there again till she was ready to pay what was owing.

Rachael went home, after this rebuff, white and cold with apprehension. She knew that her coming would be watched for by a pair of hungry-eyed children, who had been waiting for their grandmother to come in, hours and hours before she had nerved herself to meet this cruel repulse.

The children were wandering about the room like hungry birds in a neglected cage, when she came in empty-handed, with tears in her eyes.

They ran toward her—not clamorously, but with a keen look of famine in their young faces; but shrank back when she came in and fell into the nearest chair crying.

"I can't help it—I can't help it: they wouldn't give me a crumb," she sobbed, looking at the children imploringly, and feeling like a culprit. "We must wait till she comes."

"She never does come; but it isn't your fault, anyway. We can wait a little longer—can't we, Olly? There is no use in crying: that don't make bread. It is almost worse to see you cry, Rachey dear, than to be hungry. There now: chirk up, and let us do something till she comes with lots of bread and ever so many nice things that will make you feel as if candy was not good enough to eat."

Rachael wiped her eyes. The child's courage inspired hers; but it was only an instant before a sense of their desperate condition came back upon her. Reaching out her arms, she said:

"Oh, my poor children, you are so good not to care more."

"Supposing we sit here and tell stories till she comes home. That will be almost like eating, won't it?" said the boy, making a brave effort to appear unconcerned.

Little Olive drew a chair close to her sister, and perched herself upon it.

"Now begin, Rachael—and let it be about a tea-party, with heaps of things to eat. You needn't be particular about what they are. Anything will seem good now—won't it, Olly?"

"Good enough—I should think so," answered the boy, dragging a chair close up to his sister's. "Now just begin, Rachael."

"I will try. Only it don't seem as if I could," said the poor girl, searching through the dreary thoughts that possessed her for some gleam of a romance that might win the children from their hungry longings. "Let me think a minute."

"Hush! that's her step."

Rachael held her breath, and listened.

"Yes, she is coming. Oh, I am so glad."

"What, no dinner ready?" exclaimed Mrs. Dean. "I have been worrying around all day, and not a mouthful to eat since morning: this is how I find things. Set out the table at once."

"It will be of no use, grandmother, unless you have brought something," said Rachael, who saw, with a pang of disappointment, that the old woman came empty-handed. "There is not a mouthful to eat in the house. There was nothing left for the children at breakfast."

"Nothing to eat? No dainties, you mean. Well, bring me a crust of bread. I suppose I must come to that, after spending all that I had on a lot of greedy children. A crust of bread—I suppose you have left that much?"

"There is not a crumb for anyone, grandmother."

"Then run around and get a loaf. See that it is fresh, too."

"I went a little while ago, and they would not let me have a morsel, they said, till you came round and settled up."

"Settled up? Did that underbred man send that impudent word to me, who have spent dollars on dollars with him? There now: you see what you have brought me to, with your laziness and hankering—absolute starvation."

"We are hungry, too," said little Oliver.

The old woman started up impatiently, went into the bed-room, and came out again, after searching for something.

"Rachael! Rachael, I say!"

Rachael went into the bed-room.

"Yes, grandmother."

"Where is the handkerchief you had—that one set in with lace, and covered with embroidery?"

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"It is in the Bible, where father put it when he gave it to me."

"When he gave it to you? What right had he to do that? It was my own daughter's work, and mine by law. The Bible I don't mean to trouble myself about: but that handkerchief is mine, and I want it."

Rachael stood there, silent and completely stunned: her heart seemed to stop beating.

"What—what would you do with it?" she faltered, at last.

"Do with it? Why, sell it—pawn it—yes! That is what you have driven me to," cried the old woman. "What else do you expect?"

The child comprehended now that the provision which her father had made for his little family, and had told her of before he went to the hospital, was all spent. Everything that he had treasured for them was gone, only this one thing—her mother's last work—which she had been charged to keep sacredly. Must that go, too? The girl's heart made its answer as the soul of a strong woman could have spoken.

"Will you bring me my daughter's handkerchief?" demanded the woman, made angry by the child's pale hesitation.

"No. My father gave it to me and the children. He told me never to part with it—I never will."

The girl spoke quietly, almost with solemnity. A faint sense of awe, if not of shame, kept the old woman silent for half a minute; then she laid her hand heavily on the child's shoulder.

"Your brother and sister are hungry: I am hungry: and you keep back the only thing worth money that will buy us a meal. How dare you look them or me in the face after that?"

"I would starve to death rather than do it. They would starve rather than touch a mouthful bought with the money you might get for my mother's handkerchief. Make them understand it, and see."

There is something in a noble resolve that conquers meanness by its own moral force. The woman felt this power, and for the moment yielded to it.

"Wait till to-morrow, miss, and we will see Everything that your father left was given to me, to use just as I pleased. If you don't give up that property in less than twenty-four hours, I will send for a policeman to take it from you."

At the sound of a policeman's name the twins made a simultaneous start, caught hold of Rachael's dress, and turned their young faces defiantly on the grandmother

"You needn't ask her about it any more," they said, speaking together. "We don't want any dinner. What did you say we were hungry for? Just to make her give up? We don't mean ever to be hungry again, and all the policemen in the street can't make us."

Mrs. Dean pushed the twins aside with a backward sweep of her hand, took something that she rolled in a bundle from her bureau-drawer, and went out of the room, first saying:

"You'll get a good meal to-night—the last. I've broken into my own clothes for that. But you may as well look after yourselves now as any time. It has got to begin."

"Has she gone for that policeman?" questioned the boy, lifting his frightened eyes to Rachael, and holding more tightly to her skirts.

"Oh, Rachael, get the Bible—I know where it is—and let us all run away before she comes back."

Rachael shrank from the first shock of this suggestion. but soon recovered herself.

"It would be of no use. I think she has gone to get something for us to eat. It is to-morrow that she will take the handkerchief away."

"But what for?"

"That she may sell it for money."

"But it is yours."

"It belongs to all of us. Last of all, to the one who lives longest, because it was our mother's work."

"And you promised to keep it till then—promised father?"

"Yes, when he was dying."

"For us too?" questioned Olive. "For Olly and me?"

"For both of you."

Olive was about to speak again, when the grandmother came in with a loaf of bread under her shawl, and some brown-paper parcels.

CHAPTER XI.

THE next morning Mrs. Dean prepared to go out early. She was more than usually stern and aggressive in the few words she spoke.

"I shall not come back much before night," she said, "for I want you to have plenty of time to consider about giving up my property before I have to make you. When I come back, we will settle it."

She went away, leaving the children in a panic. Little Olive was the first to speak of their troubles She had been sitting some time in a corner of the room, unusually quiet.

"Rachael," she said, at last, "supposing you just sit down here and think of what we are going to do about what grandmother wants to take away from us. I've just been thinking of something."

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"Well," answered Rachael, taking the chair that Olive drew close to hers, "have you made up your mind?"

"I did that from the first. They can take it, Bible and all: but I will not give it up."

"Not if the policeman puts you in prison?"

"Not if they kill me."

Olive nodded her pretty head.

"It is money she means to get for the handkerchief—isn't that what she said?"

"Yes. That was just what she did say. I heard every word of it," answered the boy.

"But how much money would it bring?"

"I don't know," said Rachael. "Only Grandmother Marsh told me once it was worth ever so much money—being covered all over with worked leaves and lace stitching, with lovely letters right in the middle. It is there you will find the rusty needle in the letter M. A few minutes more, and it would have been finished; but father would never let anyone touch it."

"Now it is part yours, part mine, and part Olly's. Isn't that so? And can't we do what we have a mind to with it?"

"So long as we keep it; but how can we?"

Olive lifted her little hand impressively.

"If it didn't bring money, they wouldn't want it."

"No, I think not."

"But we don't care whether it is worth a cent or not. Rachael, just bring that Bible out here. I've thought of a way. You won't like it, and Olly—never mind, I'll do it my ownself."

Here Olive sprang down from her chair, ran into the bed-room, and came back with the Bible that Silas Marsh had left, in her hands. She brought it to a table, on which a nearly empty work-basket was standing, pushed that aside, and, opening the book, spread the handkerchief out on the dark wood, which revealed all the perfection of its exquisite workmanship.

Before Rachael could speak or offer to prevent her, she took a pair of sharp scissors from the basket, and cut across the handkerchief from corner to corner, then doubled one half quickly and divided that.

Rachael uttered a sharp cry, as if the steel had pierced her own heart, when the shining blades passed through the gossamer fabric.

"Don't," pleaded Olive, "it was as much as I could do not to give up; but it won't bring money now, and we shall all have our share to keep forever and ever—don't you see? There is your half with the needle in it, and here is a quarter for Olly, and one for me. See here: every one of us has a piece of the M. I cut straight through it two times. Won't grandmother be astonished when she opens the book? I mean to give it to her my ownself, and tell her I did it without you or Olly knowing. Won't she be spiteful? Oh, no!"

Rachael was more slow of comprehension than her rather precocious little sister, and her wild method of settling what was in fact a serious difficulty terrified her: for it seemed to threaten the little one with some terrible punishment—what, she could not tell; but her dread of the policeman became appalling.

"Oh, Olive, Olive, how could you? How dare you?"

"Oh, it was easy enough; but grandmother's scissors are awful dull. There now: I'll just fold up the pieces and put them back in the book, just as if they hadn't been touched, and she won't know which of us did it."

Rachael did not speak, but resolved in her secret heart to take the entire blame on herself. This thought comforted her a little; still, she was appalled with a vague misgiving that all the punishment might fall on Olive. She was but a child herself, and a dread was on her all that day.

At last the grandmother came, in a state of high excitement that was almost hilarious. She had settled on a combination of numbers that was to bring back all her lost money and open a way to fortune again. All she wanted was the price of that bit of embroidery to begin with. That was to conquer fate.

When Rachael came to take away her bonnet and shawl, she patted her affectionately on the head, and observed that after all she was a dear good little creature, always ready to wait on her grandma, without caring if she did get tired out and a little cross sometimes.

These caressing words did not entirely relieve Rachael of her misgiving; but she was grateful for them, in her grave quiet way.

"Now, this is something like," said the crafty old financier, benignly. "After all, you know more than most children of your age, Rachael dear, and I don't mind telling you what I've been about all day. Of course, I never go out on any business that isn't for your good: that is what I give up my life to—that was what made me so anxious about that handkerchief my poor beautiful daughter worked for me. It was worth money, you know, and we couldn't afford to keep it when all of us were craving for something to eat, and not a cent to spend. I don't want to part with it more than you do, only just lend it to a friend I have, down in the Bowery, who will give it back to you when the money he will let me have is paid, which it will be in less than no time: for I mean to put that money right into business, where lots on lots of it are made every day."

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Before Rachael could force herself to speak, little Olive, who had been in the bed-room, came with the Bible between her hands.

"It isn't her that's got it or done anything to it, but me—just me, and nobody else," she said catching her breath between each word, but full of courage. "There it is; you needn't scold her any more, but me—only me—not Rachael nor Olly. They were half scared to death, but I wasn't. I did it all, myself."

Mrs. Dean's eyes gleamed; an eager smile broke over her face, and she snatched at the Bible without attempting to conceal the greed with which she opened it, gathered the embroidery in her fingers, and shook it out of fold; but she started up with a fierce exclamation when it dropped from her hand like fragments of cobweb and fluttered down to the floor.

"Who did this thing?" she stammered.

The woman could scarcely speak, her voice was so choked with disappointment and rage; but cruel glances shot through her tears upon Rachael, who stood mute, as she had resolved.

"Not her—nor brother. I told you it was me—me! me!" said little Olive.

The child was so eager to take the blame from her brother and sister, that she went close up to the angry woman, caught hold of her sleeve, and lifted her face close to the eyes that suddenly flashed fire through their tears.

"You—you—you, was it? Then take that—and that."

Seizing the child by both shoulders, the enraged woman shook her till the teeth chattered in her mouth, and her bright hair swept in turbulent waves over her face, blinding her.

"And that too."

With these words the little creature received a stinging box on the ear, and a push that sent her reeling into the bed-room.

Oliver, who was more hurt by his grandmother's violence than the child who bore it, followed into the bed-room, crying:

"Oh, sister, did she hurt you so? Don't—don't cry: I've come to stay with you. It's me, Olly. Just look up. Say you don't care."

Olive did look up. Tears were on her face; but, spite of that, it was bright with the saucy laughter that had frightened Olly as if it had been grief. Seeing Oliver, she flung out her arms, drew the boy close to her, and, half sobbing, half laughing, whispered:

"Oh, Olly! Olly! isn't it such fun?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT IS LOVE?

BY MANDA BARTLETT HUTCHISON.

SLOWLY was the twilight gathering
O'er the hills so dear and fair,
And the sunset's parting glory
Shone upon his face and hair,
And I knelt beside him, whispering:
"Say, my love, if thou canst tell—
What is love?" He, whispering, answered:
"Darling one, I love thee well."

"What is love? Thou'lt surely tell me?
Hour by hour, and day by day,
Does my love for thee grow stronger,
Dearer now the untried way:
I will give this love forever,
Heart in heart we'll ever dwell.
What is love?" And still he answered:
"Darling wife, I love thee well."

Fair his face; but fairer, dearer,
Is his soul so true and pure;
And I thank the Father ever
For his love so strong and sure.
But I wonder what the meaning:
"Though you love, you'll never tell
What love is." And still he answered:
"Little girl, I love thee well."

Darker grew the night, and darker,
Hiding his dear face from me.
"Wilt thou love me in the darkness
That may cover me and thee?
Is thy love a strong protection
'Gainst all ills that may befall?"
And the answer came: "My darling
Little wife, I've given all."

"All thou art, and all thou wilt be?
Love is mine forever, then.
Tell me what it is then, dearest—
What is love, my king of men?"
"It is wider than the ocean;
It is deeper than the sea;
It is higher than the heavens:
It surroundeth thee and me."

"Yes, but love— What is love, darling—
Love so great, so high, so deep—
That we cannot bound or limit
This dear love of which we speak?"
"'Tis a dear great gift, my darling:
Love is love, my precious wife—
Nothing else can e'er define it—
Love is love, as life is life."

"Yes, I know; and yet, my darling,
I can hardly understand.
Love is love, and life is living;
Love and life are mysteries grand.
What are life and love, my darling?
Tell me, dear, if thou canst tell—
What is love?" And still he answered:
"Darling wife, I love thee well."

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a promenade-toilette, of bronze cashmere. The semi-jacket is cut to fit the figure, and the skirt of the jacket across the fronts is cut in long battlements, which are faced with silk of the same color, and ornamented by one row of narrow silk braid. The back forms a polonaise.



No. 1.

The front of the jacket is trimmed with a long loose gilet, held up by a band of velvet ribbon, which is fastened under the side-seams, and ties in front by long loops-and-ends. A rolling collar of velvet, ending in points under the full vest, finishes the neck. A quilled frill of the cashmere forms a standing collar. Tight coat-sleeves, slightly puffed on the shoulder, with cuffs formed by three narrow bands of velvet, edged with frill to match the collar. The skirt is full, caught up in one long puff, under which is arranged a narrow plaited flounce all around. This costume will require twelve yards of cashmere, one-half yard of velvet, four yards of velvet ribbon two inches wide.



No. 2.

No. 2—Is a house-toilette, for a young lady, of pin-striped or fine-checked woolen goods. The skirt of this costume is composed of alternate folds cut upon the bias of the material, and velvet or plain silk to match in color. The edge of the skirt is finished with a narrow plaited ruffle. The drapery is arranged to form paniers in front, and very much bunched up at the back

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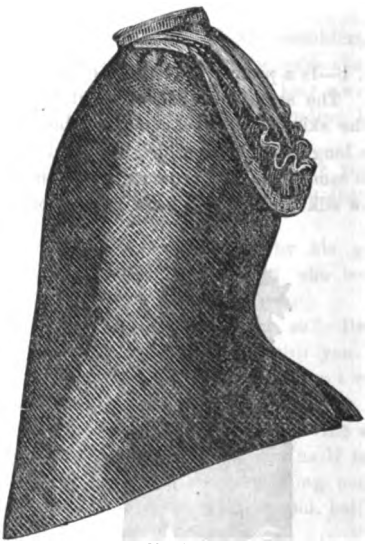
in irregular puffs. The basque is a tight round corsage, bound with velvet ribbon, if the skirt is trimmed with velvet, or with a band of silk, if silk is used upon the skirt. Flat loops, of either velvet ribbon or silk, ornament the front of the basque, as seen in the illustration. Cuffs to correspond. A similar effect can be produced in trimming a costume like this by using wide worsted braid in bands upon a plain skirt, in place of the bias folds described



No. 3.

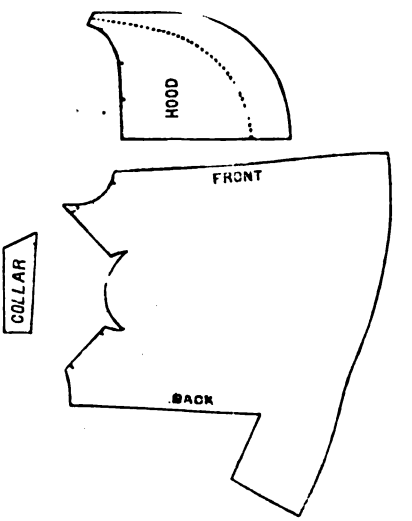
above: in this case the corsage will be trimmed with worsted braid of a narrower width to match. These wide worsted braids are very fashionable upon woolen costumes, either of cashmere or camel's-hair goods. Ten to twelve yards of cashmere, and four yards of velvet or silk, will be required. Of the quantity of braid, the width of the skirt and number of rows required will determine the number of yards.

No. 3—Is a combination-costume, for a young lady, of polka-dotted cashmere or foulard silk, with plain to match in color the ground of the figured material. The skirt of this costume is formed entirely of the figured goods, laid in



No. 4.—A.

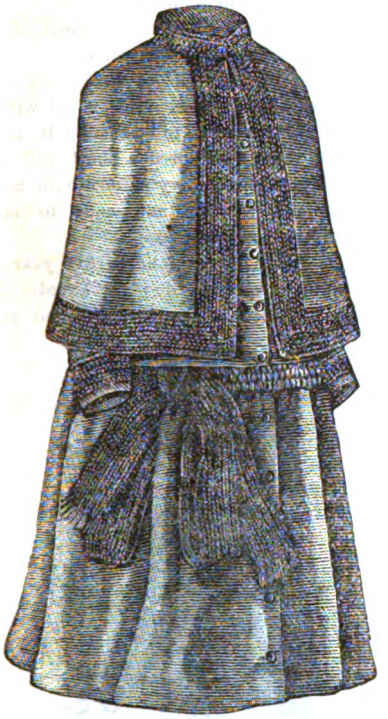
box-plaits the entire length of the skirt in front and the sides; across the back the box-plaits form a deep flounce. The drapery, which is of the plain material, forms a short apron in front, and the back is sewed at the top of the



No. 4.—B.

plaited flounce, then turned up and arranged as seen in the illustration. The corsage is plaited back and front, as seen—with the three plaits

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No. 5.—Front.



No. 5.—Back.

in the back. The same in front of the figured goods. The box-plaits form the entire skirt of the basque. A waistband fastens in front with a buckle. Standing collar.

No. 4.—Is a new and stylish wrap, of camel's-hair goods of the coarse and heavy kind. This garment is composed of three pieces, of which we give a diagram. The half of front, back, and sleeve are all in one piece, the only seam being up the back. The fullness at the back, from below the waist-line, is laid in a hollow plait. The Capuchin hood is all in one piece; and, for its better understanding, we give a diagram of



No. 6.

one-half of it, reduced. The dotted line shows where it gathers up to form the frill. The hood is to be lined with plain or plaided surah silk. A close standing collar fits the neck, and completes the garment.

No. 5.—We give the back and front view of a stylish coat for a girl of eight to ten years. It may be made of either plain, pin-striped, or checked cloth. This garment is cut coat-shape to the waist-line, where the skirt is added, which is gathered with three rows of gathers all around, as seen in the illustration. A deep cape, fitted to the shoulders, is trimmed with one row of very wide worsted braid; same trims the cuffs

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of the sleeves, and forms the bow-and-ends at the side, as seen in the front view. The sleeve may be gathered or plain at the cuffs: we give



No. 7.

both styles. A straight standing collar completes the wrap. Button with large bone buttons.

No. 6.—A pretty costume for home or the dancing-school, for a little girl of eight to ten years, made of plain and figured cashmere. The waist is cut in the Princess style a little below the waist-line, where the skirt, which is of the figured material, is gathered and joined to the waist. A scarf-drapery is arranged to pass through a loop or buckle on the left side, and ties in a big bow-and-ends at the back. Cuffs of the same. The frock fastens at the back with tiny buttons. Close standing collar.

No. 7.—For a little girl of five to six years, we give a cashmere dress. This is cut with the long waist, which seems to be coming in fashion again. To this is gathered a short full skirt, which is braided in a wavy pattern with narrow worsted braid. Collar and cuffs to match. Frock buttons down the back.

No. 8.—For a boy of four to five years, we give a pretty costume of plaid tweed. Long coat-waist, pointed in front, and round at the back, with box-plaited skirt. Collar, cuffs, and pocket-flaps of velvet, edged with a narrow braid. Small bone buttons.



No. 8.

EMBROIDERY FOR TABLE-COVER, CURTAIN, Etc.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design which may be used indifferently for a Border for a Table-Cover, Border for a Curtain, etc. As will be seen from the illustration, the border is worked over a damask design, or a wide woolen curtain-trimming may be used for the foundation. The long straight lines are made by placing Berlin wool on the design, and catching it down at intervals with single stitches worked in silk. The rest of the design is worked in chain and long stitches.

On the same page, we give a design for inser-

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tion, in embroidery. The groundwork is cashmere, and the embroidery is silk of a darker shade, the stitches used being satin, button and eyelet holes. This forms a pretty trimming on a girl's cashmere frock. Or it may be used for several other purposes, according to taste.

PAOLA JACKET: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give here the latest novelty in a Jacket, suitable for early spring-wear—a very stylish affair indeed. It is called the "Paola Jacket."

Folded in with the number is a SUPPLEMENT, on which the pieces of which this jacket is made are given, full size. They are, as will be seen, eight in number, viz:

No. 1.—HALF OF FRONT.
No. 2.—HALF OF BACK.
No. 3.—HALF OF SIDE-BACK.
No. 4.—HALF OF SIDE-FRONT.
No. 5.—QUARTER OF KILTED SKIRT OF JACKET.
No. 6.—HALF OF WAISTBAND.
No. 7.—HALF OF ROLLING COLLAR.
No. 8.—WHOLE OF SLEEVE.

There are no seams allowed, and we have only given one-quarter of the kilt, on account of want of room; but no more is really necessary. This jacket should be made of a small-checked tweed, and trimmed with narrow worsted braid, two rows, stitched down by machine. Bullet-shaped bone buttons.

We also give, on the SUPPLEMENT, two new designs in embroidery, for full descriptions of which see below.

EMBROIDERY DESIGNS ON SUPPLEMENT

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In addition to the dress-pattern given on the SUPPLEMENT, we give, also, this month, two new and exceptionally graceful designs in embroidery.

I. CONVENTIONAL DESIGN OF ORANGES AND

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LEAVES.—This design is to be treated in a purely conventional manner, and the work is to be done in outline-stitch, with either crewels or silks. A very beautiful design.

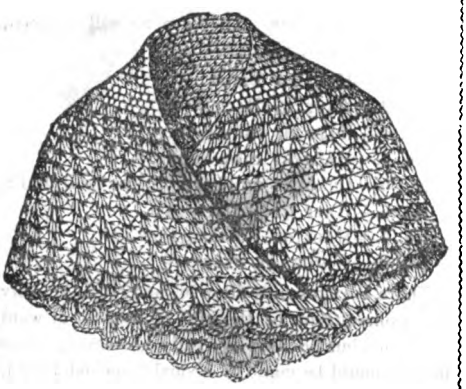
It may be used for the ends of a sideboard-cover or for the border of a small table-cover. For the sideboard, use crash or butcher's-linen; for a table-cover, cloth or felt. Work the leaves and stems in shades of dark-green, and the oranges in a bright orange. It will be seen that a portion of the design has the leaves ornamented by small dots. We should prefer these omitted, but it is a matter of taste.

II. DESIGN IN OUTLINE, OF BIRDS.—This design is suitable for a sofa-pillow, a small screen, back of a portfolio, etc. To be worked in silks. Wood-colors for the branches, olive-greens for the leaves, tendrils, etc., and the birds may be blue-birds, red-breasted robins, or little brown sparrows. Work in outline.

SHOULDER-CAPE IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Ice-wool, black or colored. The shape of a well-fitting cape, to fit the wearer, must be first cut in calico. Directions for making the cape



cannot be given in the exact number of stitches, or to what extent to increase. To commence, make eighteen chain, and work one long, two chain, one long in third loop; turn on reverse side at the end of each row, and in the first row back make three chain, * one long under the two chain, two chain and repeat from *, increasing at the end of each row by working two long under the last chain, with two chain between each, and then three chain at the last; turn on reverse side, and repeat from the first *.

In cutting the calico, mark the line on each shoulder, where the bodice joins to the back, with a pen and ink. There will be no increase for twenty rows—unless the shape of the neck requires it—no difference in the form of stitches. Then two long under each two chain, with two chain between each, but increasing on each shoulder by adding three long, with two chain between each, and not elsewhere, then two chain and repeat. The increase is further made by adding four stitches, with two chain between each of the two long stitches. Thus, under each two chain there will be four long, and at the last there will be five long, with two chain in the centre of the four long; a reference to the engraving will show this.

BABY'S BOOT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

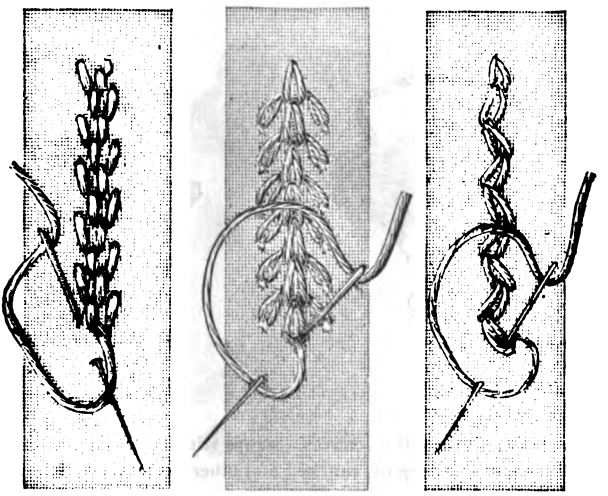
This little boot is made of cashmere, lined with flannel. Both sides of the boot are embroidered in silk of the same color. A bow of satin ribbon ornaments the toe; and buttons, with loops of silk elastic, fasten the boot up the front. Make in white, pale-blue, or pink.



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FANCY EMBROIDERY STITCHES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

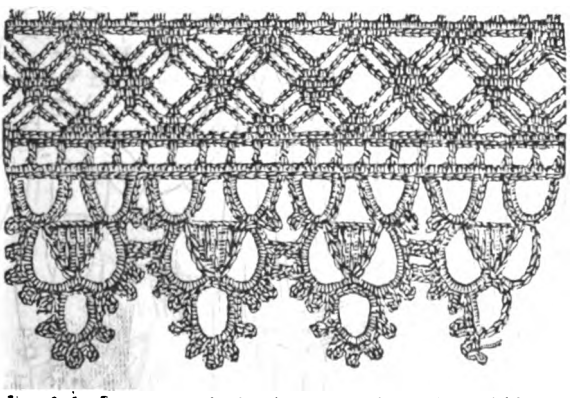


THORN-STITCH. LEAF-STITCH. VANDYKED CHAIN-STITCH.

These three stitches are much used in Paris for ornamenting the large square collars with fichu-ends, now worn in a variety of materials; also pretty to ornament dresses and the French aprons for little girls; used between the tucks of the yokes, on the cuffs, and above the hem of the skirt. Their beauty is the regularity with which they are executed, and they may be done in silks for fancy work, and French cottons for children's clothing.

CROCHETED LACE: IMITATING ITALIAN LACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

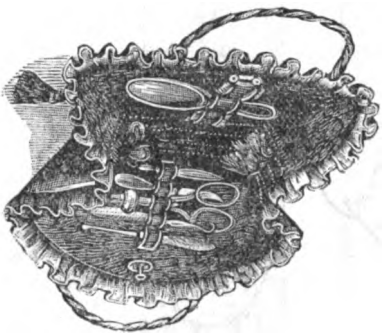


Make the upper edge of the lace by crocheting over a fine cord the required length. Then follow the illustration. This lace can be used for a very great variety of purposes.

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WORK-BAG: OPEN AND CLOSED.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





Leather, as well as satin, plush, velvet, canvas, or cloth, on a foundation of card-board, can be used for this convenient and elegant bag. The outside is to be embroidered in Kensington-stitch —a simple spray of flowers, as seen in the illustration. The interior is lined with satin, and straps stitched on for the scissors, crochet-needle, and other necessary articles. A quilling of satin ribbon, with a narrow lace edging, ornaments the edge of the bag. The handles are of heavy silk cord. Tassels ornament each corner. This is an especially pretty affair.

DESIGN IN OUTLINE-STITCH.



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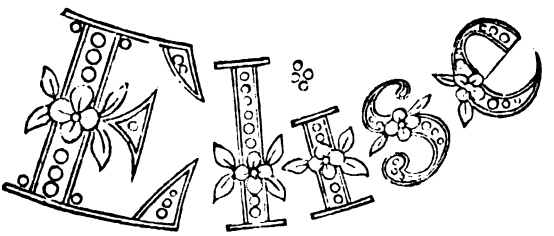
LAMP-SHADE. (OPEN.)

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This lamp-shade is made of soft canvas or crépe, lined with colored silk. Every section of the shade is framed in lace insertion. A row of insertion borders the whole, while the top and bottom are trimmed with lace edging, which, as well as the insertion, is embroidered in silks in colors to harmonize with the lining. The embroidery is done by darning in and out—following the outlines of the design of the insertion and lace. At the top, a double box-quilling of satin ribbon is added as a finish. All lamps and gas drop-lights now are furnished with some kind of a fancy shade to soften the light and to add to the beauty of the lamp.

NAME FOR MARKING.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

WHAT WILL HE GIVE?—It is told of an American-born gentleman, but who bears a great French and Imperial name, that recently, during a visit to Europe, he was asked to introduce some "rich nobody" into certain distinguished social circles of which he had the entrée. "Oh, yes," was the answer: "if he has anything to give in return."

His interlocutor stared in amazement. "Give?" he exclaimed: "give? What do you mean?" "Well," answered the other, coolly, "I mean what I say: What will he give? When a man of genius—be he poet, painter, scientist, novelist, or soldier—asks for an introduction to society, he has something to give in return: he can contribute his quota. But when a mere millionaire, who knows only how to make money, and who probably never said a witty or wise thing in his life, asks for the entrée into society, what does he propose to give in return? He has nothing but money. Will he give that? If I take him to Lady Blank's soirées, will he present her with a diamond necklace? If I introduce him at the Garde Noble Club, will he give every member a check on his banker? You say: of course not; that such a thing is impossible. Well, then, I can't introduce your friend. Society is, and ought to be, conducted on the principle of 'give and take.' If one can't give his share, he has no right to be in society. Q. E. D."

The problem, we take it, was never so wittily put before. An eminent author once said to us: "When I am half sick, or have an indigestion, I never go out into society: I stay at home until I cease to be cross. I have no right to inflict my irritability on others." Much the less has anyone the right to carry his stupidity into general society. The great millionaire, Midas, if he goes out of an evening, can only stand silent, with his hands in his pockets, and never comes to the front until supper is announced. He is only happy when he meets one of his own kind, and can slink into a corner, and talk of stocks and cent per cent. What has such a man to do with society?

RECEPTACLES FOR HOLDING WASTE PAPER or a piece of hand-work can be made from a small-sized Japanese parasol, half opened, and kept out by means of a wire run along inside, and a bright ribbon twisted in and out and round each other point outside. The top is fixed into a small stand of black or vermilion-painted wood, and the handle, which is uppermost, is bound over with colored satin or velvet ribbon, finished off with a cluster of hanging loops, and an artificial bird or spray of grass and feathers to one side. A fall of lace is sometimes added, or a hanging pompon from every alternate point. These small-sized colored paper parasols can be varied in color, in the shape of stand, and mode of trimming. For bazaars, they sell very well.

CHILDREN OVER TEN MONTHS should always wear jackets out-of-doors. Capes are very undesirable, as their weight is unevenly distributed, hanging entirely from the neck and shoulders; they also open, leaving the chest exposed, and allowing the cold air to attack it and the armpits.

"A FAMILY CLUB."—A lady sends us a club, and says: "Find below truly a family club—representatives of my eight children—all living, and well distributed over the United States." That is the sort of club to get up.

HINTS FOR BRIDAL COSTUMES.—Veils should be worn hanging behind, and the face and hands left free. But, if the old-fashioned way is preferred, then have them of a size sufficiently large to completely envelop the figure. If not of old lace, they are mostly of tulle, and so made are very becoming. Sometimes they are bordered with lines of silver thread, and covered with small pin-head dots. The plain veils, however, are best, and look well when bordered with lace. A simple wedding-gown of satin or silk is greatly improved in appearance if the large tulle veil be showered with small orange flowers and leaves. The typical bridal-flowers are now seldom worn in the hair, but appear on the bodice and skirt, the veils being fastened with jewel-headed pins or small brooches of brilliants or pearls. If a wreath is worn, it is round and small, and is rarely, if ever, becoming with the present style of hair-dressing, which lends itself well to the fashion of small sprays of jewels, or the introduction of single blossoms among the rouleaux and plaits or soft curls on the crown of the head.

THE VERY LARGE FANS that were in vogue a year or two ago, and even during last summer, if old and discolored, can be turned to account as washstand-splashers, by being spread out to their full extent and fixed, covered with cretonne or sprigged muslin over color, and fastened against the wall, handle upwards. A large bow is tied around the handle. If no fans are available, and the cheap Japanese ones are unattainable, the shape is cut out in card board and covered. If intended as a gift, the nightdress-case, made to match, often accompanies it. These covered fans are also to be seen, in richer materials, in the drawing-room, with a bag pocket. A wire is fixed around the edge, and the back hidden by paper or cretonne.

BRACKETS, IN THE SHAPE OF A FAN, with the edge going straight across the centre, look well, if first painted one color, and then decorated with a spreading spray of flowers.

"Fascinators," or scarfs for winding around the neck and throat, look well in two colors, knitted alternately in Shetland and double Berlin wool, two rows of each, and with the largest pins obtainable. Cast on ninety, and work backwards and forwards in garter-stitch till there is a length of about a yard and a half. Finish off one end with a dainty bow of ribbon. This bow is intended to rest on the top of the head when the fascinator is put over.

DAILY GROWING IN FAVOR.—Says a lady, who sends us a club for this year: "Of course you know, as well as I, that 'Peterson' is daily growing in favor, both for its reading and other attractions. As for our family, we could not do without it. The fancy-work alone pays for more than the subscription-price. The patterns are much used by my subscribers, and well liked. Very frequently someone will say: 'I guess I will not take "Peterson" this year.' But they invariably come back to the dear old book."

"PETERSON" ALWAYS FIRST.—A lady sends us a club for 1885, and writes as follows: "How you can give so much in return for so little seems a mystery. The magazine is a treasure in itself. I have been a reader of it for almost twenty years, and many others in the meantime: but 'Peterson' is always first."

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"THE PEARL OF PRICE," A COMPANION TO "THE GOLDEN GIFT."—The illustrated volume of poetry, "The Golden Gift," which we issued for 1884, *as a premium for getting up clubs*, has proved so popular that we publish a companion to it, for 1885, which we call "The Pearl of Price." The latter one is of the same size as the "Gift," printed on a similar page, illustrated with the same number of engravings, and also bound in the same elegant manner. The only difference is that while the writers in the "Gift" were all English poets, those in the "Pearl" are all American ones. As we are constantly asked the price of these books, we answer they are one dollar each to non-subscribers to "Peterson," seventy-five cents to subscribers.

We also have a fine large-size steel-plate for a premium, so that persons getting up clubs can have it, if they prefer it to the "Pearl." The size is twenty-one by twenty-seven inches. The picture is entitled "The Lion in Love," and is a capital affair. It would frame charmingly. Many persons prefer it to the "Pearl."

We will also give, for some of the clubs, an extra copy of the magazine for 1885; and, for large clubs, an extra copy, as well as the "Pearl" and "The Lion in Love." *Now is the time* to get up clubs for 1885. Send for a specimen to canvass with. It is never too late.

THE EFFECT OF VELVET. we would say in answer to "Emily," is good in absorbing the light and massing the shadows. Plush, on the contrary, is thick and ungraceful. All rough materials add to the size and breadth of the figure, and, consequently, only those with a smooth surface should be chosen by the stout and tall, leaving the others for people who need both breadth and length. Plaids and stripes should both be avoided by the tall and stout.

HER TWENTIETH YEAR.—A lady writes to us, enclosing her subscription, and says: "This is my twentieth year, and, if I should live to a hundred, you can always expect me to be on your list." We have plenty of such. Another lady, a Southern one, writes: "I have taken your magazine for thirty years and more, except during the war, when the mails were stopped."

THE AMBITION of this magazine is to furnish a first-class lady's-book at a price to clubs that will place it within the reach of everybody. In this particular, it is without a rival. It is not only the best, but far away *the cheapest*. A small profit on a large edition, rather than a large profit on a small one, is our aim.

THE PEARL OF PRICE.—A lady who has earned one of our premiums writes: "Many thanks for the 'Pearl of Price.' It is a gift I am proud of: it is so exquisitely lovely." We certainly never had a premium that was more popular.

SORDIDNESS AND MEANNESS are not economy. There is a judicious mean between extravagance and its opposite. Do not fall into the latter. Do not be sordid and mean.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Episodes of My Second Life. (American and English Experiences.) By Antonio Gallenga (L. Mariotti). 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This is the autobiography of an Italian exile who came to America, more than forty years ago, as Signor Mariotti, the name he had to assume in Italy in order to escape identification and avoid an Austrian prison. He taught Italian at Cambridge and Boston for two years or more, and afterwards went to England—where, with few intermissions, he remained—serving for more than twenty years as a correspondent on the London Times. In this country he met Everett, Holmes, Emerson, and the other lights of "the Hub," when in their youth; in England he was acquainted more or less with every man of eminence in the last two generations. He also figured in Italian politics in the time of Cavour, returning to his native land and becoming a member of the Italian Parliament. His autobiography, as he tells it, is simply charming. He speaks of himself with all the frankness of a child, and awakens one's interest as in the hero of a novel. There is no better reading than a good autobiography, and this is certainly one of the very best we have ever met. We predict that it will take a permanent place in the literature of its class.

Ma'm'selle Eugenie. By Henry Greville. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a charming love-story, tender and pure; and teaching, incidentally, a noble lesson of self-denial. The author, though a Frenchwoman—for she writes under an assumed name—lived in Russia for many years; and the story, located in one of the rural districts in the heart of that great empire, is full of local color. We have not seen any fiction, this year, which we can more cordially recommend, both for its literary merit and for its high moral tone. The volume is exceptionally well printed, in large type, on cream-white paper. It is really a pleasure to read such a book, after the almost illegible reprints with which the market is flooded.

A Penniless Girl. From the German of W. Heimburg. Translated by Mrs. A. L. Wistar. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—A charming love-story, that ends happily, as all such stories should. The translation is so perfect that, if we had not been told otherwise, we would have thought the story was originally written in English.

Science in Song; or, Nature in Numbers. By Wm. C. Richards, A. M., Ph. D. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Lee and Shepard.*—The aim of this little volume, to quote the author's words, is "to intertwine the marvels of science with the measures of song," the object being, still further to quote, "to look through nature up to nature's God."

Farwell's Folly. By J. T. Trowbridge. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—Mr. Trowbridge has always been especially sincere and honest in his literary work. This new novel from his practiced pen is a very faithful picture, so far as it goes, of American manners and character. The story, too, is quite interesting.

Out of the Wreck; or, Was It a Victory? By Amanda M. Douglas. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—This popular author more than maintains her reputation, in the novel before us. The story is thoroughly American in character, scenery, manners, and tone; and we commend it as one of the best of the season.

Katharine. A Novel. By Susa S. Vance. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—The author of this new and interesting story is already favorably known by her novel of "Lois Carrol." The scene of the present fiction is laid in America, and one of the merits of the book is its strong local color.

The Children of the Bible. By Fanny L. Armstrong. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Fowler & Wells.*—Ishmael, Moses, Joseph, Miriam, David, and others, in childhood, are depicted in this neat little book. The idea is a good one, and is carried out skilfully.

One Thousand Blunders In English Corrected. By Harlan H. Ballard, A.M. 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—The title of this little treatise tells its own story. We recommend it to all who wish to write and speak good English.

White Feathers. A Novel. By G. I. Cervus. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—A story of American life, turning principally on the evils of speculating: well told, and exceedingly natural.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE UNIVERSAL VOICE of the newspaper-press declares that "Peterson," this year, is *better than ever*. If we had space, we could quote hundreds of notices to this effect; but we must confine ourselves to a few, which we give as specimens of the rest. Says the Keithsburg (Ill.) News: "This popular magazine is right up to the times, and this year better than ever. Every lady who likes a reliable fashion-book and a repository of choice literature should subscribe for 'Peterson.'" Says the Middletown (Pa.) Press: "First-class in every respect; the cheapest and best for ladies; every lady should take it. The Shore (N. J.) Press says: "'Peterson' not only possesses the advantage of age over its contemporaries, but everything else; and when we sit down for an evening's enjoyment among our books, 'Peterson' monopolizes every moment—so well stored are its pages." The York (Pa.) Tribune says: "The reading-matter is up to that high standard which may always be safely looked for in 'Peterson.'" The New Berlin (N. Y.) Gazette says: "Of all the monthly periodicals that find their way to this village, none are hailed with as much delight as 'Peterson's Magazine: it is replete with good stories, excellent miscellany, and combines greater merits for the money than any other." The Clarksville (Tex.) Standard says: "We look on 'Peterson' as the best of the lady's-magazines." The Fishkill (N. Y.) Standard says: "Any lady who wants a real good lady's-book, at a low price, combining fashions, art, and literature, should secure 'Peterson.'" The Rock Island (Ill.) Union says. "The stories are always exceptionally good." The Columbia (Ark.) Banner says: "It is the magazine of the age, and no lady who wishes to keep pace with the fashions and the literature of the period can well afford to do without it.' The Gloucester (Mass.) Advertiser says: "A marvel of beauty and cheapness." The Wyoming (Iowa) Journal says: "It will repay ten times over the cost of the subscription." The Tffin (Ohio) Tribune says: "The steel-engravings are unexcelled." The Albert Lea (Minn.) Standard says: "It improves with age." The Norristown (Pa.) Press says: "Leads all other lady's-magazines." The Chippewa Falls (Wis.) Appeal says: "The fashion-plates, engravings, colored patterns, etc., etc., cannot be excelled: it is better than ever, and well deserves the praise universally bestowed upon it." Remember *it is never too late* in the year to get up clubs, or to subscribe for a single copy. Back numbers can always be furnished. Its price is so low that there is no excuse for not taking it: in fact, it teaches so many things that money is saved by subscribing. It is emphatically the magazine for the times.

GARDENS, SEEDS, HEALTH, ETC.—There is no recreation at once so refined and healthful, especially for ladies, as having a bit of a garden, no matter if it comprises only a few square feet of ground. To see the flowers bloom, to tend them, to inhale the fresh invigorating air—these are worth whole packages of pills, and give more pleasure often than works of art themselves. But, to have a successful garden, you want good seeds to begin with. In our advertising-pages will be found the announcements of the leading houses who supply seeds, plants, etc. Seedsmen and nurserymen who thus attach their own names to their goods are supposed to be thoroughly responsible, and invariably to give a good article. It is only those who sell their seeds, etc., etc., anonymously through any corner-grocery, without taking personal responsibility, who dare to put on the market inferior and worthless goods. We recommend our readers, therefore, to patronize those who are not ashamed to endorse their goods with their own name. Read the advertisements, and judge for yourselves.

THE LAST "FASHIONABLE CRAZE" is to make your own rugs, etc.—that is, imitation Smyrna and other Oriental ones—and proficients succeed in producing an article that quite rivals the original, and is vastly cheaper. The art first began to be practiced in London, when the "Queen" newspaper, the highest authority there on such subjects, said that any lady, with a few simple instructions, could make "warm durable rugs, that have all the effect of woven ones from Smyrna or the East." In this country, the materials are sold at retail by all first-class dry-goods stores, but imported only by H. Taylor & Co., No. 15 Bank Street, Philadelphia, Pa., who sell at wholesale. They also supply beginners' instructions, etc., etc. The advertisement of H. Taylor & Co. will be found in this number, and we call particular attention to what it says.

A QUICK REMEDY FOR CATARRH AND KINDRED DISORDERS.—Put under your head at night, and breathe its vapor till morning, the Pillow-Inhaler charged with its liquid. You wake with a clearer head, with less disposition to irritate the over-sensitive lining of the nose, throat, and lungs. Gradually the fires of inflammation are soothed, discharges and cough cease, pain gives place to ease, and in a short time you are a well person. If you want to know more about the Pillow-Inhaler, call and see it, or write for explanatory pamphlet and testimonials. The Pillow-Inhaler Co., 1520 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

DO YOU DREAD WRINKLES?—The death-blow to youthful looks is the sure warning of age which we would not dread if we could keep back the wrinkles. Palm Kosmeo will surely and positively prevent them and keep the skin smooth and never chap. My own personal use is proof, and I am happy to say to my thousand customers, try it and you will never be without it. Mrs. C. Thompson, patentee of the Thompson Wave, 32 East Fourteenth Street, New York. Make no mistake in the number.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE IN INEBRIETY.—Dr. C. S. Ellis, Wabash, Ind., says: "I prescribed it for a man who had used intoxicants to excess for fifteen years. He thinks it of much benefit to him.

HINTS ON FURNISHING.

Painting on glass is still greatly affected, and the glass doors of old-fashioned sideboards and cabinets can be beautified exceedingly in this way. The newest painted wooden mirror and photograph frames are shaded first from light to deep neutral shadow, and have upright flowers, springing from the base or side, painted on afterwards. Painted salt-jars with the lids are still given as presents to gentlemen, for holding tobacco. Fancy scarfs are now tied in and out of the backs of cane-seated chairs, sailor-knot style. The Bulgarian embroideries, Russian and Roman work are displayed thus with good effect. All sorts of foreign brocades and Oriental embroideries are now used for covering small tables, fastening on the backs of sofas, or hiding the back of a cottage-piano. Some long pieces are arranged as mantel-shelf coverings, by being laid on, drawn back at each end to form the over-hanging valance, and allowed to fall long at each end. Square table-cloths are put on with the pointed corners at the sides of the table, and not, as formerly, at the four legs. The little tables with the tops shaped like hearts are newer than the milking-stools. They stand from twenty to twenty-two inches high, and the heart is of good size. They are colored bright-red, malachite-green, or shaded from yellow to orange-brown. A spray of flowers, a flight of swallows, or some other design usually adorns the top, and continues a little way down one leg.

Lamp-shades are as much in request as ever, if not more so. In every well-appointed room, lamps, softened by red or canary-colored silk shades, stand on tables in the

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corners, or amidst the tall large-leafed plants now so fashionable. Large paper bees, made in black and yellow tissue-paper over wire, are the last ornaments for lightly attaching to shades. Colored butterflies of various sizes are also to be seen scattered over other shades. Some lamps are covered by what resembles a square handkerchief of pale-colored crèpe silk, with a hole in the centre for the glass chimney to pass through. Hanging-lamps, in imitation of the old-fashioned lanterns set in iron-work, are to be seen now in rooms and on staircases. They are suspended from a bracket, also in iron-work, at a little distance from the wall.

Fancy matting is now used as a dado round rooms. It can be had in a few colors, and is selected to harmonize with the general tone of the room. Sometimes a shelf is to be seen just above it, running round the room, occupied by pieces of quaint pottery and various knick-knacks. A painted frieze round the top of the walls is also fashionable, and is usually the handiwork of the lady of the house or a friend. In a dining-room or library, the frieze is a great improvement. It is painted dull-gold or bronze, or any color considered most suitable for the room Moorish carving, which of late has been rather liberally imported, is adapted to all sorts of purposes, and is now being copied by amateurs who have taken up wood-carving. For screens, window-blinds, or piano-backs, and fitted into doors, it is very effective. The painting white of the interior of houses has now extended to the wood-work round the outside of all the windows. The white lace or muslin curtains that adorn these windows are tied with old-gold scarfs of tolerable breadth.

THE GARDEN.

Soil For Plants.—Very heavy loams, or even clay, if tolerably dry, can be broken up into fine particles with the back of a spade—or frost will accomplish the same end. Add to this loam an equal quantity of river-sand and one-third or more of finely-reduced leaf-mold or tufted horse-droppings, all thoroughly mixed together, and a compost equal to and not unlike good loam will be the result, and be not inferior to turfy loam and leaf-mold. No one need be short of a suitable potting-compost who has clay for a staple, and can find sufficient sand and thoroughly decayed vegetable-mold—whether from grass, leaves, or horse-litter—to mix with it. The common soil of the garden is the only loam many people can procure, and, with such material at their disposal, they need not complain. All soils which have a tendency to settle down into the consistency of putty are unfit alone for plants; but add sand in sufficient quantity, and one can almost do anything with them. There is little doubt that plants are distinctly affected by the character of the soil in which they grow, and particularly by its texture, whether it is hard or soft; but experience proves that any wholesome soil, freely pervious to air and moisture, and containing the necessary elements of plant-food in an accessible form, is a perfectly suitable rooting-medium, whether prepared from turfy loam and peat, etc., etc., or the more simple and easily-procurable materials.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," Peterson's Magazine, Lock Box 409, Marblehead, Mass.

No. 265.—Numerical Enigma.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 is a 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 propelled by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Brooklyn, N. Y. Fantine.

No. 266.—Easy Diamond.

1. A letter. 2. An animal that flies by night. 3. A pleasure-boat. 4. An article. 5. A consonant.

Leadville, Col. B. D. M.

Answers Next Month.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS.

White Sauce For Cold Fowl.—One ounce of butter, one ounce of flour, half a pint of milk or cream. Make it quite smooth, add two ounces of gelatine dissolved in a little water. Remove from the fire, add lemon-juice, strain into a basin, let it cool and thicken. Dip in the pieces of chicken cut into neat joints, and place on a hair sieve. When cool, dip them in again till well covered with the sauce. Arrange on a dish with slices of boiled beet-root round, alternately with the white of hard-boiled eggs. Cut into rings, and the yolk rubbed through a strainer over the chicken. This makes a pretty supper-dish. A little salt might be added to the sauce.

Beef-Steak Stewed.—Take a piece of rump-steak an inch thick, fry it in butter on both sides, add enough hot stock just to cover the steak, a fagot of sweet herbs, pepper and salt to taste, two carrots sliced, and a dozen small onions. Cover the saucepan, and let the contents simmer very gently for about two hours. Mix a piece of butter and some flour in a saucepan on the fire, add the best part of the liquor in which the steak has been stewing, put in a little Worcester sauce and ketchup, lay the steak on a dish, the carrots and onions around it, and pour the sauce over.

Oyster Sauce.—Parboil the oysters in their own liquor, beard them, and reserve all the liquor. Melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, add a little flour, the oyster-liquor, and enough milk to make as much sauce as is wanted. Put in a blade of mace and a bay-leaf tied together, pepper and salt to taste, and the least dust of cayenne. Let the sauce come to the boil, add the oysters, and as soon as they are quite hot remove the mace and bay-leaf. Stir in a few drops of lemon juice, and serve.

VEGETABLES.

Greens.—Wash the greens well, and take off the outside leaves. Tie them in small bunches, and boil in plenty of fast-boiling water, drain them in front of the fire, and serve cold with a mixture of three parts oil, one of vinegar, pepper and salt to taste, poured over them.

To Fry Salsify.—Scrape and boil with a little suet until soft. Then take it out, mash it with a little butter, pepper, and salt. A tablespoonful of butter to a dozen. Make them into small cakes. Flour them, and fry in butter. Parsnips may be dressed in the same way

Parsnips.—Scrape and boil some parsnips, then cut each lengthwise in four, and fry them very brown, and dish in twos and twos. There is no vegetable so nourishing as parsnip.

DESSERTS.

Boiled Apple Custard.—Six apples, one teacupful of flour, five drops of essence of lemon, two eggs, a small piece of butter, half a pint of milk, a quarter-pound of sugar. Stew the apples, and when heated beat to a pulp, having added the essence of lemon and some sugar. Let it cool. Then mix the milk, eggs, butter, and flour, and beat all well. Then add the apples. Put all into a pudding-mold, and let it boil one and one-half hours. Serve cold with milk.

Newcastle Pudding.—Six ounces of rice-flour, six ounces of white sugar, four eggs, a pinch of carbonate of soda: put it

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all in a small basin, and beat it up until it is very light and white. Beat four ounces of butter to a cream, put it into the pudding, and ten drops of essence of lemon. Beat all together for five minutes. Butter a mold, pour the pudding into it, and boil for two hours. Serve with or without wine-sauce.

Molasses Pudding (Very Light and Digestible).—One-half pound of flour, one ounce of suet, finely chopped, one quarter-pound of molasses, a pinch of salt, one teaspoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of baking-powder. Mix, cover with greased paper, and steam three hours, taking care that it never stops cooking. The baking powder is home-made. The pudding should be like sponge-cake.

Oranges Whole in Syrup.—Six ounces of white sugar, one gill of water, the juice of two lemons and the rind of one, and of half an orange peeled very thin. Boil until the syrup clarifies, and pour hot over eight oranges peeled to the pulp. When cool, they are ready for use. They look prettier when the syrup is colored with cochineal.

Three-Minutes' Pudding.—Bake in a very sharp oven three minutes only. Two ounces of flour, one and a half ounces of sugar, two eggs, two small teaspoonfuls of baking-powder.

CAKES.

Short-Cakes.—One pound of sifted flour, quarter-pound of butter, and half as much lard, very little salt, a pinch of soda, well dissolved in just vinegar enough to cover it; work all well together, with ice-cold water enough to make a stiff dough; roll it into paste half an inch thick; cut it into round cakes; prick the top with a fork, and bake in a quick oven.

Ginger Cake.—Pound and a half of flour, half-pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of lump-sugar, powdered, one and a quarter ounces of ground ginger, half a nutmeg, two eggs, a little piece of ammonia, dissolved in enough warm milk to mix the whole into a stiff paste; roll out thick, and cut into cakes, and bake in a brisk oven.

Seed Cake.—Take three-quarters of a pound of flour, quarter-pound of butter, quarter-pound of sugar, half-ounce of caraway seeds, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, two eggs, and a little milk. Mix the cake according to the directions given for plum-cake, substituting the caraway seeds for the currants or raisins.

Currant Cake.—The whites of six eggs, one cup of sugar, two of flour, half a cup of butter, half a cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream-tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, one cup of currants. Rub the butter and sugar to a cream, add the milk, flour, and beaten whites, a little at a time, till all is in.

Cold-Water Cake, to make at the same time: One cup of butter, two of sugar, one of cold water, two cups of raisins, chopped fine, three and a half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cloves, one of cinnamon, one nutmeg, half a teaspoonful of soda, and the yolks of six eggs, well beaten. Flour the raisins well.

SANITARY.

Toast-Water.—This simple and useful beverage, like many other simple things, is too frequently very badly made, and has acquired a bad reputation from the crumbs of charcoal-like character, or little sodden morsels of bread, which too often are found floating on the surface. To remedy these defects, take care that the crusts from which toast-water is to be made shall be only a nice deep brown, never allowed to catch fire or blacken in the toasting, and allow them to grow quite cold before immersing them in nice fresh-filtered water. Whenever, from any cause, there are morsels of bread floating on the water, strain it through muslin. The drink should be made an hour before it is wanted, and never be used after standing twelve hours. Serve it in a water-bottle of clear glass.

The Uses of the Lemon.—A piece of lemon bound upon a corn will relieve it in a day or so. It should be renewed night and morning. The free use of lemon-juice and sugar will always relieve a cough. A lemon eaten before breakfast, every day, for a week or two, will entirely prevent that feeling of lassitude peculiar to the approach of spring.

Cough Remedy.—Take one ounce of Irish moss, soak it as you would for blanc-mange, then boil it about ten minutes; in two quarts of water, add the juice of six lemons; sweeten to taste, and strain. Drink it freely; it will nourish and relieve.

Hoarseness can be removed temporarily by dissolving in the mouth a small piece of borax, about the size of a green pea, or about three-fourths of a grain, and slowly swallowing it. It produces a profuse secretion of saliva, and affords relief. Good for singers or speakers.

For Chapped Hands.—Mix together equal quantities of rich cream and strong vinegar, and rub it over your hands every time you wash them.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FIG. I.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF PLAIN AND BROCADED CURRANT-COLORED SATIN. The underskirt, of the brocade, has no trimming except a narrow knife-plaiting at the bottom. The tunic is full and carelessly draped, and is of the plain material. The bodice is of the brocade, and has plaited bands of the plain satin reaching from the shoulders to the bottom.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS, OF SOFT PLAIN AND FIGURED BLUISH-GREEN WOOLEN MATERIAL. The underskirt is of the plain material, laid in lengthwise plaits. The tunic is of the figured woolen goods, much draped, a panier formed on one side, and the skirt falling square at the bottom behind. The bodice is of the figured goods, made plain, with points back and front. Hat of the plain woolen, with dark-red feathers, the color of the figure in the dress.

FIG. III.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF DUST-COLORED FOULARD. The underskirt is of plain foulard, laid in wide side-plaits, alternating with stripes of dark-maroon velvet. The tunic is of figured foulard, made quite full and plaited at the waist, and drawn back in festoons. It is looped by a band of maroon velvet, to form a full puff at the back. The bodice is of the plain foulard, with a full plastron of the figured material, and has a pointed bodice of the maroon velvet. The collar and cuffs are likewise of the velvet.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GRAYISH-BLUE CAMEL'S-HAIR. The skirt is of camel's-hair, striped with red. A full quilling of plain camel's-hair is around the bottom. The overskirt is laid in scarf-plaits in front, and is loosely draped and short at the back. The bodice is full in front, with a kind of shawl-drapery, which is shirred in at the waist. Straw hat, trimmed with grayish-blue velvet ribbon and straw-colored feathers.

FIG. V.—VISITING-DRESS, OF TERRA-COTTA COLORED SURAH. The skirt is trimmed with moderately wide ruffles, simply gathered. The tunic is long in front, and is ornamented with a full quilled trimming of the surah. At the back it is simply draped. The mantle is gathered slightly in front, has the sleeves set in high at the shoulder, and is ornamented with the quilled material, as on the tunic. Felt hat, of terra-cotta color, with feathers of the same color, and a band of darker velvet.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF SEAL-BROWN SUMMER CLOTH. The double skirt is plain in front, and also has a plain apron-front over it. The plaited back has a full drapery over it. The bodice is made with a waistband, pointed in front, and the basque opens at the sides, to make room for the full drapery. The vest is of brown plaited silk. This is a beautiful dress for mourning made of black cashmere or Henrietta-cloth, with the apron-front

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and vest of black crêpe. Brown straw hat, trimmed with nasturtiums.

FIG. VII.—VISITING-DRESS, OF BLACK AND WHITE STRIPED FINE WOOLEN. The skirt is made of six ruffles, edged with white trimming-lace. The polonaise is tight-fitting, opens in front to show the skirt, and is a good deal draped at the back. It is trimmed with black velvet, and fastened with a steel ornament. The vest is of white lace. Bonnet of white straw, lined and trimmed with black velvet.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF ZEPHYR-CLOTH AND BROCHÉ. The skirt is black, brochéd with large pansies, and laid in plaits. The overdress is of heliotrope-colored zephyr-cloth. The jacket-bodice opens in front, with a puffed vest, forming draperies of the overskirt, which is much looped at the back. The jacket is machine-stitched near the edge. White straw hat, trimmed with black velvet and heliotrope-colored feathers.

FIG. IX.—HOUSE-DRESS, FOR MOURNING, OF BLACK TAMOIR. The skirt is formed of a series of narrow tucks. The draped panters cross in front, and the back is made in waterfall-style. The bodice is pointed in front, has the waterfall-draperies attached at the back, and has a collar and front trimming of black crêpe. This style looks well in any color.

FIG. X.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE MOUSSELINE DE LAINE. The skirt is trimmed with six rows of wide worsted braid of the color of the dress, spotted with a dull-red. The overdress is open in front, and is very full and carelessly draped. The bodice opens jacket-fashion over a vest of the material of the dress. A narrow band of dark-blue satin ribbon is tied around the waist at the right side in long loops. Hat of dark-blue straw, trimmed with one small feather and loops of the blue braid.

FIG. XI.—SWISS BODICE, OF CREAM-COLORED CASHMERE OR SCRAG. It is slightly gathered at the waist, and is laid in plaits, which fall beneath the black velvet or plush over-jacket. This jacket opens in front, is cut up high on the shoulders, and is fastened at the waist and under the collar with velvet ribbons, with crocheted acorns at the ends. Full Swiss sleeves, with velvet cuffs This jacket might be made of silk or cashmere of any pretty color.

FIG XII.—BACK OF PELERINE, OF BLACK OTTOMAN SILK. The sleeves are set in high at the shoulders, and the pointed hood is lined with old-gold satin, has old-gold satin revers, and a bow of the same color at the bottom.

FIG. XIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF PLAIN AND FIGURED GRAY WOOLEN MATERIAL. The skirt is of the plain stuff, and is covered with wide and narrow bias folds. The overdress is of a darker shade of gray, figured with the lighter shade, has a draped front, and falls full and low on the skirt at the back. Some of the plain gray material is draped with it on the left side. The bodice is of the figured woolen, opening over a vest of the plain material, which is closely braided in gray. Hat of gray felt, trimmed with feathers of the same shade, and a band of velvet of a darker shade.

FIG. XIV.—BODICE, OF BLACK BROCADED VELVET. It is made with a point in front and plaited basques at the back. The side-forms of the basque do not join the centre one. Sleeves set in high at the shoulder. Silk dress of silver-gray. Silver-gray straw hat, trimmed with black velvet and silver-gray feathers.

FIG. XV.—FRONT OF PELERINE, OF OTTOMAN SILK. It is trimmed with a chenille fringe, has a high standing collar edged with ruchings of black lace, is lined with quilted satin of old-gold, and has an old-gold ribbon bow at the throat.

FIG. XVI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BROWN CLOTH, braided in gold, or of gray cloth, braided in silver. The plain skirt has several narrow rows of braiding. The tunic is also braided, and at the back it is full, but little looped, and turned under at the bottom. The very stylish visite of the same cloth is also braided to correspond with the skirt and tunic.

FIG. XVII.—GRAY FELT BONNET, with several rows of gold braid around the edge, trimmed with gray satin ribbon and pink flowers.

FIG. XVIII.—BLACK FELT HAT, trimmed with a rich Oriental striped material.

General Remarks.—During the winter, the brighter and lighter colors have been noticeable for street-wear, and even this early in the season we see indications that, although the very dark greens, blues, browns, etc., which have held sway so long, are still worn, yet all these colors, in all varieties of shades and tints, are becoming popular. But dark or light is quite a matter of taste; even the brightest tints that are worn are in good style, as they are no longer of the hard metallic hues popular some years back. Combinations of figured and plain goods are even more popular than they have been; but if these materials are not of the same color—they may be of different shades—care must be taken that the colors harmonize.

Cloth of a light quality is very popular this spring, and the color is frequently light also. Some of these cloths are plain, others rough, with small speckles on them like the cheviots, tweeds, and heathers, and others have diagonal lines. Dark-red—but very dark the red must be—is used for these dresses; moss-green, dust-color, fawn-color, chestnut-brown, are all fashionable.

Braiding is still used on these tailor-made gowns; but many are very stylishly plain. The drapery is necessarily scant, or the garment would be too heavy. The back of the skirt is often laid in box or side plaits from the waist down, without any drapery.

Tucks are used not only for cloth dresses, but for dresses of all materials, except perhaps for silks, when they do not seem so appropriate as flounces and puffings.

The bodices of nearly all out-of-door dresses are made with either plaits at the back or with the plain postillion basque, with a point in front, and cut short on the hips.

The summer goods are in the usual great variety, and come with plain and figured materials, as those of the winter. The percales, ginghams, and chintzes are very pretty, and these will generally be made up with shirred waists, tucked or ruffled skirts, and short or long overskirts, as may be fancied.

Embroidery and the beautiful imitation laces will be largely used on all summer-dresses of cotton or linen material.

White dresses will be very much worn. Many of them will have the skirts made entirely of the embroidery which now comes for that purpose.

Summer-silks, grenadines, nun's-veilings, etc., will be made up somewhat like the winter-gowns, but with less trimming generally, though that is a matter of taste.

Wraps for the warmer weather will be decidedly shorter, especially at the back; but many mantles, while reaching not much below the waist-line or the tournure, will be quite long, though narrow in front.

Bonnets still are close to the sides of the head, and high, or trimmed so as to have the appearance of height; but the extreme of fashion, which was so unbecoming earlier in the season, has given place to a more rational style, and the best-dressed women have adapted their bonnets to suit their faces.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The innovations of the season, so far, are fortunately all in the line of simplicity. We seem to be returning to the

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blissful days of forty years ago, when ladies wore straight full skirts and plain tight-fitting corsages. I have just seen a severely plain yet tasteful dress, intended for a young Parisian lady, which is simplicity itself. It is composed of gray faille. The skirt is laid in flat full folds at the waist, the folds being unconfined at the hem. The skirt is short, not even touching the ground all around. The corsage is plain, tight-fitting, and is cut with a round waist. A broad scarf-sash of gray surah, a shade lighter than the dress, is tied around the waist, finishing in two loops and long ends at the left side of the back of the corsage. The ends of the sash are drawn together, and are finished with long sewing-silk tassels. This is the first positive move that I have seen in the direction of plain dressing, and I hope that the movement will be fully successful.

Cloth suits are now made with a deep-pointed draped overskirt in front and at the back. Between these two divisions of the overdress there is a wide space at either side, within which the underskirt of the same material is seen, striped with bands of trimming set around the skirt Earlier in the season these bands were of fur, contrasting in color with the dress. Thus, chinchilla-fur was used on mignonette-green, black or pale-gray Astrakhan on brown, etc. Passementerie of the same color as the dress, interwoven with gold, is now employed for the striping of these suits, the style of which is very pretty and easily imitated. A similar effect is produced in the underskirts of evening-dresses by sewing together a finger-wide velvet ribbon and a lace insertion of the same width, placing them alternately. I have seen a lovely ball-dress lately, with the underskirt in that style, composed of pale-blue velvet ribbon and Valenciennes insertion. Almost all evening-dresses, even for married ladies, are now made with short skirts. This style is rendered almost obligatory by the lightness and fragility of the materials employed Tulle is so greatly in favor now that it is worn not only by young girls, but by married ladies also. Of the latter class even, only those who can afford to have a ball-dress renewed after every wearing care to have their tulle toilettes made with trains, as the delicate material gets crushed and ruined in a single evening when the dress is made long. Pale-blue tulle is very fashionable, trimmed with wreaths and garlands of very pale-pink roses. The skirt-front may be in lace over pale-blue, the lace being slightly draped and dotted with pendant ornaments—the so-called pampilles—in pearl or looking-glass beads. Short dresses in tulle have the back of the skirt covered with wide tucked flounces or with narrow plaited ones. The front of the skirt is arranged in draperies or flat perpendicular folds, and the whole is much ornamented with flowers. A very pretty dress has the skirt in white tulle entirely composed of narrow plaited flounces. With this is worn a Swiss bodice and very wide sash in deep-crimson surah. The same dress, in pale-blue tulle and pale-blue surah, formed a dainty and becoming toilette for a youthful blonde.

Satin-merveilleux and surah are, however, but little worn, the more fashionable material nowadays being the long-neglected faille. Nun's-veiling, in the heavier qualities, is a good deal used for demi-toilettes for young girls. Bengaline and Sicilienne are also much in vogue for corsages and overdresses. The most superb ball-dresses for married ladies are in colored velvets, embroidered by hand in a slender pattern around the edge of the opening in front. The work is executed in beads matching the material in color, and enriched with threads of gold or silver. A very tasteful and simple way of making a velvet dress is as follows: The skirt, made with a long train, is caught up in front to a distance about a quarter of a yard from the floor, thus showing an underskirt of satin, covered with a wide lace flounce. A black velvet combines well with a black lace flounce over white or pale-blue satin, and ruby velvet should have the underskirt in pale-pink satin, the flounce being in white lace. This is one of the latest styles introduced by Worth. The spring dinner-dresses are, however, in less cumbersome materials than velvet, rich brocaded satins being the latest in vogue. The new designs are very superb, large yellow rosebuds strewn over a dark-brown satin ground, and groups of tulips in all kinds of vivid colors on a black satin one, being two of the more artistic patterns.

Some of the new beaded materials are very handsome and very durable, but are too expensive for any ordinary purse. There is a heavy black net now shown, closely interwoven with jet beads, which is simply imperishable and is exceedingly brilliant in effect: but it costs twenty-five dollars a yard. It is used for corsages merely, finished with a deep jet fringe. Another material, in red-gold beads on a black ground, is used for jerseys, and the corsage composed of it is bordered with a flat passementerie in large beads to match. This is less expensive and is very effective.

For evening-dress wear, in the matter of artificial flowers, Worth is using many-colored morning-glories in all their natural varieties of tint, daisies, laburnum-blossoms, and also the brilliant scarlet blossoms and coral-like buds of the pomegranate-flower. This last he employs in large branches, and the effect of it, laid against a flat plaiting of dead-white tulle, is extremely beautiful. He uses flowers on his tulle ball-dresses only, silks and satins and velvets being trimmed with bead embroideries and passementeries and fringes. A new and exquisite style of trimming ball-dresses in faille, which he has just introduced, is to have all the draperies and loopings of the dress held in place by clusters of ostrich-feathers, matching the hue of the material precisely.

Lockets are coming into fashion again, and are worn suspended from a black velvet ribbon tied closely around the throat. The later ones are of a long slender oval shape, and bear the owner's monogram in small diamonds on a background of dead-yellow gold, within a bordering of small alternate pearls and diamonds.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S CLOAK, OF DARK-RED OPERA-FLANNEL. The cape is draped at the back, with two black velvet rosettes. This cloak is also pretty for summer-wear, made of gray or bège alpaca. Black straw hat, trimmed with dark-red ribbon.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF NAVY-BLUE SERGE. The skirt consists of two kiltings, and the blouse-waist is of blue serge, opening at the neck over a chemisette. The plaited collar and bow are of navy-blue silk. Straw hat, trimmed with navy-blue ribbons.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF FAWN-COLORED CASHMERE. The skirt is kilt-plaited, as well as the long loose blouse-waist which falls over the skirt. The jacket for outdoor-wear is of brown cloth, made in the Louis XVI style, and has a large collar of fawn-colored silk. Brown felt hat, trimmed with a large bow of ribbon.

GENERAL REMARKS.—As it is so frequently necessary to purchase articles for children somewhat in advance of the season, we give two spring or summer hats. The first is of white straw, trimmed with bands of black velvet, and a white handkerchief embroidered in colors thrown carelessly over the crown. The rim of the hat is bound with gathered velvet. The second hat is of gray straw, trimmed with gray velvet, and ornamented with three gilt butterflies, disposed lightly among the loops of gray velvet in front.

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LES MODES PARISIENNES

MARCH, 1885. OPENING

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ETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

THE CONSERVATORY

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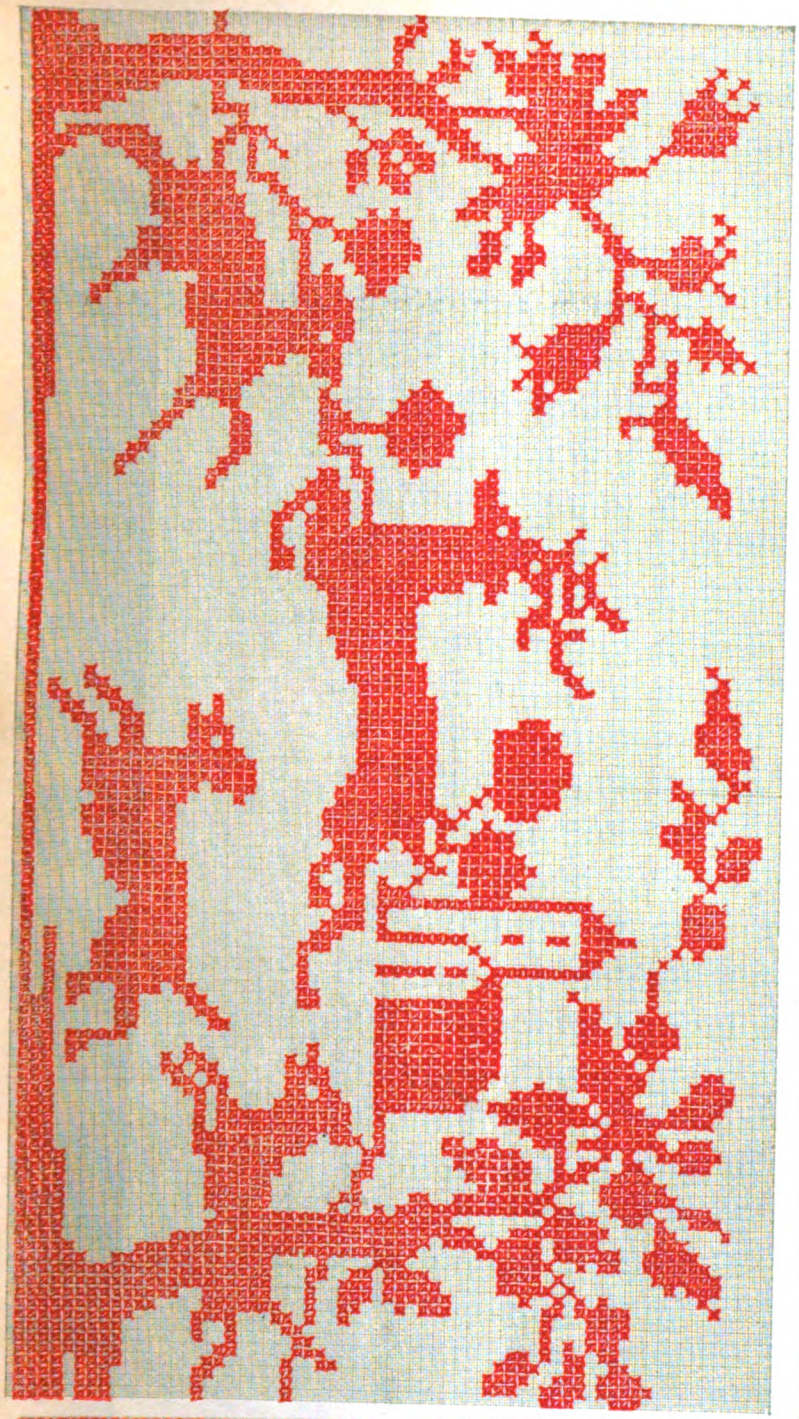


ADELINE.

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine

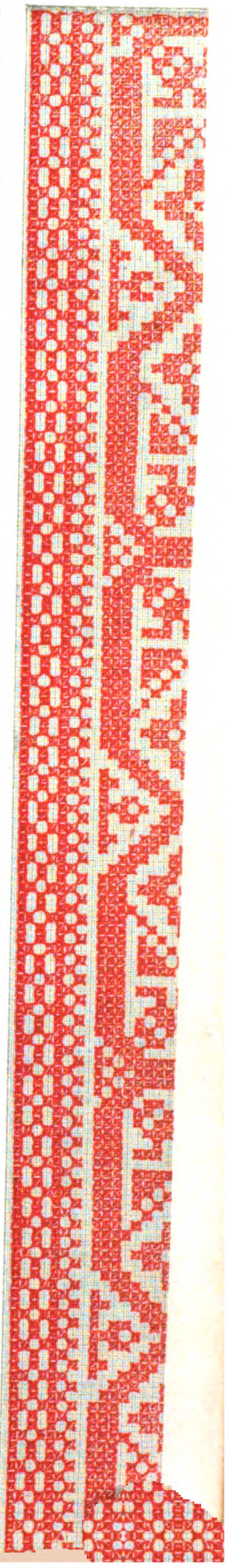
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IN THE GARDEN. [*See the Story, "The Burglary at Archers'."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR APRIL. GIRL'S HAT. GIRL'S COLLAR. CUFF.

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LATEST STYLES FOR SPRING WALKING-DRESSES.

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LATEST STYLES FOR SPRING WALKING-DRESSES.

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PROMENADE-DRESS FOR SPRING. HAT. NEW-STYLE PLASTRON.

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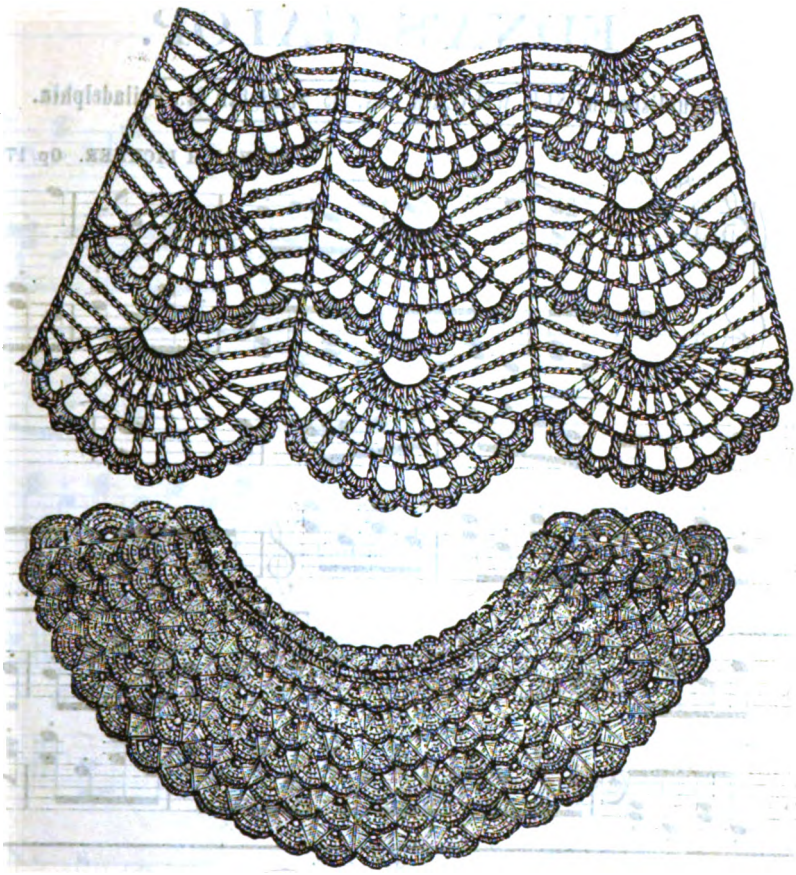
VISITING-DRESS FOR SPRING. BONNET. NEW-STYLE PLASTRON.

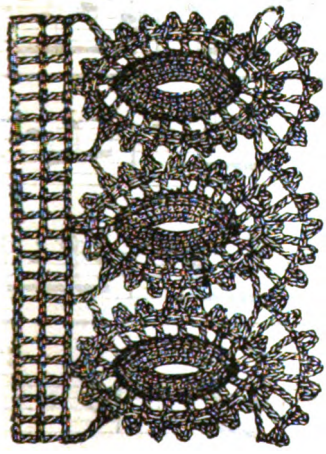
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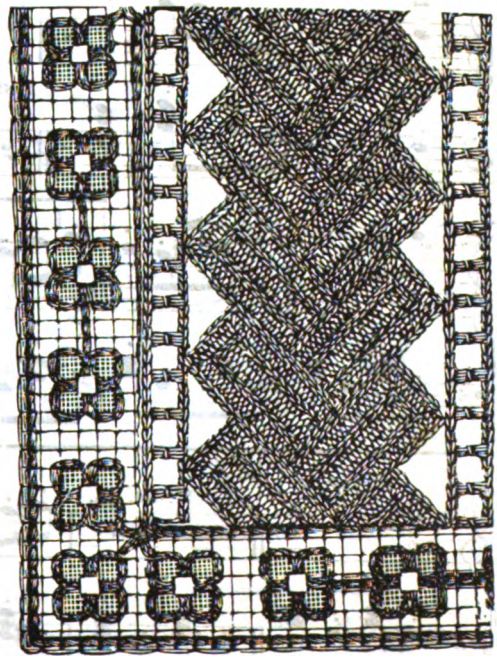


DESIGNS FOR TOBACCO-POUCH: KATE GREENAWAY EMBROIDERY.

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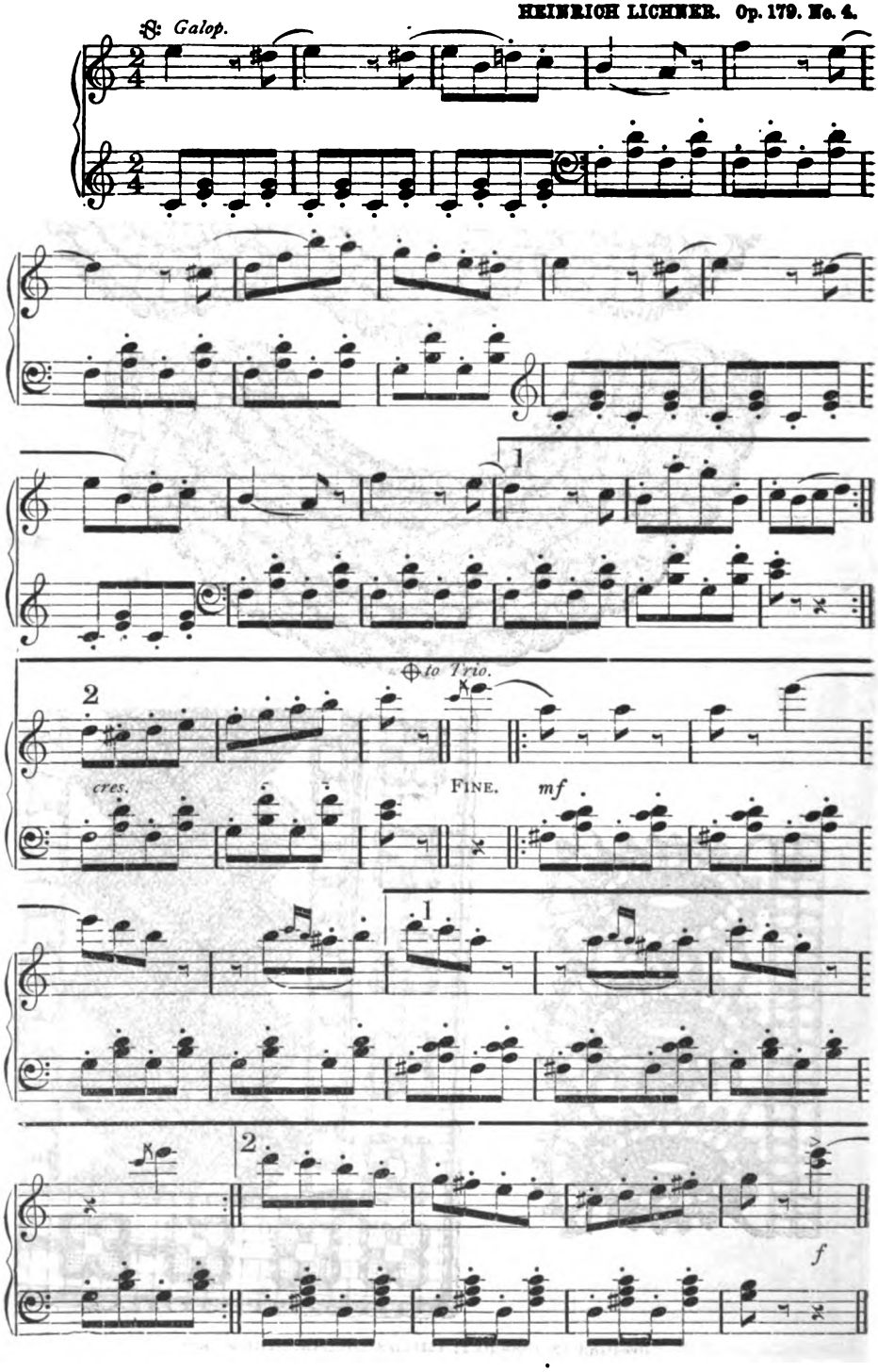






DESIGNS IN CROCHET: CHILD'S COLLAR, STRIPE, Etc.

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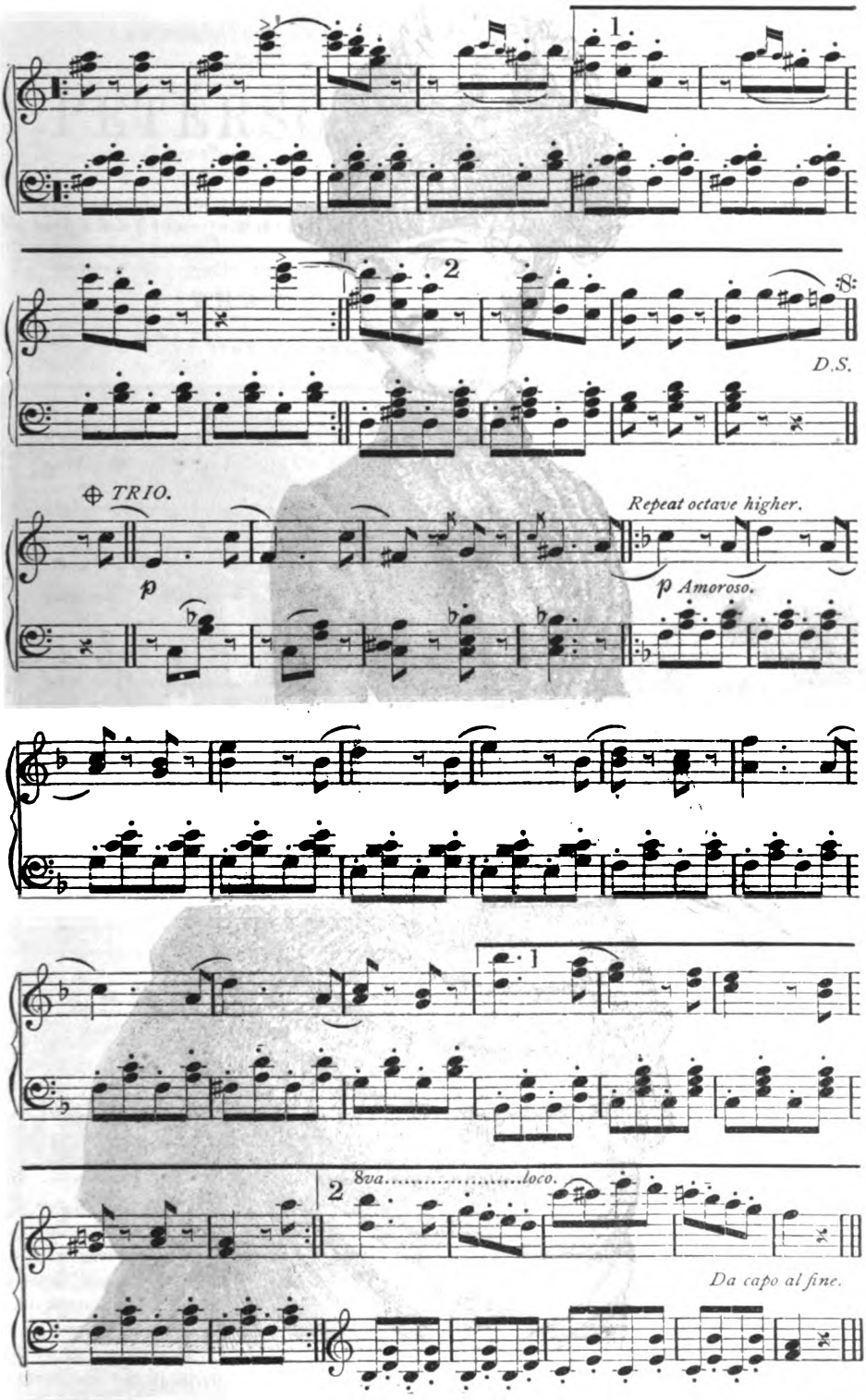
EDNA'S GALOP.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

HEINRICH LICHNER. Op. 179. No. 4.



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SPRING TOILETTE.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXVII. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1885. No. 4.

THAT "HORRID WIDOW."

BY FANNIE ISABELLE SHERRICK.



IT was Stella Durkee that spoke, and, for once, she spoke crossly.

"It is that 'horrid widow' who is monopolizing him," she said. But, though she said this in one sense, she did not say it in another; for she only spoke mentally, as many of us so often do. In fact, while giving thought to this irritable sentence, she was apparently talking to General Sabreur, leaning forward and listening to him with a most charmingly flattering manner.

It was at the hotel at Riverside. She and her mother had come from Los Angelos, where they had been spending the winter; but ever since they had arrived it had been raining incessantly, and there was nothing to be seen, and no society to be had, except what the hotel furnished. Naturally, Stella, who was young and full of spirits, found it rather dull. This evening she had looked forward to, as certain to bring relief, for a sort of ball had been improvised, and all the best young men of the place had been invited. But this was not all. That afternoon there had arrived, at the hotel, the very Mr. Fielding whom Stella had known up among the mountains, and of whom she said to herself, when she heard of it, with a flutter at her heart: "I wonder if he hasn't followed me here."

Yet now he was talking to Mrs. Derring, that "horrid widow," as Stella had called her from the first day; who sat amid the palms, with Mr. Fielding standing beside her. He had merely bowed to Stella across the room. No wonder she was cross! No wonder she fluttered her fan, and

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hardly heard a word the general said, though pretending to listen to him so earnestly! The truth is, her thoughts were with the new arrival, and she was all the time, so to speak, looking at him from out the back of her head.

In spite of the rains, Stella had liked California. She was delighted with the beautiful orange-groves, and she had thought Los Angelos the loveliest city she had ever seen, with its quaint old Spanish streets, its lovely residences on the green hills, and its sublime background of purple mountain-ranges and snow-covered peaks. The old Mission, too, had greatly interested her. But this "horrid widow," since she came to Riverside, even without the rains, made her almost detest the country. She recalled to herself, as she stood listening to the general, what a crusty old bachelor, who had reduced the matter to a science, had said of widows. There were, he maintained, six stages of widowhood:

1.—The dress of black bombazine, very plain; a thick crape veil; a widow's cap; no jewelry, except a jet locket; collar, etc., of crape.

2.—The veil thrown back over the bonnet; a little trimming on dresses; white collar

3.—The cap disappears; a lace veil is worn instead of crape; more trimming.

4.—Dressy mourning of silk, with feathers in bonnet.

5.—Half-mourning—purple and pearl-color.

6.—Lavender, ordinarily, or something like it: but, for balls, even lighter fabrics.

Mrs. Derring had reached the last and most dangerous stage. She was young and pretty, with winning ways; and to-night she was dressed almost like a girl. No one, unless told, would have known she was a widow. She was, at all times, an adept in the art of flattery, and made an open conquest of every man she met. Consequently she was voted horrid by the ladies, and charming by the men.

"If I had my way," said Stella, the morning after the ball, "I would import that most sensible custom of the Hindoos into this country very shortly."

"What custom?" asked her mother, puzzled.

"Why, don't you know? Burning widows on the funeral pyres of their husbands. I'm sure Mrs. Derring would make a splendid bonfire."

"Why, Stella!" Mrs. Durkee cried. "I am shocked."

"Can't help it, ma," said Stella. "If you would pay more attention to your neglected daughter, and less to your ailments," in which, by the bye, Stella, like a good many others, only half believed, "it would be more entertaining to the former. You don't know what is going on in this hotel any more than if you were married to the man in the moon."

Stella made these remarks quite emphatically, but with no hope of working a reform. For she had found out, by a long and somewhat disheartening experience, that her mother was indissolubly wedded to her liver, and her spinal column, and the rest of her disordered organs. She knew it was no use to try to interest her in anything less startling than a new cure for heart-disease, or a patent remedy for indigestion.

Mrs. Durkee had managed to exist quite com-

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fortably during those rainy weeks, for there were at least a dozen chronic invalids in the hotel like herself, and she had spent many delightful hours in pouring into their sympathetic ears the tale of her woes. Indeed, she had written to pa, at New York—for Mrs. Durkee had come to California for her health—that the house was full of such dear delightful ladies; and even Mrs. Derring had completely vanquished her by taking a vivid interest in her latest ailment, and gushingly approving of the hot-water cure. She was quite surprised to know that Stella did not like the place. But Stella was sorry they had left the Sierra Madre Villa, high and dry on its mountain-slope, for this watery hotel stuck exasperatingly in the diluted streets of Riverside. Little she knew of all the workings of her daughter's mind, or of the remembrance Stella had of many a ride up there, and especially of one, when she and her escort had been caught in a shower, the escort being this very Mr. Fielding.

Mrs. Durkee had just finished dressing, with



the help of their maid, while Stella read aloud the latest newspaper, when a knock was heard at the door of their sitting-room. Stella hastened to answer it.

It was Mrs. Derring, who came in with a rush, as she always did, and a little flourish of her war-trumpets.

"Oh, you dear girl, how lovely you are looking," she cried, "and fresh as a blush rose." For Mrs. Derring flattered women as well as men. Flattery was her great weapon. She kissed Stella rapturously, and then turned to the mother.

"And you, Mrs. Durkee—how extremely well for an invalid, and yet how interesting."

Mrs. Durkee, in reply, immediately proceeded to expatiate upon her latest ailment—a severe attack of neuralgia in the night.

"What a very patient sufferer you must be," said the visitor, admiringly. Then, addressing Stella, she said: "But, by the way, Miss Durkee, would you like to take part in some theatricals, next week?"

"Certainly," said Stella, for she knew it would be churlish to refuse.

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Mrs. Derring took her book, containing the comedietta that was to be played, and marked out Stella's lines with a pencil.

"This is the part the committee has chosen for you," she said, sweetly; "a very pretty part—I am sure you will like it."

"Very well," Stella answered, curtly taking the book. "I will look it over."

After a few more explanations, Mrs. Derring withdrew, tossing her small head somewhat airily with its infinitesimal breakfast-cap of lace and lavender ribbons.

"The horrid old hateful thing!" cried Stella, with flashing eyes, when the door had closed on the departing guest. "I just wish I had never seen her."

"Why, Stella, what are you in such a pet about?" asked Mrs. Durkee, looking up with a great surprise at Stella, who had hitherto been a most amiable and good-natured daughter.

"That designing widow has taken the principal part in this play, with Mr. Fielding as the hero. Think of it! You remember, we met him in the mountains; and he has come here: he came last night. Yes, I am left to make love to a crusty old bachelor."

Mrs. Durkee laughed, in spite of herself. She rather enjoyed this novel tantrum of Stella's. It was a diversion, at least.

"I remember Mr. Fielding," she said, "but who is the old bachelor?"

"Why, Mr. Ormsby, that antiquated bald-headed specimen of a gold-mine. It's a wonder her widowed ladyship is not anxious to own him and his mines."

"How can you talk so of Mrs. Derring?" said her mother. "I am sure she is kind-hearted and anxious to please, and not a bit of a fortune-hunter."

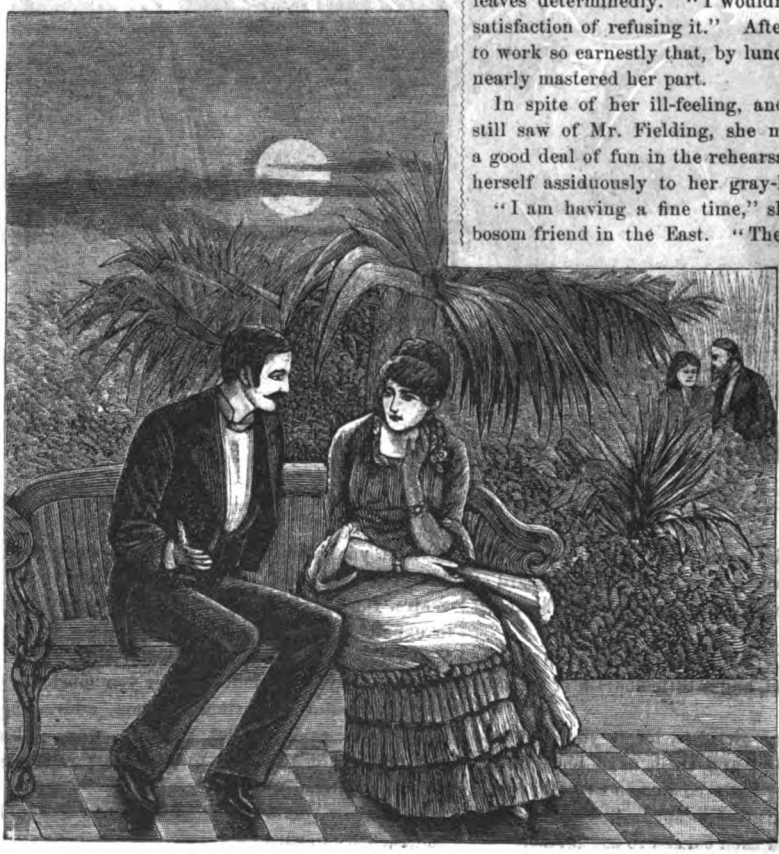
"Oh, yes, ma: of course you would think so. She has only to gush a little over your much-abused vertebræ to make you think her perfectly angelic."

After which speech the usually sympathetic Stella picked up her book with a jerk, and flounced herself into the window-seat.

"I suppose I must learn it," she said, grimly, to herself, biting her red lips, and turning the leaves determinedly. "I wouldn't give her the satisfaction of refusing it." After which she set to work so earnestly that, by lunch-time, she had nearly mastered her part.

In spite of her ill-feeling, and the little she still saw of Mr. Fielding, she managed to find a good deal of fun in the rehearsals, and devoted herself assiduously to her gray-haired cavalier.

"I am having a fine time," she wrote to her bosom friend in the East. "There's a nice old bachelor here, who owns several gold-mines"—might as well put it strong, she said to herself—"in the mountains, and I have played with him in our amateur theatricals. Don't be surprised if you hear of my alliance with a California Crœsus. Pa would be delighted, you



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know. He says I am awfully extravagant, and that ma and I will send him to the poor-house before long."

"I have good news to send," she wrote, a day or two after. "The sun is really shining, and the floods are subsiding. The trains are running as far as Colton, and the stage connects from that latter place, so we can really get out of here, if we want to, only they tell me it is a little dangerous, as yet, fording the Santa Anna. I am not in such a hurry to get away now, though: for, since the clouds have lifted, I catch a glimpse of superb purple mountain-ranges, that fills me with delight."

"Oh, if you could only drive with me on Magnolia Avenue," she wrote, glowingly, a few days subsequently, "you would open your eyes with wonder. Imagine a drive ten miles long, extending through vineyards and fruit-orchards, all pink and white with the peach-bloom and orange-blossom: imagine this drive, past lovely residences, any of which would grace Fifth Avenue, the road lined on either side with magnolias, palms, graceful low-branching pepper-trees and eucalyptus. It surpasses anything I have ever seen." Then Stella put in an orange-blossom and a kiss, and sealed her letter, feeling that dear Flora would never guess, from its contents, what a little heart-ache she had had, sometimes, about Mr. Fielding and the widow.

Stella was not very sorry when her mother announced, one morning, her intention of leaving, in a day or two, for Santa Barbara.

"I really feel as if I must have a breath of sea-air," she said. Stella had silently acquiesced. Somehow this beautiful California spring scarcely seemed to satisfy her, though she felt grateful for the glorious sunshine that steeped the field-poppies in ruddiest gold.

Was it really because of the man she had met, the summer before, in the Yosemite Valley, who had made a fortnight of her life there so happy, yet who deserted her now for a woman whom she declared was ages older than he was? How well she remembered not only their horseback rides, but many a walk also, and especially one, on a certain sunshiny day, in the grand old woods up there. What a handsome fellow he looked, that day, in his knickerbockers. She remembered being almost embarrassed, for the first time in her life, at more than one look he gave her. She remembered toying shyly with the fingers of her long mittens. Were these memories the reason of her sudden dissatisfaction with the marvelously beautiful world she lived in? It would be hard to tell, for girls' hearts are full of strange hieroglyphics, to which few have the key.

Stella was packing her trunk, the next morning, when Mrs. Derring rushed in, fluttering her ribbons in quite a girlish haste. She always affected a youthful simplicity and enthusiasm that exasperated Stella.

"Dear Miss Durkee, here you are at last! I have been looking for you everywhere. Mr. Fielding, Mr. Ormsby, and I are going on the avenue for a drive, and we want you to join our party. Will you?"

"I shall be delighted to go," Stella said, smiling sweetly. She was using Mrs. Derring's weapon quite successfully, she thought: for that lady looked at her with the least little lifting of her eyebrows.

If Mrs. Durkee had been the least observing, it would have amused her to see the politeness wasted between these two mortal enemies; but she took their ceremonious affability in good faith, not seeing the swords'-points sheathed and ready to be drawn at a moment's notice.

"I hate her," Stella said to herself, as she rode in the sunshine, with the scent of the orange-blossoms filling the air, and the white road speeding away under the horses' feet. "The very sight of her dimples and her plump white hands makes me sick." But, spite of her inward qualms, she looked bright and winning, for the soft south-wind brought the roses to her cheeks, and her brown eyes looked saucily defiant. Mr. Ormsby gazed at her in open admiration, and Mr. Fielding regarded her often with a curious smile on his handsome face. It was a smile which did not escape Stella's notice, and it puzzled and half angered her.

She was sitting on the piazza in a flood of white moonlight, that evenning, when Mr. Fielding approached her. Dancing was going on in the parlors; but Stella did not care to dance. She felt tired and listless, and the warm air oppressed her. The spring nights of semi-tropic California are rather trying to a Northern girl used to March winds and snows, as Stella had been all her life.

"May I sit here?" he said, deferentially bowing to her.

"Certainly," she answered, and made room for him on the rustic sofa. She nevertheless wondered how he could leave the widow for even this brief interval.

She chatted pleasantly for awhile, listening dreamily to the music, and inhaling the faint fragrance of the orange-blossoms with an unconscious delight. She was wondering vaguely if she would ever wear them as bridal-flowers, when Mr. Fielding turned to her, with a sudden look of determination in his face.

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"Miss Durkee," he said, "forgive me for what I intend to say to you to-night; but this is my only opportunity."

She looked around, with a startled surprise in her brown eyes; but he did not see it: for a cloud just then passed over the moon, and her face was in shadow for a moment.

"I love you," he said, simply—but oh, with what feeling—"and have loved you, ever since the hour I met you in the mountains. Do you remember the day we got caught in the rain? It was all I could do to keep from speaking then; but I knew you would think it too soon. And another day, when we were walking in the woods. But I have followed you here, to know my fate. May I hope that, at last, my love is not without a return?"

He said it in a grand way that thrilled her, but she shook her head dumbly. She could not answer, for the great sob that rose in her throat. She could not yield her allegiance to a man who had shown himself a flirt. The memory of these past weeks gave her a keen pang. And what did he mean by saying he had followed her to Riverside, when he had come only to flirt with the widow?

He was silent for a moment. Then he took her hand, and bent his head so low, with a sudden swift grace, that she could feel his warm breath on her hair.

"Stella, why not?" His voice had a quick earnestness, and his hand trembled, as it closed over hers. "Why not? Life will be a blank to me when you are gone."

For answer, she rose to her feet and flung away the hand that detained her.

"You forget," she said, "that you still have Mrs. Derring to console you."

There was a tinge of sarcasm in her voice, that did not escape him. A light was beginning to dawn upon him.

He seized her hand again, and firmly but gently forced her back into her seat.

"Mrs. Derring? Why, she is my aunt. She is engaged to Mr. Ormsby," he said, laughing. "The affair was settled last night. You can see them yonder, now, behind those plants: don't they show their relation to each other by their manner? We arranged this little flirtation between us, just to bring him to the point. You see, he is such an obdurate old fellow. But she'll manage him now all right; and he'll be all the happier for having a bright woman to look after his comfort, and to spend his money."

Stella laughed too now. She had glanced toward the lovers, and the look of the millionaire was a thing to laugh at. His aunt! The flirtation a little bit of comedy! She could have shouted, she felt so happy, only her ideas of propriety prevented her being so unladylike.

Mr. Fielding construed the laugh into a tacit admission of something else, and, before she knew it, she found herself laughing and crying, all in a breath, on Mr. Fielding's shoulder.

The next morning, Stella and her mother left the hotel, with a grand flourish of trumpets from Mrs. Derring, who gushed in an inconsolable way over their departure. But Stella forgave her, and managed to accept her kisses with composure. As the prospective wife of Mr. Fielding, she could afford to be magnanimous, even to her enemies; and she acknowledged herself "hors de combat" with a good grace.

"Won't pa be glad," she wrote to her dear Flora, from Santa Barbara, "when he knows I am not to be on his hands much longer? For Mr. Fielding, it seems, owns one of the largest estates in all California. All this time, too, I had thought him a poor man. Oh, Flo, I am so very, very happy. After all, do you know I half believe I owe it all to the Mrs. Derring I told you about in my last letter—that HORRID WIDOW."

A MEMORY.

BY DAVID N. BROOKS.

As yesterday I held a book
  I had not seen since years before—
It kept the unforgotten look
  I knew in days of yore—
  I turned the time-stained pages o'er,
And tears fell on forgotten lays,
  And something fluttered to the floor:
Another relic of old days.
  I saw it with a dim regret—
    A violet.

Ah, me! In happy days long past,
  Another violet bloomed for me.
Death, who so many blossoms hast,
  Say, were there not enough for thee?
Dear as this laid between the leaves,
  From fading influence apart,
So thou, though dead, art still enshrined
  Within the closed book of my heart,
And thy soul's fragrance lingers yet,
    Dead violet.

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AFTERWARD.

BY CATHIE JEWETT.

It was a tiny cottage, old and brown, covered as by a garment with the desolation of decay.

It stood half hidden from the road by a leafless forest of low-growing lilacs.

Close beside it, gaunt rose-bushes tapped their ghostly fingers across the rattling window-sashes.

Loose clapboards flapped in the wind, and ill-hung doors let in the swirling snow and the cutting winter blast.

Inside, a woman sat crouched over a few smoldering embers.

A woman with dark unquiet face and hollow anguished eyes.

On the bed behind her lay a man, or at least a creature in human shape.

Meagre-limbed, huge-headed, a witless being, whose birth had been a crime, and whose life was a disgrace.

He lay gasping and quivering, with rolling eyes and blood-flecked lips.

It was a sight not good to see; yet no human hand could lift the curse born of a mother's sin and shame.

It was no light part of her punishment to stand idly and helplessly by, watching this "thing accursed" writhing in mortal agony.

It was nothing new; she had borne it for long years with the dogged resolution of despair; but to-night the fits grew fiercer, the terrible paroxysms longer and more violent; to-night the willing spirit faltered, for the sorely-tried flesh grew weak.

Suddenly the figure upon the bed ceased its painful contortions.

"Mother," called a voice, that never before had spoken save in thick and tongue-tied accents.

The woman sprang to the bed-side. Her son lay white and still; but the vacant eyes held a glory in their depths, and a smile that told of wisdom beyond reason parted his lips.

So smiling, a swift shadow swept over his face; and, with no struggle, no outcry, his freed soul passed into the great unknown; and Hulda Haddon stood alone with her dead.

She uttered one sharp cry, flinging up her arms with a sudden gesture of horror and despair; then, with the old habit of dumb endurance strong upon her, she took up the burden of life again.

She had no neighbors, no friends, on whom to call in this sad hour.

She was an outcast—a pariah. In life, no kindly hand save her own had ever touched her child; it was meet that, in death, she only should minister to him.

The long hours passed. The fire died away into dull gray ashes.

The keen sharp cold of the early morning cut like a knife; but still the woman watched beside her dead.

Watched with wide eyes, as a swift peace and beauty fell like a mantle over the whitening face.

All that was unsightly, repulsive, passed away, and in place came the awful majesty—the calm silence—of eternal rest.

Even more than this the mother's eager eyes could see; and she wondered with longing and fear and dread if others could read her secret in that quiet face, or learn it from those voiceless lips.

As the cold gray light of morning stole in at the window, she arose, drew the sheet over the marble face, and went into an adjoining room.

How lonely it seemed! For long years her witless son had been her constant companion, her care, her incentive to action; the ever-present visible reminder of that early sin, that had blighted both their lives.

Now, in the silence and the loneliness, she realized that a burden was lifted—that somewhere a life uncursed by crime might be possible to her; and, realizing it, she went back to that motionless form, and cried out with yearning tenderness:

"My son! My son!"

He was the one human being who had loved her, whose eyes had been mercifully blinded to her degradation.

In their way they had been quietly happy; now all that was over.

Later in the day, she went to the proper authorities and gave notice of the death of her child.

People said she took it calmly: was doubtless glad that such an encumbrance was lifted from her shoulders.

They wondered if she would go away—now that she could do so alone—and try to be somebody, where she was not known.

People were not hard-hearted: no one had

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ever judged her so harshly as she herself had done.

She had never asked forgiveness, sympathy, or even toleration.

She had simply taken herself away from everybody, and, with patient endurance, had lived her isolated life—suffered her self-imposed penance.

This latest trial did not change her.

To all offers of help or kindly companionship, she returned one unvarying answer: "Thank you; but I need nothing, and am best alone."

"I wonder," said one and another, "if she will keep her still tongue to the end?" For be it known that this woman's disgrace had never been shared.

It was her own, and she alone had borne it.

Twenty years before, when this blight first fell upon her fair fame, she was the prettiest girl for miles around.

No merrier dancer ever tripped through a reel, or shook her gay ribbons and dainty muslins to the tune of "Money Musk" or "Fisher's Hornpipe."

She was everywhere accounted a beauty and a belle.

There were matrons in the village—comely women, beautiful with the bloom of maturity—that remembered her the last time she ever laughed and danced, a light-hearted girl.

It was one May night, years ago. She wore a gay chintz dress, with little red-heeled slippers, and red roses in her hair.

She was like a rose herself, with her flashing eyes and her scarlet cheeks.

When young Squire Lermond led her out for the Virginia reel, everyone said that a handsomer couple it would be hard to find.

Then came sly whispers, strange stories, wonderment, dismay, and the beautiful girl was never seen again.

After a time, a faded woman, with a foolish child, took her blighted life and her living shame into the old Barton cottage, and there made a scanty living for herself and son from the sale-work that everywhere abounded.

With silent lips and busy fingers she fought fate; and whoever shared her guilty secret escaped its punishment.

It was the custom of the place that all the dead should sleep that "sleep that knows no waking" in God's own acre, behind His house of prayer.

Within that sacred threshold was no pride of rank or station; but rich and poor alike took their last journey from the same resting-place.

It was but a step from the altar to the grave, and that step this child of shame would take with the same pomp and state that the proudest knew.

The day of the funeral, the church was crowded.

Doubtless there were tender and pitiful hearts among the many gathered there; but the overlying and underlying emotion was curiosity.

How would this mother, whose bereavement was a blessing, mourn her dead?

Would she not, at the last, give some word or sign by which the mystery of years would be solved?

All the villagers were there: even Squire Lermond was seen in his cushioned pew.

Many wondered that he had come: for it could not but be painful for him to see the cheap coffin, the lowly dead, where, such a little time before, his own loved ones had rested.

Perhaps trouble had softened his heart.

He came of a proud race—high-spirited and haughty; but, for all his wealth and position, sorrow had not passed him by.

Three noble boys, as they reached early manhood, had passed, feet foremost, over the threshold of the little church, and had come back no more.

Less than a year before, his beautiful stately wife had gone the way of all the earth, and in the place of her rosewood casket, heavy with platings of silver, stood the common pine coffin that covered this meaner clay.

The pastor's words were solemn and impressive, as the burial-service ever is, and forever must be.

Then one and another went forward to look at the quiet sleeper.

Something the face had never worn in life struck them with a vague intangible sense of recognition.

Death had sanctified, glorified, wrought in it a miracle of change; but only the mother read the secret thereof.

As she tottered forward for the last look, the last farewell, a breathless silence fell upon the congregation.

In the hush that followed, Squire Lermond arose, and walked heavily down the aisle.

At the woman's side he stopped.

"Hulda Haddon," said he, in a voice shaken by emotion, "Hulda, have you nothing to say to all these people?

"They have gathered here to learn your secret; now is the time to break your long silence; and this is a fitting place. It is not well that your child goes nameless to his grave."

The woman seemed to shrink and shrivel at his words; her eyes grew wide and dark with anguish.

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A thrill of indignant pity swept through the house.

The squire was a great man in the village, unused to having his words or actions called in question; but this torture of a helpless woman at such a time moved the hardest heart.

One or two women began to sob.

All felt shamed at the curiosity which had made this scene possible.

The pastor stepped to the front of the desk, and would have spoken; but the squire's imperious gesture stopped him.

"I have something to say to this woman," said he, "and this is the place to say it.

"A bitter wrong has been done. Hulda Haddon, I call upon you, in the name of right and justice, by the memory of your dead child, to denounce the coward who has shamed his manhood all these years by leaving you to bear alone the infamy of his crime.

"This injustice calls for vengeance: what have you to say?"

The woman's white lips moved; but no sound passed them.

"Speak!" cried the squire, something like entreaty marking his tone.

Still speechless, she shook her head; but her face was as colorless as the one inside the coffin.

Then, to the astonishment of everyone, the squire stepped nearer and took her hand.

"Neighbors," said he, in a broken voice, "neighbors that have been friends, this woman's guilt is my own.

"In past times you have sorrowed with me, not knowing that my punishment was less than my deserts.

"Out from this house I have followed my wife and three well-beloved children; to-day, my first-born lies dead.

"Years ago, I loved and wronged his mother.

"She was my betrothed, and I betrayed her; fearing the wrath of man more than the judgment of God, I obeyed my father, and deserted her; from that day to this, I have hidden my weakness behind her woman's strength.

"Because I refused her justice, she would take nothing at my hands; and yet, at any time, revenge has been possible to her. At any time she might have compelled reparation; for she has never lacked proof of my perjury.

"In another State we were published, and the marriage-license bought.

"Hulda, where is it now?"

Silently she pointed to the coffin.

He bent above it reverently, and from the shrouded breast drew a paper, yellow with age.

"This," said he, handing it to the pastor, "is the written intention of marriage between James Lermond and Hulda Hadden.

"It is many years old, legally outlawed and worthless; but we stand to-day before a higher tribunal than that of earth.

"I would go with my wife to the grave of our son; later on will be time enough for legal formalities; now I pray you to waive them all, and marry us at once."

At the foot of the coffin he fell upon his knees and bowed his head.

At a sign from him, the pallid woman dropped at his side.

Then through the silent church the pastor's voice rang out.

It was soon over, that solemn service that made an outcast a wife, and that marked a sinner's late repentance.

The squire arose. He had taken, in his honorable middle-age, the burden of a long-repudiated and youthful crime.

He was a proud man, and the ordeal had been to him a terrible one.

Even in this little time, the furrows had deepened in his face—his old dignified carriage had lost something of its haughtiness; but he stooped tenderly to lift his wife to her rightful place.

Then a quick cry of horror rang through the church.

His late remorse was unavailing; his reparation was all too long delayed.

At the sinner's feet the sinned-against lay—dead.

NO CROSS, NO CROWN.

BY JANE L. JONES.

Little crosses—little crowns,
Gloom or gladden every day;
Stepping-stones the crosses are,
Crowns—the mile-stones on the way!

Hard-won crowns of self-denial,
Crowns of hope and faith combined;
Crowns of love, and crowns of patience,
Light the crosses of mankind.

Christian, when the journey's ended,
From thy shoulders bent and sore,
God will lift the cross, and bid thee
Wear a crown for evermore.

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THE LOST ARIADNE.

BY MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD, AUTHOR OF "A TRANSPLANTED ROSE."

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 250.

CHAPTER XV.

SYCAMORE BRIDGE is a small place, and everyone knew where Miss Huntingman lived. So Levison Lewis had no difficulty in finding the neat and pretty place behind the elm-trees, where his love and life were hidden. He had not written to ask for leave to come: for something told him that he should be refused.

For refused he did not mean to be. No! Levison Lewis had found his real manhood at last. Even he had not known before how masterful he could be.

Miss Huntingman came down to see him. She greeted him with a stiff manner, a Puritan reserve which chilled the marrow of his bones.

"I am sorry, Mr. Lewis," said she, after he had asked for Miss Williams, "I am sorry, but my friend refuses to see you."

"But, Miss Huntingman, she must see me. If you will take the trouble to listen to me, I am sure you will believe that I have a right to see her."

"She will see no one that she does not wish to see, while in my house," answered Miss Huntingman, stiffly.

"But I am her affianced husband—the man who has a right to protect her, and who wishes to reinforce that right by giving her his name."

"She gives you back the right," said Miss Huntingman.

"I will not take it, Miss Huntingman. I have been, heretofore, but an idler—a man without a purpose. But the moment that I met Ottilie, I became a better creature; and, since all has been revealed to me—since her latest best friend turns upon her, and calls her a thief, and believes that she could steal and sell a ring, I believe in her all the more, and I feel that I, Levison Lewis, can work, and can take care of her, if she will give me the right."

"Well, my friend," said Catharine, her muscles about the nose giving a friendly twitch, in spite of herself, "you talk like a man. I didn't know you had so much—backbone—in you. I thought you could do nothing but play in private theatricals. I will go and ask Ottilie if she will see you."

In a few minutes, Levison heard a light footfall on the stair—how well he knew it—and he stood with open arms, as the woman whom he loved so well opened the door. Ah, how changed she was. Great circles of black surrounded the eyes. The face was pale and haggard. The long hair hung disheveled over a white peignoir. She had not stopped to make a toilette.

Levison clasped her in his arms, and kissed the pale lips again and again. But she broke away.

"I have been very ill, Levison," she said, "and this—this must be ended."

"My darling—ended? It has but just begun. What was my love, whispered in cosy drawing-rooms, at the first, what was that to the love which I feel now for Alice Fastnesse—the child of misfortune, the victim of plot and misapprehension, and the—"

"Child of ill-luck," said Alice, leaning her face in her hands. "Levison, do not try to win me back. I love you too much to listen to you. I could not drag you into such a life as mine must be. From the day my father married again, I have been always pursued by misfortune. My step-mother hated me. When my little brother was born, and she saw that I loved the baby, she relented a little; but when he was seven years old, and she entrusted him to me for an afternoon walk, and when, that night, he died, poisoned by some chocolate-drops, which I had taken off the sideboard and had ignorantly given him, what could she think but that I had murdered him—particularly as he stood between me and my inheritance? That was the first misfortune. Then came the loss of her jewels, and, as I had left the house hurriedly, unable to bear the horror of her suspicions, I was accused of stealing those. You know about the dreadful trial—I will not recapitulate. Then my flight to the West, and the persecution of that man Hanson—you have heard a little of it—a Mormon who wished to marry me, and who still keeps such a watch of me that he knows that I am here—see a letter received to-day. And, greater than all, the network which now surrounds me, in regard to Mrs. Satterlie's ring. She has caused Mr. Atchison to write to me that I was traced to Joachim's shop, and that the ring has turned up there. She even has insulted me by saying that if I will confess,

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nothing will be said about it. Joachim refuses to send me my watch, with my mother's portrait in it. It is all too much. Innocence does me no good. I cannot escape. I am a doomed creature." She sobbed and sobbed.

"Alice," said he, for he determined to call her by that name now and ever, "this is unworthy of you—of your own good sense. You have had great misfortunes, a combination of circumstances has been woven like a network about you. But, but, is it nothing, that I love you?"

She shook her head.

"You would not love me long. I should not love you. I should think that you were trying to forgive me—to simply learn of a palliation of my crimes. I should hate you, as I did Hugh McLagen, because you would look at me with compassion. I cannot bear to be pitied."

"Alice! It is not yourself who speaks. It is a morbid sick girl, one who needs a friend, a nurse, a comforter, a lover," and he held out his arms to her. But she shrank from him.

"This must be ended, dear," said she, quite herself once more. "It is because I love you—I love you. For the first time, I, the miserable Alice Fastnesse, love, love, love—"

She lingered over the word, as a condemned criminal over his last prayer.

"It is because I love you so much, that I will not marry you. I will not drag you down. I will not listen to you more. Farewell. Yes, it is an eternal farewell."

Levison Lewis began again to remonstrate. But he was cut short by the quick decisive step of Miss Catharine, entering the room.

"My dear girl, you have had excitement enough," said the latter. "Mr. Lewis, the best thing for both of you is to part now. If she will not let you write to her, you shall write to me. I never had a love-letter in my life. Supposing you write to me a few of those epistles which you would like to write to this young woman."

"Oh, Miss Catharine!" said Ottilie. "I beg that you will send him away. Tell him from me that I love him—but that I am not strong—"

Levison Lewis bowed before her, and took her pale hands in his.

"Tell her, Miss Huntingman," said he, "that I will go, if she will promise not to release the heart which loves her from its oath of fealty."

So, through their dear and strong friend, these two sorely-tried lovers took a temporary farewell, and Levison Lewis traveled back to Newport.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mr Atchison saw much of Mrs Satterlie, and began to think that, after all, no matter what Hannah would say, that he should really—well, some day, he would propose. She had been wonderfully sweet and very confidential. He was quite sure that, with the certain detection of the veiled female who sold Joachim the ring, and who was no doubt Ottilie Williams—she would confess in time—Mrs. Richardson would acknowledge that she was mistaken, and that the ring would come back. Then—he should offer a plain gold one—

"And now, Amy," said he, quite confidentially, as they took the ocean-drive, "you must tell me who gave you the much-prized sapphire—Mr. Satterlie, I suppose?"

To his astonishment, Amy burst into tears.

They were down at a lonely point, and no carriages were in sight. Evidently Amy was on the point of going into hysterics—a state of things which Mr. Atchison disapproved of highly.

"Ah, dear friend," said she, wiping her eyes, "you have been so kind—that I must tell you everything—you see—I have had my little romance. Tilton Huntingman gave me that ring, and, for a time, we were engaged. Then he disapproved of me in some ways. I was obstinate and angry, and we parted. Both of us, I do believe, love each other. I certainly love him better than I shall ever love any other man. He, until—within a year—loved—me, I am sure—he always was standing waiting for emcouragement. Then this English girl came in—"

Mr. Atchison turned extremely pale. He remembered that his rector—the man whom he looked up to and revered—had come to him, the week before he sailed, and had told him that there were reasons—deeper reasons than ill-health, although that was reason enough, why he should have to go away, and that feelings which he supposed buried had begun to have sway.

Yes, there was no doubt Amy loved the rector, and the rector loved her. His course was plain before him. His moral course might have been plain enough. But just as he was about to speak, the wagon struck a huge stone, he had not seen, went over, and then—nothing.

When he came to himself—for his head had struck on the stone—Amy and the groom were throwing some sea-water in his face.

"Are you hurt, Amy?" he asked.

"Not in the least, but you are," said she, with the greatest tenderness. Such tenderness, that it almost made him forget what she had said.

"No, I think not. Certainly not much," he answered, bravely. But, when he tried to stand, he found himself dizzy and unable to walk.

The groom was despatched for an easy barouche, and, making up a temporary couch of cushions

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and rugs, Mrs. Satterlie sat down by the road-side, taking the wounded head in her lap.

Mr. Atchison was the first to speak.

"Amy," said he, "what you have told me has surprised me greatly. But I have to tell you that I believe the rector loves you so much that he is dying for love of you. I received, before he left for India, a confidence from him—I did not then think it meant you—before he went away. Now, promise me that you will recall him, and promise to be his wife. Amy, it will be a nobler life than that which you are leading now. You will play a better part."

"Indeed, Mr. Atchison," said the amateur queen, "I never wish to see another green-room, since that dreadful night when I was obliged to denounce Ottilie Williams—indeed, I do not; but I cannot explanain to Tilton."

"Then I shall do it," said Mr. Atchison, "and, Amy, bend over and kiss me. Whatever happens to me—remember, I was friend to you both."

She did, just in time: for the barouche came in sight, and Mr. Atchison was lifted in.

The next day, Hugh McLagen dined with Mrs. Satterlie. Beautiful always, everyone remarked, that day, that she was supremely lovely. There was coming to her a period of mental rest and happiness. Her late attack of mental irritability was being soothed away. She was more satisfactory and less inexplicable. Levison Lewis, who also dined with her, found her humble, forgiving, almost affectionate.

After dinner, the two men talked, not of the woman whom they both loved, but of her.

"Generous and grand, I should say," said Hugh McLagen.

"Well, that is as it may be. If she ever finds her master, she may be subdued to obedience. But she thinks—no wonder—that it is her right to receive all. She claims a queen's place. There is much of the arbitrariness of self-will about Mrs. Satterlie."

"It makes a very fascinating mixture. By the way. Mr. Lewis, I have brought a letter to your mother, from some English friends. Where shall I find her?"

"My mother is at Lenox, with my little sister. We have a box on that romantic hill-top. I hope you will allow me to take you there, next week."

"I should be very glad, if some business which I have here will permit me."

How Levison Lewis wanted to say: "Is the business your flirtation with Mrs. Richardson?" for he felt an absurd jealousy that any man who ever had loved Alice Fastnesse should flirt with a Mrs. Richardson. Between him and Hugh McLagen there was, however, a wall, a silence, a bit of impassable river—something which held them both to the most external observance of courtesy and ceremony.

"I have written to the rector," said Mr. Atchison, as Amy sat reading to him, one afternoon, while he lay on his couch, slowly recovering. "It will be six weeks before we hear."

A rush of joy went through Mrs. Satterlie's delicate figure, like an electric stroke. Every nerve and fibre quivered. He would then have the great elixir of life—that of knowing himself beloved by her. She who had loved him long, silently, too proud to yield, too self-willed to grant the slightest concession. At that moment, she seemed to have drunk of some full intoxicating cup. "How good you are," she said.

She went home to dress for Mrs. Richardson's great dinner, in a delicious dream.

Her maid had orders to get out her prettiest things, and put before her the slippers with the diamond buckles, which she had not seen since the fatal night in the green-room, when she had charged Ottilie Williams with theft.

They brought back a rush of disagreeable feeling. She could not put them on.

Then came the delightful dream back. "He loves me—he does not love her," and she said:

"Felicité, I will put them on. Bring them back."

As she put her delicate foot into the right slipper, she uttered a loud shriek; and, when her maid asked eagerly what was the matter, she declared that she was stabbed, and threw the slipper in air.

When out dropped—the lost Ariadne!

Yes, there it was—the ring she had accused Ottilie of stealing. And then memory, reluctant, like a faithless housemaid, came back and told her that she had dropped the ring there herself, into the toe of the slipper, as it stood on her table. She, saying the lines of her part, had done it mechanically, and had forgotten all about it.

Alas! alas! for Mrs. Satterlie. What would Tilton say to her? Would he forgive her for this last stab to the friendless hunted creature whom he had confided to her charge?

Yes, here was the ring—the hated, the fateful sapphire, of which Castellani had said, that it had brought "ill-luck to everybody," for the twin rings had both been sold with the same legend.

Alas! Just as she had sacrificed everything for his love—just as she had measured out, with full hand, the largesse she would give him, she saw, as in a vision, his stern pale unforgiving face, as he asked her whether she had been true to her charge.

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She put her hands over her face and wept aloud. Felicité was too accomplished a maid to notice this change of mood. She went into the dressing-room and closed the door.

Mrs. Satterlie took no note of time. The dinner-party was forgotten. A horse's hoofs, coming hastily up to her cottage-door, alone aroused her.

The page came in with a tender little leaflet of a note, written evidently in great haste. It was from Mrs. Richardson, saying they had waited a half-hour for her, and would she not come, as something had transpired about the lost ring.

She bathed her eyes, and wondered if she had been dreaming. Felicité dressed her hastily. She put on the sapphire intaglio, determined to make a clean breast of it.

When she entered the drawing-room, making a thousand excuses, no one saw how red her eyes were, and they were all too full of the recovery of Mrs. Richardson's sapphire to notice her.

"We owe it all to Mr. Atchison," said Mr. Richardson, apologetically. "I hope you will not be too much disappointed, dear Mrs. Satterlie, but it is Mrs. Richardson's ring. The veiled woman who sold it proved to be a discharged maid of ours—Hortense. Beverley Stockton found it in a piece of nougat, at our dinner. By the way, poor Miss Ottilie Williams handed it to him—so Hortense says—and he, you know, has lost his life—drowned—so we must take her word for it. But Mr. Atchison saw Hortense and Beverley Stockton bathing together frequently, and he thought it over, and somehow—he is a very remarkable man—he put the detectives on the scent, and they have found out—they find out everything, you know."

Mr. Richardson was not very clear; but he would have gone on forever, he was so pleased that his wife had found the ring.

Mrs. Satterlie stopped him by holding out her finger. On it was the replica of his wife's ring.

"I found it just now, in the toe of my slipper," said she, "the slipper which I wore on the night of the private theatricals at the Casino."

She looked across the table at Levison Lewis and at Hugh McLagen, the two who knew, alas! how cruelly unjust she had been. But it was the latter who chivalrously came to her rescue, by turning the conversation.

"Your chef is an admirable one," he said, addressing Mrs. Richardson. "And he makes all this sugar-work, does he? And it was helping him to the construction of the work, on a similar temple to this, that you lost the ring? Really, very interesting. I should like to see this artist. Why, you know, in England, we take people into our club-kitchens and introduce them to the chef. I have done that myself, at the Junior United Service."

But Mrs. Richardson did not like this diversion.

"Will you go to the picnic to-morrow, Mrs. Satterlie?" she said, ostentatiously, turning her back on him. "Ballantyne is very anxious that you should come. As it is the last one this summer, he intends to make it very charming. Mrs. Stacy and I receive for him."

"I am going up in the country, to see Ottilie and Miss Huntingman," said Mrs. Satterlie. "I start to-morrow."

This produced a little sensation, and Mrs. Appleby looked at Mrs. Davenport. It had been thought by these ladies that Ottilie had been sent off "in a huff," as Mrs. Appleby expressed it, because she had played so much better than Mrs. Satterlie did. But none of them suspected what had really happened.

"I wish you would let me go with you," said Levison Lewis, later, to Mrs. Satterlie.

"No," said she, in a low tone. "I am going alone, to throw myself on my knees before that girl. My apology shall be as humble as my offense was rank."

"You are a generous woman, Mrs. Satterlie."

"I am a horribly quick-tempered and ungovernable one," said she, sadly.

When the party of gentlemen met her at the Wickford boat, Hugh McLagen showed her a London paper just received.

"Most important news for Miss Fastnesse," said he. "Take up this paper to her." And he pointed out a death-notice:

"MARGARET CHOULDNES, second wife to Rupert Fastnesse, Esq., at Combe Fastnesse, on July 25th, in the fiftieth year of her age."

"Tell her," said this constant friend, "that I am working in her service."

They chatted on around her, as she put the paper in her pocket. "What is it you are all talking of?" she asked, looking up at last.

"Quite an event on the avenue, last night. Mrs. Richardson got her ring just in time," is the reply.

"There was a burglary," said Ballantyne, offering Mrs. Satterlie some superb roses, which she received smilingly. "Too bad of you, by the way, to thus run away from my picnic," he added.

"But you have not told me about the burglary?" said Mrs. Satterlie, as the boat began to move off.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE Reverend Tilton Huntingman was getting tired of warm climates. He had arrived at

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Ceylon, to which sunny isle he had gone to do honor to the shade of Reginald Heber; he had been up to the mountains; he had seen Adam's Peak; he had visited the old Buddhist temples.

He had bought cat's-eyes, with their shifting light, moon-stones, and star-stones, for his friends at home, and he was thinking of buying some sapphires which a native dealer offered him very cheap; but he remembered, with a sigh, that the last sapphire which he offered at her shrine had not brought him much favor with the woman whom he loved. It was an intaglio, he remembered, bought in Rome, that last one. No, he would buy no more sapphires.

He had now come down to Colombo, an English colony, whence steamers departed and came from England, Marseilles, Hamburg, Trieste, Calcutta, Bombay, and China; and he found himself glad to see gas-lamps, and well-paved streets, and a clean comfortable city once more.

Here he was to meet his letters, and hence he was to start for home.

Somehow he had been thinking much of Catharine, much of Ottilie, and oh! how much of Amy. He had heard all about the Levison Lewis trouble, and Amy's performance of her part of the contract to protect that poor girl, when Mrs. Levison Lewis had requested her to leave.

"How generous and how good she was. Would she ever—"

Well, that was a dream in which he dared not indulge.

When he got to his hotel, he found his letters. One was from Catharine. It told him the miserable story of the loss of the ring, the accusation made by Mrs. Satterlie, and of the retreat of Ottilie to Sycamore Bridge.

The other was from Mr. Atchison, and it gave him what would have been the welcome assurance, if he had read it first, of Amy's love.

How quickly a cup can be dashed from the lips. He felt, for a moment, that he could never care for Amy Satterlie again—that her love had come too late. He did not reason that he had known Alice Fastnesse and her story before he saw much of her. He forgot that she had then been in his house as a daughter almost. He went down to the Indian Ocean, over which blew those spicy breezes of which the good bishop sings in the familiar hymn, and, tearing Mr. Atchison's letter into a thousand pieces, he threw it out to sea, and after them he very foolishly threw a valuable cat's-eye, which he had intended to put, some day, amongst Amy's jewels.

He walked up and down the pier, sat on a pile of artificial stone, wondered why the English spent so much money on their harbors, and then walked back to his hotel, to learn to his annoyance that his steamer would not sail for three days.

Three days! It was an eon of time. Heretofore, in the sleepy air of the oldest of nations, three thousand years had seemed to him but as a moment. There was nothing, however, to do but to wait.

And, as he looked at Catharine's letter again, he found that it was a very old letter. It had traveled all over the East—which is a large place—for him.

The next day he got a much younger letter. It had traveled fast and quickly. It was from Amy. It told of the finding of the ring, and of her bitter, bitter repentance. This he did not tear and throw into the sea. But he walked out, sought the native jewel-merchant, and bought of him another cat's-eye.

After all, the Reverend Tilton Huntingman was mortal, like the rest of us.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Hanson had never been a Mormon. He had never, so the heads of power at Salt Lake City wrote to Mr. Robarts Ives, been their agent. That was all his own fable, gotten up to deceive Bessie, and that he might reach the woman for whom he had conceived so powerful a passion. He was simply a rascal on his own hook, and, finding himself thwarted in his attempt at abducting the girl, he had gone back to his old profession, and had become, through the curious logic of circumstances, a groom to Ballantyne.

Beverley Stockton, who hired the grooms and other retainers of this profuse service during his term of toadyism, had thus become acquainted with Hanson; and, at an early period of the summer, had found out all about Ottilie and her history. Hortense, an old servant with Hanson at Combe Fastnesse, had joined the confederacy, and had been, at the last, Stockton's agent in selling Mrs. Richardson's ring. No one knew whether Stockton had promised Hanson to help him carry off Miss Williams, but there were those who suspected that a quarrel on that subject had led to Stockton's death.

All this unknown and unexpected coil of circumstances had baffled Mr. Robarts Ives.

He was looking for a Mormon, when he should have been looking for a groom, who drove past him every day on the avenue at Newport. But the death of Mrs. Fastnesse, and a certain warrant from Scotland Yard, had determined Hugh McLagen to strike a blow which he had been waiting to strike for weeks—nay, months.

He and Mr. Robarts Ives had been very pa-

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tiently weaving their meshes about the unlucky Dubœuf, who, had he known what was coming, might have thrown a little convenient arsenic into those plats which Mr. McLagen had praised.

When an official walked into his cottage and pronounced the name Fromentin, Dubœuf turned whiter than the whitest pulverized sugar, and gave himself up at once, only asking time to kiss his poor deformed Jeanne.

It was he who had poisoned the chocolates which Alice had ignorantly given to poor little Rupert. He did it, not to poison the child, but to poison his mistress, whom he hated, and whose diamonds he and Hortense had looked upon with longing eyes.

Turning out so disastrously, however, in the main intent, it had occurred to this worthy pair to remain at Combe Fastnesse after Alice disappeared. Thus the two crimes were charged to her—the murder and the theft: for the diamonds went to London by another hand.

Mr. Fastnesse was entirely under his wife's influence; and, when she asserted that no other person could have been criminal in this transaction but his daughter, he was powerless. Alice had a trial—it can be read to-day in the "Causes Célèbre"—with no friend but her rejected lover, Hugh McLagen, to stand by her against the scorn, the horror, and the shame. She was acquitted: for there was no evidence to convict her; but, as she had said: "Such a trial and such an acquittal were worse than a condemnation!"

Had the servants been then and there arrested, all would have gone well. But this, Mrs. Fastnesse had forbidden; and it was proved that Alice had bought some chocolate bonbons in London, a few days before the death of little Rupert. On that point, no inquiry had been made. The arrest of Hortense, who had been proved to be dishonest in the family of Mr. Richardson, was the first success of Mr. Robarts Ives. The arrest of Fromentin was the second. But the worst criminal of all, Hanson, so far escaped them.

Until he was caught, Alice Fastnesse was not safe. He had shown great cunning—marvelous resource. They tracked him by his anonymous letters: and Mr. Atchison began to suspect, after the burglary at Joachim's, that he was nearer to them than Utah.

It was Miss Catharine, however, who had the honor of out-doing all the detectives.

Of course, in the propitiatory expiatory visit of Mrs. Satterlie to Sycamore Bridge, there had been much conversation, and many dropped threads were picked up. Three women can do much talking in three days, and it was on the morning of the third that Alice produced a letter from Hanson, saying that he had become, by an accident, the possessor of her watch. He added that he "should come to Miss Catharine's cottage that evening, and that, if she wished to see it again, she must see him, and see him alone." There was nothing in the letter to condemn him, even if he were arrested, and it was written in a hand different from that of the anonymous letters. But, then and there, Mrs. Satterlie remembered the burglary. Of course, Mrs. Satterlie and Alice were frightened. Of course, they were for having the cottage surrounded by a cordon of armed villagers; and there would have been an instant rush for the telegraph-wire.

But Miss Catharine laid a strong hand on both. "Now," said she, "leave this to me. I feel that I have been but an humble factor in your history, my dear. Now, I am to become the Fouché of the period. My gentleman is about to walk into the veriest trap that he ever dreamed of. He thinks Sycamore Bridge is a remote spot, and that he can frighten two lone women. Now keep quiet. I shall walk down the street and see Ezra this morning, who is deputy-sheriff, and this evening I shall borrow your foolish arrangement of lace and ribbons, Alice, to put over my head. On second thought, I will put on your wadded bedizened tea-gown. Yes, I am about to become frivolous. Do you and Amy Satterlie keep quiet and go to bed. No matter if you hear me shriek. I shall merely do it to keep up appearances."

Nine o'clock found the three women nervous. No one had come. Miss Catharine sent her servant to bed, went upstairs, and dressed herself in Alice's gown. Then she locked Amy and Alice tremblingly into the best bed-room. After this, she descended, put out all the lights, shut up her house, and sat down to wait in a dreary and ghastly moonlight, which partly revealed to her the loneliness about her.

She remembered that a train went through Sycamore Bridge at twelve, and she rightly judged that Hanson's visit would be late.

It was indeed nearly eleven when she heard the steps of two men on her neat gravel-walk. They came up and tried the front door, which was locked. Then they went around to a long window on the piazza. At this they worked for some time; finally opened it and jumped in, striking a match as they did so. Miss Catharine allowed them to go to her dining-room, where a silver tea-pot had been temptingly left out. One of the men bagged it.

"Let that alone; that ain't the game I'm after," said Hanson.

At that moment, a tall veiled figure opened the door, and said, in a whisper:

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"Hanson, have you brought the watch?"

"Now, then! catch her," said Hanson, springing toward her.

At this moment, the veiled figure gave a loud shriek. The two men muffled the head quickly, which was exactly what Miss Catharine wished them to do, and, each taking an arm, hurried that respectable old maid out of her own house, and down the village street.

She pretended to faint. She resisted. She tried to scream. But in vain. She was abducted.

They carried her to the railway-station, where one drowsy overworked boy, the sole custodian, had gone to sleep, and they deposited their kicking struggling burden on a bench.

"We shall have to tie her feet, I'm thinking," said Hanson.

"No, you won't. I am troubled with the rheumatism," said Miss Catharine, throwing off the shawl.

Never did she get over the pride and delight of her heart, when she saw, by his own lantern, Hanson's disappointment at finding whom he had abducted.

Ezra, the deputy-sheriff, and his men, crawled out from under the platform at this moment, and, seizing the two burglars from behind, soon pinioned them with ropes which had been hastily unwound from the clothes-lines.

"Feel in his pocket for a watch," said Miss Catharine, removing the Spanish mantilla from her gray head.

"Hanson, you are guilty of burglary twice: the stealing of a watch and the abducting of a female. Yes, you have abducted me. It will give you twenty years behind stone walls, I suspect."

And Miss Catharine, who had no great sense of humor, was yet so amused at her own abduction, that she laughed out loud, and for almost the first time, let us record, in her whole career.

She took the watch, and walked off alone up the village street, home, quite satisfied as she saw the two ruffians carried off to the jail. Before she left the group, however, she paused, and said: "I wish it was a safer old place, that jail, Ezra: you had better sit up all night and watch these villains."

"Yes'm, we was goin' to," said Ezra, with true Yankee phlegm.

"Ring down the curtain—the play is ended," said Amy Satterlie, as Miss Catharine handed Alice her watch and told her story.

"You are a heroine, if ever there was one," said she to Catharine.

"No, I am not," said that lady. "I simply have common sense, which you and Tilton never did have, and I never was afraid of anything in my life."

"Weren't you afraid they would kill you?" asked Alice, throwing her trembling arms around her preserver.

"No, my dear. They certainly would not hurt me, if I were Alice Fastnesse, you know; and, as soon as they found out who I was, they lost all interest in me. And then I did not throw off the shawl until I saw Ezra's red head emerging from under the platform. And now let us go to bed and sleep soundly till morning."

After Fromentin and Hortense had been safely despatched to England, to await their trial there, and after Hanson had been thoroughly tucked away in a safer place than the Sycamore jail, Hugh McLagen and Levison Lewis paid a visit to Lenox. The October woods were at their brightest. It was the most glorious late lingering autumn, and little Elly was at the fullest state of belledom. A week in her society, with walks and picnics, and expeditions to the Bashbish, to Stockbridge Bowl, to the home of the Ice King, and various other localities, began to tell on Hugh McLagen, and he began to think—perhaps remotely—that when he had done with the old love, that perhaps he might be taking on with a new. Elly was very, very pretty, very sweet, very ingenuous. One especial charm she had to perfection—she liked to talk about her former governess; and when, to her listening ear, Hugh told the long and involved story of Alice Fastnesse, modestly trying to hide his own part in her deliverance, the pretty young girl jumped up off her mossy bank—for they had paused in a walk in the woods, behind their companions—and, seizing his hand, she said, with tears in her blue eyes:

"You have been a true friend, a good friend, to my poor Ottilie—Alice—what shall I call her? I see it all, Mr. McLagen—you loved her, and I love you for it."

"She is to be your sister, you know. She is to marry your brother," said he, slowly.

"Marry my brother? Marry old Levison? Why, he isn't half good enough for her," said Elly. "Mr. McLagen, she ought to marry you. You are good enough for her. And then mamma says you are such a splendid match. She says you have five castles—two in Scotland, and three in England; and that your father is a baronet; and that you will be Sir Hugh some day; and that your wife will be Lady McLagen; and that you are nearly as good as if you were the son of an earl."

"Your mother is too kind," said Hugh McLagen, laughing behind his mustache, and finding Elly prettier in every gesture.

"I suppose you could marry one of the Queen's daughters, if you wished to," said Elly.

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"Oh, no! I could not do that," said he, "and between ourselves, Miss Lewis, I do not wish to. I prefer to find my little princess—well, perhaps in—an enchanted wood—something like this!"

And he plucked a bunch of the late-blooming blue gentians, as he left the wood; and Elly took them shyly, scarcely looking at them; but when she got home she hid them away very carefully, and she wondered if fairy-tales ever came true, and if those very sweet unusual blue gentians meant anything in the language of flowers; and if a tall brown handsome strong foreign gentleman, with five castles, one too who had known and loved her dear governess, would ever think twice of such a poor little goose as she was; and she sighed, and feared not!

CHAPTER XIX.

Society did not find out the true story of Alice Fastnesse until she was entirely cleared of any suspicion of evil. They had therefore a grudge against her. If Stockton had only told all that he knew, while she was playing at the Casino—if they could only have suspected that Ballantyne's groom was such a dangerous and romantic character, how that would have enhanced the interest of that slow and stupid summer!

As to the "position" of Mrs. Richardson, the summer had been an important epoch in that somewhat dubious but momentous situation. She had become very much the fashion, without having sacrificed any important principle. Mrs. Stacy invited her, ever after, to all her fastest suppers, and the Brooks family took her up tremendously. She made the common mistakes for a year or two, and tried to keep "unworthy people" out of society; was a little too aware that it was an honor to be a patroness, etc.; but she soon toned down into "good form," and now is a distinguished leader of New York society. She never quite forgave Hugh McLagen, particularly after he became engaged to that foolish little chit—Elly Lewis, to the eternal and the enormous delight of Mrs. Lewis, who cannot sufficiently glory in the two English alliances of her son and her daughter. "I have placed them so well," she says, really thinking she has done it all herself. For Mr. Fastnesse died, in the course of events, leaving a very large fortune to his daughter, Mrs. Levison Lewis, so that her son and his wife are almost as wealthy as her daughter.

But Levison had not waited for that. His Indian experience flowered out into a book—a most successful book; and, when Alice put her hand in his, at the altar, he felt that he had found his career and his happiness together. In fact, they went to India for their wedding journey. He took her off into the dusky mysterious poetic land, the oldest of countries, and there they buried regrets and sorrows, the shadow of which, otherwise, might have long clung to Alice, and unfitted her for the jostle and the hurry of our modern world.

She had made no mistake this time. She had found the rest and the happiness for which she had been so long looking. Here was the worthy reward for all she had innocently suffered. The world said that she descended from her own pedestal, to burn incense before an idol—not so great as he should have been for such a worshiper, perhaps; even the Reverend Tilton Huntingman thought so. But she was glad—she was satisfied. Her husband understood her veiled nature. It came to him as had done the Indian dreams—the mysteries—without his asking why.

No one before had got to the depths: no one had found that her pride was sensitiveness, her coldness modesty—that she was haughty because she was humble. But she loved him dearly, devotedly, passionately, and therefore she gave him the key. An humble knight, he received the accolade on his knees. They unlocked the book of their love under the golden suns of India. He took her to see where he had lived and dreamed before he knew her. Oh, how glorified they were now—those scenes!

And dear to him as life and light were her self-surrender, her love, confidence, and belief. They brought him up to his highest standard, to his best work, which proved to be something better than private theatricals. "You have made me over, my love," he said, gratefully.

Combe Fastnesse was sold—the associations were too painful—and they have come home to live. Home to the new America, where the happiest homes are, and theirs is one which all men envy.

Mrs. Satterlie protested awhile for her normal liberty, even after the Reverend Tilton had asked again. She said that "she never could sit in the rector's pew. It would be too much for her." It began to look to him as if she was too perilously capricious for any man to woo and wear. She accepted the cat's-eye, and took Levison's blue turquoise, and twisted the blue Ariadne round her finger, and then declared that she would send them all to a fancy fair and sell them. Oh, she behaved badly.

Catharine hoped that she would continue to behave very badly, and went often to look at the Dresden shepherdesses, and the crowded boudoir, and the tea-gowns; and told Tilton that she thought Amy grew "more frivolous as she grew

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older—yes, more frivolous every day." Tilton looked sadly into the fire on hearing this, and then would go again and lose himself in the magnetic power of those eyes; and Mrs. Satterlie would promise to marry him—next month.

How to hold her to this determination became now the problem.

And their good friend, Mr. Atchison, helped them by a most unexpected act of self-devotion.

He had been ailing ever since his accident, and, as the winter went on and on, each cold storm seemed to be the event which helped to loosen the golden chain.

He felt the day coming, and he sent for Amy. Whether he had been seriously ill before or not, whether the accident had given him some internal injury, or whether the calm resolute prosaic man of business was dying of a broken heart, no one knew, and no one inquired.

He showed all the old courage and fortitude, all the quiet self-control of a lifetime. He had been what they call a very successful man all his days, yet he was only too well aware that the good which he had most desired was kept from him. The heart knoweth its own bitterness.

Amy was dreadfully shocked when she saw how changed he was. She had looked on death before, and she knew his fateful signal. She could not keep the tears out of her eyes, as he held out his hand. She knelt by his bed-side.

"Don't cry, Amy," said he. "I am quite ready to go. I want you to make me a promise, and to be firm and true to it. Do not keep the rector out of his happiness any longer. Life is too short to temporize. Believe me, Amy, when you come to this hour to which I am hastening, you will be sorry that you have delayed making that good fellow as blessed as he deserves. Amy, I loved you, too. I wanted to marry you. It would have been a great sacrifice for you, so I did not ask it. But you owe me something. Marry Tilton Huntingman."

Good man, true friend—he did not get what he wanted in this world; but we may be very sure there is a world where he will get it.

CHAPTER XX.

THE rector and his wife sat in the rectory-parlor, looking at the illuminated missal—Mr. Atchison's gift.

"I was looking at this for the first time," said the Reverend Tilton, "the night Alice Fastnesse came here to claim my protection. I should have turned her away, but for that picture."

He pointed to the Good Samaritan.

"That would have been very unworthy of Mr. Atchison, if you had, Tilton," said his wife.

"Yes, Amy, and of you. Since the golden drops of your life divine have dropped from your heart into mine, I have grown much more charitable."

"Oh, nonsense, Tilton; you know you would give away anything—your reputation even—if anyone asked you for it."

"It was a risk, that endorsing of an unknown girl—giving her a false name," said the rector, thinking back over that troublous time. "If I had only had you here to advise me. What should you have said, my wife?"

"I should have probably given you very bad advice, Tilton."

"You are always spending all your misdirected energy trying to quench my belief in you, Amy. But, let me tell you, it can't be done."

"Take care! Don't praise me too much. I shall become intoxicated, if you do," said Mrs. Tilton Huntingman.

"I think I did right: at least I hope I did, and she is happy and safe. Amy, are you happy? Do you miss your old life? Is this a dull one?" asked her husband.

"Tilton, don't talk to me of dullness. The life of a popular rector's wife dull? Why, I am in a state of activity, excitement, authority, anxiety, and joy, and work from morning until night; and, Tilton, I know what repose means now, too. It was because I loved you—and I feared—I feared you did not altogether worship me—that I was so restless."

The rector took her in his arms. The world seemed hardly large enough for his happiness, as he folded her to his heart.

"Stop, dear; there comes Boggles with the coal-scuttle."

"No matter—let him come. There is nothing to be ashamed of," said the rector.

YOUTH AND AGE.

BY FANNY L. MORTON.

THE rose braves out the storms of May—
Beat down, it blooms again;
But on some chill November day,
It dies, in icy rain.

So youth rebounds. The deepest grief,
The sharpest sorrows go.
But when age comes, the fight is brief,
It sinks beneath the blow.

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THE BURGLARY AT ARCHERS'.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

GERALD LENOX had spent the winter in Cuba, but, having business in Chicago, went there in the spring. It was June before his affairs were arranged, and, as he had no longings for the dust and heat of New York, he determined to go to a charming valley which he knew of, hidden away in the mountain-heart of Pennsylvania, where he had friends of whom he was very fond.

He and Tom Archer, indeed, had been like brothers since childhood. Not even Tom's marriage had interrupted the intimacy; for Tom had sensibly chosen Gerald's favorite cousin for his wife, and this had made the friendship, if anything, closer than ever.

Three years previous to the period of which I am writing, Archer's health had been so much injured by a fall from a horse that the physicians ordered him to give up his profession, recommending a quiet life in the country for an indefinite season. So they had established themselves in that mountain-retreat, and, when Lenox went to see them, a few months later, he found them convinced that they had discovered a new Garden of Eden, and was almost ready to agree with their verdict.

Circumstances had since prevented his repeating his visit, though the trio had often met in town, besides enjoying divers journeys in company; and it had been a settled thing that Lenox was to spend several months at their place when he returned from Cuba. Numerous letters had been exchanged during the winter; but, since leaving New Orleans, Lenox had received no answer to either of the epistles he had written: he knew, however, that replies must have been sent, for if Tom was sometimes a little dilatory, as happy men are apt to be, Edith never failed to do her duty as a correspondent as faithfully as she did in every other respect.

Gerald was not due at Vernon until July; but the tiresome law-suit, which had taken him West, unexpectedly reached a conclusion—successful for him, too—weeks before he had ventured to hope would be the case, so he found himself free to follow his own devices.

He was in the buoyant spirits natural to a man who has just achieved a signal triumph, and it struck him that to take his friends by surprise would be delightful. He could not arrive too soon, too unexpectedly, or remain too long, he said to himself; and frequently, during his thirty-six hours' journey, he amused himself by picturing their reunion: how he would listen to Tom's hearty words of welcome, how he would sun his heart in Edith's radiant smiles, how he would cause his curly-headed little god-son to shout and shriek by insidious pinches and ticklings.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, when he reached his destination. He saw no one at the station whom he recognized, and there was no conveyance to be hired except a rickety old covered buggy, that looked more like the skeleton of some appalling antediluvian beetle than any attempt at a Christian wagon. He remembered a pleasant path, leading through a green meadow, along a willow-bordered brook, and across an odorous pine-wood, which would bring him to the house he sought after less than an hour's leisurely walk. So he decided to walk.

Leaving his luggage at the depot, therefore, to be sent for, he set out, skirting the tiny hamlet, which seemed asleep in the soft light, and striking off into a clover-scented pasture. The brook looked even prettier than his recollection of it, and sang songs which whiled him, being dreamy and imaginative by nature, into all manner of sunny visions. The pine-wood was as fascinating to his eyes as an enchanted forest to some wanderer in a mediæval romance; and the occasional glimpses of the bronze and purple hills, that he caught through openings between the straight boles of the trees, somehow set him dreaming of Soracte and the story-haunted environs of Rome, among which he had strayed with the Archers soon after their wedded happiness began.

At length he came out on the brow of a hill, from whence he looked down on his friend's domain. The house was a rambling irregular structure, with wings, and gables, and broad verandahs buried in blossoming vines, full of quaint odd-cornered rooms, and passages in unexpected places that did not lead anywhere in particular, but seemed to have branched forth with the intention of forming a labyrinth, in the mazes of which a new visitor was certain daily to lose himself half a dozen times during the first week of his stay.

In front a broad lawn, dotted with maples and

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beloved by round-eyed robins, sloped down to the river; a great orchard stretched away to the right; and on the left spread an immense old-fashioned garden, which Mrs. Archer's good taste induced her to leave untouched by the devastating hand of change.

The sun shone. The white fleecy clouds sailed slowly away towards the zenith. The river laughed. The birds sang. For a few instants, Lenox stood lost in the entrancing delight which the quiet loveliness of the scene called up. But the recollection of Edith and Tom soon aroused him, and he sped down the hill like a school-boy, so eager, now the meeting was near, that he longed to fly. He leaped the orchard-fence and took a path which led towards the house. He was sure at that hour to find the husband and wife on the front piazza: Tom, the lazy, luxuriously reclining in a hammock, smoking like a three-tailed bashaw; Edith, in the daintiest of white costumes, seated near in an easy-chair, reading aloud; the two dogs curled up at her feet, the Maltese cat perched on Tom's shoulder, and the tame crow casting about for a convenient opportunity to disturb the quiet by an assault on some one of the animals. Lenox could see the whole scene as he had seen it a score of times.

He shut the orchard-gate softly, and walked gently across the turf, so that no warning of his approach could reach even the keen-eared dogs; turned the corner of the house; and, before he reached the verandah-steps, uttered a war-whoop which would have done credit to a Camanche.

There was no answer save a long low echo, and the querulous chirp of half a score of robins, that flew out from the grass and took refuge in the tallest tree. Lenox dashed up the steps. The verandah was vacant. The doors and windows were shut—the former even locked, as he discovered when he tried the knob. His first sensation was just what anybody's would have been: a feeling of injury, as keen as it was unreasonable. Then he glanced about. There was the hammock, with Tabby asleep in it. There was Edith's arm-chair, and on the table beside it an open novel. These sights removed a little of the doleful depression which had shot over him. "Doubtless," he thought, "the husband and wife had gone out to drive, and old Minerva, the cook, had fastened the main entrance during their absence."

Filled with this idea, he went around to the back of the house, opened the kitchen-door, and looked in. But the room was vacant—so were such other rooms as he peeped into. He called for Minerva, and he called for the parlor-maid, by name Mehitable Cassandra, and he called for lame John, the gardener; but not even their ghosts appeared or answered.

"Everybody out—how provoking!" was his second reflection. "Probably there's a fair, or circus, or some other enormity in progress over at the county-town—what do they call the place?—and masters, and maids, and men have all gone off to enjoy it in true country-fashion."

Then he cried aloud, as indignantly as if answering some obviously idiotic question put by a visible by-stander:

"Hungry? Well, I should say so! I could eat little Gerald, bones and all, if I could lay hands on him; and I would, too, just to punish those wretches for not being at home and expecting me. Luckily I know where the pantry is, and Minerva, like the wise far-seeing goddess she is, never leaves it empty of good things, to solace the weary and famished."

He made for the pantry accordingly. There was cold chicken; there were tarts; there was cheese; there was a basin of milk, with rich cream mantling on its surface: and his soul was content.

He arranged the viands on a table, with rapid hands—of course, managing to spill a good deal of milk over the floor—dropping half the tarts from the plate, and stepping on them when he tried to pick them up: he was a man, you know, so that he performed these feats goes without saying. Like a man, too, he was hardened and impenitent, and only said:

"Serves them right. If I could, I'd eat up every edible morsel the larder holds, and laugh at their misery when they bring back their empty stomachs—the monsters."

He sat down and ate and drank as he had not done in six months. At last, he was brought to a realizing sense of the awful havoc he had wrought, by seeing Tabby suddenly appear. She mounted on the board, regarding the skeleton of the chicken and the plates denuded of food, at first with astonished eyes, and then with those of cutting reproach, as they fell on the intruder.

"By Jove, Tab, I don't wonder you stare," he said, beginning to laugh. "This performance will be a standing joke against me, and I shan't hear the last of it in a hurry."

He wanted to smoke; but his tobacco-pouch was empty. Luckily he knew where Tom's provision was to be found, and went into a sitting-room in search of it. Having kindled his censer, he had leisure to become oppressed by the silence of the dwelling, so he flung open the front windows, set wide the doors, established himself on the verandah in Edith's pet chair, and prepared to wait with what patience he might for the return of his friends.

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Tabby followed him out, and sat on her tail staring at him, and telling a long story in a series of discontented plaintive mews.

"I've no doubt it's a clear explanation, Tab," he said, "and a virtuous reproof of my greediness, into the bargain; but man is so much more ignorant an animal than a cat, that though you can understand my speech, I am incapable of comprehending yours. Anyhow, your conversation oppresses me—the voice of conscience could not sound more upbraiding—so I should feel obliged if you would depart."

Meantime, the day wore on. When he thought that at least two hours had elapsed, he looked at his watch, but found that it had been only about thirty minutes.

"By Jove!" said he, "I shall go as mad as a dancing dervish, if this goes on. What did you propose, Tab? That last 'mew' sounded like a wise suggestion of some sort. Shave? Have a bath? So I will! Those fiends won't appear before dusk, and I shan't be able to get my luggage to-night. Luckily, Tom's clothes fit me—he's an awful dandy, even in these wilds—I'll take my pick of his newest and best."

He went into the kitchen again. The fire was nearly out by this time, but he kindled it again, got some boiling water, and started off upstairs towards the chamber which had been his on his former visit.

The room looked as cheerful and inviting as ever, and, after a long approving glance, he crossed the hall to a small apartment in which Tom's wardrobe and toilette-articles were kept, and adjacent to which was a closet containing a shower-bath.

He hunted out razors and brushes, and shaved leisurely. Then, before commencing his ablutions, he searched with an unscrupulous hand in bureau-drawers, among the shirts, collars, and cravats, and selected from the wardrobe a very stunning new gray flannel suit, the coat of which he tried on.

"By Jove!" was his exclamation again, "old Tom has grown thinner: it fits me like a glove. May Thomas's shadow never increase, for then I need not be troubled if I arrive luggageless under his hospitable roof. The old monster—not to be at home: a pterodactyl would have more bowels."

He carried the clothes into his own apartment, purloining also a comfortable bath-robe of Turkish stuff, undressed, and, attired now only in this white mantle—which gave him the look of a Bedouin Arab—he shut himself in the closet, threw off the mantle, and splashed and spluttered to his heart's content.

The performance ended at length, leaving him a more cheerful, and consequently a better, man. He went back to his own chamber, after this, an apartment which overlooked the garden, a side of the house he had not seen before to-day. Going to the window he beheld a picture, so pretty, that he never forgot it.

Seated on a bench, at the lower end of the garden, and just this side of a rustic summer-house that stood at its extreme boundary, was a young girl with one of the sweetest faces he had ever seen. She was occupied, apparently, with some pretty bit of needlework; but her eyes had a far-away look, and there was a soft smile on her face, as if she was engaged in a pleasant reverie. He was wondering who she was thinking of—"Happy fellow, if a man," he said—and who she could be: for he had never seen her before; when suddenly, from below, came the sound of a woman's voice, crying in shrill alarm:

"Marian! Marian!"

The girl started, looked around, and, leaving her work-basket on the bench, hurried to the house, while the voice went on, more excitedly than ever:

"I tell you there's somebody in the house. I was taking my afternoon nap, and, when I woke up and came downstairs, I found the kitchen-table full of empty dishes. Where can the servants be? Minerva! John!"

"You know the servants are all out, dear," said the other, composedly, joining her in what Lenox supposed was the kitchen. "Yes, somebody has certainly been here."

"Now, who can those women be?" thought Lenox. "Visitors from town, no doubt. Well, Edith and Tom must be close behind. Good: let them have a fright."

He stood still, laughing in silent but intense enjoyment, waiting for the steps to return. The first voice now resumed:

"There must have been ten tramps, at least, to eat all that. Why, there isn't a scrap of anything left."

"Oh, by Jove!" thought Lenox, "that's too good."

"They're hidden in the house," continued the voice. "You shan't go upstairs, Marian—you shan't! You'll be murdered. Help—help! Thieves—fire—murder!"

"Do stop," cried the other, in tones half-laughing, yet half-frightened. "There is nobody to help—there's nothing to do. Of course the tramps are gone. Minerva forgot to lock the kitchen—I must see what they have taken."

"You shan't go up—you shan't!"

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But, whomsoever she might be, it was evident that she was coming, and very rapidly, too. Gerald remembered his condition. He was conscious that a lady appeared at the top of the stairs just as he reached his door. Safe now, he turned the key, then listened and laughed.

"What is it?" shrieked the voice from below.

"Somebody is in the blue-room, and has locked the door," came the answer.

"Come down—come down."

"I shall not. I have Tom's gun here. I am not afraid."

"Hello!" thought Lenox.

"It isn't loaded," came the other voice.

"Sh!" responded the second.

"Well, I'm all right then," thought Gerald. "Let's see what the pretty Amazon will do next. Meantime, I'd better dress," and he began the operation at once. "She's very quiet," he reflected. "I wonder if she is strangling the other female, that she only squeals at intervals? Some old maid, I'll wager—only an antique spinster could squeal in that fashion."

Suddenly he heard a noise, so appalling that it made him jump: a rolling and a bumping: then a crash, which caused the whole room to shake. He knew what the Amazon had done. He remembered that a heavy wooden press stood in the hall. She had pushed it against the door—and he was a prisoner.

He finished dressing very composedly, after this. What a joke there would be presently, he said to himself, against the valiant defender of the mansion. It was odd, however, Tom and Edith did not arrive. He stood at the glass, arranged his scarf, brushed his hair, and contemplated his own appearance with satisfaction, thinking:

"At least, she shall own the tramp is rather a stylish fellow. She's deuced pretty."

Suddenly, through the open window, tones caught his ear and checked his soliloquy. Then something fell with a heavy thud. What could this be? He peered cautiously out. Nobody was visible, but a ladder lay on the ground, which unseen hands had evidently just pulled away from the casement.

"So she was afraid I would escape—ho, ho!" laughed Lenox. "Capital joke. No, no; they shall find the bird safe, when they open the cage."

For some time after this there was no further sound. Waiting grew wearisome. He peeped from behind the curtain again. As he did so, the Amazon appeared on the grass-plot below.

She was just retreating, to his great disgust, when another figure appeared. This was a tall bony woman, made up of angles, and fifty years old at least, with a face like an owl's. She peered up at the window, shrieked louder than a steam-whistle, and pulled the girl back, crying:

"I saw him—I saw him—such an awful-looking monster. Come away—let us run to Mr. Hyde's." For, in his eagerness to keep the other in sight, Lenox had unconsciously leaned forward too much and revealed himself.

"Run a full mile, and leave him to rifle the house?" rejoined the Amazon, adding, with delightful inconsistency: "He can't get out—the windows are too high, and the wardrobe secures the door. I have made a prisoner of him."

"I tell you he isn't alone. Why, there must be a regiment, to have devoured all that food," said the spinster.

"Confound that old woman!" thought Lenox.

"The silver—let me see if the silver is safe," howled the fossil, and darted off. Presently she reappeared, crowding spoons and forks into her pocket. "Go and get the rest, Marian. Put the tea-pot and urn into a table-cloth—"

"And carry them about till Tom comes?" interrupted the young lady. "Dear Mrs. White, try to get your senses back. We are safe enough—so is the burglar."

"Safe? Why, it's the whole forty thieves at once. I know it is. We shall be murdered and scalped. Oh, you'll be hung—every one of you—over and over—and that's not half what you deserve," she hooted, shaking her fist at the casement.

"Upon my word, Mrs. White, if you don't keep quiet, I'll let him out," said the young lady, half laughing, half vexed. "You make me as nervous as you are yourself. When I tell you we are perfectly safe, and Tom will be back within a quarter of an hour—"

"He'll set the house on fire," broke in the other.

"He wouldn't be so idiotic, since he would risk burning up in it," came the answer, so audibly and firmly delivered that Lenox felt confident the information was intended for his benefit, in case any such desperate resolve should suggest itself to his mind.

"I wish I had a match," he muttered, glancing ruefully at his pipe and tobacco. "I've almost a mind to frighten her, and pretend I don't care, by setting fire to the curtains."

But now the pair disappeared. The last words he heard were from the old woman, and they set him thinking.

"If Tom has concluded to go to the village," she said, "he may stop for the mail. In that case, he won't be back these two hours."

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Lenox whistled to himself. There would be no joke in remaining a captive for two hours. With that possibility before him, and after listening for several seconds and hearing no sound, Lenox began to cast about for some mode of escape.

In keeping with the other odd and impossible arrangements of the house, the door of his room opened outward, so to push against it was useless since the wardrobe was there. He stared from each of the windows in turn, and beheld a sheer descent of nearly twenty feet to the ground, for the lower story was high. If he jumped, he should certainly expose himself to a scratched face and torn clothes, and might even break a leg. True, the clothes were Tom's, and he was growing vexed enough to subject them to any injury. But then his leg—he did not wish to present himself to that pretty girl as a cripple.

He opened a door. It led into a closet. Another—it exposed some shelves. A third—there was a ladder leading to a trap, which must give either on the roof or the attic. The Amazon had forgotten this. He went gingerly up the narrow rounds, and pushed the trap. It gave egress into a garret, but there was no door out of it.

"What an infernal old caboose it is," grumbled Lenox, and indulged in some further expletives.

Then he began to make a more exhaustive survey. In the front of the garret was a great round window. He opened this with considerable difficulty, and looked forth. Some ten feet below was the roof of the second-story verandah. A bright thought now struck him. He got the ladder, and put it outside; swung himself over the sill, and reached the top round. He was nearly down when the ladder slipped, and he fell with a tremendous bang.

He picked himself up immediately, but not before he heard shriek on shriek from the old woman. Peering over the edge of the verandah-roof, he saw the two ladies gazing up at him from the lawn, the elder grasping a silver tea-pot in one hand and the kitchen-tongs in the other.

His undignified tumble had rendered him quite desperate. The roof jutted back so that he could see the posts which sustained the verandah-roof; he caught hold of one, and, as he was swinging down, the pretty Amazon called:

"Stop! You will fall and kill yourself."

"Just you fall—only fall," howled the old woman. "I'm ready—I'm quite ready," and she brandished the tongs with a force which proved that she proposed at least to brain him when he touched the bottom.

Regardless of the outcries, Lenox slid down the post; barely escaped going over by clinging to the balustrade; and stood on the second-floor piazza.

"He's coming—he's coming," shrieked the old woman, and, seizing her companion's arm, whirled her away towards the gate, before the latter could resist. Here she stumbled against some obstacle and fell, dragging the young lady with her.

Lenox crossed the piazza, climbed through a window into one of the front rooms, and hastily descended the stairs. When he reached the lower verandah, the two ladies had recovered their equilibrium, and were stationed at some distance off on the grass; the younger, courageous and composed in look and attitude; the elder, crouching behind her, brandishing the tongs and shouting:

"Keep off—keep off—it's loaded—it's loaded."

The jest was now sufficiently annoying and embarrassing. Divided between anger at himself and a mad yearning to throttle the elderly female, and yet, for the life of him, hardly able to keep from laughing, Lenox advanced, almost fancying that the pretty Amazon felt a strong inclination also to laugh.

"Ladies," he called, "it is all a mistake."

"He's got on Tom's new suit," cried the old woman. "He's carrying off everything in the house, and says it's a mistake."

"Miss Marian, I beg you to listen."

"Calls you by your name—oh, the impudence!" chorused the dragon.

"I can explain—"

"You'll do that in a court of justice," broke in the old woman, snapping the tongs together at him, in fury and fright.

"Do let him speak," said the younger woman.

So he began again, in the most mellifluous voice he possessed.

"I assure you," he said, "I am neither a tramp nor a burglar—"

"No, you're ten at least," broke in the dragon. "Where are the rest? You've eaten all the provisions in the house, and got the valuables in your pockets."

"I'm sorry there are no more provisions," said Lenox, nearly really laughing, "for I propose to stay to supper."

This crowning stroke of audacity so completely overwhelmed the dragon that she stood speechless.

"As soon as Tom comes, Miss Marian, you will see that it is all right," continued Lenox. "Meantime, I beg you a thousand pardons—"

"You'll be hanged—you won't find any judge who would pardon you," gasped the dragon, interrupting again.

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"Hush," whispered the girl. "I think he is right, and that there is some mistake. Don't you see he is a gentleman?"

"A gentleman—and caught with his stolen goods on him?" shrieked the other.

"I can hardly be described as caught, Mrs. White." Lenox exclaimed.

"He knows both our names," she cried. "I do believe it's the Evil One in person. Stand back, you—stand back!"

Again she waved the tongs. In spite of herself, the younger lady joined with Lenox in his laughter.

"Let me propose a compromise," said Gerald. "I will go down and stop by the gate till Tom comes. By the way, where is Edith?"

"There is no Edith here—"

"Do you mean Mrs. Archer?" interrupted the young lady.

"Yes—my cousin. I came unexpectedly, meaning to give them a surprise. I am Gerald Lenox."

"That's false," cried the old woman. "Marian, I know Mr. Lenox. Oh, this is some awful plot. No common burglar here. I have him now."

She made a rush at him with the tongs again. But the other held her back.

"Mrs. White does know Mr. Lenox," she said, apologetically, looking at Lenox, however.

"She may know my cousin—"

"He's got all his relations hidden in the house," cried the old woman. "Come, Marian, come."

She was dragging her towards the gate, when an open carriage dashed up, in which, besides two men, Lenox espied his own trunk and valise. Out sprang a gentleman, calling:

"There you are, old fellow. So you came expecting to find the Archers? They've gone to Europe, and let us the house. I knew, as soon as I saw your trunk, you'd missed their letters. Ah, you've already made acquaintance with my sister and Mrs. White—good! I mean you shall stop a month, at the very least."

By this time, the dragon had fainted, and Miss Marian stood, regardless of the fact, in her astonishment at seeing her brother shake the burglar heartily by both hands, while that personage cried, incoherently:

"Why, Tom Annesley, I can't believe my eyes. It's all like a dream—and here I've frightened that lady to death, and your sister shut me up for a burglar. I know she'll never forgive me. So, for heaven's sake, let your man carry me back to the station, and I'll take the first train for—for—anywhere—Jericho, by Jove."

By this time, his old college-friend, Tom Annesley, began to understand the adventure. He laughed till he was forced to lie flat on the grass; and his sister and Lenox were scarcely less convulsed.

It took Mrs. White, however, three whole days to understand the contretemps, during which time she was by turns in deadly fear of Lenox, and in a white rage with her relations; and it is doubtful whether she fully trusts or forgives the former to this day.

But in spite of Gerald's declaration that it was impossible Miss Annesley could ever pardon him, she was led to do so. In fact, one moonlit night, as she and Lenox sat on the rustic bench where he had first seen her, her fate was sealed: she promised to be his; and actually married him, six months later, the Archers coming home in time for the wedding.

THE PILGRIM.

BY HELEN A. RAINS.

In valleys fair, where fruits and blossoms grow
In rich profusion, by soft breezes fanned,
That breathe ambrosial odors as they flow,
I may not walk. Within this burning sand,
Whose pebbles cut my feet at ev'ry move,
My pathway lies. The God of all I love
Has willed it so.

I hear the sound of falling rain below,
The song of streams that drink it gratefully.
The cooling breath of summer's show'r, I know,
Is in the vales my eyes may never see.
Soft show'rs, fresh breezes, fragrance pure and sweet
Belong to them, while here with bleeding feet
I trembling go.

My Saviour trod with weary aching feet
O'er scorching sands where cooling shade was not.
His earthly life, with wretchedness complete,
Was finished on the cross. And shall my lot
In pleasant lines be cast, where fresh'ning draught
Diffuses odorous scents across my path?
It is not meet.

Teach me in humble attitude to bear,
Oh! gracious Father, with unfalt'ring trust,
The cross of Christ. Be this my constant pray'r—
To follow in the footsteps of the just.
Rough though my pathway be, mine eyes shall see
The land of Beulah just beyond, which we
With Christ shall share.

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A STORY OF LOUISIANA PINE-LANDS.

BY ALICE BOWMAN, AUTHOR OF "CREOLE BLOSSOMS."

I.

It was midday, and the fierce glow of an October sun rested over the broad swamp. Only stretches of rushes, waving, dried and white, burned by the heats of dead summer days, told of fall—otherwise, all was green. The car vine, with its sweet white blossoms, like clusters of clover, spread mats upon the earth and bowers among the trees, and groves of soft purple plantain flower, beloved by Indians, waved rich and royal beside feathery clumps of golden-rod, and all about among the rushes tall fox-tails burned in dusk-red maroon shades, and palmettoes, four feet in height, stretched upward their prickly spikes.

Yet, above all this rank wealth of vegetation—above the water-lilies and the hidden pools where frogs croaked and snakes crept and alligators made their deep lairs, like sentinels guarding their mysterious birth-land, towered far-reaching cypress-trees, so knotted with clumps of dead moss that, as their outlines were thrown against the blue sky, they seemed muffled in folds of dark mantles.

A corduroy road, part of the parish-highway, stretched its cradle length two miles through this mysterious swamp-land, where owls hooted, and winds sighed, and moss waved like banners of crape, and flowers of rare tint lifted their sweet faces to the day's sun and the night's stars, and filled the duty of their little lives, and died as die many human lives—unseen, unsung, unknown. Here, indeed, may man study creation's riddle—life in death and death in life. Scarce a blossom falls, scarce a tree dies, resting its gray length among oozy waters, ere the green moss, or the soft fungi, or the fresh fern spring into being, and decay is changed to bloom, and life grows from death, as the fly from its chrysalis.

Sometimes in sunlight, through small prairies of rushes—sometimes in shadow, twixt impenetrable walls of vine and tree, extended the long road, where horses toiled or oxen crept, the rough wagons of the pine-lands jolting from log to log, and their great wheels rumbling up and down, up and down over rounded trunks, with a sort of rocky cradle-motion, inexpressibly wearisome, and monotonously monotonous.

But to-day—this bright October noon—a bit of the world, far away and foreign to these mournful pine-woods, had strayed hither among the dense solitudes and shadows and sun-glows of the swamp-land, and the same sunbeams which touched the wilderness into brighter tints glistened and sparkled over the metal-set harness of two spirited horses, bravely dragging a covered carriage over this log-bridged parish-way. From the opened carriage-windows, faces of the great world gazed forth: the face of a matron, haughty, cold—the face of the daughter, whose dark eyes and red-gold hair and soft cheeks made a fair picture, framed in draperies of red silken curtains. Without, perched on his high box, sat the coachman, his black face shining beneath the stiff beaver hat, his straight figure making strenuous efforts to preserve, mid all this jolting, the dignity of an erect position.

"Anna, do look—see if there are any signs of termination to this torture," suddenly exclaimed Madame Artois.

"Only Mr. Rutherford galloping forward," answered the girl, thrusting her head forth and gazing down the long way. "Halt, George, here in the shade—let the horses rest. We can learn what he has to say," she added, sinking back.

"Land ho! ladies," exclaimed the rider, drawing up his mettlesome steed beside the waiting carriage.

He was a very powerful man—large, well-formed—a graceful rider—the face singularly grave—the brown eyes serious.

"What have you seen?" cried Madame Artois.

"Only an end to this swamp-mud, beyond the pine-stretches."

"And how much further have we to go?"

"As well as I can judge, about two miles."

Madame Artois groaned.

"Oh, mamma, that is nothing," cried Anna. "See, we have traveled these twenty-one miles, and soon we shall have rest. I suppose we ought to enjoy all this—a spice of barbarian novelty thrown into our easy lives. Don't you agree with me, Mr. Rutherford?" asked the young lady, bending forward and laughing, with a charming turn of the pretty head.

"I fear the wear on these wheels," answered the rider, dismounting and stooping to examine. "They are not fitted for Louisiana swamp-roads."

"We have only two miles to go—we can risk it," said Madame Artois.

Mr. Rutherford silently remounted.

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"Drive on," ordered Anna, and the jolting recommenced, and, a half-hour longer, the impatient horses stepped forward through shadow and sunlight, bearing these world-people yet deeper into the heart of the wilderness.

"At last," cried Madame Artois, as the wheels passed from logs to dry land.

"At last," echoed Anna, settling her straw hat upon her red-gold head, a smile of satisfaction spreading over the straight features.

And then, before them, stretched again endless vistas of pine-aisles—the rich purple pillars all touched with golden sunbeams, and dimples of sunlight twinkling over the clean grass-grown earth, colored with late-blooming wild-flowers and feathery with waving ferns.

"It is very dreary," exclaimed Anna, the horses having again halted for rest, "very dreary—all this sighing," and she shivered slightly. "I think I shall hear it in my dreams for years after our return to civilization."

"It is very mournful and infinitely tender," said Rutherford, taking off his hat and lifting his eyes heavenward to the green waves tossing above in ceaseless symphonies. "Even to breathe air like this makes one feel better—cleaner in heart and soul."

"I wonder whether the people of these lands are better than the generality of people?" remarked Madame Artois, with a slightly cynical expression.

"They seem rather to drift back into civilized life," replied Rutherford. "Physically, their thin yellow faces and wiry bodies—mentally, their lapse from all the customs of civilization, and their extreme apathy—the real stoicism of the red man—proclaim that these pine-lands seek rather to bring into life again the races of the past. However, a little touch of the barbaric life falls very pleasantly and healthfully upon civilized people."

"A touch which I would gladly do without," cried Madame Artois, impatiently.

"Let us push forward." And again these people passed onward into the pine-forest.

"There are two roads ahead," said Rutherford, galloping hastily to the carriage-window. "Both seem equally well defined. I don't know which to take. These roads were not mentioned in my directions. What do you advise?"

"I?" cried Madame Artois, with a sigh of submission. "Consult with George: if he does not know, why—"

"Let the horses decide," interrupted Anna, laughing; "then for once I shall feel like a fairy-tale heroine."

The horses turned eastward.

II.

"Behold your fairy-palace, Mademoiselle Anna," said Rutherford, pointing forward with his riding-whip, where, in dim perspective among purple pillars, appeared the outlines of a rough cabin.

Evidently a clearing; evidently a home in the midst of the wilderness: for the October sunlight rested in a great glory over unshadowed stretches of field and grass, and blue smoke drifted lazily above.

"Ah, you cannot disappoint me yet," called Anna, looking brightly forth: "our road passes on—on—"

"Unfortunately it does not," answered Rutherford, gravely. "I have been forward. The trail ends by that cabin."

"Then we have missed the way," said Madame Artois, with a gesture of despair. "Let us turn around at once."

"Neither springs, wheels, nor horses are in a fit condition for further risk. Let us rather seek the hospitality of these people, and ask of them our way," said Rutherford.

Snake-fences; coveys of quail creeping under oak-bushes; stalks of dead corn, like distaffs hung with hemp, rattling lazily in the soft air; the bark of a dog; the rustling of a green cane-patch; the flickering yellow branch of a china-tree, golden among its yet green brethren; thuds of acorns falling from an old oak, in whose shadow the carriage stood, awaiting an answer to his loud halloo; the crow of a cock; a maze of leafless fig-trees, growing all twisted and tangled against a low crooked fence; a wood-pile, with wealth of chips and wealth of bark-covered logs; a raised cabin, brown and weather-beaten; beyond, a stable and an out-house, from whose clay chimney the smoke crept upward in blue wreaths: this was the memory pressed, with golden sunlight over all, into the brain of Rutherford while he watched, waiting; and, all about, the pines sang.

A man—tall, thin, yellow—clad in blue home-spun and blue shirt, sauntered slowly toward the fence-bars. He was smoking a pipe. His long hair streamed in lanky strands from beneath his straw hat. The face was apathetic; not a sign of surprise appeared as he gazed on the travelers and leaned carelessly over the low bars, nodding a silent greeting—just such greetings the travelers had met with all the long twenty miles of their journey: ox-carts, dragging great logs, creeping slowly past like apparitions in a dream; the drivers, their faces thin, sallow, expressionless, nodding mute good-days.

"We have come to ask our way," said Ruther-

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ford, politely touching his hat. "We are traveling to the house of the late Madame Levalle, and, at a fork of the road below here, must have taken the wrong trail."

"Reckin ye're 'bout right thar, strenger," said the man, drawling forth his words slowly and holding the pipe-stem an inch from his lips. "Yer'll jest hev ter turn back, and take t'other side."

Here the pipe was replaced.

"But," said Rutherford, "how far will that be? Isn't there a short-cut from here? Our horses are almost worn out."

"That's a fect, strenger. They does look purty well gin out"—and here the hand holding the again-removed pipe rested with its mate on the low bars—"purty well gin out. I dunno—p'r'aps my gal kin tell 'bout a short-cut. Her and Widder Levalle was monstrous thick—monstrous thick," he repeated, slowly.

"Will you be kind enough to ask your daughter?"

"Waal, now—yer see, strenger, she's off"—here the hat was pushed back, and the thin fingers scratched meditatively among the lanky locks—"she's off, and the Lord only knows when she'll be back."

"Off? What do you mean? I don't understand," said Rutherford, with a slightly impatient contraction of the brows: for this man's lethargy was aggravating.

"Off to the woods, to the crick, to the swemp. Lord, strenger, mother 'nd me, we can't keep no 'count o' Miry. She's ter hand one minit, and gone next."

Here a puff was taken from the clay pipe.

"Then what are we to do?" asked Rutherford, impatiently.

"Reckin yer'll hev ter do best yer kin, strenger."

"That means either to await your daughter or to turn back and risk the horses."

"'Zactly so, strenger," assented the backwoodsman, settling himself more comfortably on the bars.

"Mr.—what is your name?" asked Rutherford, letting his horse take a step forward.

"Dunn—Peter Dunn, folks call me."

"Thank you; and my name is Rutherford. Well, Mr. Dunn, these ladies who are traveling with me are tired. While we await your daughter, do you think you could allow us to rest under your roof? And, perhaps, if the horses were watered and fed, they might be better able to go over the short-cut. I don't like to intrude, but—" and here Rutherford paused.

"Waal, strenger, I reckin as how yer kin," again meditatively scratching among the lank locks. "Mother! mother!" he called, loudly, after an instant's pause. "She's a-comin'," he added, nodding over his shoulder towards the opened doorway of the out-house, whence emerged a tall woman in a sun-bonnet, who walked slowly forward, drawing on half-mittens of yarn.

"Mother," proceeded the backwoodsman, addressing Mrs. Dunn, feminine edition of Mr. Dunn, "these yere strengers are sorter lost, goin' to Widder Levalle's, and they want—" here Mr. Dunn pausing, as if meditating what words to use, Rutherford spoke, describing the needs and necessities of his party and politely proffering his request for hospitality.

"Waal, now, I don't see why yer shouldn't come in," said Mrs. Dunn, leaning beside her husband. "Miry's out—but—I reckin she'll be in soon, and dinner's ready, and so, if yer'll jest wait in the room yonder, till I lay some plates—Peter, man, take them bars down. They's three strengers—ain't they? Waal, I'll jest go and fix the things. I reckin, pa, yer'd better show 'em ter the house," and Mrs. Dunn, on hospitable thoughts intent, stalked back towards the kitchen-doorway.

"Could you ever imagine people living contentedly among such surroundings?" asked Anna, shuddering, as she sat on a willow chair and glanced round the homely cabin-room.

Madame Artois groaned.

"It is at least clean," replied Rutherford.

"But, oh, dear, how odd! You needn't look grave, Mr. Rutherford—I must laugh. The pattern of that quilt is prodigious—simply prodigious. And I wonder—there isn't a pane of glass—what do they do in winter-time? Live like bats, I suppose, with those tight wooden shutters to keep out the cold."

"More likely, mademoiselle, sit with them open, while the fresh air pours in, and a great fire, such as one does not see in city homes, goes roaring up that big chimney."

"But what a hearth! It is a clay bank. And, oh, Mr. Rutherford, do look at the exquisite beauty of that painted daub—set on the wall as an object of art, I suppose."

"Rather, mademoiselle, let us regard the beauty of this picture," said Rutherford, getting up and leaning beside the opened casement.

All this chatter was fatiguing.

"It is rather pretty," assented Anna, standing beside him.

For here, towards the left, the cleared ground sloped down, and magnolias and oaks hung with moss shaded the soft slope, and below, like an oasis in the midst of the pine-desert, a cluster of

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dark-foliaged trees stood waving their shadowy boughs in the bright sunlight.

"It looks refreshing. I suspect there is water there. I should like to bathe my face, and I don't think I could make up my mind to use that pewter thing," said Anna, looking with disgust towards the pine table and battered basin. "I am horribly flushed," she added, taking off her hat and glancing into the little cracked mirror, suspended by a nail to the log wall.

"Here appears our host—the grave Mr. Dunn—and there is our call to dinner," added Rutherford, as a horn blown resounded in echoes through the wood.

"That blast certainly is loud enough to call 'Miry' and all the 'gals' for twenty miles round," cried Anna.

"I suppose we're to dine in the kitchen, and with those wretched blue shirt-sleeves," moaned Madame Artois, rising. "I really don't believe I want any dinner."

"Oh, do let us see what they will give us, mamma. I am all curiosity."

"I think we had better accept their hospitality," urged Rutherford, in a low voice. "We may, indeed, be compelled to remain all night."

"Heaven forbid," murmured Madame Artois, with a shuddering glance toward the hard bed, under its patched cover.

"Mother's ready, strengers. The vittles is on the table," called Mr. Dunn, peering through the doorway.

Mrs. Dunn, mittened but bare-headed, awaited the guests, meeting them gravely, and nodding quietly as they came into the low room.

It was very warm. A great fire yet glowed in the deep chimney; but the clay hearth, raised two feet above the floor, had been carefully swept.

Upon this hearth, standing beside the fire and leaning gracefully against the log wall, was the figure of a young girl. The attitude was one of extreme dejection: the hands were loosely clasped; the head, wound with coronet of dusky braid, slightly bowed; the eyes downcast. She was very thin, and a certain yellow tinge about throat and cheek seemed heightened by contrast with her dark-blue homespun garb.

The three travelers had all entered—they were indeed seating themselves at a little square table, which, in honor of the occasion, Mrs. Dunn had decked with a piece of unhemmed unbleached cotton cloth—when the silent figure by the chimney-place lifted her eyes from the glowing coals and gazed upon them—such large dark mournful proud yet tender eyes, that Rutherford, as he drew back his wooden chair, was fairly startled into a pause of surprise.

"Miry's come, yer see, strenger," said Mr. Dunn, nodding towards his daughter.

"I'm very glad to meet you," said Rutherford, stepping forward and bowing politely. "These are my friends: Madame Artois and daughter."

"Don't waste no time on Miry now," interrupted Mrs. Dunn; "she's gittin' rid o' her chill. When it's off, she kin talk and tell yer all yer want. Set down, strenger. Them vittles ain't much; but yer welkum—mighty welkum. Thar warn't no time ter kill nary chicken, and we hain't had no game these four days. Father, will yer sarve out that salt stew mess?"

Mr. Dunn, resplendent in blue shirt-sleeves, presided over the dainty dish.

Madame Artois, opposite, glanced over the humble table. All experience in the old land and the new had never equaled this. Four soup-plates of iron-ware, cracked and notched, contained the feast: rice, stewed bacon, corn-bread, boiled yams. As centre-piece, there was a large saucer filled with brown sugar, almost molasses. On a box beside Mr. Dunn stood a wooden bucket of water, dispensed as needed by a yellow gourd.

"I'm orful sorry t'other cup got broke yistiday," said Mrs. Dunn, bringing forward coffee in a huge mug. "I reckin, if yer'll drink, marm, yer kin parse it ter yer darter, and then ter mister. It's purty good coffee; but the sugar ain't none ter boast on," she continued, reaching over and bringing forward the saucer centre-piece.

Anna Artois was suddenly seized with a choking-spell.

"Try some water, leddy," said Mr. Dunn, extending his yellow gourd.

"Thank you—I am better," answered the young girl, drawing back.

"Take some rice," said Mrs. Dunn. "Rice and salt grevy ain't easy beat, and them yams come from our own petch. They's sweeter'n enny yer kin git in city stores, I reckin."

"But don't you intend to join us?" asked Rutherford, feeling awkward as the tall thin hostess wandered from guest to guest.

"No, mister: I'd ruther wait. They ain't much room, nohow. Miry, I reckin ye're feelin' better?" she remarked, suddenly glancing toward her daughter.

The girl did not answer. She was no longer regarding the fire: she was watching the strangers.

As Rutherford looked towards her, he was startled by the expression of the young face—bitterness, sadness, haughtiness.

"She seems a bird of a different nest," thought this man of the world, looking upon the sharp

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snipe faces and the little dull eyes of the parents.

"How long have you lived here, Mr. Dunn?" he suddenly asked.

"Waal, now, I ruther disremember. Mother, it's nigh on ter twenty year, ain't it, sence we come down from t'other perish?"

"Nigher on ter twenty-one," answered the wife.

"Is it a healthy country?"

"Fever and ager purty bad t'wards fall, strenger; but Miry here hain't never had it before. She's been all sorter upsot sence Widder Levalle died. I reckin it's that—eh, Miry?"

The girl, thus appealed to, did not answer. A deep flush rose up under the olive skin, spread over the little ears and the soft throat. She suddenly turned her face away, and, with bent head, stood again gazing into the glowing coals.

"Let Miry 'lone, father. Who wants ter talk when the ager's on 'em?" interposed the mother.

"She ain't a-shakin' none," said the father, letting his little eyes rest on the young figure leaning motionless against the wall.

"No; but she's sorter tired out and cold yit," persisted the mother. "Then, father, you forgit—she's got ter show these yere folks—"

"By no means, if your daughter is ill, madame. I would rather do anything than add to her indisposition," interrupted Rutherford.

"Oh, nothin' does the young 'un more good then a tremp through woods. They ain't nothin' ter ekal it for our Miry."

"We have come on a strange errand," said Madame Artois, speaking for the first time. "This singular Madame Levalle, instead of leaving her property to me, her cousin, in a sensible manner, after burying herself twelve years here in the wilderness, dies and makes it obligatory that I shall, before receiving one cent of her fortune, visit her home, and get her effects in person. Six months ago, when she died, we were in Egypt, traveling under the care of my husband's friend here—Mr. Rutherford. Certainly, her death at that time was very unfortunate."

"Her death at any time would have been unfortunate," said a clear young voice, "since the world lost by it a noble woman." And Myra, her head erect, her slight figure queenly in its lofty carriage, stepped from the clay hearth, through the doorway, and into the sunlight beyond.

Certainly, if stars had fallen, Madame Artois, Anna, and Rutherford could not have been more amazed. Such a voice—such tones—such words from the gloomy yellow daughter of the pine-lands.

"I reckin she ruther hit yer that time, marm," said Peter Dunn, with a low throat-chuckle—his nearest approach to a laugh.

Madame Artois preserved a dignified silence. Anna glanced superciliously through the doorway, and leaned back in her chair as if wearied.

Rutherford only said: "Your daughter is a true friend."

"True as steel—yer kin bet on that. She's been a-expectin' of yer all these months, and now—waal, it sorter upsot Miry ter hev yer come. Mother, hadn't yer better send a toot and fetch her back?"

"La, pa," said Mrs. Dunn, craning her neck and peering out, "she hain't gone fur—jest down ter the spring-'use. Mebbe, now, yer'd all like ter go thar," looking inquiringly at her guests. "Yer hain't eat much, nohow: and, I declar, I clean forgot—thar's milk and clabber. If yer'd like," continued Mrs. Dunn, "the kerridge kin meet yer thar."

"Oh, yes," said Anna, rising hastily. "Do let us go. Come, mamma, I shall stifle if we stay here much longer," she added, sotto voce.

"Jest foller the trail down yonder," said Mrs. Dunn, standing in the doorway and pointing her mittened hand towards the foot of the slope. "Father'll come with the kerridge, and I'll be thar ter see yer started."

"I breathe once more," cried Anna, lifting her fair face as she walked under the shadowy oaks.

"The sight of that man eating his stew—faugh!" moaned Madame Artois.

"At least, they gave of their best," answered Rutherford, "and I doubt whether they will accept one cent in payment."

"Payment? I should think not," answered Anna, curling her red lip.

"The yams and the corn-bread were both good, and if—"

"Ah, bah! let us talk of something else," interrupted Anna. "These trees are lovely—this shade delicious, and ciel! do see, Mr. Rutherford, yonder is our yellow savage."

"Impertinent piece," muttered Madame Artois, angrily.

Rutherford said nothing. Inwardly, he was calculating how many days must elapse before he would be able to return to his home; and, thus far, as a means of facilitating the business, Myra Dunn became an object of interest in his eyes.

Before them, at the foot of the slope, a little gray roof, lichen-covered, could be seen under drooping boughs. The air was cool, and the

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gurgling of a stream, trickling off under rushes, made sweet music. Myra sat among the gnarled roots of an oak. The moss fell in gray draperies about the girl—graceful in attitude of quiet repose. Her lap was filled with ferns and wild-flowers, which she was busily arranging in a loose bunch. She paused, hearing the voices of the strangers; turned her dark uncovered head an instant towards them, gathered together the loose leaves and blossoms in her lap, threw them hastily aside, and, rising, came forward.

"Father says," and she looked full upon the visitors while speaking, binding a grass spray round her flowers, "father says that you wish me to guide you through the woods."

"If you are well enough—yes," answered Rutherford, somewhat startled by her directness.

"I am quite well enough," she answered, quietly. "When do you wish to go?"

"The horses will be here shortly. Meantime, your mother said that you would give these ladies some milk from your dairy."

She threw open the door of the little moss-grown spring-house, and asked them to enter.

"How pretty! How cool!" cried Anna, looking with delight on the sparkling water.

There was a row of gourds hanging against the wall. Myra silently filled three, and handed them to the travelers.

"Our milk is not very rich," she remarked, composedly. "Our cows are never fed."

"You make butter?" inquired Rutherford.

"Yes, but it is never golden, as you see," she continued, lifting a cloth from another crock and disclosing the white clabbery-looking churning of the pine-lands.

"I saw quite a drove of cattle in that field yonder," observed Rutherford.

"Yes, father sells every fall and spring, to men who pass through the woods."

"How do you live here?" questioned Anna, laying her empty gourd on a shelf and looking curiously into the face of her young hostess.

"As the birds and the trees, perhaps," answered Myra, stooping to sprinkle her flowers.

"But," persisted Anna, "really now—your home—your surroundings—and you—everything appears very odd."

"The carriage is coming," said the girl, rising and stepping forth into the open air.

"You will ride?" said Rutherford, opening the door and disclosing crimson luxury within.

"I shall walk."

"But that is not possible," interposed Madame Artois. "We shall not reach our destination before nightfall."

"La, yer hain't never seen our Miry walk. She kin keep alongside o' them horses. Git in—git in, marm, and let the child hev her own way," said Mr. Dunn.

"Isn't she a savage?" cried Anna, as the girl passed rapidly forward, a palmetto-hat covering her dark head, with one hand holding her fair flowers, with the other, now and then outstretched, pointing a way for the tired horses to pass over the soft grass, twixt the rounded pillars of the pines.

"Isn't she a stalker?" exclaimed Madame Artois. "Impudent minx!"

Rutherford said nothing; but, as he watched the slender figure, straight and willowy, every motion supple and free and graceful in the abandonment of perfect ease, his mind, traveling eastward, lingered among palms.

III.

"We have come one mile through these pines," said Myra, standing beside a gray bridge spanning the high and densely-wooded banks of a stream whose waters gurgled far below. "This creek is called Chappapeela. The road passing over it is the parish-road."

"We are very much indebted to you," said Rutherford, taking off his hat, dismounting, and standing beside her, thinking, as he spoke, that this singular girl, dusky and calm, seemed a fitting priestess for the solemn scene.

"You owe me no thanks: I was coming hither," she replied, gravely.

"Have we much further to go?"

"A quarter of a mile only; then you turn towards the left, and follow a trail through trees, and near the banks of this creek is the house—vine-covered, like a nest."

"Oh," exclaimed Madame Artois, thrusting her head forth from the carriage-window, "don't let us run any more risks. Here, you—Myra Dunn—two silver dollars shall be paid into your hand when we reach our destination."

"Keep your money, madame: I do not need it," said the girl, leading the way over the bridge, and not again pausing till horseman and carriage drew up before the bars of the Levalle fence.

"Vine-covered and like a nest, indeed," mused Rutherford, springing from his horse and commencing to take down the bars.

Evidently there had not been much attempt at cultivation. The enclosure was not more than two acres in extent, and the low snake-fence was so covered with thorn and brier that it seemed a dense hedge. Grass, even on the road leading towards the house, stood high,

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bending softly in the October breeze. A few great trees, moss-hung, cast shadows mid the sunlight, and, beyond these, nestling against a background of dense woods, could be seen a small red cypress house, lifted two feet from the earth, on cypress trunks: the low pointed roof leaf-covered, and a rose-vine, all set with pale-pink blossoms, stretching like a veil over the eastern end of the front porch.

A dog came forward, barking; but, seeing Myra, his barks changed into low cries of delight, and he gamboled about her with rough caresses of joy.

Then a stout colored woman appeared, the head bound in bright bandana, the ears adorned with golden rings, the dress of blue homespun.

As she advanced, courtesying but speechless, Myra Dunn, lifting her hand, made rapid signs.

"She is a mute," said the young guide, who was walking slowly with Rutherford up the grass-grown way. "Her name is Mawna. She has lived always with Madame Levalle. She was a slave, born in the family."

"Is this the house?" asked Madame Artois, stepping forth from her carriage and looking with astonishment at the shingled roof of the balcony, the two humble board doors, and the two windows closed by batten shutters.

"This is the house," answered Myra, curtly; "and Mawna bids me say that you are welcome."

"So this is Mawna? I used to know her, long ago. Ask if she remembers me."

Myra complied.

"She remembers you very well, Madame Artois, and is ready to serve you. She goes now for the keys of the doors. I will remain a few moments longer," added the girl, with grave dignity. "I have been long expecting you, and have a letter and message to deliver from"—she paused, then continued—"from Madame Levalle."

"Is there any other servant?" asked Madame Artois, frowning.

"No."

"Then you had better stay and ask questions. I am quite willing to pay for your time and—"

"You cannot pay for my time," interrupted Myra, calmly: "it is not to be bought. I have other duties."

"Your mother does not understand these people," observed Rutherford, in a low voice of annoyance, to Anna.

"Well, here is Mawna," replied the young girl, who was culling some of the lovely roses; "and, as soon as we are settled—as soon as we have taken possession, why," with a slight shrug, "we needn't have anything more to do with them. Heigho! shan't I be glad to get back to the city? Come: she's opening the door. Let us go in."

Myra, looking very pale, silently followed the strangers.

Rutherford, and even Madame Artois, were startled, entering the lowly room, while Anna uttered exclamations of undisguised admiration.

A rich curtain of heavy blue brocade hung over the doorway; it was gracefully draped. Beyond, between the two windows opposite, a large mirror, reaching from ceiling to floor, reflected the party passing within. A sort of dim twilight pervaded the chamber—solemn and hushed as with the recent presence of death.

Mawna, stepping forward, threw open the closed shutters, and a flood of sunlight streamed through, lighting up rare pictures hung against the rough red log walls, tinting the lofty bed, canopied in blue satin and draped with white; resting in a golden glory about the rich Persian rug, stretching its glowing colors over the cypress floor; and touching, with orange shades, the raised tiled hearth and the cypress mantel above.

"Mawna wishes me to tell you that her mistress died here," said Myra, softly laying her hand on the rich bed.

"There's no need to tell me anything about the death: I don't care to hear particulars," exclaimed Madame Artois, hastily, and moving forward towards another curtain in a recess beside the chimney-place. "Ask her to unlock this door."

"Mawna wishes me to tell you that this was formerly my room. Sometimes, in stormy weather, I staid all night," added the girl, her face growing wistful and tender as with memories of the past.

It was a small chamber, prettily but simply furnished with hangings of chintz, in crimson and white; two or three pictures on the walls; a set of hanging-shelves filled with books.

"But where is the dining-room?" asked Madame Artois.

"Next the kitchen. You reach it by a covered arbor, leading from the porch yonder. There is but one more room to show, Madame Artois. It is the chapel," added Myra, crossing herself as she entered.

The mute, stepping forward with a burning taper, lighted a swinging lamp, and was proceeding to touch the tall candles of the little altar, when Myra laid a detaining hand on her arm.

Rutherford glanced curiously around. Every object in this little sanctum was very beautiful—the decorations of the altar, the pictured Madonna

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smiling above, on either side two cherubs life-tinted, hovering with outspread wings; over all, the soft light of the lamp, and, as frame-work, the roughness of the cypress walls. A cabinet, exquisitely wrought, standing near the small window, attracted his artistic eye, and he bent over, examining the fine carving.

"It is a desk—an East India cabinet," murmured Myra, laying her hand on the low top, "and contains, Madame Artois, the jewels, the papers, and all that my friend held most precious of worldly possessions."

"Are the diamonds there—and the pearl-set?" asked Anna, eagerly.

"They are under seal, and cannot be touched till your lawyer arrives from the parish-town. But," continued Myra, pressing a spring, lifting the lid, and taking out two papers, "here is an inventory of the contents, and here a letter, which she, my friend, bade me give you, Madame Artois, and she said," the girl paused a moment, as if thinking, then proceeded solemnly, "that she prayed you to be merciful, as you hoped for mercy."

Anna seized the inventory.

Madame Artois, sinking on a prie-Dieu, and opening the dead woman's letter, sat reading by the soft lamp-light.

Mawna knelt near, tears streaming over her bronzed cheeks, her eyes fixed in adoration on the altar beyond; but Myra, stepping away from the glow of the lamp, stood solemn and straight, her dark uncovered head erect, her face impenetrable in the sternness of its expression, her mouth as chiseled from still coral.

Rutherford, with the eye of an artist, studied the strange grouping, and, with the head of a philosopher, he mused over the strange fate which had brought together, in the midst of the pine-lands, these lives so utterly foreign, yet so singularly linked together; he mused also on the memory of that strange woman who had passed—white-haired, and burdened with the weight of her full threescore and ten—over the dark river and into the wonder-land beyond.

And while he thus thought, Madame Artois, rising, silently refolded her letter.

Myra Dunn as silently glided forth into the lengthening shadows of a setting sun.

IV.

It has been said that the civilization of a nation may be estimated by the value which that nation attaches to time and the uses of time.

If this be true, then, in the pine-lands, people soon become uncivilized: for people soon learn droning. Days are sighed into nights, nights into days, weeks into months, months into years, years into lives—and the young man grows old, lies down and dies—as the savage of the olden time has eaten, and drunk, and slept—the woods giving material, and light, and fire-warmth for his home—the streams their fish—the forests their game; while charcoal, turpentine, shingles for far-off city homes, logs for far-off city hearths, and masts for distant sailing-vessels supply by barter the few necessities which the yellow-clay bosom of the earth refuses to produce.

And thus, awaiting the man of law and the breaking of seals, three days were sighed away—days to Madame Artois of gloomy cloud, to Anna of bright sunshine; both seeing, however, through cloud and sunshine, golden visions of a golden fortune long sought—both hearing the music of marriage-bells and the rustle of wedding-robes. For Rutherford, pitying the pretty butterfly, deprived of the gay world-flowers on which she had always feasted, strove to brighten these dreary days and lift the heaviness of dragging hours. Together on horseback they scoured the far-stretching lonely woods. Myra Dunn, in her wanderings, often beheld these two, like the figures of which she had read in fairy-legends, passing swiftly down the pine-aisles, health and happiness sparkling over the beautiful face of Anna Artois, the waving pine-boughs above scattering down, as she passed, little flecks of October sunlight upon the golden glory of her streaming hair.

Silent and shadowy, she would wander away from their sight, disappearing suddenly among the dense creek-woods, or threading with her swift tread the mazes of the pine-pillars, so deftly and dextrously that pursuit was impossible.

One morn, however, while hunting, Rutherford heard the clear cry of a partridge. He divided hanging branches, and peered forth. There in the open woods, among low oaken bushes and beneath tall pines, stood Myra Dunn, her head slightly turned as if listening, while from her parted lips, now and then, floated clear sweet notes.

"Have you wings also?" said Rutherford, coming forward and bowing gravely, his serious eyes studying the face, startled into an expression of vivid life and interest.

"No, but I often talk with birds," answered the girl, hastily. "Listen," and then she poured forth, in quick succession, note after note; and, bending her head, lifted her hand, motioning Rutherford to silence; while a smile like soft sunlight broke over the dark face, as far-off

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answering calls came faintly down the soft distance.

"You are an excellent decoy. Will you not bring the game nearer my gun?"

She shuddered slightly. The smile disappeared from her face.

"No, seek your own game."

"Does it wound your heart to see birds killed?"

"Is it not terrible to think that all life is supported by preying on other lives?"

"It is a necessity."

"There are many things which are necessities and yet horrible."

"As, for instance—" persisted Rutherford.

"Death—suffering—punishment," answered the girl, again shuddering.

"You are too tender," said Rutherford, wondering to find the being he had thought apathetic almost morbidly sensitive. "Your life here in solitude—"

"Tender?" interrupted Myra, looking dreamily down. "Tender? Yet I have never known tenderness. I remember thinking as a child that the water kissed my limbs when I bathed yonder, and the wind kissed my face when it blew soft over pine-stretches, and the sun kissed my cheeks when the warmth of the beams touched them in winter-cold, and always," she added, with softer voice, "always, the pine-sighs have kissed my heart. Do you know," lifting her large eyes, while a little wintry smile flitted over the pale face, "do you know—I imagine it is like the moan of the sea. Sailors, I have read, and coast-people, die, longing for this sound. I think I too should die if away from my pines. They have sung to me all my life."

"What do they sing to you?" asked Rutherford, quite forgetting the hunt.

"Listen," answered the girl, lifting her hand and bending her head, hearkening, as the soft solemn sound fell in distant wave-dirges around them. "Now, what do they say to you?" she asked, suddenly letting her hand fall, and turning towards him her great questioning eyes.

"I have never studied their language as you have studied it," replied Rutherford; "but, to me, it seems as if they tossed to heaven the sighs, and the misery, and the sorrow of this world."

"But that is not all," said Myra, the young face glowing and all lit with the fire of divination like the face of a prophetess. "Don't you hear their prayer? At the feet of Jehovah, winter and summer, and night and day, they are crying: 'Mercy! Mercy! Mercy!' They plead for ever and ever. They tell of our misery, and they plead for our sin which often that misery brings. Mercy—oh, it is divine."

She shuddered again slightly, and glanced around among the shadows of the pine-pillars.

"Sometimes the noblest natures lack the divine gift," said Rutherford, leaning on his gun and regarding curiously this young creature, who, though living away from men, yet seemed to have studied the wants, necessities, and sorrows of life.

"Yes, yes—I know it is true—quite true," she answered, hurriedly. "Mr. Rutherford—" Then she was silent, standing before him almost like a penitent, her hands loosely clasped, her eyes downcast, her head slightly bent, the pine-sighs singing about her that new song which she had taught to his duller ears.

"Well?" he queried, seeing she was silent.

"I—I am about to ask a strange question," she commenced, in a strained low voice. "When—when Madame Levalle came hither, twelve years ago, she brought, among her household-goods, a long box. It was stored away in the loft. No one knew, except Mawna and myself, the contents of that box. To me she said: 'See, child, it is my coffin. I shall live here—I shall die here; and you must be my little friend. Otherwise, I shall be quite alone.' Well, I was her friend. She gave me care, attention, education—surely you must see what she has been to me," cried the girl, her chest heaving, her breath coming quick. "They were gifts beyond price. On her death-bed she kissed me—she had never kissed me before—she blessed me—then—she died," said Myra, in a hushed low voice. "But, before this—I—she, this dear friend, spoke several words which made me think that I had not been forgotten. I don't know whom to ask, but you—you will answer me truly, I am sure," she continued, raising her wonderful eyes. "Has she indeed left me nothing?"

"So," thought Rutherford, impatiently, "the trail of the serpent has passed even here—even over this heart, kissed into womanhood by pine-sighs."

He did not answer for a moment; then, contracting his brows, seeing that she stood yet waiting, demanded coldly:

"Why do you not question Madame Artois?"

"I will not—I will not," repeated the girl, angrily. "I gave her the letter. If there had been anything to tell—"

"She would undoubtedly have told you," interposed Rutherford, preparing to move away.

"Then there is really nothing for me?" she asked, wistfully.

"Nothing."

"You are quite sure?"

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"Quite—good-morning."

"Good-morning," answered Myra.

But she did not lift her head; and, as Rutherford, impelled by a touch of pity, or curiosity, or disappointment, looked back, he saw her yet standing like a drooping pine, the whole attitude expressing hopeless dejection.

And, even while he looked, suddenly she lifted her head, and again there floated forth the wood-note of the partridge.

"Singular creature," muttered Rutherford, frowning as he saw her rapidly disappearing down the long purple vista of the forest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BEAUTIFUL YOUTH: AN IDYL.

BY MINNIE IRVING.

THE clouds rolled up through the hot blue air,
The wind like a lion arose from its lair,
And the rain came rushing along the street—
Like the spirit of storm—in a winding sheet.
Into my garden-bowers it beat,
And trampled the roses under its feet,
While, a vex'd green ocean, the trees i' the blast
Billowed and tossed, and the rain fell fast—
Then ceased; but the clouds rolled not away:
For that day in June was a sorrowful day,
As days of parting have always been
Since the skies were blue and the earth was green—
As days of parting will always be
While love is the lord of the land and the sea.

We stood in the doorway—he and I,
And looked through a shimmer of tears on the world—
The rain-wet world and the cloud-hung sky,
Bud and blossom and blade impearled;
While the hoofs of the horses, loth to wait,
Rang dull in the earth at the garden-gate,
And the thunder rolled on the distant hill,
And our hands were clasped, but our lips were still.

I called him the beautiful youth, for he
Was fair as the Greek gods used to be:
Slender and tall, with the free wild grace
Of his brave young spirit in look and pace;
Eyes had he that were brown and bright,
Like the deers' he hunted with such delight;
Whenever I gazed in their crystal wells,
I saw, in the depths of the hidden dells
Of his native forests—that lay afar
Under the beams of the Western star—
Deer a-drowse in the dappled shade,
Of his hunter-step in their rest afraid,
Dreaming shadows in pool and glade,
Pillows of mosses for his dark head,
Swaying branches, that bent and spread
Spicy cones for the rover's bed:
These were the scenes in the distant West,
To which, in the pride of his beauty and grace—
Of his youth, with the brightness of hope on his face—
Went the beautiful youth, with a rose on his breast.

For I took a rose in that parting-hour—
A sweet pink rose—from the lace on my bosom:
Gathered in sunshine before the shower.
Never a drop of midnight dew
Had stained its petals or dimmed its hue,
For at morn 'twas a bud, though at noon a blossom.
And I placed it over his brave young heart:
"Wear my favor when far thou art,
Where the sun goes down in the crimson West;
That I, in the East, by thy face unblest,
May dream of my rose in its bloom on thy breast."

He was gone, with my rose, in the wind and the rain;
He was gone, with a smile that died in pain
On his boyish lips, and I heard the roll
Of the carriage-wheels with a fainting soul.
Was it Tennyson somewhere said
That a youth who fancied that he was dead—
Dead and buried—yet heard with dread
And pain the wheels go over his head?

So felt I, as I heard the sound
Of the hoofs and the wheels on the sodden ground,
Till it died into silence, and left me alone.
I said to my heart: "It is not forever:
For he will return at the fall of the leaf,
In the mellow Indian-summer weather;
And he and I, in our joy, together
Will laugh at the notion of tears and grief.
But my heart, more wise than I cared to own,
Answered me out of its sorrow: "Never."
And I lay, that night, while the rain-drops glistened
In the ray of my lamp on the pane, and listened
To a sound on the roof like the sound of tears—
So it seemed to my heart, with its foolish fears.
But I knew 'twas the wet from the dripping leaves,
That the wind shook off on the ivied eaves,
And I fell asleep; but I walked all night
With him, in a glory of sunset-light—
With the beautiful youth who went into the West,
With my rose, in its beauty and bloom, on his breast.

Oh! laugh at me, ye who love to-day,
And forget this even, and love again
On the morn of the morrow, when I say
That when others murmur of love to me,
On the pictured walls of my heart I see
A dark-eyed youth, who goes, in the rain,
With a rose on his breast; and that nevermore,
Till the fitful drama of life is o'er,
And I fall asleep, and my hands they fold,
With a fading flower in the fingers cold,
Shall I cease to remember the faint perfume
That stole from the heart of that rose in bloom:
For his bright young spirit is more to me
Than ever a living love can be.

And that is why, when the sun lays down
His sceptre of light and his flaming crown,
I love to look over the purple crest
Of the mountains, into the sunset-land:
For there, in the heart of the golden West,
As I saw him last, do I see him stand—
A beautiful youth, with a rose on his breast.

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HOW THE MORTGAGE WAS PAID.

BY HELEN J. THORNTON.

It was a bitter, bitter day. The snow lay three feet deep; the leafless trees rocked and groaned in the gale; the house shook; the drifts had half-choked up the path to the gate. Not a human thing was to be seen abroad. Even the cattle cowered, shivering, in the barn-yard sheds.

"Must you really go, my son?" said Mrs. Henley. "It is nine miles to town, and the road's almost impassable."

"I must, indeed, mother dear," answered the son, a youth some twenty years old. "The interest on the mortgage falls due to-morrow, and our only chance to pay it is to sell the old desk. If we don't pay the interest, the mortgage will be foreclosed, and the dear old house sold over our heads. It's lucky there's a rage among rich people, just now, for antique furniture."

Bad crops, prolonged sickness, and finally the death of the head of the household, had reduced the Henleys—who had never been rich—to almost actual poverty. In fact, the widow, in order to meet the funeral-expenses and other debts of her husband, had been compelled to mortgage the farm, as she had no other security to offer. Notwithstanding the closest economy, they had not been able to save enough, during the last six months, to pay the interest. At last, the son bethought him of the old desk that was stored away in the garret.

"Ah, not that," said the mother. "Your father thought so much of it. We put it upstairs not because we didn't prize it, but because there was no room for it here below. It's about all your father got of the Henley estates: for these few acres on which we have tried to live came from his mother. After your grandfather quarreled with your father, he married a second time, as you know, and, when he died, left everything to his wife, who left it, in turn, to her own family. And that's why," she added, choking down a sob, "that, while her people roll in wealth—though, heaven knows, they had enough before—we're starving."

"Never mind, mother dear," answered the boy, bravely. "Stout heart, you know. For all that, however, the desk must go, I'm afraid."

His mother and sister, the latter a pretty girl of eighteen, followed him upstairs as he spoke.

The piece of furniture in question was one of those curious walnut escritoires common in the last century—half bureau and half desk, the lower part having drawers, the upper part a lid that let down. This lid, when thus let down, served as a desk to write on, and disclosed, within, smaller drawers and pigeon-holes in which to keep letters, accounts, and other papers.

"It's the only legacy that your dear father ever had," remarked Mrs. Henley, contemplating it; "and he only got it because, even at that time, it was out of fashion; and so, when his step-mother died, the heirs said he might have it, as he seemed to set such store by it, and they didn't want the old trash."

"Oh, Jack," cried the daughter, "don't sell it. Try and get along for six months more. I'll go out to work, and earn some money for you: I'm sure I'm strong enough."

But the son shook his head. "No, dear," he said. "What would Harry say?" Harry was a young man engaged to Lucy, and now studying law. "Better meet the inevitable at once. Besides, do you think I'd let you go out to work while I was alive? Or Harry? He'd give up studying, and work for you too. No, no, child. But you say you're strong: then lift that end of the desk, and help me carry it downstairs—for mother's too weak."

"Oh, be careful," said the mother; "the stairs are so steep. There—I told you so!" with a wild scream: "John is killed!"

For the son, having the lower end, and going down backwards, had stumbled and fallen, a few steps from the bottom, the desk crashing down after him.

But the lad was on his feet in an instant.

"No, mother," he said; "it didn't even touch me. But," gravely regarding the shattered desk, "it's a perfect wreck, and we may bid good-bye to our money, and—and—" with a sob even the manly fellow could not keep back, "to house and home."

It was indeed a wreck. The top had fallen off; one of the sides had been crushed in; and the drawers within had all burst open.

"Ah, what's this?" cried the daughter, noticing a sliding-board that had shot out from one corner of the upper part, and which revealed, attached to its further end, a small box.

Jack stooped and picked it up.

"Why, here's a spring. It must have been

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a secret drawer," he cried; "and this," picking up a folded parchment tied with a red string, "why—mother, Lucy—this is labeled: 'Will of Henry Henley, Esq.' That was grandfather's name, wasn't it?"

"Will?—will?" exclaimed his mother, snatching the document from his hands, and rushing to the window with it. "So it is—and dated—Gracious goodness! can it be? Yes: Henry Henley was your grandfather's name. And it is signed by that name. And the date is only a month before he died. Oh, I remember: the will that disinherited father was dated five years earlier—and this is the true will!"

She was running her eye over the document as she spoke, holding it with shaking hands.

Her children crowded around her.

"Yes, yes," she exclaimed; "it is all here. 'I give and devise to my only son, Gerald Henley, whose forgiveness I ask for my injustice, all my lands, tenements, and hereditaments—'"

"Why, mother," cried the son, "that makes us heirs to Henley Hall! I know enough of law to know that. Hurrah! hurrah!"

It proved to be as he said. With the exception of an annuity charged on the estates for his wife's lifetime—an annuity equivalent to what her dower would have been—the testator left everything to the son: "hereby," to quote the concluding words, "revoking all former wills and testaments."

"Mother dear," cried the son, as the reading was finished, embracing her, "we needn't worry about the interest now."

"Grandfather must have prepared this secretly," said the mother, after thinking awhile; "for it's in his own handwriting, which I've seen often. He feared, I suppose, some angry scene with his wife, and, in his state of health, dreaded it: for he died, you know, of heart-disease. But how he came, after having hidden the will away, to take no one into his confidence, I cannot understand."

"I've heard father say," answered the son, "that he died quite suddenly: fell from his chair instantaneously, at dinner."

"Yes: that was so."

"Probably he intended to tell, but did not think his end so near—"

"Oh, now I remember," cried Mrs. Henley: "old Jacob Strong, whose name is here as one of the witnesses, and who was grandfather's coachman, always said that there was a later will, and that he and Timothy Boyd—whose name also I see here—had witnessed it. But the old man was almost childish then, and even father thought he was romancing. Besides, Boyd stoutly denied the truth of the story, and did so to the day of his death."

"But this Boyd," asked the daughter: "wasn't he, mamma dear, the man who kept the tavern here till a year or two ago?"

"Yes. And, now I recollect, everybody wondered how he, a poor man—for he was the help in the stable—should have got the money to buy the tavern all at once, and that within a few weeks after grandfather's death. He said he had property left to him: but all his relations were poor."

"I see it," cried her son: "the second wife, depend upon it, bribed him to silence. Fortunately, she didn't suspect the will was hidden here, or we'd never have found it. To-morrow, we must consult a lawyer."

"Old Judge Crandon let it be, then," said the mother. "He knew father well, and will see we have our rights. And Harry is his student, you know"—at which the daughter blushed—"and will work for us with his whole heart."

The reader can guess the rest. The facts were too plain to be gainsayed, so that Judge Crandon had no trouble with the other side, and Harry was not called on for anything but his congratulations. Before many months, the Henleys were in possession of the old hall, the mortgage on the little farm having been paid off at once.

All this happened several years ago. Jack is living at Henley Hall, the most popular person in the county, and, it is said, will soon take home there a young and beautiful bride. His sister is married to Harry, who has already won distinction as a lawyer, and is certain to be chosen to Congress from his district at the next election.

SWEET LOVE AT HOME.

BY JOHN SJOLANDER.

Oh, love! sweet love, at home,
Is the light of day;
But dark, oh, dark is home,
When love is away.

Oh, love! sweet love, at home,
Is the jewel's spark;
But love, sweet love, away,
Home is dull and dark.

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THE MOTHERLESS GIRL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1884, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 268.

CHAPTER XII.

It was fortunate for the children of Silas Marsh that, in the tender forethought of his illness, he had paid the rent of his humble rooms in advance for more than six months, thus securing for the orphans a shelter which would inevitably have been lost to them had their future welfare depended entirely on the grandmother: for so great was her wrath, and the bitterness growing out of it, that she might not have hesitated to abandon them altogether, had the possibility of any other home than theirs been offered to her. As it was, she still dwelt with them during such hours of the night and morning as were absolutely demanded for repose, and, in a vagabond fashion, brought them such fragments of food as the few cents could purchase, from small sums raised at the pawnbroker's and rescued from the policy-dealers.

During the days that followed Olive's destruction of her last resource for obtaining funds for speculation to any amount, she scarcely deigned to speak to the children at all; but, if she did, it was with some stinging taunt of the ruin they had brought upon her, and calls for abject gratitude that she kept them from starvation, when at their age they ought to be earning money for her, rather than clamoring for things she could not get. This train of invective was continued so long that the half-famished little ones bore their hunger in silence, and began to look upon it as some punishment for sin which they were all bound to atone for without complaint. But, after a time, nature herself became restive within them. Wild thoughts of doing something for themselves came and went in their brains, born of absolute desperation. One day, sitting all together, drearily enough—for, as there was no food to prepare, household-duties had almost disappeared—Rachael, pale, sad, and hungry, but too resolute for weeping, sat with both hands folded in her lap, while the twins drew close to her without a word of the want that, driven from their lips, spoke in piteous yearning from their eyes. Little Olly broke the silence:

"Grandmother is right," he said; "people can't expect to eat nice things if they don't work for 'em. Children have to work when they haven't got a father or mother to do it for them. So it's time for me to begin."

"You?" said Rachael, with surprise, and now the tears she had suppressed started to her eyes, and a sad smile shone through them. "You, Olly?"

"Yes. Men work for the women, don't they? Well, you see, boys and girls are just the same as men and women, only not so big or strong. If there is work to be got, I'm the feller to go in for it."

"But what can you do?"

"Oh, I've thought of that. There is black-headed pins that boys carry around where ladies go shopping, and sell, and pencils—besides—"

"Yes, dear, but neither pins nor pencils can be got without money."

"That's just what I said to myself, Rachael. Peanuts and apples are the same; but there's candy—molasses-candy. You know how to make that, first-rate. I can help pull. Don't you remember how we used to rope it across the room—twist it in and out again till it split up like threads of silk, and shone like gold? We could make it over night, and next day I would sell it all out. I know an apple-man that will hire me a corner of his stand for a'most nothing, because of having someone to tend to business while he is roasting peanuts in a stove he's got."

Rachael shook her head; but, stealing her arm around the boy, kissed him tenderly.

"But what if you sold nothing?"

"Why, I've thought of that too. The candy would be there anyhow, and, if we hadn't anything else, good molasses-candy ain't bad to eat when a feller's hungry."

Here Rachael gave the ardent little fellow a grateful hug; but Olive sat upon her chair, cold and thoughtful.

"No," she said, with a restless movement of her feet against the chair on which she had perched herself. "It won't do; candy is a genteel business, but it wouldn't be enough to keep Rachael and me busy all the time. Pulling and

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selling would be too much for one little boy, but not enough for us."

"Little? I'm a whole inch taller than you are, anyhow—ain't I, Rachael? Besides, I'm all the man about here that you have got to depend on."

"There, there! don't get your feathers up, Olly—there isn't enough of 'em; but just tell me where you mean to get molasses to begin with? Not at the grocery, where they won't let us have a loaf of bread?"

Oliver's bright young face became despondent.

"Oh, I did not think of that."

"Of course you didn't. Besides, there would not be anything in the business for Rachael and me to do but pulling and twisting candy in-doors while you did all the business outside."

"Men always do the work out-of-doors—now, don't they, Rachael?" pleaded the boy.

"You are a good boy to think so, dear."

"I've been thinking—" said Olive, who sat with a tiny finger pressed to her lips, as if pondering some important matter in her mind, and so preoccupied that she scarcely noticed the motherly encouragement that seemed sadly quaint in a young creature like Rachael, "I've been thinking of something that will be work for us all—holders."

"Holders?"

"Just that, and nothing else. Now, don't say a word till I've done: I know a little girl, no bigger than I am, who makes lots of money with holders. Sometimes they throw in round pincushions; but holders is the business they're in. Her ma makes them, and the little girl, dressed awful nice, goes about and sells them off like hot-cakes. Oh, how I wish we had some now! Sells them to real ladies a'most always: for she's so nice that the girls downstairs talk about her to the folks upstairs, and they send for her up into their parlors, and then buy her holders: so she gets lots of money to carry home. There, what do you think of that?"

"But where can we get cloth and things to make holders out of?" said Rachael. "The trouble lies there, just as it does with candy."

"That's just where it is. You know the ragman don't come up so high as this—I suppose it don't pay; so lots and lots of pieces have been heaped up in the bed-room closet that nobody could sell if they wanted to, and first-class for holders. You see, it only wants small pieces laid atop of each other, and something bright outside. We can cut them out first-rate, Olly. Rachael will sew them together, and then you and I will dress up in our Sunday-clothes. I was awfully afraid that somebody had thought of carrying them off in a bundle under her shawl—you know how. But they are all right; so what we've got to do is to sort out the pieces and go to work. What do you think of that idea?" continued the little girl, impatient for the praise she had expected.

"Going about the streets with a girl isn't business—now, is it, Rachael?" questioned the boy, shrugging his little shoulders with true masculine disdain. "Men don't go round that way with women."

Here Olive turned her shoulder emphatically on her brother; but Rachael laid a gentle hand upon it.

"It seems to me that you are both right; but—but what Olive speaks of is the easiest at first. If there is anything we can make up into holders, and they bring in a little money, we can buy things to make candy of, and set Olly up in business with the apple and peanut man—don't you see?"

"And we can both go in for business outside, while you do the housework and things: for there will be lots of good cooking then—oh, my!"

Here Olive forgot her ill-humor, turned eagerly on her chair, pursed up her lips with a delicious smack, and began to swing her little feet about as if commencing a dance on air; then, springing down, she ran to the closet in the bed-room, and came back with her arms full of pieces—bits of flannel in various bright colors, patches of bed-ticking and domestic cloth, all the odds-and-ends that are sure to gather in a household of moderate means and constant usefulness. These she laid upon the table, and the three children set to work, almost hilarious with hope, sorting out the pieces, arranging the colors, and creating delightful confusion as they worked.

Directly, Rachael brought forth a well-worn work-basket, in which the scissors that had wrought such ruin with the embroidered handkerchief had been cast, and, thrusting her little finger into a tiny brass thimble, began to sew vigorously on the pieces which the twins were arranging in separate piles for her use. At last, she held up the square mat she had made out of as many pieces and colors as Joseph's coat could possibly have displayed, and asked if that would do.

The twins gave a little shout of congratulation, struck up a war-dance around the table, and commenced work again, delighted as hungry sparrows around a handful of seed cast upon the snow.

When the half-dozen holders were counted and heaped in a pile ready for the market, the twins had got so far ahead of their work that as

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many more were prepared for Rachael's needle; then Olive, who seldom confined her efforts to one object at a time, took a new idea into her head. Among the scraps of cloth, she had discovered some fragments of satin and velvet, of a bright rich coloring that silk alone can take in perfection, and her quick eye seized upon them with the avidity of natural taste born in the artist.

"Now I'm going to sew," she exclaimed, searching for a needle in the work-basket, which she threaded with great eagerness and began pushing through a double square of scarlet satin with her tiny finger and thumb: for her ambition had not yet reached the dignity of a thimble. "I suppose you'd give anything to know what I am making—guess now."

Rachael looked up from her work with interest.

"It can't be a silk holder. The grandest ladies wouldn't think of bright-red satin for that," she said, really puzzled to guess what her little sister was about.

"Holder, indeed!" repeated the child, with disdain. "Now you guess, Olly."

"Maybe you mean to stuff it for a pincushion," said the boy.

"That's nearer the mark—only it isn't one or the other, but an idea I've got that is worth the whole of them put together. Here are pieces enough for three bags—red, blue, and yellow—according to choice Mine shall be blue, but Rachael shall have hers first."

"But what is it?"

"Just this—I only wonder we never thought of it when we wanted to hide away our pieces of mother's handkerchief, and couldn't find a place. I mean to make these gorgeous pieces into a bag, run strings into the top that can go round Rachael's neck, then she can fold her piece of the handkerchief up close, put it inside, and hang it round her neck, so that grandma can't get at it. You and I will have one just like it for our pieces, only mine will be blue and yours made out of that rusty-gold color. Now what do you think of it? No one can get at our pieces after that."

Rachael dropped the holder she was stitching together in her lap, and laid both hands upon it as she listened, her fair young face brightened slowly, as Olive's idea grew plain to her, and at last beamed with entire satisfaction.

"It is a splendid idea," she said; "then we can have them always with us, as our father wished—why did I not think of it?"

"Because you didn't know of the silk pieces, and then, as father used to say, you haven't got so much imagination as I have: more good sound sense, but not so much of t'other thing, which isn't so steady-going, you see."

Rachael smiled. She did not quite understand the distinction that the younger child was trying to explain of their two characters, but accepted it tranquilly and reached out her hands.

"Let me make the bags," she said. "You can't do it without a thimble. Besides, over-and-over work is so slow."

"Oh, yes, I can," exclaimed Olive, drawing herself out of reach and pushing her needle in and out vigorously. "Don't you see how I get along? Besides, I'm bound to make your bag all myself."

"Well, then, I will begin on yours and Olly's," said Rachael, with that gentle persistency that was a part of her character. "Your finger is hurt now."

"No, it isn't," cried the child, turning away while she put the wounded little finger in her mouth; but after that her energies began to flag, and she allowed Rachael to finish the bags of blue and old-gold without further protest. But she went on laboriously with her own task, and, when it was finished, insisted on her right to put the fragments of embroidery into the red and gold bags, which she tied around the necks of Rachael and Olly with tremulous enthusiasm, unusual to a little creature of her age.

"Now," she said, "we have got them our own-selves, safe from everybody."

"And will keep them always, as my father wished," said Rachael, with gentle solemnity, which was the more pathetic because of its quietness.

"Always," murmured the boy, creeping close to her.

"Forever and ever," exclaimed Olive, pressing the silken relic close to her bosom, "forever and ever."

"Then the one who lives longest shall have the whole," said Rachael; "that was the wish I saw in his eyes when he shut them to sleep, I thought."

A feeling of strange solemnity fell on the children—the dread that comes from a thing we feel but cannot comprehend. While they stood looking upon each other, the sound of some movement reached them from the stairs. They listened breathlessly

"What is it? Who is it?" whispered the twins. Then the sound of a human footstep came to them as a relief.

Then Olive seemed to awake at once to a sense of the situation.

"Hurry up—hurry up," she said, sweeping the holders and stray fragments together in her arms,

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crushing them into the basket, and hiding that in the bed-room closet. "It is grandmother."

It was the grandmother who came up those stairs—tired, worn out with tramping the streets, and out of temper because no one of her associates had remembered to offer some return for the elaborate hospitality she had bestowed on them while the prodigal waste of Silas Marsh's money lasted.

"Scarcely a spark of fire, and nothing to eat, I dare say. Not even a cup of tea, or a drop of—of anything to comfort a woman burdened down to the ground in her old age."

As the old woman made this complaint, she looked reproachfully upon the children, who said nothing, but stood before her with downcast eyes like criminals, and feeling as if they were really something of the kind; but this humility only intensified a sense of her own wrongs.

"Other women of my age have children and grandchildren to take care of them. Rich or poor, they manage to do that, if they have to work night and day, or even beg for it; but who is there to do anything for me? Not one of you would stop at a basement-door and ask for the least thing—not even if I starved for want of a mouthful of bread."

"We don't know how to ask for bread without money."

"Oh, of course not. It is easier to see an old woman, who has seen better days, go hungry all day, and come home like this with wet feet, and no fire to dry them at."

"We have been cold and hungry as well," said Rachael; "but what can we do?"

"What can you do? Why, just go into the street, as little children do, and ask the people you meet to give you something. I'm sure you look white and miserable enough, without any make-believe, to do splendidly, and just roll in plenty: but what is the use of talking? You won't do a thing, from fear that your old grandmother might get a little comfort out of it. Men would stop in the street for a little thing like Olive there, and give her lots of pennies, if she only lifted her eyes just as she does now, with both tears and fire in them, as if she was mad and yet wanted to burst out a-crying. But catch her, or any of you, doing anything of the kind; she's too uppish for that, though her old grandma might use the pennies to make a fortune with."

"We don't know how to beg," said Rachael; "but we will try and do something."

"Do something? What can you do, but go about and pick up what you can, like other children? The streets are full of them: and the brightest girls get the most, especially if they are pert and good-looking, like Olive."

"Olive isn't going around that way for anybody. Rachael won't, and I won't; but I'm a boy, and mean to do something better than begging. Just you wait till I get a chance."

"You get a chance—you!" retorted the old woman, measuring the boy with her cold hard eyes. "A splendid dependence you would be."

The woman spoke with all the bitterness of disappointment, and, rising from her chair, swept into the bed-room, where she began once more to search her almost empty bureau, in a desperate hope of finding some article which the pawnbroker might accept for the small sum which would secure a policy-number that she had dreamed of two nights running, and which was certain to open the golden gates of fortune for her. She found nothing, and at last sat down on the side of her bed in the dark and began to cry, feeling herself an exceedingly wronged and ill-used woman: for the project she had been dwelling upon as a means of support had been met with obstinate rejection by the children, who were to turn beggars in her behalf. Now all her resources seemed at an end.

"If they had not robbed me of that handkerchief, I might have drawn the very highest prize by this time. It is all their fault, and now they turn on me like young foxes, and won't raise a finger to help me. That is the return I get for all I have done for them."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE next morning, Mrs. Dean left her home sullenly and without her breakfast. Half an hour later, Rachael was knotting the ribbon that tied Olive's little dark hood, and turning back its crimson lining from the pretty pale face till a soft rosy glow fell over it, concealing all appearance of want or hardship.

"There," she said, turning the child around and smoothing down the folds of her short dress, in a way that concealed the darns and faded places, in her quaint motherly fashion. "No one will think of taking you for a beggar-girl now."

A smile that was faintly proud came over Rachael's sensitive lips, as she said this: for the sting of her grandmother's proposition, over night, was still in her mind.

"No, indeed," said Olive, looking down upon her tidy dress, with a saucy laugh, "I don't mean that anyone shall take me for that. I don't mean to look sorry or afraid; but will march along with my head up—you'll see. I say, Olly, don't I look nice?"

"Nice as a new pin, and bright as a silver dollar," answered the boy, who stood, cap in

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hand, waiting for his sister to get ready. "Now, what do you both think of me? Look like business, don't I?"

Here Olly made a dextrous attempt to hide a break in one of his shoes, which he thought Rachael had not discovered, and exhibited himself to the best advantage, with his bright hair in waves and curls around his forehead, and his best clothes so neatly brushed that they seemed to him almost as good as new, though his jacket had a patch at the elbow, and his trousers were some inches too short.

"You're just splendid."

"No, not that, Olive. Men don't dress up so much for business, you know, and that is what I am about; but you won't be ashamed of me as we go along, anyhow."

The boy drew himself up proudly, and put on his cap slightly at one side, as he said this. Olive took up a painted basket that had seen better days, and that length of time had toned down from its original gorgeousness, in which the holders were placed with much regard for color: the red and yellow being uppermost. Swinging it on her arm, she followed her brother out of the room, looking bold enough, but with a wildly-beating heart.

When they had threaded the staircases, and stood in the untidy entrance-way, looking out upon the narrow and ill-kept street stretching in the distance, Olive drew back and waited for the boy to go first.

Olly pushed back his cap, and strode on to the sidewalk.

"My peanut and apple man is down this way," he said; "but that won't do for a girl."

"Couldn't I go along till I got a little used to the street? It looks awfully long and lonesome," pleaded Olive, ruefully.

The boy hesitated.

"It isn't business," he said, "but, if you want to so much, come along."

They walked on together, going toward the wharves.

"Olly! I say, Olly! Couldn't you just speak to some of these men, as we go along, and ask if they don't want to buy holders for their wives? I can't seem to make the words come—they choke in my throat. I did hang back and try, just now; but when the man stopped and looked at me so, I wanted to run away. He asked if I spoke to him. I shook my head for no, and crept close up to you, half scared to death. Did you think I should be such a coward, Olly?"

"Well, I suppose that's natural to girls, 'specially them as don't go in the street much. Now, there isn't but one man going that I am afraid of, and that is the peanut-seller. Now, when it comes to the point, I'm in trouble about him. If he should say: 'What—a little shimpy chap like you wanting to go into business? Well, I should laugh!' that would just break me down. Supposing, after all, that we both go back and try something else."

During some minutes, the two children stood on the sidewalk with downcast eyes: for each was ashamed to look at the other. The girl recovered herself first.

"No," she said. "We are not mean enough to go back to Rachael like this. What are we afraid of? It's no harm to sell things, and no shame either. Come."

A few moments' walk brought the children to the corner, where a kindly-looking man, crippled in one arm, sat by a stand laden with fruit and nuts, behind which was a portable stove, by which two or three street-gamins were warming themselves, more in imagination than fact. Olly pulled this man by the coat, and, in a low voice, so crowded with emotion that even Olive failed to gather more than a word or two, made his momentous proposition.

The man listened, smoothed his long beard with one hand, looking kindly down into the eager young face appealing to him, and asked some questions, which the lad answered promptly. Olive watched the man's face, and wondered whether the smile that lighted his eyes and once or twice stirred his lips was one of kindness or ridicule of her brother's childish ambition.

"I see, I see," were the first words that the girl plainly heard. "You are a small-sized chap for the business; but I don't mind giving you a trial, because I know something about you, having a bit of a room in the same house, which will make things handy. Just get on my stool a bit, and let me see how you will get on with the customers."

Olly climbed up on the man's stool, scarlet with blushes of delight, and Olive, who had watched the proceedings with breathless interest, ran up to the man and asked him to take one of her holders for nothing.

The apple-man laughed till the grizzly beard shook on his bosom.

"I shouldn't know what to do with them things," he said; "besides, they are good to sell. But, I'll be bound, you'll know what to do with this."

Then, selecting a plump red-cheeked apple from his pile, and rubbing it smooth between his hard palms, the kind old fellow—made generous by one good action—dropped the apple into Olive's basket, little dreaming how great the charity was.

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"Thank you. Oh, thank you, ever and ever so much," responded the child, devouring the apple with her eyes, and rendered so forgetful by hunger that she hurried to a sheltered spot around the corner, and began to devour it like a starved animal.

All at once, she stopped and took the apple from her mouth, and surveyed the little half-moon her teeth had left near its core with woeful self-reproach.

"Olly hasn't had a mouthful of breakfast either," she thought, and, turning her eyes from the apple that she might not be tempted to bite it again, she darted back to the fruit-stand. "Here, Olly, here," she said, in an eager whisper. "I didn't think—I wouldn't have touched it, only—take it, take it. There is almost half, and I have had such a famous breakfast."

Olly, who had been eying the fruit around him with patient longing, would have rejected the half-devoured apple; but the girl forced it into his hand. Then the temptation was too strong for him, and the core was crushed between his teeth, while she was looking on with generous satisfaction in her eyes, and working her lips in sympathy with his.

The old apple-man looked on and understood the scene, which took him back to old memories of privation that made the heart yearn within him. He took up a scrap of brown paper, twisted it round his hand into a rude cornucopia, and filled it with peanuts, crushing them down close; this he gave to the girl. Then, taking a double-handful from his pile, he heaped them on a paper by Olly's side, saying, in the gentle way that real sympathy always teaches:

"They are capital eating to finish off with." Olly did not know how to thank the man; but asked timidly if he might put some of the nuts in his pocket till he went home, because his sister there was so fond of them.

This the old man understood also, and, without more ado, began to search among his stock for such fruit as might be bruised or specked with decay—which was unsalable, he said, and just the thing for his small partner to carry along. Then again, as the morning-business was beginning to slack off, there would be no harm if the boy took them off at once. It wouldn't take many minutes for him to run home and back again.

Olly leaped down from his high stool, and, without stopping to see that the fruit given him had hardly a bruise upon it, ran home, with his handsome face all aglow, and the precious apples held close to his bosom with both hands. Up the stairs he went, leaping like a chamois from step to step, burst into the room, tumbled his apples on the table, emptied his pocket of the peanuts, and darted off again, calling out:

"It's all right, Rachael. Just go in for them. Don't ask me to stop. I'm off to business again."

When Olly got back to the stand, his sister had disappeared. This troubled him a little; but he consoled himself by thinking: "Well, she has had a taste of something good, and that will give her courage." So he mounted the high stool, and began to look around for customers. "If I can only see anyone I know, won't I holler out like sixty for him? See if I don't sell lots of apples and things for this splendid old chap. Ah, here comes a feller straight from the cars—with a hand in his pocket, too. Apples, sir? Here is a splendid one. Change—yes, sir, much obliged."

Here business flowed in rapidly, and the little fellow took his first lesson in trade with proud animation. Now and then he had time for self-gratulation. "I only wish the girls could see me now," he thought, "measuring and selling like an old grocery-man. And grandma—oh, wouldn't it be a lark to see her coming along with head up, and find me here?"

CHAPTER XIV.

One of those low Victorias, that seem to be invented expressly for the caprices of that most extravagant creature known to society, the American lady of recently-acquired wealth, was drawn up at the private entrance of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and had been waiting there so long that the pair of splendid horses that drew it became restive under their silver-laden harness, and began practicing their steps like dancing-girls impatient for an opportunity of display. They stamped the pavement, practiced the knee-joint movement which makes so much commotion but no progress, tossed their heads with graceful impatience, and behaved altogether as high-stepping horses clad in monograms and crests are expected to do when their aristocratic hoofs are brought in contact with the plebeian pavement.

The coachman, grandly mounted in drab—almost white—livery, and displaying the exact number of buttons requisite to perfect elegance, humored his horses daintily, and, considering himself an important part of the display, put out his elbows now and then, as if it required great manly strength to hold the animals from trampling down some of the small children who gathered, as they said, to see the circus before it started. In addition to this, a footman, also clad in livery, leaned against the entrance-way of

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the hotel, more languidly patient than the horses, but with no less regard for his own personal appearance than was evident in the coachman. All at once, he started and stood upright, awaiting the appearance of a lady who was descending into the hall, leading a little girl by the hand.

Both mother and child were clad in the most elaborate carriage-costume. The lady's dress, made of the most costly material, fluttered with lace so exquisitely fine that the effect of richness was lost in delicacy of design; and there was a flash of diamonds, both at her waist, where the jeweled chain of a watch was visible, and in the lace clustering at her throat

It was a clear spring day, but the little girl was clad warmly as if it had been winter. Her dress of fleecy white cloth, scarcely reaching to the knees, was completed by a cape and a tiny muff of fur soft as snowflakes and of the same color. From under a dainty hat a pair of gray eyes looked out, rather too large and bright for healthy childhood, and a mass of golden-brown hair fell in waves down upon her shoulders, giving to the snowball whiteness of her dress a wave of rich coloring The child's face was thin, and would have been pale but for a flush of red on either cheek, bright as carnations, in the centre, but which paled off into the whiteness of her pearly complexion with the delicacy of a sea-shell.

This dainty little maiden appeared to possess nothing of the spring or joyousness of childhood, though a marvelously pretty French doll, in full ball-costume, was pressed between her bosom and the muff, which she guarded with some interest while coming down the stairs

When these two appeared in the perfect light, the footman stood at the carriage-steps, and would have lifted the child in; but she held back, and pulled at her mother's dress.

"Oh, mamma! mamma! look there: she's got on a Red Riding-hood dress like mine. Isn't it pretty?"

The lady looked around, and saw Olive Marsh standing apart from the crowd of children her equipage had drawn to the neighborhood, and looking at her wistfully, as if she desired to advance but dared not.

"I wonder if she's got cake in her basket," said the little girl, still holding back.

The mother, ready to meet any caprice of her darling, beckoned Olive to come nearer.

"You seemed to want something. What is it?" she said.

"I—I only thought you might buy one of these," stammered Olive, looking sorrowfully down into her basket. "Nobody seems to want any; but I thought a big lady might."

Perhaps the sight of the holders that lay but slightly diminished in Olive's basket brought some reminiscence of former hard times into the woman's present splendor. Certainly, she was not altogether ignorant of their uses, but took one up and examined it, Olive thought, critically.

"The sewing isn't first-rate. Rachael did her best; but she is only a little bigger than I am, and can't take fine stitches like a woman: but they are strong."

The lady looked around, and saw that she was an object of general observation. The street-children were crowding close up to her carriage, and several gentlemen, gathered around the principal entrance to the hotel, were looking that way. It might have been for their benefit, or possibly a kindly impulse of charity came upon her: for, unclasping a gold-mounted chatelaine-bag at her side, she drew out a roll of bank-notes, selected one without looking at its denomination, and dropped it into Olive's basket; then, stepping into her carriage, she drew the child after her. The footman took his seat; the coachman squared his elbows, lifted his chin into the air, and the carriage swept up Fifth Avenue in grand style, leaving our Olive on the sidewalk, looking down into her basket, wondering what it was that the lady had dropped there.

She took up the bank-note, and tried to make out the pictures that were upon it. They conveyed to her some idea of money, but not of amount. A silver coin she could have estimated. But this bit of silken paper: what could it mean? The lady had taken no holders from her basket. What did that mean?

"Please, sir," she said, lifting her eyes to a man who was passing, "please tell me what this is."

The man paused, took the note, and glanced at it.

"Where did you get it? How did you come by anything like this?" he questioned. "Found it, I suppose?"

"No, sir; I didn't find it. A lady—a grand lady, with a carriage and horses, and such a nice little girl all in white—just dropped it into my basket."

The gentleman looked in Olive's face, puzzled and incredulous: but two or three of the street-children who had crowded up to her spoke together

"That's so. We seen her when she shied it inter that girl's basket, and driv off with that live snowball by her side. So there ain't no use in makin' believe it's your'n, or talkin' about the perlice. She's O.K.; and the money, if it is money, b'longs to her."

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All this was said with great clamor of tongues and some show of resentment, which won a careless laugh from the gentleman, who still held the mysterious note in his hand.

"Is it money or pictures?" she questioned, anxiously.

"It is money; and, I think, more of it than the lady would have given you if there had been no mistake."

"She didn't seem to look at it, and never took one of my holders: so it can't be real money," said the child, despondently, and somewhat frightened by the clamor set up in her defense.

"If you don't believe her now, wait till the lady comes back. She's sure to do that, by and bye; 'cause she lives in there," cried a noisy boy from the throng of street-youngsters. "Anyway, you ain't goin' to carry that paper dollar off while I'm about. What was give to her is her'n, and she's goin' to keep it, anyhow."

The gentleman appeared to be rather pleased with this bit of street-chivalry, and gave the note back to Olive.

"It is money—real money. If the lady is sure to return soon, perhaps you had better stay about here. She will know if it was a mistake; but be careful that no one takes the note away from you."

"Well, I guess they won't while I am around," answered the lad, whose championship of Olive had become amusing to the stranger, and a great source of protection to Olive. "So long as that girl stays round these premises, I shall be on hand; so don't you let her keep you from business, sir. She's sure of me."

The man listened approvingly, folded the bank-note, gave it to the child, and walked on with an amused smile playing about his lips.

Then Olive's ragged champion came close to her, and, taking his stand against a lamp-post, seemed to be absorbed by the crowd that was flowing by the hotel in a perpetual current, divided, a block farther on, into two streams—one up Broadway, the other along Fifth Avenue. Olive, greatly perplexed, drew timidly near him.

"Was he making fun of me?"

The boy looked over his shoulder.

"Makin' fun of you? Well, I reckon not. What makes you think so?"

"Because he said that this piece of picture-paper was a lot of money, just as if he thought that I believed him."

"But, for anything I know, it is money—seems ter be by the green on the back of it. Just unfold it, while I see."

Olive set her basket down on the sidewalk, while she carefully unfolded the note, and offered it for inspection.

The gamin thrust both hands down into his trousers-pockets with such resolution that the worn fabric gave way under his knuckles, and disturbed the pose he had taken.

"Don't ask me to lay a finger on it—for I won't—not bein' one of them fellers that can trust their own hands when they once get a clutch on funds that do or don't belong to 'em. I mean to stand right here, a monument, to keep tramps from robbin' you, includin' myself."

"But you wouldn't rob me?"

"Wouldn't I? Not as I mean to. But don't trust me more than I trust myself, and hold on to your own money. That's what I've got to say. Then, again, you just stand back more on the sidewalk: it ain't over respectable for a purty little girl, like you is, to be talkin' so sociable with a feller such as me—'specially, dressed up as you be. So, kinder draw back with your basket, and seem ter be lookin' around. I'll tell you when that carriage comes up."

Olive drew back, as she had been directed, and waited with restless anxiety, now and then asking the boy if the lady would never come back; but the gamin, keeping his eyes steadfastly on the crowd, would answer that "it wasn't time yet."

At last the carriage came swinging down the avenue, and drew up to its old position with a dash. The footman leaped down, and took the little girl in his arms, as if he intended to carry her into the hotel; but, with a petulant struggle, she ordered him to set her down: for she had caught sight of Olive, who was coming toward the carriage, and something in this strange child seemed to fascinate the other

"Mamma, mamma, here's the little girl again," she said, in a sweet feeble voice. "You don't see her."

The lady stopped on the sidewalk impatiently; the little girl had been seized with a chill, which had shortened her drive, and she was anxious to get her into the hotel.

"What—here yet?" she said, addressing Olive.

"You left me this, and did not take any of my holders for it, so I waited," answered Olive, holding up her basket. "Will you take some now?"

"Oh, I don't want the things," said the lady, attempting to pass on. "I gave you some money, did I not?"

Olive's face flushed red as the lining of her hood.

"I didn't ask for money, lady. We sell things, but none of us ever beg. Besides, the gentleman said this was a great deal of money, and must be a mistake. Please take it back, ma'am."

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CHAPTER XV.

THE lady took the note, and opened it.

"It is more than I thought. But never mind: there's bad luck in taking back a gift. Keep it."

Olive held up her basket again.

"And you will take the holders?"

"The holders? Well, yes: give me half a dozen, if that will satisfy you; then run home, and keep your money safe."

As she spoke, the lady cast a suspicious glance at the boy, who had kept behind Olive.

"You needn't try to make her skeered of me. I ain't doin' nuthin' but good for her, and won't," broke in the gamin: "she knows that."

"Very well, then; see that no one does her harm," said the lady, attempting to lead her child away.

"She's all alone, and hasn't got any doll to keep warm. Here, give her mine: it's cold."

The child shivered as she spoke, and her little gloved hand shook as she held out the doll. Olive held doubtfully back.

"Take it—take it," said the lady, giving way to her impatience. "We must not be kept standing here."

Olive took the doll, that absolutely seemed alive to her and quite too splendid for the touch of her hands While she was gazing into its large blue eyes, and wondering over the waving softness of its hair, the lady and child entered the hotel, and the carriage had disappeared.

"What shall I do with it?" she inquired of her ragged friend.

"Do with it? Why, hide it in your basket, and kite home just as fast as you can. It's worth lots, and I seem ter think that poor little white thing won't ever want much to do with doll-babies after this; she's growin' worser and worser every day that I've been about here."

"She gave it to me—to me," said Olive, laying the doll on the holders left in her basket, and smoothing down its dress with demure motherly tenderness.

Olive was not aware of it, but a ragged boy, lank and unkempt, with a dilapidated hat, much too large for him, set on the back of his head, followed her winding progress on the opposite side of the street, and, when she stopped at the apple-stand, where her twin brother was dealing out nuts and fruit like an old vender, he stood against the railing of a neighboring house, and watched the proceedings with interest, while the girl was relating her adventures so eagerly that the old vender came up and listened. He saw Olive uncover the doll in her basket, and give the bank-note into the old man's hands, chuckling to himself, and pressing his own hands down in his dilapidated pockets, as he said:

"Now, if that long-bearded apostle attemp's to cheat that girl, there'll be a scrimmage in this neighborhood, right away; but he don't quite look like it. Just as I thought—he's gi'n it back, and is a-tellin' her how much it's worth. Now, ain't she handsome, with them great eyes a-shinin', and her purty mouth kind o' half open? That boy is her own brother—easy enough to see that—two peas in a pod ain't more alike; and that old fellow is their friend, like me. When she's gone, I'll just meander over and make his 'quaintance."

Olive had indeed made earnest inquiries regarding the value of that bit of paper, which was a mystery to her, and, when she found that it represented ten silver dollars, and would purchase groceries and fire-wood to that amount, the spirit of a female Rothschild swelled in her bosom.

"Come, Olly, come! I've got to get ever so many things. Come! It seems as if I should dance in the street, if you don't go along to hold me back. Won't Rachael be astonished? Won't we have something good for supper?"

"Yes, get along," said the vender, with a satisfied nod; "to-day you have done first-rate. To-morrow we will begin business in earnest—go along with your sister now."

Olly had his cap on, and was ready in an instant; and the twins, running along the side-walk and leaping the gutters like fawns, were out of sight before the boy opposite left his place against the railing and sauntered over to the apple-stand.

The twins, after a swift walk, stood before the grocery where they had been refused credit for a loaf of bread.

"Now, wait a minute, and see if we've thought of everything," said Olive: "eggs, sugar, bread, sausages, some tea for grandmother—oh, dear, the basket will never hold all we want."

"Never mind," said Olly; "the man will send them home, just as he used to when grandmother had so much money. Now, heads up, and let us go in."

They went in modestly enough, but with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes. The orders they gave over the counter, which was almost as high as their chins, seemed absolutely magnificent. They stood by while their purchases were packed in one of the grocer's baskets, and followed the boy, who carried them home, in a state of triumphant happiness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

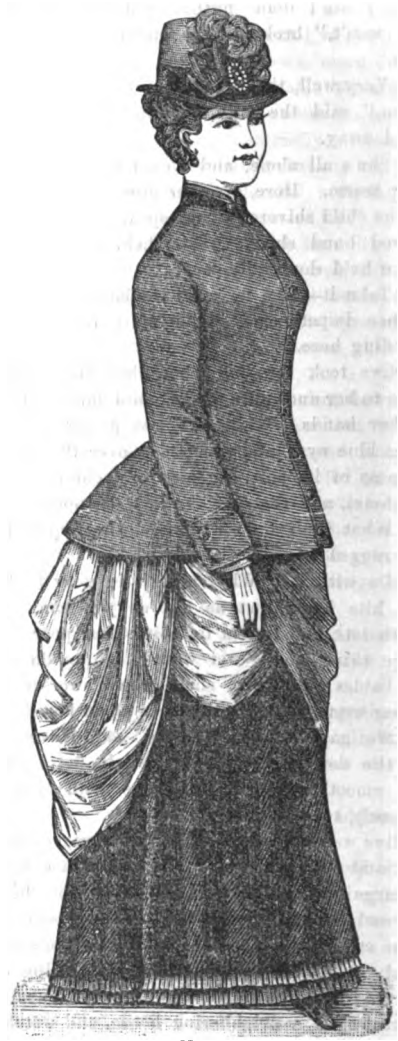
BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a new model for house or walking costume. It is made of gray mousseline de laine—nun's-veiling. The tablier is of duchess-



No. 1.

gray surah satin, arranged in diagonal plaits in front, straight plaits at each side and the back. These side and back plaits may be made of the nun's-veiling, if preferred, using only the surah for the front width. Polonaise with side-festoons. The bodice is full from shoulder to waist, and this fullness forms the festoons or hip-drapery. The semi-waistband comes from the side-seams only.



No. 2.

The collar is of velvet, and only comes to the shoulders in front. The drapery of the polonaise at the back is looped in shawl-form, and is gath-

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ered on one side into bows-and-ends of narrow velvet ribbon. Down the front of the skirt is a cascade of écru lace. The bottom of the skirt is edged with a pointed ruffle of the surah satin. The chemisette is of cardinal-red satin, laid in



No. 3.

fine plaits. Tight coat-sleeves, with plaited cuff of gray surah. This model is suitable for any soft woolen goods, combined with surah silk or satin, or it may be carried out in sateens of plain and figured designs.

No. 2—Is a walking-costume, of velvet or velveteen for the skirt and jacket, with cashmere or camel's-hair goods for the overskirt and underwaist. The skirt of this costume is perfectly plain, with two tiny knife-plaited ruffles edging it, made of the material of the overskirt. The overskirt is simply hemmed and arranged as seen in the illustration—short and full, to display the velvet underskirt. The jacket is perfectly plain, stitched on the edge—tailor-fashion. Standing collar, of velvet. The jacket may be like the skirt or like the overskirt—it is a matter of taste and expense. For the coming season, we would advise the jacket made of the material of the overskirt. A velvet vest might be added to the jacket.

No. 3—Is a costume of diagonal serge in any self-color. Our model calls for myrtle-green. The skirt of this costume is perfectly plain, and trimmed with seven rows of velvet ribbon or wide worsted braid—the bottom row edged with a tiny knife-plaiting, showing but little from under the lower band. The overskirt is arranged in the shawl-shape in front, looped very high



No. 4.

upon the left hip, and draped over the basque-bodice. The back-drapery hangs quite straight, and the fullness is arranged upon the basque, high upon the waist-line. The bodice is trimmed with bands to match the skirt, arranged to form

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a plastron. Folds of the serge finish the edge. Cuffs to match. Standing collar. An oxydized clasp ornaments the skirt, on the hip, where the front-drapery is plaited. Twelve to fourteen yards of serge will be required. The quantity of braid or velvet must be determined by the length and width of the skirt. It is not necessary that the skirt shall be trimmed all around higher than the third row.

No. 4—Is a pretty and simple model for a pongee or small-checked woolens, also suitable for sateens or zephyr-cloths, in checks or small stripes,



No. 5.

combined with plain. The skirt of this costume is composed of three deep kilt-plaited flounces, with a narrow one edging the bottom of the skirt. If the costume is of plain and checked material, make the skirt of the plain. The overskirt is of the check. A short apron-front and long drapery at the back. Plain basque-bodice, cut away in front, and fitted over a vest of the plain material. Cuffs to match. Standing collar. Tiny pearl buttons, and a pearl buckle to place on the left hip, where long sash-ends of ribbon ornament the drapery of the overskirt. If this costume be made in pongee, make the vest, collar, cuffs, and sash-ends of velvet of a contrasting color.

No. 5—Is an indoor-costume, of plain and figured sateen. The tablier is trimmed with narrow knife-plaited frills of the plain sateen, headed



No. 6.—Front.

with two embroidered flounces. These plaited frills are continued all around the skirt, though only half as high as across the tablier. The overskirt is of the figured material, and the front is arranged in double puffs, and ornamented on the left side with long loops of narrow satin ribbon



No. 6.—Back.

to match. The back-drapery is arranged to form one large puff over the tournure, and the end falls straight, as seen in the illustration. The whole is edged with the embroidered muslin flouncing. Torchon lace may be used instead of

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No. 7.

the embroidery. The bodice is pointed in front, and has a coat-tail basque at the back. Narrow knife-plaited frills form the plastron upon the bodice, and cuffs of the tight coat-sleeves. Six yards of figured and eight yards of plain material will be required.

No. 6—Is the back and front view of a blouse-dress for a little boy of four to five years. To be made of navy-blue or white tennis-flannel, and



No. 8.

trimmed with worsted braid, as seen in the illustration.

No. 7—Is a pretty and new design for a street-costume for a little girl from four to six years. It is made of diagonal serge of any solid dark color, and trimmed with rows of worsted braid upon the skirt, which is box-plaited upon the elongated waist. The waist is double-breasted. A deep collar, edged with three rows of braid, cuffs to match, and waistband of the same, completes this little costume.

No. 8—Is a blouse, of cream flannel, for a little girl or boy. It is embroidered in crewel-wools.



No. 9.

The blouse fastens at the back; the front is fulled into an embroidered plastron. The kerchief is scarlet flannel, with a cream-colored border.

No. 9—Is a pretty blouse-dress, for a little girl of four years, made of figured de-laine or plain cashmere. Two box-plaited flounces form the skirt, and the blouse-waist is arranged upon a closely-fitting lining, as seen. Several rows of gathering fit it to the neck, and the fullness is allowed to fall over the waist-line. A butterfly-bow of velvet ribbon is put upon the right side. The sleeves are finished at the hand by a puff and a band of velvet ribbon above the puff. Lace around the neck and sleeves.

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THE "BEATRICE" BODICE.

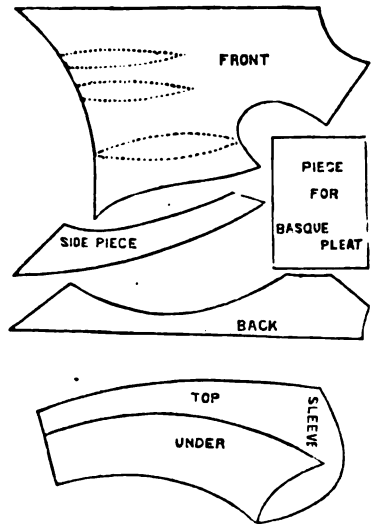
BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give here the newest and most stylish bodice of the season, called the "Beatrice," after the Princess Beatrice, daughter of Queen Victoria. It may be made of any suitable



material, to be chosen according to the fancy or the taste of the lady who is to wear it. Folded in with the number is a SUPPLEMENT, containing diagrams, full size, from which to cut it out. If we have any new subscribers who are not practiced in thus cutting patterns, we refer them to the January and other numbers, in which a full description of the process is given. We reproduce here, for such ladies, a reduced copy of the diagrams on the SUPPLEMENT.

The principal novelty of this very stylish bodice consists in the three hollow plaits at the back. The pattern—No. 5—of one of these we give. They should be slightly padded with horsehair at the top, so as to keep them out from the bodice. The bag-plastron—not included in our pattern—can be adjusted at pleasure.



It can be of a different material from the rest of the bodice. Our SUPPLEMENT gives:

No. 1.—HALF OF FRONT.
No. 2.—HALF OF BACK.
No. 3.—HALF OF SIDE-BACK.
No. 4.—UPPER AND UNDER PART OF SLEEVE.
No. 5.—ONE PLAIT FOR THE BACK-BASQUE.

A gathered Fedora vest is put under the collar, and fastened at the waist-line by a tab and button.

We also give, on the SUPPLEMENT, some beautiful designs in embroidery, a description of which will be found on elsewhere.

COLORED PATTERNS IN CROSS-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give four designs—two large and two small—in the now-popular cross-stitch. They are as follows:

1. CROSS-STITCH BORDER.—This quaint design represents a cock, squirrel, and stork, each set in panels with fancy frames. It can be re-

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produced on any material, from loose-woven linen to plush, the transparency of an open-meshed linen being necessary when used on a close material. Embroidery or knitting cotton, wools, knitting and rope silks can be used, according to the intention of the worker. As regards color, a single one can be chosen—such as deep red or blue, or two shades of either of those colors, or of brown; and, again, a good blending of antique tints. The stitches may extend over three or four threads each way, instead of the usual two. Our pattern is in red.

2. Table-Cover.—The design is illustrated in half-size, and can be used equally well for a table-cover or a long Spanish cushion. The panel of the centre represents a stag-hunt, worked in cross-stitch with wool, the foundation being linen, canvas, or plush. Silks, of course, may be utilized for the needlework, and velvet, satin, etc., for the ground. We print it in red; but, if a variety of colors is sought, we would suggest wood-browns and greens for the sward, shaded browns for the stag, gray and black for the dogs, two shades of green for the foliage of the trees, wood for the stalks, and rose-color for the conventional fruit. Gray would reproduce the little house, black the windows, and brick-red the roof. This pretty design may be set in a frame of garnet plush, with appliqué blossoms in pale-pink and cream satin, outlined and shaded by silks. Green Roman satin or sheeting might shape the foliage, with edges of gold cord, which also might outline the blossoms and form the stalks. A couching of floss-silk or arrasene might surround the whole, finished off with a fluffy fringe. Of course, any other tasteful design would do—one, for example, less elaborate; or the frame might be in plush, in some single appropriate color. An old-gold cord should be used to conceal the joint where the pattern is sewed to the frame.

We also give two smaller patterns which will come in useful in various ways: One is a woodcock, the other a dolphin.

We would add that, as a guide for stitches on plush or velvet, the material preferred is a coarse brown, used for packing, the threads of which are very easily pulled out.

A better quality of this linen makes very tasteful and serviceable chair-backs. Say, let from each edge of the écru ground spring formal flowers in chestnut-colored silk, finished off with a silk fringe and sarsanet lining of corresponding color.

QUEEN-ANNE TABLE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This oval table is either in stained wood or a plain pine-table, covered with satin or plush embroidered on the top, and edged by a band of the same, finished off with a fancy fringe. Linenstra painting is frequently used for the decoration of these tables.



COLLAR, CHAIR-STRIPE, Etc.: IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give several designs in crochet.

1. A Child's Collar.—Two engravings: one giving the whole collar, the other a part, full size. The materials are crochet-cotton and a fine steel hook.

Cut a piece of stiff paper to the size required. Make a length of chain half as long again as the

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neck-portion of the paper, or two hundred and fifty-three chain-stitches for a large-size collar, which should have twenty-three shells or patterns. Each pattern in this row, from the single long stitch to the second, requires nineteen chain.

First row: Turn back, twist the chain—the right side of the chain—make one long stitch, then *, five chain, two long into seventh chain, two more long into each of three next chain, five chain, one long in seventh chain, five chain, one long into seventh chain; repeat from *, end with one long, which is the single long stitch between the patterns.

The collar is best worked into the chains, and not under them.

Second row: Turn on reverse side. One long on long, three chain, one long, one chain between each long stitch, but, after the fourth long, make two long in same space, with one chain between each.

From these directions it will be seen that the collar can be easily continued by reference to the engraving. To make a large collar, rows of patterns will be requisite.

2. Stripe for Chair-Tidy, With Netted Border of Square Netting.—Each piece of this stripe is made separately, and is sewed together afterwards; and may be done in various colors or tints, to match the furniture of the room. The materials are crochet-cotton and hook.

Make thirteen chain, turn back; make one long into third chain from that on hook—this is reckoned as two long stitches. Make nine more long stitches: that is, one into each loop, making in the whole eleven long. One chain, three double-chain along the last long stitch at the end; one chain, two rows of double-chain round this centre band of long stitches, making one chain at each corner.

The pieces are now sewed together in the form seen in the engraving. Then, for border, a row of chain-stitches, catching each point of the work—see engraving. Then one long, two chain, one long into third loop on both sides of the pattern.

A border of square netting, consisting of six squares, is sewed to this: a pattern darned in and ornamented with silk, as outline.

3. Border in Crochet.—The materials are crochet-cotton and hook. The centre medallions are first made.

Make twenty-four chain, and unite in a circle; make one chain, work twelve double-chain in twelve of the chain, then one chain; then twelve double-chain down the other side, and into the one chain; make one chain and thirteen double-chain down the other side. Repeat this, always working into the one chain at each of the points of the oval: thus the number of stitches is increased in each row. Work thus for four or six rows, as may be liked. The wrong side of the work is now to be the right side.

Second row: A row of long stitches are into each alternate loop.

Third row: Five chain, double-chain on each long stitch, and continue as in engraving. When each medallion is finished, the centre should be drawn tightly with needle and thread.

If you are a beginner, and do not understand the abbreviations, ask some acquaintance who does. We have frequently explained these abbreviations, or else we would do it now: as it is, space is too valuable. If you know no one who understands crochet and can enlighten you as to these abbreviations and other points, then buy one of the numerous elementary books on crochet, etc., which are advertised in our pages. Even if you are an old hand at crochet, knitting, etc., a book of that kind is always convenient to have at hand.

NAME FOR MARKING.



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TOBACCO-POUCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give here a very pretty design for a tobacco-pouch: for, as long as men will smoke tobacco, their wives and sweethearts, we suppose, will like to give them tobacco-pouches for birthday-gifts, etc., etc.

The pouch can be made of cloth, silk, or satin, of any color that may be preferred. It should be lined with kid or chamois-leather, and the strings and tassels may correspond either with the color of the bag or that of the embroidery.

Our engraving above represents the pouch with one figure repeated all around it—that is, six times. We give, in the front of the number, a design, full size, for this figure. We also give, on the same page, five other designs, all Kate Greenaway figures. They are to be done in outline, in silks or crewels, though silks are the prettier; and they may be either in one colored silk, or in any variety of colors that fancy may dictate. The whole six may be used, if preferred.

In our engraving, given here, the initials worked on the bag are J. G. Of course, the initials proper to the person to whom the bag is to be given should be substituted.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE DRESS OF A PARISIAN WOMAN is conceded, the world over, to be the most tasteful, because always the most appropriate, of any worn anywhere. It is because "Peterson" goes to Paris for all its fashions, instead of to second-rate dress-makers in Philadelphia, New York, London, or Berlin, that it has secured and maintains its reputation for being "the best of the fashion-magazines," as well as the best for stories, steel-engravings, etc. This, indeed, is the only magazine that has a correspondent in Paris, to keep us advised in advance of the changes in fashion. Our correspondent, Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper, wife of the American Vice-Consul there, is in a better position to obtain this information, both socially and otherwise, than anybody else, and therefore "Peterson" may always be relied on when other magazines cannot be.

Our correspondent has written, among other things, on the reason why Parisian women excel all others in this matter of dress. She says that the chief point to note about the dress of a Parisian woman, no matter what her station in life may be, is its appropriateness. She does not wear as costly garments usually as the American of the same social class, but they are always thoroughly suitable to her position and to the occasion on which they are to be worn. A French "elegante," for instance, will neither go shopping in a velvet costume, nor to a wedding or official reception in a cloth jacket and cashmere gown. She never goes out on foot in superb and showy apparel, or appears at a ball in a dark silk, made high in the neck and with long sleeves. Etiquette forbids her receiving even the most intimate of her gentlemen friends in her morning-dress, though this rule has been relaxed of late in favor of the very superb morning-toilettes, of brocade, and satin, and lace, which have been concocted for morning-wear by the leading Parisian dress-makers. These, however, are simply reception-toilettes for morning instead of for afternoon wear. If she desires to go out on foot, she dons the simplest of costumes in dark cloth or cashmere. Her visiting-costume may be as magnificent as her purse or her desires may make it, and the same may be said of the dress in which she receives callers on her "at home" day. Her theatre-bonnet is much more showy and dressy than her visiting one. For street-wear she dons a bonnet in very dark velvet or felt. In the matter of gloves and chaussure, she is always irreproachable. For evening-dress, the satin slippers and silk stockings precisely match the toilette with which they are to be worn. There was an attempt made at one time to introduce the wearing of scarlet hose and black slippers with white evening-dresses, but it proved a total failure. Neither were black slippers and stockings ever worn in Paris with white or pale-tinted ball-dresses.

THE PRETTIEST WAY to loop up an overskirt is to draw it up very, very short in front, and then let it fall all together, as it will, at the back. Whether trimmed or untrimmed, this is the prettiest overskirt or tunic that can be made in any material. It shows the whole of the front of the underskirt, and makes a natural fullness at the back.

"IT IS THE EASIEST."—A lady, writing of the pleasure her club has received from "Peterson," says: "It is the easiest to raise a club with that I ever saw."

TENNYSON'S POEM OF "ADELINE."—Our steel-engraving, this month, illustrates the heroine of that delicate and exquisite poem of Tennyson's—one of his earliest—"Adeline." Many of our fair readers will remember the opening stanzas:

"Mystery of mysteries,
Faintly smiling Adeline,
Scarce of earth, nor all divine,
Nor unhappy, nor at rest,
But beyond expression fair
With thy floating flaxen hair:
Thy rose lips and full blue eyes
Take the heart from out my breast.
Wherefore those dim looks of thine,
Shadowy dreaming Adeline?"

The delicate spiritual beauty of the poet's conception has been fully caught, we think, and embodied in this exquisite picture.

WHAT MAKES A REALLY GOOD MAGAZINE.—A lady writes to us: "I often say that 'Peterson' combines more of the qualities that go to make up a lady's-magazine than any other. Of course, there can be no real lady's-book without the fashions; but when a magazine has nothing else, or when the stories are poor, or the illustrations second-rate, then even a magazine with the fashions is hardly a *lady's-book*. Now, 'Peterson' not only gives the fashions—the real Paris ones, and more tasteful than others—but its stories are without parallel. It is, in that respect, the best of all the magazines—lady's-books or not: in fact, for fashions, stories, steel-plates, and work-table, *it has no equal at any price.*"

THE REIGN OF THE "BUSTLE," or whatever ladies may choose to call that article of dress, which has lately come into favor again, is hailed, in more than one quarter, with a good deal of derision. The editor of London "Truth," for instance, makes fun of it mercilessly. "The growth of this 'dorsal improver,'" he says, "since last autumn, has been rapid. I can understand a woman who has lost an eye or a tooth getting an artificial one to replace it; but I cannot understand the bustle-mania. Were the daughters of rich parents born with such a deformity, like their Hottentot sisters, they would be taken to the greatest surgeons of the day to know if it could be safely amputated."

WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS, is that Peterson's Magazine fills a place that no other can. One lady, for example, writes: "I have taken your magazine some years; but foolishly, last year, tried another. However, I found myself continually going to the news-agent, with the question on my lips: 'Is "Peterson" in yet?' So I decided to go back to the tried and true friend of former years."

PARENTS AND NURSES are too apt to applaud and encourage what they consider a decorous gait in their children. They like to see them walking quietly along, holding each other by the hand, and hardly looking either to the right or to the left. This is, however, a most unnatural state of affairs, and, as such, is to be condemned as unhealthy.

AFTERNOON-TEA CLOTHS are frequently trimmed with coarse lace, worked roughly over in colored silks. Some novel ones are of cream oatmeal-cloth, braided in gold.

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"THE PEARL OF PRICE," A COMPANION TO "THE GOLDEN GIFT."—The illustrated volume of poetry, "The Golden Gift," which we issued for 1884, *as a premium for getting up clubs*, proved so popular that we publish a nice companion to it, for 1885, which we call "The Pearl of Price"—of course with different engravings and letter-press; and, while the writers in the "Gift" were all English poets, those in the "Pearl" are all American ones.

We also have a fine large-size steel-plate for a premium, so that persons getting up clubs can have it, if they prefer it to the "Pearl." The size is twenty-one by twenty-seven inches. The picture is entitled "The Lion in Love," and is a capital affair. It would frame charmingly.

We will also give, for some of the clubs, an extra copy of the magazine for 1885; and, for large clubs, an extra copy, as well as the "Pearl" and "The Lion in Love." *It is still time* to get up clubs for 1885. Send for a specimen to canvass with. Back numbers can always be had

HOW TO BRING UP YOUR GIRLS.—A cotemporary newspaper, devoted to education, says: "Teach your girls that a calico dress paid for fits better than a silken one unpaid for. Teach them that a full healthy face displays greater lustre than fifty consumptive beauties. Teach them good common sense, self-trust, self-help, and industry. Teach them that an honest mechanic in his working-dress is a better object of esteem than a dozen haughty finely-dressed idlers. Teach them gardening and the pleasures of nature. Teach them, if you can afford it, music, painting, etc., but consider them as secondary objects only. Teach them to reject with disdain all false appearances and shams."

BACK NUMBERS CAN ALWAYS BE HAD by writing to us, and enclosing the price, viz: eighteen cents for each number. "I have tried repeatedly at the news-agents'," writes a lady, "for back numbers; but they say they cannot get them." Now this is not correct. They can always be had, but news-agents often will not take the trouble to order them, and hence reply that they cannot be had. In such cases, write to us.

THE PILLOW-SHAM PATTERN, given on the "Supplement" this month, is an entirely new design, furnished by the ART-SCHOOL. A companion to it will appear on the "Supplement" in the May number. This one is "Good-Night," with water-lilies; the other will be "Good-Morning," with morning-glories; both especially appropriate.

THE NOVELET BEGUN in this number, by the author of "Creole Blossoms," appears, it will be seen, under a different title from that which was first announced. It will be found no less remarkable for its interest as a story than for the truth of its local color. The author, as yet only a young beginner, has a bright future before her.

WAISTCOATS AND LONG PLASTRONS are generally becoming, as they take away the look of breadth; but an ordinary basque-bodice, forming a line round the hips, should never be worn: nor should we recommend a belt, which is ruinous to any figure that has lost its proportions.

"ONE OF THE MOST CUNNING."—The Meredith (N. H.) News says of the steel-plate in our February number: "Of all the charming engravings for which 'Peterson' has become famous, this is certainly one of the most cunning."

TOO MUCH MEAT is unhealthy in summer, and the amount eaten daily should be diminished as summer draws on.

ALWAYS BE CHEERFUL AND HOPEFUL, and remember the saying, "don't cross a bridge till you come to it."

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS MAY BE MADE, at any time during the year, and at the same price as paid by the rest of the club. Back numbers to January, inclusive, can always be furnished. It is never too late to get up clubs, or to make additions to clubs, and so earn additional premiums.

EAT SLOWLY, and chew your food thoroughly, if you would escape dyspepsia, fevers, etc., etc., especially now that the spring weather has come.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

In The Tennessee Mountains. By Charles Egbert Craddock. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*—Bret Harte, G. W. Cable, and this author may be said to form a trio, so far, at least, as they are distinctly American, and masters, like Poe, of the art of writing a short story. One has made the early pioneers of California familiar to us, and the other the creoles of Louisiana; and now Mr. Craddock comes with his tales of Eastern Tennessee, in which the dialect, local color, etc., etc, are marvelously reproduced. It is in these directions, so absolutely fresh, so truly original, that we must look for the future of American fiction. The rehash of the English novel, to which we have so long been accustomed, and in which nothing was altered but the locality—the characters, motives, everything remaining the same—is not likely to be tolerated much longer. It is writers like Craddock who will mold our literature: that is, if they have the staying-power to write novels, and not mere tales. In this collection it is difficult to select the best. Perhaps that which pleases us the most, after all, is the first one.

Art Recreations. A Guide to Decorative Art. Edited by Marion Kemble. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: S. W. Tilton & Co.*—This is quite all that its name implies, and is, perhaps, the best book of its kind. It is the amplification of an earlier work of the same name, but contains so much fresh matter that it may be considered an entirely new one. Among the contents are: "Drawing," "Painting in Water-Colors," "Etching," "Painting on China," "Wax-work," etc., etc. The text is very fully illustrated.

The Bride's Fate. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a sequel to "The Changed Brides," one of the most dramatic novels ever written, even by this essentially dramatic writer. The present story is quite as enthralling as its predecessor. It is published in handsome style, and large legible type, and should have an enormous sale.

Stops; or, How to Punctuate. By Paul Allardyce. 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. Philadelphia: G. H. Buchanan & Co.*—Useful for students and writers, though, after all, what is correct punctuation is viewed so differently by critics, that, as Dundreary says, it's "a thing no fellow can find out."

Daddy Darwin's Dovecot. By Julia Horatia Ewing. 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—This is a prettily-told country-tale, by the author of "Jackanapes." It is capitally illustrated, the artist being Randolph Caldecott.

Garlands Of Thought. By Anna M. Ford. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: Wm. Flint & Co.*—A book of original poems, several of which are quite good, especially the one entitled "Only." The volume is handsomely printed.

No Sect in Heaven. By Mrs. E. H. J. Cleveland 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. Philadelphia: G. H. Buchanan & Co.*—A particularly neat edition of a little poem, that made quite a sensation when first published, by its bright but kindly hits.

Random Shots. By Nelson Goodrich Humphrey. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Bloomington, Illinois.*—A volume of occasional verses on quite a number of subjects, the poems having the merit of simplicity, truth, and directness.

Book of The Dog. 1 *vol. Philadelphia: 237 South Eighth Street.*—Published by the Associated Fanciers, and to be had at the above address for fifteen cents a copy.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

Our Novelets, This Year, seem to be even more popular than those for 1884, though everybody had only praise for them. Commendations of those for 1885 flow in from every quarter. Among others, the Mercer County (Ohio) Observer says: "As for the stories in 'Peterson,' they are the best possible, and all by American writers. Mrs. Ann S. Stephens's powerful one, 'A Motherless Girl,' will bring tears into every eye. Mrs. John Sherwood, of New York, in her 'Lost Ariadne,' carries the reader into the very heart of that exclusive Fifth Avenue society of which she is so distinguished an ornament." We may add that the novelets to follow will fully maintain the reputation thus begun. In the present number, we begin one by the author of "Creole Blossoms," a story that appeared in "Peterson" last year, and of which the New Orleans Times-Democrat said, at the time: "The most noticeable feature of these two numbers, however, is a lovely story, begun last month, and finished this, entitled 'Some Creole Blossoms,' and written by A. Bowman, of New Orleans. With infinite gentleness and tenderness is portrayed the tragic episode of a brief and beautiful young life, that wrought out the sad mystery of its seventeen years ten miles from where the Mississippi's crescent curve holds our own city in its close embrace. Few more delicately graceful interpretations of creole character and life have ever appeared." We may add that the new novelet will be found to fully equal its predecessor, if not to surpass it.

"No First-Class Magazine or Newspaper," says an enterprising and popular cotemporary, "ever offers premiums to subscribers *for subscribing*." We quote this as a self-evident truism. For, when any periodical offers premiums *to subscribers for subscribing*, it confesses, by that act, that it is not worth the money it asks for itself, but has to supplement it by some additional inducement: a cheap lithograph, a cheaper book, etc, premiums which sound very big in an advertisement, but which, on being received, prove to be almost worthless. Now the right method is to put all that can be afforded into the magazine itself, and have no "clap-trap" whatever. This is the only way to make and keep a good magazine The other—shall we say it?—is a "delusion and a snare." Everybody knows, that, if a premium is given for subscribing, the cost must come out of the periodical, which is that much poorer.

We Take Pleasure in recommending to our readers an article which has, in the last five years, done more than anything we recall at present, to relieve the hardest of woman's work of much of its toil and drudgery. We refer to James Pyle's Pearline Washing Compound. The immense consumption of this article is sufficient proof of its utility, and experience has taught us that it is far superior to soap. We are not given to enthusiasm over many of these new ideas, but a fair trial will convince the most skeptical of the merits of Pearline.

Do You Dread Wrinkles?—The death-blow to youthful looks is the sure warning of age, which we would not dread if we could keep back the wrinkles. Palm Kosmeo will surely and positively prevent them and keep the skin smooth and never chap. My own personal use is proof, and I am happy to say to my thousand customers, try it and you will never be without it. Mrs. C. Thompson, patentee of the Thompson Wave, 32 East Fourteenth Street, New York. Make no mistake in the number.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate as a Brain-Tonic.—Dr. E. W Robertson, Cleveland, O., says: "From my experience can cordially recommend it as a brain and nerve tonic, especially in nervous debility, nervous dyspepsia, etc., etc.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[Medical Botany—Of the Garden, Field, and Forest.]

BY ABRAM LIVESEY, A. M., M. D.

No. I.—Swamp-Cabbage—Sun-Dew—Spiced-Bush.

I.—Swamp-Cabbage, Skunk-Weed, Etc.—*Symplocarpus fœtidus*. An endogenous plant of the arum family. Spathe preceding the leaves, conch-shaped, acuminate. Spadix about one inch in diameter, much shorter, densely covered with minute flowers. Fruit an oval fleshy berry-like mass. Leaves at first orbicular-cordate, finally cordate-oval, nearly two feet long, entire, smooth, on foot-stalks two to four inches in length. Found in swampy places.

This plant seems to have some effect upon the nervous system, allaying irritation and irritable coughs. The powdered root is one of the ingredients in the compound tar-plaster of the eclectics—used by them instead of the Spanish-fly blistering-ointment, and held to be far superior in removing deep-seated chronic inflammations of the lungs, liver, kidneys, etc. It also enters into their compound emetic-powder. The plant will relieve spasmodic action generally, in powder or infusion. The leaves can be wilted and used—as ordinary cabbage-leaves—to dress blisters and blistered surfaces. A syrup made from the roots is useful in coughs and recent colds. The calla of our greenhouses is a close relation of this plant—both belonging to the arum family.

II.—Sun-Dew—*Drosera rotundifolia*. A curious little plant, abundant in the wet marshes in the vicinity of Jacksonville, Fla., where the writer first saw it growing. It is a stemless plant, with a scape about four inches high, slender and smooth, flowers white in a terminal raceme one to two inches long. Leaves about one-half inch long, on foot-stalks one to two inches long, fringed with purple hairs, which exude a sticky fluid. The imaginative Darwin sings of this unique plant thus:

> "Queen of the marsh, imperial Drosera treads
> Rush-fringed banks and moss-embowered beds;
> Redundant folds of glossy silk surround
> Her slender waist, and trail upon the ground," etc.

The German tincture is used generally by the Scudderites and homœopathists. One of the latter has published, as a fact, that one dose of the thirtieth dilution—equivalent, perhaps, to ten drops in a barrel of water—cured a case of whooping-cough. Our homœopathic brethren, it seems to me, overlook two very important facts: (1) that there is a *vis medicatrix naturæ*, and (2) it is not every *post hoc* result that is a *propter hoc* cure. That is, we see very frequently a sudden cessation of symptoms—of cough, spasm, colic, etc.—without any medicine at all being administered, and hence we are not warranted in attributing results that follow the administration of medicine as always the effect of said medicine. By so doing, and as is too frequently the case, we are led into the gravest errors.

III.—Spiced-Bush, or S. Wood—*Benzoin odoriferum*. An indigenous shrub, found in moist shady places: flowers appearing early in the spring, before the leaves. Berries oval, and, when ripe, in September or October, of a shining crimson color.

All parts of the shrub have a spicy agreeable flavor, and, when infused, it possesses an aromatic stimulating influence, generally known to mothers in the country. It is a favorite "tea" for "forcing out the measles" in children, when a drink of ice-water would often be much better and more grateful to the feverish little sufferer. Many a child is made sick by hot teas, blankets, and quilts in such cases, when cold drinks, tepid spongings, and light covering, with a good ventilated room, are plainly indicated. These, with kindred subjects, we propose to make the basis of twelve practical articles in the coming year, of much moment to

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mothers and all others under their charge. To be blessed with health and reasonable length of life, we must live right. If we violate physical and physiological laws, Providence will not step in to save us from the penalty of such violation, any more than he will guide a steamer for an absent engineer.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

DANGERS TO AVOID IN SPRING.—Girls cannot be too careful to guard against exposure to the high, damp, and chilly winds of spring. The body must be well protected by soft warm underclothing. The neck and feet especially should be well protected, but be careful not to perspire either. Do not wear too thick shoes nor too thick stockings, for damp feet are to be avoided, and we should remember that perspiration will make the feet as dangerously damp as walking on wet grass can. Do not forget to change the stockings immediately after coming in from a long walk. The feet may be bathed at the same time; and, if you be not going out again for some time, put on house-shoes—light and easy. Much discomfort and many a troublesome ailment may thus be avoided.

Colds and coughs are troublesome during this period. Prevent them, if possible, by careful attention to the rules of health, and non exposure of body to draughts and colds. Take them in time, when they do come. Keep indoors for a day or two; take at first some light aperient medicine, with a warm drink and hot foot-bath at night. If pain in chest, use mustard to redden at once, and cover up with warm flannel. If cough be troublesome, get a mixture from the druggist's after the second day, but tell the man it must contain no opium. This is highly dangerous for young people, and should never be used even in the form of paregoric or chlorodyne, unless prescribed by your own physician.

Sore throat is very troublesome. Wear linseed poultices all night, foment frequently during the day, and wear flannel round the neck; reduce the system a little by low diet and saline aperients, and keep to the house, but move about and do not coddle over the fire. Omit the morning-bath, if you are in the habit of taking a cold one, when you have either a cold or sore throat.

All complaints common to the spring season, of a painful character, must be treated at first on the same general principles—low diet, saline aperients, and extra warmth to induce perfect perspiration at night. A Turkish bath now and then should be taken during the spring months, more especially if the weather be cold.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Lock Box 409, Marblehead, Mass.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH NUMBER.

No. 265.

Steam-launch.

No. 266.

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OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS

Beef-steak Smothered in Onions.—Take a juicy beef-steak, two inches thick; broil it nicely; then have ready six onions, sliced, and fried brown in butter. Be careful not to let them burn. Fry them a light-brown. When the steak is done and ready to serve, put several lumps of butter upon the steak, and pour two tablespoonfuls of boiling water upon the steak; then pour on the hot onions, and serve immediately. The onions should be allowed to lie in salt and water for an hour, and then wiped dry, before putting them into the butter to fry.

Veal Cake.—Cut a few slices from a cold fillet of veal. Place a layer of the meat at the bottom of a flat mold or pie-dish; next put a little grated or sliced cooked ham, and hard-boiled eggs, also cut up. Then another layer of veal, and so on until the mold is full enough. Have ready about one pint of good brown gravy, well seasoned, dissolve three-quarters of an ounce of gelatine in a little water, stir it into the gravy, and let it simmer over the fire for a minute or two. Then add a glass of sherry, pour over the meat, and, when cold, turn out.

Croquettes of any Cold Meat.—After chopping up the cold meat very fine, boil some milk, and, while boiling, add the chopped meat, one or two eggs, both whites and yolks, beaten lightly in, a very little grated lemon-peel, very little mace, pepper, salt, and some butter. Keep it boiling, stirring it well, till of a sufficient consistency to form into cork-shaped balls. Roll in grated bread, and fry in boiling lard.

Hotch-Potch.—Stew peas, lettuce, and onions together in a very little water, with a beef or ham bone. While these are cooking, fry some mutton-steaks, seasoned, of a nice brown. Three-quarters of an hour before dinner, put the steak into a stew-pan with the vegetables. Stew, and serve all together.

VEGETABLES.

Potatoes—Should be hot to mash well, and not watery. All specks and hard lumps cut out. Beat until quite fine in a wooden bowl or mortar, sprinkle in a little salt, and mix them smoothly with butter. Great smoothness, lightness, and rich taste are required in mashed potatoes. It makes them particularly nice to mix with them an egg beaten up with milk or cream, and pass them into the dish through a colander.

To Dress Turnips.—Boil the turnips. Either mash them or cut each turnip into four pieces. If mashed, stir into them a little butter and cream. If cut into pieces, make a gravy of a little butter, a "dust" of flour, and cream or milk, and let it stew for a short time.

To Prevent the Smell of Cabbage whilst Cooking.—Fold a thick towel three or four times, and lay it over the top of the pot, and you will find all the steam from the cabbage will be absorbed, and your house free from smell.

To Prevent the Smell of Onions whilst Frying.—As often as it begins to be unpleasant, throw in a little cold water.

DESSERTS.

Home-made Water and Cream Ices.—Directions for making ices where ice-pails are not at hand: Put either of the following mixtures into a round high tin, not more than four inches across—old corn-flour tins will be found very suitable, provided they do not leak—and place the tin in the centre of a large flower-pot measuring ten inches across. The flower-pot should be put on two pieces of board, placed over a basin, so that the water can run away into the basin beneath from the hole at the bottom of the flower-pot. The freezing-mixture, composed of layers of ice and common salt, both broken up very small, in pro-

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portions of twelve pounds of ice and six pounds of salt, should be put in between the tin and the flower-pot, leaving a little—about three inches in depth—to go underneath the tin. Stop up the hole in the flower-pot with a lump of salt. The tin must be turned round with velocity; this can be done by placing one finger on the top of the tin firmly, and working it round and round. The top should be taken off in about ten minutes, so that, with a long-handled spoon, the mixture which has frozen to the sides and bottom may be scraped off and stirred in with the rest until all is evenly frozen. When finished, if the mixture has to wait some time before being eaten, it should be placed in a vessel, with the salt and ice in proportions of twelve pounds of ice and two pounds of salt. Cover the whole well in a blanket, only removing it so as to add more freezing-mixture. There can hardly be a doubt that the mixture would freeze quicker in pewter ice-pots; but they are expensive, and the above answers very well.

Vanilla Ice-Cream.—Boil three-quarters of a pint of new milk, with a quarter of a stick of vanilla in it—having previously soaked in the milk for several hours—also six ounces of sugar; pour this gradually on to the yolks of three eggs, well beaten. Add three-quarters of a pint of cream, then stir gently in a jug, placed in a sauce-pan of hot water over a slow fire, as for a custard; when cold, freeze.

Biscuit Cream Ice.—To six yolks of eggs, well beaten, add gradually three-quarters of a pint of boiling milk, with one-quarter pound of sugar boiled in it; stir well, then add six sponge-cakes and one ounce of ratafias; beat well together, then pour in a quarter of a pint of cream; when cold, freeze.

CAKES.

Snaps.—One-half pound of salt butter, one-half pound of moist sugar, one-half pound of molasses and flour—more molasses than flour—and one and a half ounces of finely-powdered ginger. The butter, molasses, and part of the sugar to be made boiling-hot, and poured on the remainder of the ingredients, well mixed. Spread it very thinly with a knife on a sheet-tin which has been buttered, and bake When done, to be taken off with a knife.

Easter Cakes.—Take four pounds of flour, two pounds of butter, two pounds of sifted sugar, eight yolks and four whites of egg, a teaspoonful of sal-volatile, and cinnamon to taste. Mix one pound of butter with the flour, add the sugar and spice; melt the other pound of butter, and mix it with the eggs; then mix all together, roll out thin, cut the paste into good-sized rounds, put them on a floured tin, and bake in the oven.

Currant Cake, with Drippings.—Mix well two pounds of flour, one pint of warm milk, and a tablespoonful of yeast. Let it rise about half an hour, then add one-half pound of brown sugar, one-quarter pound of currants, and one-quarter pound of good fresh beef-dripping. Beat the mixture well for a quarter of an hour, put it into a well-greased tin, and bake in a moderate oven.

Flannel-Cakes.—One quart of milk, three eggs, the yolks and whites beaten separately, a little salt, a small piece of butter melted, and as much flour as will make a batter. Stir the whites into the batter just before baking. If sour milk with soda is used, no butter is needed.

Corn Bread, Steamed (*Canadian Recipe*).—Scald two cups of corn meal with boiling water, add another cup of meal and one of flour, two cups of sour milk, one cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, and a little salt. Mix, and steam three hours.

For Scones without Buttermilk.—Put on a breakfastcupful of sweet milk to boil, stir in as much flour as will turn it all clean out of the pan; flour the pastry-board, and roll out thin; cut with a round cutter, and bake lightly on the griddle.

Jumbles.—Three pounds of flour, two pounds of butter, two pounds of sugar, six eggs well beaten, and six teaspoonfuls of rose-water. Roll well together. Bake in a quick oven.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE-RECEIPTS.

To Preserve Milk and Cream for Long Periods.—Add one ounce of sugar to one pint of milk, and boil it down to one-half. Run it into small bottles, and place them in a pan of cold water; put it on a good fire. Allow the water to boil for an hour, and then, while still hot, close the mouths of the bottles with very good and tight-fitting corks, and let them become cold. When cold, dip the cork and neck of the vessel in a ladle containing melted sealing-wax or common pitch, so as to render them perfectly air-tight. Cream is preserved by evaporating it down to a quarter of its previous bulk, without adding sugar, and then preserving it in bottles as directed for milk. The bottles containing it should, however, only be boiled for three-quarters of an hour.

Plain Omelet.—Beat up three or four eggs with one dessertspoonful of parsley very finely minced, and pepper and salt to taste. Put a piece of butter, the size of an egg, into a frying-pan; as soon as it is melted, pour in the omelet-mixture, and, holding the handle of the pan with one hand, stir the omelet with the other by means of a spoon. The moment it begins to set, cease stirring; but keep on shaking the pan for a minute or so; then, with the spoon, double up the omelet, and keep shaking the pan until the under side of the omelet has become of a golden color. Turn it out on a hot dish, and serve.

Poached Eggs.—Half-fill a frying-pan with boiling water; throw into it a saltspoonful of salt. Open each egg into a cup, drop each egg carefully into the water, which must not boil hard: they will take about three minutes to cook; then, with a pancake-turner, trim off the uneven edges of the whites; take each one up carefully, lay them on pieces of buttered toast or on slices of fried ham. Another way is to half-fill your pan with boiling water, put in as many small muffin-rings as the pan will hold—laying them flat—salt the water as above, and put an egg into each, which makes them even and round.

Suet to Keep for a Twelvemonth.—Choose the firmest part, and pick it free from skin and veins. Put it into a sauce-pan, and set it at some distance from the fire, in order that the suet may melt without frying, or it will taste disagreeable. When it is melted, pour it into a pan of cold water. When it is caked quite hard, wipe it very dry, fold it in fine paper, and then in a linen bag, and keep it in a dry but not a hot place. When you wish to use it, scrape it fine, and it will make a nice crust, either with or without butter.

Eggs a-la-Lavallette.—Pour into a flat tin dish cream to the depth of a quarter of an inch; bring to a quick boil, and then drop in the eggs, and cook until the whites are hard. Season to taste, and serve in the same flat tin dish.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLACK SURAH. Two narrow knife-plaitings are around the bottom. The front of the skirt is made of black brocaded silk. The back has a plain full drapery, which falls nearly to the bottom. The bodice is plain-fitting in the back, has a full plastron-front, which is confined by a black velvet band, which is put on at the side-seam. Black velvet collar and cuffs. Black straw hat, bound and trimmed with black velvet, black ribbon, and a large red rose.

FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS, OF WHITE NUN'S-VEILING. The skirt is short, and is laid in box-plaits. On the plain spaces between the plaits, fall long loops of white ribbon. The tunic is fuller on the left side than on the right, and is

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irregularly draped. Long loops-and-ends of white ribbon catch it up on the right side. The pointed bodice opens low down, V-shape, is laid in plaits from the shoulder down, and is filled in, in the lower part, with soft white silk, laid in crosswise gathers. The spotted lace chemisette is full and finished with a gathered ruffle at the throat.

FIG. III.—RECEPTION OR EVENING DRESS, OF LIGHT-BROWN STRIPED SILK. The skirt is edged with a narrow knife-plaiting. Two rows of wide lace show on the left side of the skirt; a full puffing falls over the top of the upper flounce. The drapery is full, deep, and shawl-shaped in front. At the back, it falls almost plain. The bodice opens V-shape over a scalloped plastron of velvet, above which is a full crèpe-lisse chemisette. The cuffs and collar are also of velvet.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF PUCE-COLORED WOOLEN MATERIAL, DOTTED WITH SMALL FIGURES. The skirt is made with accordeon-plaits, which are only kilt-plaits, but made much smaller. The overdress is in one piece, buttons from the right to the left, and has no dart taken in on the right side; thus it falls loosely at that side of the waist. The drapery is gathered up under a horseshoe of oxydized silver. The buttons are of oxydized silver. Bonnet of purplish-brown felt, trimmed with a white dove.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLUE ALBATROSS. The skirt is in kilt-plaits. The tunic is simply draped, and short at the back. The jacket-bodice fits closely at the back, opens in front over a cream-colored surah chemisette, and has a broad blue velvet waistband. Straw hat, bound with dark-blue velvet, with a large yellow wing in front.

FIG. VI.—VISITING OR HOUSE DRESS, OF FOULARD. The accordeon-plaited skirt may be made of plain écru foulard or of pongee. The overdress is of écru foulard, sprigged with light-blue. The tunic is draped high on the left hip, with brown velvet ribbons. The bodice is slightly full in front, and is worn with a brown velvet Swiss bodice. Collar and cuffs of brown velvet. Brown straw hat, trimmed with écru feathers.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE PERCALE SPOTTED WITH DARK-RED. The underskirt, which is full at the back, is finished with loops of the percale, which are loose and lined with dark-red. The overdress is rather square in front, and drawn far back. The panier-drapery comes from the right side, and reaches under the puffed back-drapery. The bodice is loose, and confined around the waist by a band. The triple cape has a high standing collar. Hat of dark-blue straw, trimmed with dark-blue ribbon and rosette and a red wing.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF WHITE CHINTZ, FIGURED WITH PINK ROSE-BUDS. The skirt is laid in double box-plaits. The overskirt is draped high in front, under the back-drapery. The bodice has a round basque, is finished with a waist-belt, and has a bretelle trimming of braid. White straw bonnet, trimmed with rose-colored surah silk.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-BROWN DE-LAINE. The skirt is trimmed with five plain flounces. The overdress is of chestnut-colored de-laine, figured with brown. The vest, collar, and cuffs are of the plain brown, and the bodice, which opens over the vest, is of the chestnut-colored figured material. Dark-brown straw hat, trimmed with a twist of chestnut-colored surah and wild roses.

FIG. X.—VISITING-DRESS, OF FOULARD. The skirt has five flounces of dark violet-colored foulard, simply hemmed. The full panier-tunic is of heliotrope-colored foulard, spotted with violet, and forms a full drapery at the back. The deep-pointed vest is of the figured heliotrope-color, while the bodice and sleeves are of the plain violet-colored material. The bodice has a high standing collar, as well as a rolling collar, and is made with a small simulated basque. Hat of yellow straw, trimmed with a roll of violet velvet and a bunch of heliotrope feathers.

FIG. XI.—HAT, OF COARSE BROWN STRAW, trimmed with a twist-and-bows of Algerine material, striped with red.

FIG. XII.—PLASTRON, OF BROWN VELVET. The revers are edged with three rows of gold braid. The standing collar and front are of sulphur-colored surah. Lace or muslin may be substituted. These plastrons help to brighten up an old dress or give variety to a limited wardrobe

FIG. XIII.—VISITING-DRESS, OF WHITE NUN'S-VEILING. The skirt is formed of two deep kilt plaited flounces, edged with myrtle-green velvet. The tunic in front is laid in plaits, edged with the velvet, brought up high back of the hips, and falls straight at the back. The bodice is close-fitting, has a myrtle-green vest, is laid in plaits in the back, showing a piece of the velvet, and has a deep habit-basque. Bonnet of white lace, trimmed with white and myrtle-green feathers.

FIG. XIV.—BONNET, OF BLACK STRAW, trimmed with black ottoman ribbon and a large bunch of cherries.

FIG. XV.—PLASTRON, OF BLACK VELVET. The collar is also of black velvet. The bib-part is silk-muslin, printed in colored flowers.

FIG. XVI.—SPRING TOILETTE. The dress is of queen's-gray camel's-hair. The jacket is of corded silk, of the same color, trimmed with lace and a chenille fringe, intermixed with steel beads. Black velvet collar. Hat with a full crown of black velvet, with fluted lace brim, and trimmed with gray feathers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Nun's-veiling, albatross, and other thin woolen goods for summer frequently have small spots of chenille woven in. These spots are about the size of a small cherry, and of all colors, though shades of red seem to be the most popular; but heliotrope will be spotted with dark-violet, white with blue or red, pink with brown, etc.

Gauzes, grenadines, and other thin silk fabrics come either plain or figured, and make most useful summer-dresses. These are most pretty when trimmed with lace.

Pongees, foulards, and China silks are most popular for spring and even summer dresses. They are light, cool, and wear well. The newest foulards have small delicate figures on a plain ground, and these figured ones are often worn over plain skirts, or the dress may be all made of the figured material.

The cotton goods, this season, are exceedingly pretty, and, at a short distance, cannot be told from the foulards. They come in all the pretty colors—dark-red, crushed-strawberry, rich blues, dark or light, écru, pink, etc., with small flowers, leaves, sprays, spots, zigzags, clover-heads, carnations, rose-buds, etc. These dresses, when well made, are remarkably pretty, and, if trimmed with some of the cheaper laces and knots or loops of ribbon, are very stylish.

Ginghams have departed from the old homely styles of our childhood, and are now exceedingly fine, of the most beautiful colors, and also come with raised spots, lines, etc., embroidered in the weaving. These ginghams may be made in the same style as the percales, sateens, and other cotton goods, with shirred bodices, etc., of which we spoke in the March number.

Tournures are growing larger and larger, we regret to say, though the best-dressed women wear them only moderately large.

Dresses, plaited or gathered all around the waist, are new and popular for quite young people, and may gradually become the fashion for older ones.

Short mantles, visites, and rather short and jaunty jackets have replaced the longer ones of the winter, but they have the same general style.

Bonnets, and even hats, are frequently worn with quite a sharp point in front. The trimming is high, and the bonnet close to the sides of the face.

The hair is more and more worn high, especially for full-dress.

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OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The spring styles in dresses prove that my predictions respecting the return of fashion to simplicity of cut were correct. It is many a long year since skirts were made with as little trimming as they are now. In some walking-costumes and demi-toilette dresses that I have been shown, the skirt is simply laid in box-plaits from waist to hem. A round waist, either drawn or laid in folds, is finished with a sash of broad watered ribbon. In nun's-veiling, this style makes a pretty demi-toilette for a young girl. I have also seen velvet dresses made in this style, with a separate and detachable train lined with satin. The materials for the ball-dresses for the after-Lent parties are very tasteful and pretty. Crêpe de Chine, and a French imitation of Chinese crape, are very fashionable; they come in all the pale evening dress shades. Shrimp-pink in crêpe de Chine or in Sicilienne is a very favorite color. Worth is combining the delicate tints of blue and pink in crape with faille of the same color for ball-dresses. The crapes and Siciliennes plait very beautifully in close fine knife-plaiting, and underskirts in that style are made up with short draped overskirts and round drawn baby-waists. A very tasteful way of making an evening-dress of white crape or white Sicilienne is to dot the overskirt with good-sized pearl beads. The underskirt is cut into scallops around the edge, these scallops being each finished with two rows of pearls. At the back falls a separate train, laid in flat folds and cut square at the end. The corsage is trimmed with fringes of pearls. Shrimp-pink crape is sometimes made up with trimmings of looking-glass beads, and the round waist has a belt fastened with a buckle in rhine pebbles. For combination with the favorite crape for walking-dresses, a shot silk, brocaded in a scale-pattern with satin lines, is shown. One of the colors in the changeable silk must match the hue of the crape. Thus a dress in pale-blue and moss-green shot silk, brocaded with curved lines in moss-green, is made with full panier-drapings at the side of the skirt and a plaited train at the back. The front of the underskirt is in knife-plaited moss-green crape. A brighter green, called "May moss," in ottoman silk, is combined with shrimp-pink crape.

Dresses in faille or ottoman have vests and skirt-fronts in velvet, embroidered by hand or covered with rich passementerie in silk and beads. Every part of the costume must be in precisely the same tint. I was lately shown a dark seal-brown dress made in that style, with the velvet vest and skirt-front embroidered by hand in silk with clusters of filberts with their stems and leaves, the design being very novel and artistic. Vests of antique embroidery in gold and colors on a cream-white ground are sometimes used on dresses of dark-brown, dark-green, or black faille. Bead passementerie and embroideries in colors matching the hue of the material are much in vogue for trimmings. There is, in fact, a tendency to wear too many beads: some of the new spring wraps are entirely covered with small beads, and bonnets are shown to correspond. Some ladies wear in demi-toilette three rows of opaque beads, each something larger than a pea, and matching the dress in color, around their throats and wrists.

The basque or deep-skirted corsage has entirely disappeared in favor of round waists and of corsages slightly pointed in front and at the back. Skirts are now made very full around the waist, being drawn in close gathers or laid in very close plaits. This style is of course very trying to a stout figure, but it throws into admirable relief the slender supple waist of a young girl. In fact, I am afraid that Queen Fashion has rather neglected her older subjects this season. Materials and shaping are alike far more advantageous for young girls than for married ladies.

In undergarments, some beautiful novelties are shown. The chemise is now made wholly without plaits or gathers, the top of the garment and the edge of the skirt being bordered alike with a narrow fine hand-embroidery executed on the material, and finished with a frill of very narrow Valenciennes. A more elegant article has roses or daisies, in Valenciennes lace, let into the cambric in place of the embroidery. The monogram of the wearer is worked at the left side, a little below the band. Very stylish ladies now have a corset in satin to match each of their dresses, and also a surah petticoat trimmed with imitation Valenciennes lace and insertion. These sets are very pretty, but are also costly. Even the flannel underskirt is worn of the same hue as the corset and surah petticoat. Then, what with the silk stockings and satin slippers of the precise shade of the dress, a modern Parisian belle may truly be said to be dressed "en suite"—that is to say, to match throughout.

Very little modification is to be noted in the shapes of the earliest bonnets of the season. The capote form continues popular, and small and modified poke-bonnets are also seen. Ostrich-tips, in a contrasting hue with that of the bonnet itself, and satin ribbon, also in some brilliant contrasting hue, are the favorite trimmings. Very large cockades, formed of loops of bright-colored satin ribbon, are sometimes set at one side of the front of the brim of a capote bonnet.

Morning-dresses are still cut Princesse, and are trimmed with ruffles of white imitation lace. It is as yet too early in the season for the comfortable and favorite plush to be wholly abandoned. Some of the later plush morning-dresses open up one side instead of in front, the opening being filled in with flounces of white imitation lace. Pekin silks in stripes of faille and satin, and in delicate contrasting hues, make very elegant morning-dresses when made up with much frou-frou of lace and fluttering of satin ribbon. More useful morning-dresses are in cream-white flannel, with collar, cuffs, and buttons of dark-blue or olive-green velvet. Also a pretty style is in steel-gray cashmere, made with a matinée, which has a full-plaited vest of scarlet surah. The skirt has four plaited flounces piped with scarlet, the short looped overdress being finished in the same way. A cream-ground mousseline de-laine, figured with small flowers in their natural colors may be trimmed with bands of sapphire-blue velvet.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SUIT, OF DARK-BLUE FLANNEL. The knickerbockers garter just below the knee. The blouse is made full, and has a waistband edged with cord.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF THIN BROWN WOOLEN MATERIAL, SPOTTED WITH RED. The skirt is laid in kilt-plaits. The waist is plaited back and front into a plain brown silk yoke, and the wide sash is of plain brown silk. Straw hat, trimmed with brown and red ribbons. This model would be very pretty made with plain and figured percale or chintz.

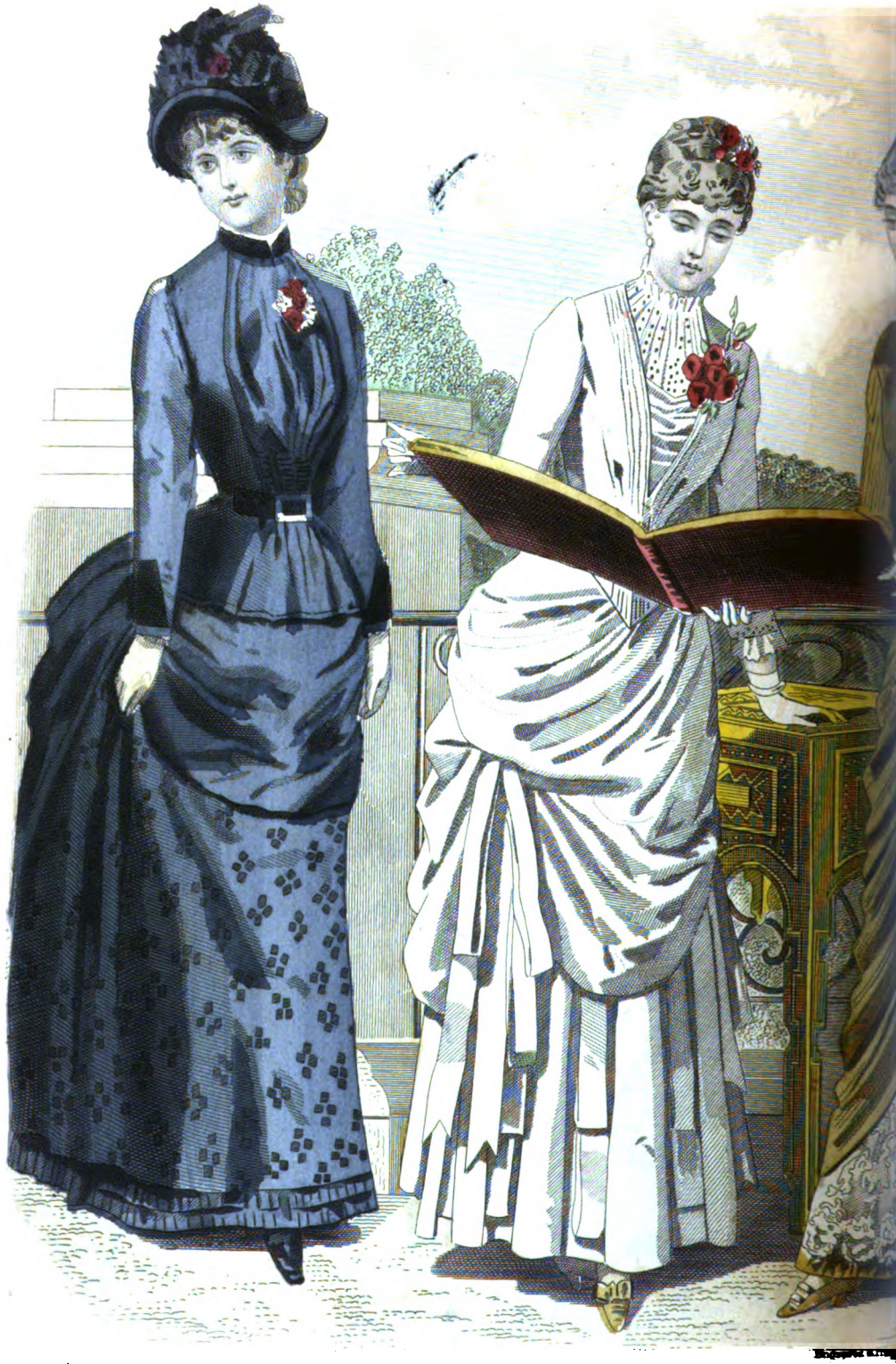
FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF ÉCRU ALBATROSS. The skirt is laid in box-plaits. The waist, back and front, is full from a rounded yoke, and is gathered in at the waist. Wide surah sash, of the color of the dress. White embroidery is placed around the yoke, and forms cuffs. Cream-colored straw hat, trimmed with light-blue ribbon and feathers.

FIG. IV.—YOUNG GIRL'S HAT, OF BLACK STRAW, trimmed with ribbon in gay-colored cross-stripes, and with bright wings.

FIGS. V AND VI.—CHILD'S COLLAR AND CUFF, of plain white muslin and white embroidery.

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LES MODES PARISIENNE

APRIL 1885. THE

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THE BATH.

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BUTTERCUP DESIGN: FOR SACHET OR TABLE-SCARF

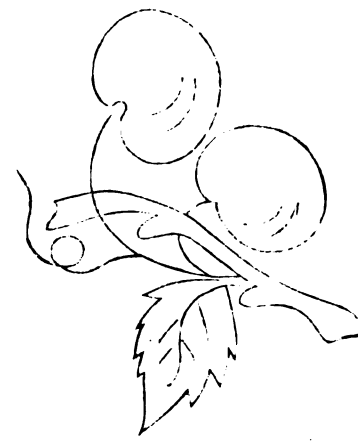
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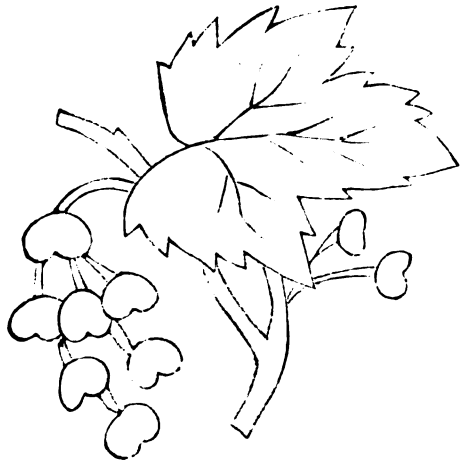
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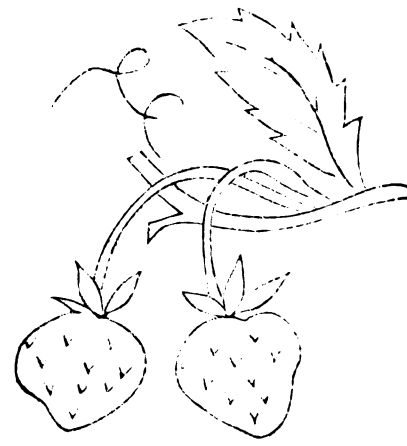












DESIGNS FOR SMALL D'OYLES.

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[See the Story, "Their Compact."]

CAUGHT IN A SHOWER.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MAY. JET AND VELVET COLLAR. HAT.

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HOUSE-DRESS. WALKING-DRESS.

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TRAVELING-DRESS. VISITING-DRESS.

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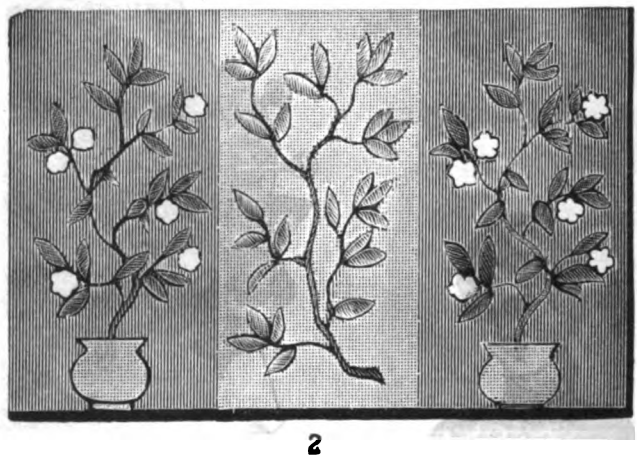
PROMENDAE-DRESS. BONNETS.

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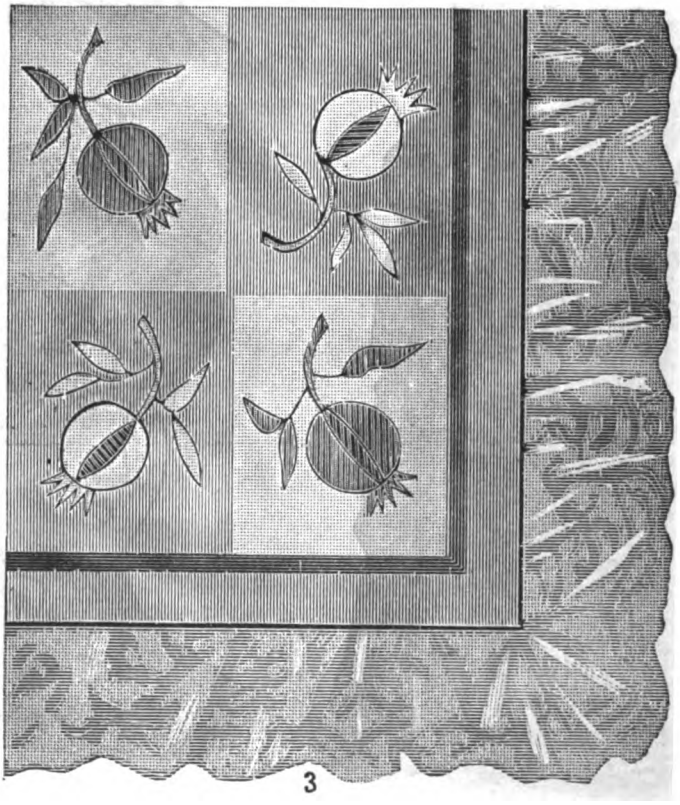


HOUSE-DRESS. NEW-STYLE HATS.

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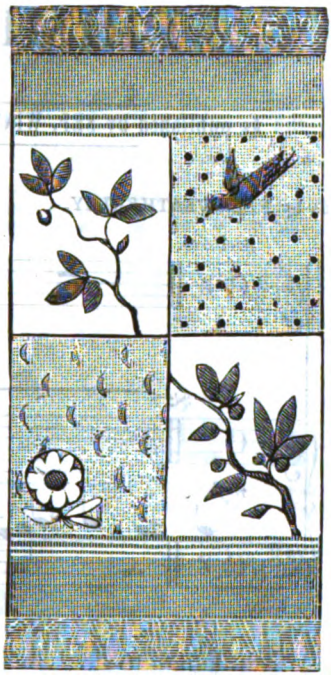
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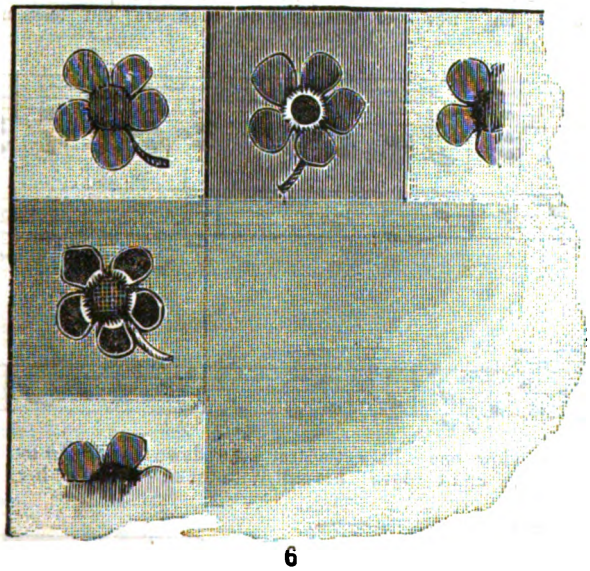
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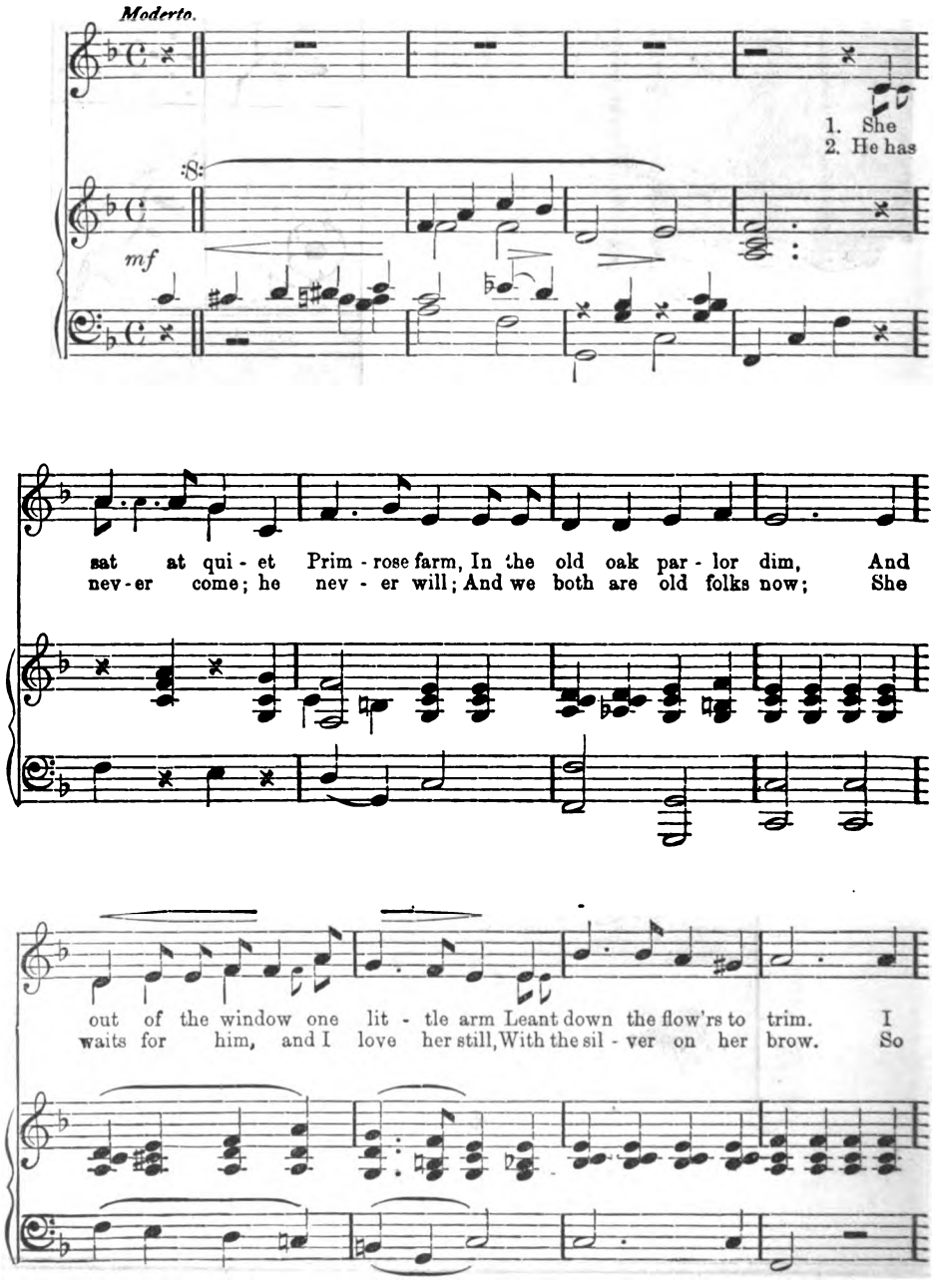
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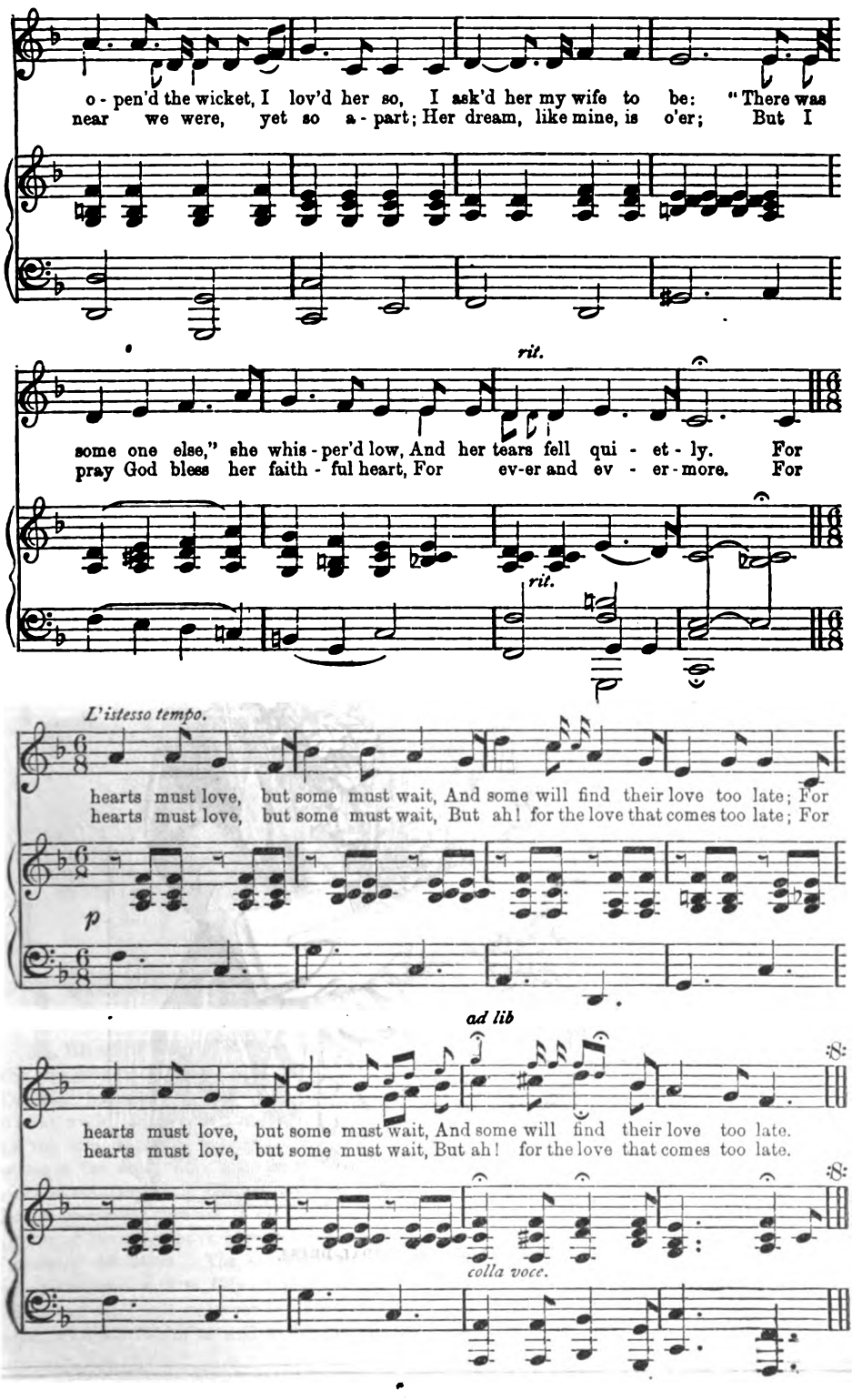
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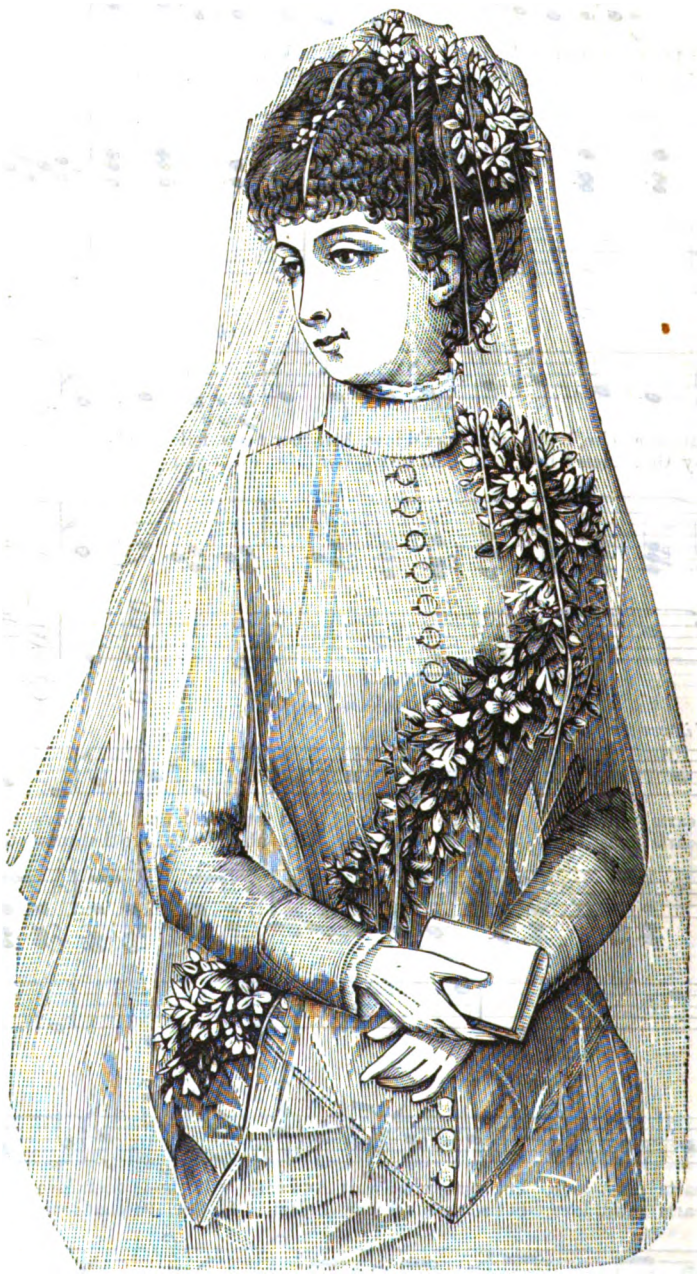
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NEW STYLE FOR BRIDAL-DRESS.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXVII. PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1885. No. 5.

CARLYLE AND CARLYLE'S WIFE.

BY EMILY J. MACKINTOSH.



JANE WELSH CARLYLE; WIFE OF CARLYLE.

THE controversy which raged so hotly, after the appearance of Froude's "Life and Letters of Carlyle," has at last died down. Nor would it benefit the world to rekindle the faded embers. As to the attitude which a biographer should hold towards the dead, there will always be a difference of opinion. One side will think it better to indite rose-water memoirs, in which all the salient points of character have been polished away by incessant adulation. The other, remembering what Cromwell said to Lely: "Paint my face—mole and all," will endeavor to depict the real man, with his foibles as well as his virtues.

All parties, however, are substantially agreed, at last, as to the character of Carlyle. Even those who censure Froude for his frankness describe Carlyle in much the same way as Froude does. It is impossible, indeed, to read the letters and diary of Carlyle, or the letters of his wife, and entertain two opinions on the subject. The judgment pronounced by one mind may differ slightly from that pronounced by another, as to details; but, in all material respects, the judgment will be the same. Now, what is that judgment?

And first as to Carlyle's literary position. Was he the prophet that his admirers, forty years ago, when he was at the zenith of his popularity, considered him to be? It is generally conceded, we think, that he was not. His writings, as a whole, were destructive, not constructive: he was always finding fault, never suggesting a remedy. His "Cry aloud, and spare not" was rather the voice of hopeless despair than that of faith or even wisdom. His influence, so far as it went, was to deify strength, and regard success as a proof of merit; in short, to take it for granted that "might was right." Otherwise, Providence—for this is really his philosophy—would have ordered things otherwise. This may not have been consciously his intention, perhaps. But, in elevating Frederick the Great on a pedestal, and calling on the world to bow down and worship the robber of Silesia, Carlyle did what he could to teach men to regard cynicism, breach of faith, all the worst vices of the Machiavellian policy, as justifiable, provided success attended them. What is this but the maxim, in another shape, that the "end sanctifies the means"?

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THOMAS CARLYLE.

What is this, to parody one of Carlyle's own phrases, but devil-worship?

Carlyle's favorite saying was: "The real ruler ought to rule." What? Even if the ruler has achieved his position by fraud, or treachery, or brute force? Why, if that is so, there is no tyranny that ever blighted nations which cannot be justified. But perhaps Carlyle meant, by a "real ruler," the ruler most fitted for his work. If so, the saying is the most patent of truisms. The practical point is "how to get such a ruler." Carlyle said that universal suffrage would not secure the "best" man. But then will the "divine right of kings"? Will an "hereditary aristocracy"? In short, Carlyle, at his best, only echoed the feeling of every sincere soul—that wrong reigns everywhere, and that the world is "out of joint." "How long, oh, Lord! how long?" has been the cry of martyrs—and that, also, of every friend of humanity—for thousands of years. But to utter such a cry does not make a man a prophet. The real "leader of men" must do more: he must show the way out of the wilderness. And, as Carlyle has not done this, we deny that he was a prophet.

That this is no one-sided judgment may be shown by a few extracts from the British Quarterly Review. That able radical journal, while censuring Froude, actually speaks more harshly of Carlyle than Froude, even at his worst. Of Carlyle's "French Revolution"—undoubtedly the book that will live longer than any other by him—it says: "After all, brilliantly as Carlyle had shown the woes of the time—had said to the heart of man: 'Thou ailest here and here'—there was no remedy proposed but force, no comfort but in acquiescence, no hope, and no rest. Altogether a negative preacher, then and henceforward. He has no gospel for his own or any age." And, again: "Of mature men who remain his disciples, the number at any given time will be very few."

Yet, though not a prophet, Carlyle was, and always will be, eminent in literature. If we overlook the moral teachings of his "Cromwell" and "Frederick the Great," and regard them only as artistic creations, we shall find them picturesque in description, with a wonderful insight into character, and showing a rare grasp of the social and political conditions of the time. Few men paint battle-scenes so graphically: we can recall no one except Napier, in his "Peninsular War." Carlyle's style, at first, is a difficulty; but the reader soon gets accustomed to it. "When once its trick is mastered, it is felt to be," says the British Quarterly, "in keeping with its stormy subject."

But it is rather in his behavior as a man, and especially in his conduct as a husband, that we propose to discuss Carlyle. His character, perhaps, can be interpreted the most fairly if we take into consideration his birth and early surroundings. Born of poor parents—what

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would be called peasants in England—he never had the advantage of that social culture which goes so far in softening the friction of life. He mistook bluntness for sincerity, courtesy and breadth of thought for sham. He was rude, impatient of difference of opinion, excessively dogmatic. "He never, in any degree," says the writer we have already quoted, "struggled against his tempers and his fancies. At all times, in speech as in manner, he was rough, rugged, and even brutal, while craving for sympathy. He hated fools, in which class he comprised the majority of the men he saw; so that, while needing to be taken out of self, he kept at bay many of his best friends." That—hating fools—is a key to the situation. In the higher sense, Carlyle was wanting in charity. For fools, after all, are to be pitied, not hated. No fool prefers to be a fool: he is born so; and to hate people for what they cannot help is certainly not honorable or just, much less Christian. But Carlyle not only "kept at bay many of his best friends," he was singularly unjust to them. "To turn over the record of men," says the British Quarterly, "with whom Carlyle was intimate throughout his life, is to read a tirade of sarcastic abuse, with a want of real insight"—strange in any man, much less in one pretending he had a mission to carry out and a gospel to preach. In justice to Carlyle, however, it must be said that he suffered acutely from dyspepsia, and that his rudeness of manner was often the result of the irritability this caused.



HOUSE AT CRAIGENPUTTOCK, WHERE THE CARLYLES LIVED.

But the great error of Carlyle's life was in marrying as he did, if not—to speak very frankly—in marrying at all. When a man takes a woman to his hearth, it is under the implied condition that he will try, at least, to support her. Now, this Carlyle did not do. He regarded his genius as involving a duty to write only certain things; and, as the world did not happen to want those things, he had, in consequence, no means of earning money. Many other literary men take, and are now taking, the same ground. The answer to all this is: that, with such views, they have no right to bring a wife into their lives. If they have "a gospel to preach," let them take the staff and scrip, and go forth alone. To starve their family, because they do not like certain kinds of work, is simply—not to mince words—brutal and selfish. It is very easy to persuade yourself that you stand on a different platform from others—most literary men have a curious knack of deceiving themselves in this way; but the same duties fall to the lot of a married man—even if a genius—as to others, and he is a coward, or worse, to shirk them. Very few "bread-winners" have "a bed of roses." To earn an honest livelihood is not, at the best, play. It means always more or less self-sacrifice. Thackeray, on this subject, used to speak very plainly. There was nothing, he said, in the mere being a literary man, that absolved one from paying one's debts, or finding bread honestly for one's children.

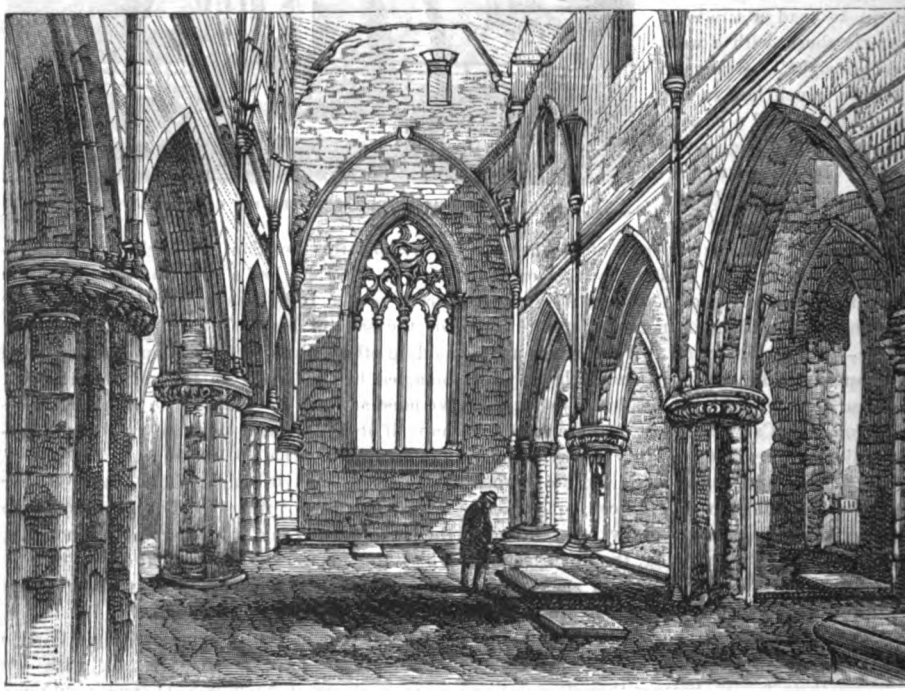
The point we make—and in this we do not wish to be misunderstood—is that, however heroic it might have been in Carlyle, if single, to assume this position, he ought not to have done it when he had a wife who was to be the victim of it. If he was willing to be a martyr for the sake of his "mission," he had no right to drag others down into the amphitheatre, to be mangled by the lions. In the cause of the sex, we must at least go so far as to say this. Perhaps, if it had been a union of real affection—a marriage of what is called "old-fashioned" love—Mrs. Carlyle might have endured her martyrdom unshrinkingly. But here is where the trouble really lay. Neither Carlyle nor she, when they married, loved each other, in any true sense of the word; and they never, which is worse, came to do it afterward.

We say emphatically, therefore, that Carlyle should never have married at all, with his views as to what he would do, and would not

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do, to earn a living. But, if he did marry, he should have married some woman who had been brought up to wash, and bake, and scrub, and light his fires: in a word, to whom such a life would not have been a new thing, such menial employments not unaccustomed work. Instead of that, he married the only child of a successful physician—a descendant of John Knox, the great Scottish reformer, and a gentleman of culture and some fortune. The daughter, in consequence, had been accustomed to all the comforts and even many of the luxuries of life, and had been literally a "petted darling" all her days. This delicately-nurtured woman Carlyle carried off, when money began to get scarce, to a lonely farm which she had inherited, and there kept her for years, miles from any congenial neighbors, while he pursued his literary work—taking it up or laying it down, by the bye, just as the mood seized him; while she, a delicate and refined woman, as we have seen, reared in comparative affluence, had to do her own housework: to scrub floors, to wash and iron, to perform all sorts of menial offices. To her credit be it said, she did all this, or tried her best to do this: getting, however—and this is the cruel part of it—no credit for her sacrifices, in return. Had her slavery been mitigated by kindness on her husband's part, the yoke could have been better borne; but Carlyle never praised her or sympathized with her: his mother had slaved in that way, and he never thought it odd in his wife to do it; on the contrary, he was only too quick to find fault when things went even a little wrong. As Froude says, he "seemed to take everything that was done for him as a matter of course, and to growl if anything was not to his mind." If the windows creaked or the cocks crowed next door, he was irritable with Mrs. Carlyle. After making every allowance, it must be admitted that he was intensely selfish; unconsciously so, perhaps, but nevertheless selfish to the core. Intellectually, he had no tolerance for anybody who held a different opinion from himself; physically, it was his own comfort he thought of first, if not last, if not all the time. As the British Quarterly says: "The son of an Annandale peasant, he was accustomed to live meanly and poorly: she was not. And he never made sufficient allowance for the difficulties and trials which she had to bear: they would have been greatly lightened by a few kind words."

After living for several years at Craigenputtock, the hill-side farm to which we have alluded, Carlyle moved to London. His whole capital, at this time, consisted of about a thousand dollars. A small house was taken in Chelsea, and in this house he lived, not only until his wife's death,



CHOIR OF HADDINGTON ABBEY, WITH MRS. CARLYLE'S GRAVE.

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but until his own. The struggle with poverty, for a long time, was very bitter. But there were, from the very first, kind friends who did all they could to soften the lot of the Carlyles, socially and otherwise. "Poor as they were," says the writer in the British Quarterly, "society, and that of the very best kind, was gradually opening to them, and Carlyle, much as he railed at it, was pleased and flattered by the attention shown him." Among the houses to which he was thus made free was that of Mr. Baring—afterwards Lord Ashburton—whose wife, Lady Harriet Baring, was a woman of great accomplishments, and, when she chose, of singularly magnetic manners. She admired Carlyle; had him often at her house; and in many ways tried to make his hard life less hard. There is no doubt that Carlyle was fascinated, in some degree at least, by the notice of this fashionable "grand dame." Do not let us be misunderstood. There never was anything like a flirtation; there was not even the slightest approach to it: such a thing would have been impossible on Lady Harriet's part, even if possible on his. But, after a while, Mrs. Carlyle grew jealous. We have heard it said often that she was jealous without cause. Perhaps she was, if it is put as an abstract question: but it was exceedingly natural on the part of any wife: and, if Carlyle had been a man of finer sensibilities, he would have realized this. It is very hard, we take it, for a woman to see her husband invited to the house of a patrician dame, and made much of there, while she has to stay at home to wash, and scrub, and scour, and bake: to be rewarded, perhaps, on his return, by reproof if the windows rattle, or a stray button comes off, or he has eaten anything that happens to disagree with him. It does not improve matters, even when the wife is invited to accompany her husband, if, though treated with courtesy and even kindness, she feels that her hostess and she are not in sympathy: that she is left, so to speak, in the "outer court": that it is only her husband who really enters the sacred precincts within. Nor is the tragedy lightened when the wife has to contrast her scanty wardrobe and her harassed air with the tasteful surroundings and the calm patrician ease that comes of having no sordid worries in life. Before condemning Mrs. Carlyle, put yourself in her place.

It is well to know, however, that all parties in this tangled affair—in some of its aspects almost a tragedy—came to understand each other better towards the last. Lady Harriet died long before either of the Carlyles. Her husband married again, and, with the second Lady Ashburton, none of these heart-burnings arose. On Mrs. Carlyle's death, and when Carlyle awoke to a sense of his loss—when a remorse for the past took possession of him such as is revealed nowhere else in any autobiography—it was this second Lady Ashburton who persuaded him to come to her villa on the Riviera, and it was she who brought comfort to the weary old man's almost broken heart. In dismissing this sad story, we do not know that we can do better than to quote once more from the British Quarterly. "Mrs. Carlyle," says that journal, "married a man whom she did not love, because she thought him intellectually great; and that intellectual greatness never satisfied her woman's heart. She was a gently-nurtured lady, and he was long in unlearning the ways of a Scotch peasant." Every woman, at least, will agree to the substantial justice of this verdict.



HOUSE AT ECCLEFECHAN, WHERE CARLYLE WAS BORN.

In some respects, Mrs. Carlyle was more than the equal of her husband. She was bright and vivacious, with many rare gifts and accomplishments: a woman that would have shone in the very highest circles. The most intellectual men in London were proud of her acquaintance, were cheered by her sallies, and were soothed by her sympathies. She was witty, too, as well as accomplished. Her letters are simply charming. Had she been married to a different man, she might have been very happy. We doubt whether Carlyle could have made any woman happy.

Mrs. Carlyle was buried by the side of her father, in the choir of the beautiful but ruined old abbey-church at Haddington, where she had lived as a child. Carlyle sleeps among his kinsfolk, in the bleak graveyard at Ecclefechan, the little Scotch village where he was born.

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THEIR COMPACT.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

LINN EVERTON dashed like a whirlwind into the library, calling:

"Dolly! Dolly! such news! I don't know when I have been so pleased—hurrah!"

His sentence was brought to an abrupt conclusion by a stumble over a footstool; and, altogether, the noise he made was enough to have startled any person unaccustomed to his ways. His sister only looked up from her book, with a little deprecating shrug of her shoulders, and said calmly:

"Dear me, Linn, I thought you were the clock of destiny, at the very least, and my last moment had arrived."

"That's because you're always reading about dynamiters and their plots; and, anyhow, it's not my fault if the servants will put the footstools where they've no business. Give me anything like a fair show, and I'm the quietest-moving fellow that exists," cried Linn. And then the pair began to laugh, like the ridiculous fun-loving couple they were.

"Well, and your news, goose?" asked Mrs. Yancy, as soon as she could speak.

"Lance Meriford is in New York at last. He'll come up on Thursday, if that will suit us; and of course it will—right down to the ground," cried Linn.

"Don't talk slang," said his sister, provokingly unmoved by his announcement. "So Mr. Meriford is coming? I hope he won't bring a grizzly-bear or a catamount for a pet; and I warn you, Linn, that I don't think I shall like him."

"Now, Dolly, don't get into one of your exasperating contradictory moods," pleaded Linn.

"Yes, I shall," Dolly declared; "and, if you don't retract the vile slander, and own that I never had such a mood in my life, I'll make you and your Rocky Mountain wanderer so exquisitely uncomfortable that—"

An expressive wave of her pretty hands completed the sentence. Linn hastened to take back his words, and she abused him for a poor-spirited cowardly wretch. Then they both laughed again, talking so much nonsense in ten minutes that any common-sense commonplace listener would have set them down for a brace of lunatics. Lance Meriford was Linn's most intimate friend; but, for more than two years past, he had been roaming about the regions on the other side of the Pacific slope, so that he and Mrs. Yancy had never met. Just after his departure she had returned from South America, a childless widow; and, as had been in advance agreed upon, the brother and sister resumed life together, and tried, as much as possible, to forget the long interval which had separated them since last they dwelt in this home of their childhood.

Mrs. Yancy was thirty-two, and Linn only a couple of years younger; and, as they had only met twice, and then only for a brief season, during more than a decade, this experiment of joining forces might have proved a doubtful experiment in the case of most relations. It had answered admirably here, however: the brother and sister were as sympathetic as if they had been twins. They had no near relatives, plenty of money, and the last two years had granted them a great deal of quiet happiness. Each had gone through tempests enough to appreciate and enjoy thoroughly the calm and sunshine. Mrs. Yancy had borne courageously the hard servitude to a tyrannical husband whom she had never loved. Linn had endured the harsh experience of discovering that the girl on whom he had lavished the enthusiastic adoration of boyhood and early manhood was a cold-hearted schemer, who deserted him as soon as adversity threatened, and married another man.

They had both lived past their sufferings: talked very little about them, even to each other, though they did talk much about their future, which was planned out with elaborate care. They had made a compact together: neither would ever marry—they would live together like brother and sister. The fine old country-house on the Hudson was to be their home. Winters in New York, and occasional trips to Europe, would give all needful change. As they said to each other, they had outlived youthful follies: for neither was there any danger of outside sentimental attractions; not the least approach to a love-affair could possibly arise to trouble the even tenor of their ways.

They were both unusually young for their age: both handsome, clever, and witty, and with such a fund of high spirits at command that few

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people—even among those who knew them best—had a clear idea of the troubles through which they had passed, or comprehended what capacities for suffering their impulsive high-strung natures hid under their gay exteriors.

"No loves admitted, Dolly," said Linn: "that's the comfort of having been so badly scorched—we're fire-proof."

"Yes, while the scars last; and they'll do that for life," Dolly answered. And nothing more was said between them, though each understood and rested on the bargain.

So admirers for Dolly—her name was Dorothea, but nobody ever called her so—came and went, and young ladies wasted their sweetest smiles on Linn, and both were great favorites with a large circle of friends. Even Dolly's disappointed suitors aspired to rank in that category, since they could get no further; and, while Linn remained a bachelor, there was hope for his female adorers, and they still smiled upon him in consequence, despite his obduracy and blindness.

It was towards the end of June when Linn received the letter from his old chum, Meriford, and the brother and sister chanced to be alone in their lovely country-home.

"Luckily, we have a very pleasant party coming next week," said Dolly, as they sat discussing Lance's arrival, this bright Tuesday morning; "so he will only be doomed for four days to our society."

"Oh, there's no danger of Lance's being bored!" cried Linn.

"But he might bore me," retorted Dolly, quietly; "so I'm glad our other guests will arrive next Monday."

"You needn't be afraid of any nonsense on Lance's part," said Linn. "Even your fascinations couldn't turn his hard old head."

"Indeed!" rejoined Dolly, slightly piqued; then she added, with serene contempt: "I'm so likely to try—it is so much in my line."

"Well, try or not, somehow you manage to do an awful lot of mischief," cried Linn, and this involuntary compliment caused her to receive his next remark very amiably. "Now you'll be good to Lance—just behave as if he was a sort of relation? I know what will please him—and you can be very grand when you like—a regular iceberg, by Jove!"

"He shall not risk being blighted by the slightest Arctic breeze," Dolly promised; and then they went to drive and pay several visits, and did not once squabble over Mr. Meriford, although Linn, in his enthusiastic friendship, talked so incessantly about him that Dolly felt it very nice on her part not to hate the man outright.

So Thursday came, and Linn took the carriage to go to the station, leaving Dolly comfortably established in the verandah with a new novel.

Down near Taggart's mill, it began to rain. The road here took a sharp turn, and, as Linn's horses whirled around the curve, he saw a young lady—plainly a young lady, and not an ordinary country-girl—crouching, with a child, under an umbrella, that was quite too small properly to protect them. Linn at once drew up, prompted by that chivalrous instinct which always governed him where women were concerned.

"I fear," he said, "you will get drenched through. Allow me, miss, to see you and your little sister home."

The young lady blushed, and would have declined. But her companion, as yet too young to be in fear of the proprieties, sprang up, accepting the offer, and was half-way into the carriage before the other realized what she was doing. Under these circumstances, the latter thought it less embarrassing to accept Linn's invitation, and she accordingly followed.

"We ought to introduce ourselves, I suppose," said Linn, laughing, "to be on the right side of Mrs. Grundy," so he told his name. In return, the young lady informed him that she was a niece of a Mrs. Lymers, who lived about a mile distant, and her little companion was Mrs. Lymers's daughter.

People can talk a good deal in twenty minutes, and Linn managed to do so, and to make the pretty girl talk, too. When they reached Mrs. Lymers's house, out came Mrs. Lymers herself, naturally somewhat astonished, but glad to see her niece and daughter safe. "I told Alice," she said, "I was afraid we were going to have a sharp rain; but she thought not, and insisted on going to see sick old nurse Joyce, and take some delicacies to her; and here have I been fearing she and Maggie were drenched through."

She was profuse in her thanks to Linn, and introduced him in due form to her niece, who, he learned, had only arrived two days before.

The consequence of all these delays was, that before Linn got to the station, the train had come in: Mr. Meriford, not finding his friend, had engaged a hack to convey himself and luggage over to Woodlawn, and so had unexpectedly appeared to the eyes of Madame Dolly, as she sat in the porch.

When Linn reached home, penitent and full of excuses and incoherent explanations, the pair were in the library, and Dolly was treating Meriford to a cup of her special tea, and the prelim-

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inaries of making acquaintance were safely over.

Then it was time to dress for dinner; and, once at the table, Linn had to endure a great deal of bantering, and finally afforded Meriford a huge surprise by giving the name of the young lady with whom Dolly vowed he had tried to elope.

"Alice Wharton? Why, that's my ward!" cried Meriford, and then it was Linn's turn to be astonished.

"Never knew you had a ward," he asserted.

"Oh, yes, you did—wrote you all about it," said Meriford. "Mrs. Yancy, that fellow has no memory."

"Not a shadow," replied Dolly; "but I have, and a huge fund of curiosity besides: so tell me all about this mysterious ward, whom Linn first tried to annihilate and then carry off."

"The best of it is, I never saw her," Meriford explained; then told them that, while he was in California, he had received the news of the death of an old friend of his father's, and learned that he had been left joint guardian to his daughter, along with another friend, and the young lady was just finishing her education at a school in Newburg. A letter or two had passed between Meriford and Miss Alice; but old Mr. Anson and the aunt—Mrs. Lymers—had attended to all the business, and, in New York, Meriford heard that the young lady had gone to spend the summer with her relative, though he had not understood that the place was so near Everton's home.

"We must all go and see her," Dolly said. "Mrs. Lymers is very nice—I know her slightly. Linn, we will ask her and the niece to stay awhile with us, so that Mr. Meriford can make his ward's acquaintance."

Then they dismissed the young lady from their minds for the present—at least, Dolly and Meriford did—though Linn, as he smoked his cigar and listened in a dreamy fashion while his sister and their guest tried one old duet after another, could not keep the pretty vision of the morning from intruding on his fancy; though, as a rule, he had no weakness for young girls, and was inclined to avoid them.

The next day, they did all drive over to Mrs. Lymers's, were cordially received and kept to luncheon, and Dolly took a great fancy to Miss Wharton, which was returned with that enthusiastic admiration a girl of nineteen is given to bestow on a charming woman ten or fifteen years her senior.

The next week, Woodlawn was full of guests. Mrs. Lymers and her niece spent several days there; and, altogether, the ensuing fortnight was a very gay season in the neighborhood. Meriford had not enjoyed anything so much in years as he did that visit, and was duly grateful when Linn announced that he expected him to consider the house his headquarters for the entire summer: if any engagement forced him to run away for awhile, he was to come back as soon as possible. Meriford had reached thirty-five without ever falling seriously in love, so, when he met bewitching little Mrs. Yancy, he proceeded to do so with neatness and despatch, though he was so far from expecting any such catastrophe to befall him that quite a length of time elapsed before he discovered the fact. As for Dolly herself, she had no thought of any such weakness; but Lance Meriford was a new revelation in the way of masculine humanity, and she speedily enrolled him high on her list of friends. He was physically a great, strong, rather handsome fellow, gentle and tender-hearted as a woman, which rendered the wild adventures of which he had been the hero—not that he prated about them—all the more interesting. In the matter of mental gifts, he was superior to almost any man of her acquaintance, as he had evinced not only by his business-triumphs, but by certain literary efforts, which had proved so successful that he had every encouragement for persevering in that field of labor.

He talked more freely to Dolly of his plans than he had ever done to anybody—and no man ever found a more sympathetic listener; and, besides the similarity in their intellectual tastes, Meriford proved as fond of fun and nonsense as she and Linn were, so that the brief seasons when the three were left alone were perhaps the pleasantest of all that sunny period—at least, for awhile.

June passed, so did July, and Meriford was still the guest of his friends. I should need a whole volume to chronicle the events of these weeks, and their effect on the people about whom I am writing; and then, after all, there would be nothing new or original in the account.

At the end of that month, Meriford was forced to go away for awhile, and absence showed him the whole of his secret; and he was so dazed and delighted therewith that he came near confiding it at once to Linn, who was his companion—a rather unwilling one: for they had gone to Vermont on business, and Linn, who always hated that, hated it more than usual just now, and was rather moody and as near cross as his equable nature ever got.

However, in their case, virtue met with its reward: Mrs. Yancy joined her brother during the last week of their stay, and brought Alice Wharton with her. Mrs. Lymers had been

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obliged to go to the West, to visit an invalid sister, and Alice was to remain under Dolly's charge during her absence. As Meriford's ward, Alice had naturally, from the outset, been given a very different standing among them all from that of an ordinary acquaintance, and her winning ways and mental brightness did the rest. Dolly preferred her to any woman she knew. Meriford delighted in his charge, and Linn was obliging and attentive in a fashion which charmed his sister: for generally he slighted girls, and Dolly had been afraid that he would underrate Alice.

However, he behaved beautifully; and, of course, she fell a great deal to his share, and the week grew into three, during which they even wandered up to the Adirondacks, and had, from first to last, one of those idyllic seasons which occasionally brighten life for a few of the more favored of earth's pilgrims.

But it was all over only too soon: Alice went back to her aunt; Meriford down to New York, to attend to more tiresome business; and the brother and sister tarried, according to promise, with some friends near Troy, from whence they were to go to certain relatives whom their consciences warned them had been neglected in a fashion that was neither kind nor right.

Nearly six weeks elapsed before the four met all together—and a good deal can happen in six weeks. Lance Meriford and Linn were no better correspondents than men in general, so letters were not exchanged between them. Dolly heard several times from Miss Alice, and replied to the epistles; but, after the earlier ones, there was a curious air of constraint about the girl's communications, which first puzzled and somewhat hurt Dolly, and ended by making her a little vexed and annoyed.

Finally she heard that Mr. Meriford was spending a week at Mrs. Lymers's house. There was nothing odd in that, but it was odd that Alice, in her last letter, had not mentioned that he had been invited. The tidings came through gossiping Mrs. Aimsley, who was also staying at the house; and, to make matters look odder, not long after, there arrived a note—a mere note—from Alice, in which she attempted some halting excuse for not having stated that Meriford was with them. She had hoped her friends would return before he left, and she wished to give them an agreeable surprise; but good old blundering Mrs. Aimsley had prevented that by her eagerness to detail news of any and all sorts.

It was not long before Mrs. Aimsley found information-news to send, and of a sufficiently exciting kind.

"Has little Miss Alice confided to you her secret—her engagement to Lance Meriford?" wrote the old magpie. "All of us here in the house have seen plainly enough what was going on, and yesterday I taxed Mrs. Lymers with it, and, while she admitted nothing, she let me see clearly that my suspicions were correct. However, you are such great friends that I dare say you know everything about it already; and, though secrecy in such matters seems to me out of place, I can understand it in Alice, who is very reticent and fond of making little mysteries."

Dolly did not read any further. The first page afforded her sufficient food for thought. She had made a discovery which was far from agreeable. She, Dolly, the hard-hearted and untamable, had learned during this golden summer to care for Lance Meriford, as she had never expected to do for any man. This knowledge was bitter enough, but there was a deeper humiliation added: Meriford had deliberately flirted with her, and all the time had been carrying out his plan for winning his ward, and that demure little Alice had proved as deceitful as he.

At the expiration of the longest and saddest hour she had known in years, somebody tapped at her door, and she heard Linn's voice calling outside:

"Dolly, are you busy? I want to talk to you."

Dolly sprang up and caught sight of her face in the glass, perceived that she had been crying heartily, and was never more thankful in her life for being able to answer:

"Oh, I'm not dressed, Linn. I can't let you in now."

"Well, get ready, and we'll go and ride," rejoined Linn. "I'll order the horses. How long before you will be down?"

"Half—half an hour," said Dolly, with another glance at her red eyes and nose—it would require fully that length of time to reduce them to a reasonable color. "I'm—I'm sorry—but I haven't even arranged my hair."

"Very well—half an hour," Linn called back, and she heard him walk away. Perhaps he was cross at the delay; not that Linn ever was cross, but he did hate to be kept waiting.

Dear good Linn, what would he say or think if he knew how, so far as thoughts and feelings went, she had risked being untrue to their compact of spending the remainder of their lives together? He had been a little odd during the past fortnight—silent and almost moody; could it be that he had suspected her secret, and resented it? Oh, she could not bear to think that

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even her darling brother should have had an inkling of her weakness—her idiotic folly: no, it could not be!

But she convicted herself of selfishness and carelessness during the later weeks. Linn had felt the change—it was that which had rendered him unlike his ordinary. Oh, she would atone—her whole life should centre in him now! She had been worse than a fool, but it was over: she should soon forget—be able to smile at her own idiocy; still, it was hard, hard.

That half-hour Dolly had demanded grew into three-quarters, and a very tumultuous one it was; but, when she appeared downstairs, she was in high spirits and looking her best, as she always did in her riding-costume.

She could not trust herself yet to speak of Mrs. Aimsley's letter; time enough to discuss the matter when either of that treacherous pair wrote the story—quite time enough—and she only hoped that she might find idle talk to keep Linn fully occupied, so that, for to-day at least, there need not even be a reference to either of their names.

"I am going to Montreal—there's some business I must attend to," Linn said, abruptly, and gave a rather obscure account thereof; but Dolly did not listen. "Would you like to go?" he asked. "I shall be away a fortnight."

"Delighted! Nothing could please me more," she answered, and was glad indeed that a respite had been granted before the return home—time given to master her absurd weakness ere she met either of the two whom she would have fled to the ends of the earth to avoid.

"Good," said Linn. "Then we'll start the day after to-morrow."

And they did start at the time appointed, and a dreary season they had of it: each trying, for the first time in their lives, to keep a secret from the other; each so full of private misery, so anxious to appear as usual, that even Dolly, with her quick womanly intuitions, was as blind to the change in Linn as he was to that in her. I should have said blind to the real cause: for each noticed an alteration—each felt guilty. Dolly feared that Linn half divined what a fool she had been, and was angry with her; and Linn, never suspecting that she would dream of marrying any man, fancied that she resented his having been ready to break their bargain.

For Linn too had heard the news about their friends, and had held his peace. By chance a letter Alice wrote failed to find Dolly, and that made her secrecy look the more treacherous. As time went on, Dolly wished heartily that she had told Linn what Mrs. Aimsley had written. So far from its growing easier to speak, each day rendered the telling more difficult; and less and less often, as the days dragged by, were the names of the pair mentioned between them.

Never had Dolly been so sweet to Linn, never he so full of tender care for her, though they had always both been models in that way; but now, each felt the other had been wronged by the secret each had cherished, and wanted to offer amends.

"I've a letter from Meriford," Linn said, abruptly, one day; "it came this morning—I forgot to tell you."

Which was an awful fib: the letter had contained a sentence that had given the last blow to poor Linn's hopes—it had needed these hours' reflection to enable him to speak calmly.

"Dear me! have you?" rejoined Dolly, just eagerly enough. "Did I ever tell you old Mrs. Aimsley wrote me that he and Alice were engaged? Rather shabby of them not to tell us; instead of doing that, they've both stopped writing lately."

"Engaged, eh?" returned Linn, lighting his cigarette. "Well, that explains a sentence in Meriford's letter—says he has a secret to confide to me, which he thinks I can guess in advance."

"Bless me, how romantic: like an old-fashioned novel," cried Dolly, with a laugh.

"Yes. I never heard of such silly conduct," said Linn. "The deuce take these matches—this is the third that has refused to light!"

After that, they could talk about the engagement, and say little cutting things in regard to the lack of confidence shown by the pair who had professed such warm friendship.

Anything odd in Dolly's manner Linn set down to the fact that she was trying hard to hide her consciousness that he had loved Alice; Linn's dry sarcasms at the couple's expense Dolly ascribed to his feeling sore because he suspected that she had cared more than was wise for Lance Meriford.

Then both rushed into the highest spirits—dined out, went afterward to the first ball of the season, and, a couple of days later, fled from Montreal, each pretending to the other that the sojourn had been delightful, each feeling that the very name of the old town would be loathsome while life lasted.

They stopped for a couple of days at Niagara, then in Buffalo—by tacit consent dawdling as much as possible over their homeward journey, and arranging to spend only a few weeks at Woodlawn.

Linn vowed that they both wanted a change. They would soon go down to New York, and from thence flit South. A winter divided between New Orleans and Havana would be charming—didn't Dolly think so?

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Indeed Dolly did! A speedy trip to and a temporary sojourn in Hades would have been acceptable, if by going there she could avoid the necessity for stopping within reach of Lance Meriford and his betrothed—perhaps being forced even to make one at their wedding.

It was evening when they reached home. Their arrival had been looked for, and charmingly comfortable the old house appeared. They had a cheerful dinner. In the evening, Dolly sang and Linn smoked. They even played at backgammon, and laughed, and chatted, and were miserable beyond belief.

"And this is the way we will live always—and always be just as happy," said Dolly, as she kissed her brother good-night. "It is only ten o'clock, but we are both tired and must go to bed."

"The way they would live." Linn repeated the words to himself, as he paced up and down his chamber, and cursed fate, and almost cursed Alice Wharton. But Dolly was content—that was something. Poor Dolly! Experience of married life rendered this monotonous celibacy pleasant to her. Ah, well, he was not likely to desert her now. She need not fear—he had had his lesson.

And Dolly, in her room, was fighting her own battle over again, and a hard one it was; but she found a kind of rest in thinking of Linn. Her companionship could give Linn happiness. He would never marry—at least, her existence would not be wholly wasted. Dear good generous Linn! She deserved the punishment she had received. She had been a wicked woman to forget, even for a week, how necessary she was to him—what a desert her desertion would have left his future. And, the next morning, after Linn had gone out, she sat in the library, going over a similar train of reflection, when the door opened and Lance Meriford was announced; and he looked so pale and confused that, though Dolly's head went round and round, she was able to appear calm—to give him a pleasant welcome.

"This is a charming surprise," she cried. "So you are still at Mrs. Lymers's? Linn heard you were in Baltimore. And how is pretty little Miss Alice? And how badly you have both behaved—not a line from either in weeks."

"Not a line in answer to our letters, I think you mean," returned Meriford. "I came up this morning from town. I heard you were in New York yesterday. Yes, I am at Mrs. Lymers's—you didn't invite me here. I knew *they* would be glad to see me, at least."

"Of course," cut in Dolly, a little too sharply.

"And I wanted to see you," he went on, breathlessly. "Oh, Dolly—Mrs. Yancy—what have I done that you should treat me so? You knew I loved you—you let me hope—and then, without warning, you rushed away—you left me to find out that you had been playing with me—I—"

He stopped, but Dolly could not speak.

"I'm making a fool of myself!" he cried. "I didn't expect to behave like this. I thought I could control myself: act so that I should convince you I was not hurt; but I can't—I can't. Oh, Dolly, Dolly, don't you see you have broken my heart? I love you—I love you!"

He staid there two hours, and only went then because Dolly drove him off; but he did not look at all broken-hearted when he left. She sent him away because Linn might return at any moment, and she must prepare him before he saw Meriford. Oh, what Linn would say, she could not tell. She was troubled—frightened: she would have been very, very miserable, only she was so happy that she could not be.

"Linn can't be so selfish as to want you to sacrifice your whole life to him," urged Meriford; "anyway, he's sure to fall in love himself."

"I doubt it," Dolly said. "Oh, I feel horribly wicked." And then he kissed her tears away, and consoled her—even offered to break the news to Linn himself. But Dolly would not hear of that—she must tell the poor boy herself; and finally she exiled Meriford in order that she might do it.

Half an hour after his departure, Linn returned; but it was some time before he entered the library, and, when he did, he looked so queer that Dolly wondered.

"You—you missed seeing Mr. Meriford," she said.

"I'm awfully sorry," cried Linn. "How is the dear old boy?"

"Very—very well. I think he may come back: he—he said something about it," Dolly stumbled on. "Oh, he is at Mrs. Lymers's; he came up this morning—"

"Yes, yes; I met Miss Wharton—she told me," rejoined Linn, as Dolly's sentence died into nothingness.

Linn was trying to light a cigarette; the matches had the very dickens in them. Dolly was trying to unwind a skein of silk—and oh, how the tiresome threads did tangle.

"Oh, Linn," she cried, desperately, "I forgot: there wasn't a word of truth in what Mrs. Aimsley wrote—he and Alice never dreamed of such a thing."

"I should think not," answered Linn, perfectly comprehending her speech, vague as it was. "Why, Meriford is near forty. The idea of his thinking of a girl of nineteen."

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"I tell you he did not," said Dolly, with unnecessary energy, and growing rather red.

"Well, he might be excused if he had," replied Linn; "such a charming girl. Oh, Dolly, she looks prettier than ever, and—and—oh, I don't know what you will say, but you mustn't think it will make any difference between us: I—"

Dolly jumped up and clapped her hands, crying:

"You love her, Linn—you love her."

"Yes," he shouted; "and—and she cares for me; and I hated to tell you, for fear—"

He was interrupted by Dolly's beginning to laugh and cry at once, and he moaned in great excitement:

"Don't take it so hard, Dolly. Oh, I love you dearly; but, after all, a sister isn't a wife. Oh, don't be angry or hurt. If you knew—"

"I do," she broke in; "but you don't. Oh, Linn! Linn! I am so glad, so happy! I was afraid to tell you; but now I can: He loves me, and—and I love—"

"Mr. Meriford!" announced John, the footman, opening the door.

"It isn't possible!" cried Linn, staring at the pair as his friend rushed forward and seized Dolly's hand as eagerly as if he had not seen her for a week, their two faces telling the whole story as clearly as the most eloquent words could have done.

"It does seem too heavenly to be true," Meriford said, glancing at his friend over his shoulder. "You—you don't mind much, do you, Linn?"

"Mind?" repeated Linn, dashing at them and fairly hugging both. "I never was so happy in my life. I must go and tell Alice, this minute."

"And be sure you bring her back with you," called Dolly, as he was flying out of the room.

"And just you make matters clear to Meriford while I am gone," Linn answered, from the door.

"They are tolerably clear already," returned that gentleman, with a blissful smile. "Poor Dolly! how all your pathetic fears were wasted: Linn had already broken his pledge."

"Not a bit of it," retorted she: "it's a case of compact dissolved by mutual consent—both parties highly satisfied with themselves and each other."

Linn paused long enough to join in their laugh, then he was off on his errand; and, that evening, four as happy people as one could wish to see sat around the dinner-table at Woodlawn.

"A charming ending, for you and Alice," said Dolly, addressing Linn, laughingly, "for the little idyl which began that day when you first saw her—CAUGHT IN A SHOWER."

HOME AGAIN.

BY KATE A. VOORHEES.

LAND in sight! And a joyous cry
Goes floating over the sea;
The good ship spreads her white sails wide
In sign of victory.
They have bravely passed through the stormy waves,
She and her sunburned crew,
And now the heavens are smiling fair,
And the welcome shore is in view—
Nearing home! nearing home!

Rapidly, on the sun-washed deck,
The captain he paces slow,
While mem'ry's musical mystic voice
Speaks low of the years ago:
He clasps two trembling hands in his,
He kisses an upturned face,
While the smile and the tear are mingling there
With a woman's charming grace—
Nearing home! nearing home!

O Curlew, hasten! The world is fair,
We must not lag in the race.
For what are the treasures of Northern seas
To one glimpse of a Southern face?
Yon tiny strip of a misty blue
Holds Georgian valleys and hills;
We can almost hear the song of its birds
And the drip of its laughing rills—
Nearing home! nearing home!

The noontide sun is shining high.
Yet, ere the day is o'er,
The mariner safe in his home will rest,
To brave the storms no more.
Oh, for a sight of those dusky eyes,
A kiss from the rosebud mouth!
O Curlew, hasten! The world is fair,
Here in the glorious South—
Nearing home! nearing home!

The sun is dyeing the Western sky
A wonderful golden-red,
And the shadows steal o'er the verdant grass
With their noiseless evening tread.
One parting beam of the waning light
Turns back in a tender wave,
And lovingly rests on a grief-bowed form
That kneels by a new-made grave—
Home again! home again!

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THE DREAM OF A DREAMER.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

SEPTEMBER 19th: I am very glad indeed to get my house to rights once more. Having children to stay with one does discompose one's furniture and belongings most lamentably. I declare that I found reason to congratulate myself twenty times a day, during the fortnight that my sister Elizabeth and her three children were with me, that I was an old maid, and not burdened with any such noisy responsibilities. Jack and Hugh were all over the house twenty times in a second, it seemed to me. I declare, I felt quite relieved when the visit was over, and the little rogues got off without a broken bone anywhere in their two restless bodies. As to Bessie, my god-daughter, though only three years old, she is a serious and well-behaved little lady already. If all children were like her— But, bless me! here I am covering more than one page in my diary with items about my nephews and niece, just as though I were an infatuated mamma myself, instead of a sober and sensible old maiden aunt. I am glad, though, to see how Elizabeth's interest in life has been revived and maintained by those children. Since her husband died, two years and a half ago, she has lived solely for those three little creatures. And really, my natural partiality for my own kith and kin apart, they are fine children, every one of them. Jack is the very picture of his father—energetic, straightforward, and genial. Hugh reminds me more of the dear brother Harry that we lost—being given to plans and odd inventions, and having such a great taste for machinery: I am sure he will turn out an inventor some day—a second Fulton, or Morse, or Edison. Bessie is just our darling and pet as yet; but I think she will take after her mother. Elizabeth positively begins to look like herself again. She always brightens when we get on such subjects as the future of the two boys, or the promise of beauty and intelligence that we discern in the baby.

I was very sorry to say good-bye at the last, because I shall see none of them again for a long time. Perhaps Elizabeth has made a wise decision in concluding to take the children to Europe for a couple of years, so that the boys may be thoroughly grounded in the modern languages before settling down to more serious studies. And certainly the change of air and scene will do Elizabeth herself a world of good. I shall be quite lost without them, however, and already there is a vague plan shaping itself out in my mind of going to join them, next summer, at Geneva or Stuttgardt, or wherever else my sister may decide upon settling. To be sure, I am getting rather old to move, and I do not see how the house and grounds would get along without my personal supervision. The idea of a sea-voyage, too, is trying. But I am actually thinking and writing as though everything was settled, and I was intending to start off to-morrow.

SEPTEMBER 21st: The house is all thoroughly put to rights again now, after the invasion of those small Vandals—my nephews—and the garden is looking lovely. Lady Jane Grey, my big Maltese cat, is recovering from her terror at being chased and scared nearly out of her wits a dozen times a day. As to my flowers, they are in their full autumnal beauty and splendor. My garden is all ablaze with verbenas, and petunias, and scarlet salvias. I wish that Elizabeth were here to enjoy the delicious weather, and to go out driving with me behind my sober old pony, Tom. I am glad that I did not go down with her to New York, to see her off. There is something very sad to me in the act of standing upon a steamship-dock and seeing the great vessel move slowly off, bearing upon it a precious freight of human treasures. "No, Elizabeth," I said, when she urged the point, "it is best that we should say good-bye here, on the porch of our old homestead, and not on the deck of a crowded steamer." And so it was settled, and I am glad of it now, as I said before. I should have felt unspeakably desolate had I been left alone in New York, to find my way back here by myself. It was bad enough to go into my empty parlor, after seeing the carriage drive down the road, with Jack and Hugh blowing their penny trumpets, and baby kissing her hand to "Auntie Susie," and Elizabeth too much distressed even to look up. I declare, I must try to arrange matters so as to go to Europe next spring.

SEPTEMBER 22d: A few lines from Elizabeth, by the pilot. They are safely embarked on their voyage. I am very glad that she decided to go on the Holland, instead of one of the grander ships of the great lines, as she will have better accommodation and attendance at less expense. At

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least, that is what the Wilsons tell me, and they cross the Atlantic every year or two. I shall certainly take passage myself by the Holland, when I go to Europe next summer. I must write to Elizabeth to note down very carefully for me all the articles that she found especially useful on her voyage. Also whether lemons or champagne are the best preservatives against sea-sickness.

SEPTEMBER 29th: I have just had one of my odd enigmatical dreams, and it puzzles me not a little to even imagine a solution to the riddle it has set me. I do wish that the powers, whether of good or of evil, that bestowed upon me this strange dream-faculty, had made my visions a little more precise and less vague and veiled. Whenever I dream after this fashion, I know that something unpleasant is going to happen; but what it is, or to whom it is to occur, I never can exactly define. And my dream of the other night, though singularly clear and real-seeming in all its details, is unusually enigmatical and vague. I do not think that I ever had just such a one before. I remember, years ago, how I dreamed that I came into the front bed-room at our country-home, and saw my mother and my sister standing at the window, weeping and wringing their hands; and, on going to the window, to find out what so distressed them, I saw a riderless horse running about the garden. "Oh, he will break down all the rose-bushes," I cried, in dismay, whereupon I awoke. And, two days later, my father, in trying to break in a wild young colt, was thrown, just in front of our door, and was taken up with a broken leg and severe internal injuries, from the effects of which he suffered till the day of his death. The horse ran wild about the garden for some time before any of the grooms could catch him, and all my favorite rose-bushes were trodden down and destroyed. Then there was the dream that I had the night before the battle of Gettysburg. I thought that I saw my mother sitting on the front piazza of our house, with three ripe peaches in her lap. Presently, my father—who had died some two years before—rode up to the door on his white horse, Snowdrift. He dismounted and took one of the peaches from her lap. "One for me, and two for you—that is but fair," he said, smiling and nodding, as he got on his horse again and rode away. And it was at Gettysburg that our dear and only brother, Harry, was killed. I could go on putting down such instances indefinitely; but all the dreams that I have ever had in the past do not in the least help me to interpret the meaning of the one of last night. I will write it down here in all its details, to see what will come of it—if anything.

I thought that I was fussing about the piazza, as I usually do after breakfast, feeding the canaries, giving Lady Jane Grey her saucer of cream, picking the dead leaves off of the vines that are trained around the pillars, etc., when, in one corner, I came suddenly across a perch on which sat three birds of brilliant scarlet plumage, as motionless as though they had been stuffed. I knew them at once as being specimens of the red-bird or cardinal-bird of our Southern States. I had had one for a pet when I was a girl, and found it a very uninteresting one, despite the glowing beauty of its plumage. I had not seen a red-bird for years, but I did not feel astonished at seeing the three seated in such stony immobility upon their perch. The odd thing about it was the utter horror and aversion wherewith the creatures inspired me. It was not fear exactly, but something of the shuddering recoil wherewith one retreats from a cage of rattlesnakes, though perfectly certain that the glass and wire-work in front of the cage are strong, and that its inmates are powerless to harm. I stood gazing at the red-birds as if fascinated, and they stared back at me with their round black eyes, never moving a feather as they did so. Finally my dread of them became so great that I beat a hasty retreat into the garden, to get out of sight of them.

I went down the middle walk, where the salvias, and petunias, and verbenas made a very blaze of color in the beds at either hand, and I concluded that I would walk down to the south end of the garden, where the Duchesse pear-trees are, to see if any of the fruit was ripe enough to pick. But, when I reached the bed in front of the south wall, there were no pear-trees there. In their stead, I was confronted by three tall slender rose-trees, all exactly alike, on each of which grew a large deep-red rose. Each blossom was inclined a little on its stalk by its own weight, so as to face me exactly. I never saw such roses—so large, so perfect in form, and so rich in color. Yet the feeling that seized upon me at the sight of them was not admiration, nor even surprise, but a positive terror. I was as much afraid of the three roses as I had been of the three birds, and I turned and hurried back to the house as fast as my feet could carry me. I did not look either to the right or to the left, as I crossed the piazza, but hastened straight into the parlor.

Everything there was just as I had left it the night before: there was my work-basket on the centre-table, with the strip of tapestry-work that I am grounding with floss-silk as a present to

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Elizabeth on her next birthday; there was the volume of the "History of Our Own Times" that I had been reading, with the ivory paper-knife between the leaves; there was the skein of floss-silk on the floor, that Lady Jane Grey had taken possession of and tangled into a hopeless snarl before I espied what she was about; there were all the familiar chairs, and tables, and curtains, and pictures, looking just as they do every day. There was only one addition to the contents of the room, but that addition was a very strange one: on the low book-case at the end of the room, where I keep my Tauchnitz novels, and blue-and-gold series of the poets, and such-like small volumes, were set three tall thick candles, like these that burn on the altars of Catholic churches, only, instead of being, like those, of pure white wax, they were red. Although it was bright morning, in my dream, these candles were lighted, and were burning with a clear steadfast flame. I was not surprised at seeing those great candles burning in my parlor, which had never boasted of any such illumination—I was simply frightened beyond expression. The strange unreasoning alarm that had possessed me at the sight of the birds and the roses seized upon me for the third time with tenfold force, and so great was my terror that I awoke to find myself sitting straight up in bed, with my heart throbbing wildly and a cold dew breaking out upon my brow.

Well, after all, dreams are only nonsense, and I can make out no possible meaning to that queer phantasmagoria of birds, and flowers, and wax-lights. Still, my sister is on the ocean, and she is the only near and dear relative that is left to me—she and her children. I must telegraph to the agent of the line, to send me a dispatch as soon as they receive word of the arrival of the steamship.

October 4th: The Holland has arrived safe at Liverpool. I am so glad! Now my mind is entirely at ease.

October 25th: It is very odd that I do not receive a letter from Elizabeth. She promised me to write as soon as she landed, but probably she—

I had written thus far, the other day, when the door opened, and what I thought at first was the ghost of my sister came slowly into the room. But it was no ghost—it was Elizabeth herself; but so changed, so wan, so broken, that she looked veritably like the spectre of her former self.

She has returned to me—childless. I do not think I can better express the horror of her position than by the bare statement of it. A few days after the Holland left New York, the scarlet fever broke out in the steerage amongst the children of a family of emigrants who were returning to England. The disease spread: it was of a peculiarly malignant type. None of my sister's children had ever had the scarlet fever. They all three caught it, and all three died. Elizabeth was too crushed and heart-broken to write or telegraph to me on her arrival in England. She has come back to me without even the mortal remains of her darlings. Her little ones were buried in the vast pitiless sea.

So that was the meaning of my strange dream of scarlet birds, and flowers, and tapers. Heaven protect me henceforth from any more such visions!

KING HAKON'S SUMMONS.

FROM THE SCANDINAVIAN SAGA.

When lo! Gondul,
Pointing with her spear,
Said to her sister:
"Soon shall increase
The band of the gods.
To Odin's feast
Hakon is bidden."

The king beheld
The beautiful maids
Sitting on their horses,
In shining armor,
Their shields before them,
Solemnly thoughtful.

The king heard
The words of their lips,
Saw them beckon
With pale hands,
And thus bespake them:
"Mighty goddesses,
Were we not worthy
You should choose us
A better doom?"

Skogul answered:
"Thy foes have fallen,
Thy land is free,
Thy fame is pure.
Now we must ride
To greener worlds,
To tell Odin
That Hakon comes."

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A STORY OF LOUISIANA PINE-LANDS.

BY ALICE BOWMAN, AUTHOR OF "CREOLE BLOSSOMS."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 352.

V.

THE evening of that same day, at sunset-hour, Rutherford was riding with Mademoiselle Artois through the sweet breath of the pine-lands. The hour was solemn and hushed with that soft quiet which seems to fall upon the earth from fading sunbeams. All about rose the voices of little wild-wood creatures, and among pine-sighs was now and then thrown the far-off caw of a crow, while frogs croaked solemnly in bits of marshy land. Silence had fallen between the two. The lady looked very lovely, a touch of sadness resting about the pretty mouth: and Rutherford, noting her unwonted gravity, and feeling his whole being touched into harmony with the solemnity and tenderness of the scene, after one or two glances towards the pretty face, said quietly:

"Can you not imagine that we have stepped far back into the past, Mademoiselle Anna—that we are freed from all worldly thought, and, like the first children of earth, have but to live, and enjoy, and drink of all this lovely life around us?"

"This lovely life around us?" cried Anna, opening her great eyes and looking with blank surprise at Rutherford. "Ah, you jest. Eh, bien!" shrugging her shoulders, "it is as well, perhaps. We might as well laugh as sigh."

"Jest?" exclaimed Rutherford, with a pang of disappointment. "I was never more serious. Lift your eyes, and see the rare tinting of that sky, showing twixt the waving of those ever-restless boughs—hear the music of that harp, which the wind plays among green strings. And what incense is sweeter than the odor of those trees? Note, too, the beauty of the feathery fern carpet beneath our feet, and the grandeur of the green roof above, and the exquisite molding of the great columns, straight as lances, yet soft and rounded as grace itself. No cathedral ever made by man can equal this forest-temple."

"Enjoy it all, Mr. Rutherford, as much as you please," cried Anna, laughing. "Turn poet, if you will; but do not expect me to join in your rhapsodies. Dieu! I detest everything about the wilderness, and, if it were not for your charming society, should be tempted to run away from our cypress shanty: only the pearls and the diamonds—they are worth waiting for. What an odd sort of a woman that Madame Levalle must have been. Do you know anything about her history? When I ask mamma, she says there's no need to rake up old trouble."

"Nor is there," answered Rutherford, gravely. "Twenty years ago, a great sorrow fell on this poor lady. She bore it as best she could, and, dying, laid aside a heavy burden."

"Twenty years ago—when I was a baby," said Anna, musingly.

And then silence again fell between them, each busily thinking; and the horses, wandering at their will, turned from the pine-stretches into the deeper shadows of an oak-grove.

"There is someone singing—a woman," presently said Anna, suddenly stopping her horse. "How refreshing to know that a human being is near."

"And with a very lovely voice, too," added Rutherford, also halting.

"It is an evening-hymn—an Ave Maria," whispered Anna. "Let us go a little further up this rise, and listen. How did we get here, at any rate?" she added, looking around.

"Your remarks sent me into the past, and I paid no heed to my horse."

"Let us halt now," cried the lady. "Confess," she continued, with a piquant smile, "this is sweeter than your pines."

"The two together are divine," answered Rutherford, and then both sat listening.

Rutherford, feeling himself thrill beneath the exquisite touch of this lovely voice, which came, draping the woods with melody, caressing each leaf, and hanging upon the evening air, with tenderness unspeakable, bared his head, as in the presence of a holy spirit rising to heaven. Even Mademoiselle Anna's giddy heart was moved into a slightly deeper tone—not for long, however.

"I am all curiosity," she cried. "Do let us draw nearer."

The horses moved quietly; but, indeed, there was not much need for caution, the singer seeming completely lost in the volumes of her rich voice, and the two equestrians, having reached the top of the eminence, drew rein behind a sheltering tree, and peered forth.

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A very sad but lovely picture met their eyes—a lonely grave, rising from the bosom of the green earth, the head marked by a wooden cross—all about rustling trees, draped with lang tresses of moss over all, beams of sunset, and, beside the grave, her head uplifted, her folded hands resting on the gray cross, her figure touched with the glory of the dying light, Myra Dunn, singing her evening-hymn.

"Par exemple—parbleu! Dieu! The yellow savage," cried Anna, after one instant of amazed silence, and, before Rutherford could prevent, she had dashed forward into sight.

The singer's voice died frozen.

Rutherford, remaining hidden, watched.

Myra Dunn had removed her hands from the cross, and stood looking quietly at Mademoiselle Artois.

"Why do you stop?" said Anna.

"I sing for the dead, not for the living," answered the girl, curtly.

"Who is your dead?"

"Who is my dead?" repeated the singer, a smile of unutterable contempt spreading over her mouth. "The lady under whose roof you sleep. The lady who has given to yours and you her all."

"So she is buried here? We heard she had chosen the woods, instead of the vault where her race lie. She must have felt herself accursed, and unworthy to lie in blessed ground."

An expression of pain swept over Myra's face.

"I will not talk to you of my dead," she said, calmly. "You are not worthy to mention her name. Your poor shallow wretched heart is not able to understand—"

"Stop!" interrupted Anna, lifting her whip. "You shall not talk to me in that impudent manner."

"Then go!" said Myra, pointing down the slope: "go from this hallowed spot."

At this moment, Rutherford, intensely annoyed, came forward.

"Take her away," said Myra, "take her away, Mr. Rutherford, and, when she is your wife, teach her to speak tenderly of the dead, who have suffered."

"You mistake," answered Rutherford, hastily. "Mademoiselle Artois may be thoughtless, but her heart is tender for all sufferers. Moreover, you do me too much honor—Mademoiselle Artois is not my plighted wife."

"Why do you try to deceive me?" asked the girl.

"What impudence!" ejaculated Anna, her face hotly flushed.

"I speak truth," answered Rutherford, impatiently.

"Then why," persisted Myra, "why does Mademoiselle Artois say that she will wear her diamonds at the altar, because you prefer them to pearls?"

"How dare you tell such a falsehood?" cried Anna, face and eyes blazing. "Come, Mr. Rutherford, let us go."

"It is no falsehood," exclaimed Myra. "Last eve, on the banks of the Chappapeela, you talked with your mother in French, and—"

"And you doubtless understand French!" laughed Anna, contemptuously.

"I do," replied Myra.

"Quel idée!" repeated the lady, still laughing. "And you played eavesdropper, too," she continued, contemptuously.

"I rowed past in my pirogue. You saw me. You called me 'the yellow savage'; but go," said the girl, waving her hand: "you pollute this hallowed spot."

"And you doubtless sanctify it! However, I am willing to forget all," continued Anna, covertly glancing towards Rutherford, who was industriously brushing flies, with his whip, from the horse's flanks. "Your knowledge of French is imperfect, and you have mixed matters terribly: and so there is an end of the affair. You have a very pretty voice. Will you not sing for us?"

"I will neither sing nor talk," answered Myra. "My dead loved solitude," and she stooped, while speaking, to lift her hat from the ground, where it had fallen.

Rutherford turned his horse, as if to move away; Anna also—but presently, coming back, said lightly:

"Oh, I had almost forgotten: we expect our lawyer in a day or two. We received a note by special messenger, and, in the note, he requests that you will be present at the breaking of the seals, as he knows nothing about the secret springs of the cabinet. When we send, you will come?"

"Yes," said Myra, rising and looking so keenly into Anna's fair face that the girl blushed, feeling her untruthfulness thus thrown before her conscience.

For this girl had indeed heard the conversation, just as related; and Madame Artois and daughter, seeing the pirogue and its silent rower glide quietly past over the still waters, had not hushed their voices, thinking the language of France an unknown tongue to the "yellow savage" of the pine-lands.

As for Rutherford, riding homeward through darkening woods, earth seemed no longer beautiful with the beauty of its first birth; and the fair

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girl beside him was an Eve indeed, but an Eve who had wandered, ages ago, from Paradise, and whose soul, in these wanderings, had been soiled with the dust of earth and tarnished by the ways of men.

VI.

And now, into the brightness of late October, there was thrown a week of soft sweet cloudy days, when nature seemed brooding with hushed breath or with wailing sighs. A few dead leaves and dead vines rustled along the wooded Chappapeela, a few red and yellow flags hung their pennons over the high white sanded banks, and the magnolias were crimson with ripened cones, the oaks brown with ripened acorns, the mornings and evenings hazy with gray mists.

Rutherford, chafing under this extended detention in the wilderness, passed his time hunting, fishing, or driving with Madame Artois and daughter over the rough roads: a blacksmith, summoned fifteen miles from his forge under oak-boughs, having repaired the damaged carriage. To Mademoiselle Artois, his manner was kind as ever; yet, since that evening by the lonely grave, there had been a change felt, if not seen; and wrath against Myra Dunn filled the hearts of both mother and daughter.

Several times, Rutherford, drawn by the melody of the rich voice, had listened unseen when, at sunset-hour, the girl sang her Ave Maria over the lonely grave. Several times, too, unseen, he had watched her hastening over the pine-stretches, now and then pausing to utter the sweet clear partridge-call. Several times, he had marked her gliding, in her pirogue, down the Chappapeela—calm, like some dusk Indian maiden of the olden time. She seemed utterly indifferent, neither seeking nor avoiding these stranger-people, bowing her head silently in response if they bowed, yet never pausing as she passed, and never visiting the Levalle home.

Once, Rutherford, wandering a long way down the wooded banks, came unexpectedly upon this strange girl, fishing in a deep pool of the clear creek. She might have been a statue, carven of stone, so still she sat on the old log, stretching its brown length from white sands into shadowy waters: the head uncovered, the hands loosely clasped over the bamboo pole resting upon her lap, about the whole figure that expression of utter dejection which, to Rutherford, seemed inexpressibly sorrowful. He was quite laden with the spoils of the forest—game and trails of vine, from which hung clusters of wild purple grape. As he stepped before her, she suddenly lifted her head. Holding forward his fruit, he asked that she would take it.

"How strange," said the girl, accepting the vine, and laying it gently on the log, "how strange, that trouble, and guilt, and sorrow can come from anything as beautiful and fair as this fruit of the woods. There are blood-drops and tear-drops hanging all over these clusters," she continued, lifting them and holding them aloft, and then slightly shivering as she laid them back again.

"But other fruits are quite as guilty," said Rutherford, instantly divining her meaning. "I have always thought the world very unkind, when—"

"I know," she interrupted, "I know; and, even when I walk among the green leaves of our corn-fields or the rustling billows of our cane-patch, the seeds of pain and of wine are there. Can happiness be found on earth?" she continued, looking up into his face. "You, who have been through all the wide world, tell me."

"Rather," said Rutherford, gravely, "I should say: you, who have never wandered over the wide world, tell me—are you happy here?"

She sighed, and looked dreamily down into the water, the rich mouth drooping, with an odd little pensive look about the corners.

"What is your life?" asked Rutherford, seeing that she remained silent.

"You have seen my life," she answered, moodily.

"But surely there are changes sometimes," he persisted.

"Yes. Twice a year, father and mother drive with me to the other parish, to visit mother's parents. We leave before day; we are home by dark. Twice a year, we go to church in the meeting-house, ten miles away. We are absent almost the whole Sabbath. We take luncheon with us. We meet there our neighbors, we listen to a sermon from a wandering minister, we pray, we talk, we sing."

"But you—you are a Romanist," interposed Rutherford.

"I don't know what I am," she replied, still with her eyes fixed on the deep water. "Madame Levalle taught me all that she knew; but I have made no profession of faith—I have not ever even seen a priest. The doctor, who came from the parish-town—he staid, and read over my friend the burial-service. It was a sad day. Rain fell as we left her."

"What amusements have you?" asked Rutherford, hastily, seeing a tremor about the mobile lips.

"There," she answered, lifting her hand and sweeping it around the woods and over the stream: "these and my books."

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"And you have no companions?"

"Sometimes," answered the girl, dreamily, "sometimes I think there are two souls in my bosom: we talk together, reason together, weep together, and laugh together—but not often. There is not much cause for laughter here in the pine-lands. You must think me very silly," she added, smiling and looking somewhat shyly into Rutherford's attentive face. "I suppose one must necessarily grow odd, living alone, as I have lived." She finished wistfully.

"At least," said Rutherford, interested despite himself, "at least, you are free from temptations, and so, free from guilt, and free from the sorrow which follows guilt."

"Free from temptation? Free from sorrow?" she cried, starting as if suddenly wounded, her face all flushed, her hands pressed suddenly over her heart, and her eyes gazing with startled surprise into Rutherford's serious face.

"Why, what are your sorrows? What are your temptations? Life here surely must be without care, at least."

"Doubtless," she answered, turning away, lifting the pole, and casting the line further out, while an expression of intense bitterness swept over the beautifully-molded lips, "doubtless, you have thought me crowned with roses. When you enter our chapel, Mr. Rutherford—I mean the chapel of the Levalle home—note, or perhaps you have noted, the picture of the rejected crown: the picture where the white-robed Christian woman, discontented with her cross, prays God that she may wear the crown of roses on her neighbor's brow."

"Well?" answered Rutherford. He knew the picture, but was anxious to hear what she would say.

"Well, God, hearkening, granted her prayer. The crown was laid on her head. Then she begged her cross again: for the crown was not what it seemed. Beneath the roses were thorns—cruel thorns."

"Well?" again said Rutherford, inquiringly.

"Well," she repeated, "nothing, except that perhaps the crown you see me wearing is set with thorns, nestling under the wild flowers of our woods."

"I think," said Rutherford, very earnestly, "I think you are discontented with your life, and I doubt whether Madame Levalle was wise to lift you above your surroundings, and leave you here as you are."

"What?" she cried. "Take a partridge, and change it into an eagle, and show it all the beauty of life, floating above forests, and among clouds, and about crags, and over the ocean. Think you that eagle would become a quail again, running low over the earth?"

"Take that eagle, and chain it to the earth," answered Rutherford; "chain it as you are chained here."

"I?" she replied, lifting her head with a haughty gesture of disdain. "You don't know of what you are speaking. Chained? Why, when I lift my eyes at night, do I not soar to the distant worlds and suns, as you, as others, whose wings are knowledge? When the wild ducks, and the turkeys, and the geese of our forest, and all the changing creatures of the air, flee into other countries, may I not flee with them, on these same wings—knowing, as I know, their homes in foreign lands? When I see the rainbow and all the glories of the rising and setting sun, do I not mount far, far beyond them, to the source of light—the great sun—whose bent rays make for earth these glories? When I gaze on the pictures in the old rooms at home, do I not feel with those who made them—do I not see the scenes which they have painted—the divine faces which have come to them in dreams—soaring with them, as they have soared, into the loveliness of heaven? Chained—chained?" she cried, with a glad tremor in her young voice, and, while she spoke, lifting her two graceful arms as if wings indeed, and stretching them towards heaven. "How am I chained?"

"You look, indeed, ready to fly," said Rutherford, smiling, though strangely moved by this outburst of pent-up feeling.

"And, of course, very silly," she replied, her voice faltering and the old quiet attitude resumed. "But it has been a temptation to talk with you, for I have never known the sympathy of which I have read."

"And are you never lonely?"

"Lonely?" she repeated, with a far-away look, gazing down the vista of the stream, all shadowed by moving boughs. "I don't know—sad, perhaps, when, in the early morning, it is yet quiet and still, and the rice-birds flock in our fields, and down here under the water the fish flit together in the sunlight, and the cows, mooing contentedly, wander off happily for long hours in the sweet woods, and father and mother seem content in their homely labor, and I—I see myself all day alone—quite alone—walking towards the sunset."

"Suppose," said Rutherford, feeling an odd pity and attraction for the loneliness of this strange girl, and speaking more impulsively than he had ever spoken in all his life, perhaps, "suppose someone out of the great world should say to you: 'Let me be your friend,' would you accept?"

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"I don't know," she answered, slowly. "I have never thought."

"Think now," said Rutherford; "because I, from the great world, say to you, in your loneliness: 'Let me be your friend.'"

Each was silent.

Rutherford, rather surprised at himself, yet sincere in the request, sat watching Myra's thoughtful and expressive face, as, downcast and quiet, she yet gazed over the shadowy water. Presently, lifting her eyes, all sad and tender and regretful, she spoke:

"It is not possible. Friendship demands confidence, and confidence I cannot give. I thank you," she added, frankly, "and confess," here a faint tremor, as of unshed tears, touched the calmness of the voice, "and confess that the temptation to accept is great: for I think no one, in all the wide world, ever needed a friend as I need one now."

"And why not accept? Why hesitate?"

"I have already told you," she answered, and Rutherford marked the cold tone of reserve which had crept into the words.

"Then you choose to be alone," he persisted.

"Choose? It is my destiny."

"How strange," observed Rutherford, picking up a pine-cone, and turning it over and over in his hand, "how strange that the same destiny has come to us both—to you in the wilderness, to me in the great world. Just, I suppose," he added, smiling, "as pine-cones are pine-cones, all the world over—whether in forests or in the gardens of city homes."

"But I don't understand," said Myra.

"There is nothing to understand," he answered. "My idea of friendship is as high as yours, perhaps, and it is not easy to give confidence."

"But Mademoiselle Artois," commenced Myra, with astonished eyes.

"Is not my friend, save in a very worldly sense. Since her father's death, the care of property, etc."

"Can you think it right to marry?" again commenced Myra, looking thoughtfully at her line.

"Marry? I am not talking of marriage," interrupted Rutherford, impatiently. "There is no question of marriage in this matter. We were speaking of friendship and of confidence. This much you have already told me—there is in your heart a great temptation, in your life a great sorrow."

The girl started slightly, and looked troubled.

"I will not speak of either," she answered, then added more quietly: "You have not told me, but in your life, too, there has been sorrow, Mr. Rutherford."

"How did you know?" he asked, quickly

"I have read your face."

"And is it possible," said Rutherford, almost angrily, "that I thus show my heart to the world?"

"To the world? I don't know," she answered, gently, "and indeed I don't even know how the knowledge came to me; but when I saw you grave and quiet, that first evening, with the deep shadow in your eyes, as if a hurt soul looked from them, it all came to me—your sorrow and my sorrow—and my sorrow seemed meeting your sorrow, and drawing me towards you. I don't know whether you understand," she added, shyly—ashamed, feeling herself stepping forth from the reserve in which she had hitherto lived.

Rutherford, more touched than he cared to show, was silent a moment, and the wind came sighing down Chappapeela, tossing the branches of the wooded way, sweeping the long moss-trails, and sending the ripple of water-murmurs all up and down the white banks and about the old log where they sat.

"My sorrow," he presently said, in a low deep voice, "my sorrow died many years ago. It was the sorrow of a lost love—a faithless love. She was a beautiful girl—to me, an angel on earth. She had promised to marry me. I was poor, but, with this promise in my heart, was rich. Well," here he tossed the cone into the water, and watched the circling eddies of the splash, "she broke our troth-plight: she married millions. She is happy. Sometimes we meet. She had such pretty rosy-tipped fingers," he continued, dreamily. "I never take a woman's hand without wondering whether it is false as the hand of my lost love."

"And have you grieved all these years?" asked Myra, almost whispering, and quite awed. It seemed terrible, this lifting the cover of a coffined sorrow.

"Yes; but not for her," he answered, sternly. "The woman I loved never existed. She was true as gold and pure as heaven. I have grieved for the lost faith, the broken promise. It has made me suspicious—hard, distrustful."

"Just as I thought," said Myra, almost under her breath, and looking towards him with white face all touched into tenderness.

"Poor child," said Rutherford, in lighter tone; "I am not worthy of all the sympathy expressed in your face. The world considers me a very lucky fellow—a prince of good-fortune. What are you, oh daughter of the pine-lands—

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a Circe, an enchantress, who has by magic forced me to break the sacred portal of a closed tomb? Teach me your charm, that I may win the knowledge of your sorrow."

"My sorrow," said the girl, gravely, "is not all my own. It grows late," she added, rising and lifting her eyes to the sun, shining like a moon through gray haze.

"How many fish have you caught?" asked Rutherford, also rising.

"Fish?" she repeated, drawing her line from the water, and looking at the naked hook with a bewildered expression, which her companion thought infinitely charming. "Why—why, there is no bait on my hook."

And then, as Myra shot off in her pirogue, a little duet of laughter ran sparkling and tinkling over the water and through the old moss-draped woods, dying softly away among pine-sighs beyond.

VII.

"I HAVE come at your bidding," said Myra, standing tall and straight in the doorway of the front chamber at the Levalle home. Beyond was the gray-lighted landscape. All about her were the soft folds of the rich drapery.

Rutherford, remembering the girl as he had last seen her—the face softened by mirth, and the willowy figure disappearing down the creek with the graceful undulatory motion imparted by rowing—was startled. Almost she appeared an avenging spirit, so stern and calm her eyes, so commanding her presence.

"I am ever so glad to see you," cried Anna.

"We shall not detain you long," exclaimed Madame Artois, beaming with satisfaction. "Come in. You see, Mr. Lathrop has arrived."

"We have met before, several times," said the lawyer, stepping forward and taking Myra's unwilling hand. He was a long thin man, wiry like the children of the pine-lands—shrewd, quiet. "Are you well?"

"Yes," answered the girl, curtly, and bowing silently to Rutherford.

"Let us finish this business at once," said Madame Artois, impatiently, moving towards the further side of the chimney, lifting the heavy curtain, unlocking the chapel-door, and throwing it wide open.

A stream of daylight poured through.

"Why, the window is open," she exclaimed, "and I closed it myself, last night. I do not understand."

"Simply, madame," said the lawyer, moving forward hastily, "there has been an attempt at robbery."

"At robbery?" cried mother and daughter, aghast.

"See here," continued Lathrop, pointing to the seals on the cabinet, "and see here," pulling open the doors, which swung easily back, revealing a mass of old Indian carving, touches of dusk gold and red gleaming through the dark wood.

"My diamonds—my pearls—the gold!" cried Madame Artois, growing pale.

"Are undoubtedly safe, thanks to secret springs. Their working is a mathematical problem. Will you relieve the minds of these frightened ladies?" he asked, smiling and turning towards Myra, who stood near the entrance, gazing upon the altar as in silent adoration.

She moved towards the cabinet, all standing back at her approach.

Rutherford, noting the hands, pale and slightly tremulous, wandering among the knots, and knobs, and quair gnome-faces, and bat-wings, and mysterious birds of the mystic carving, suddenly glanced at the girl's face, and was again startled, this time by its pallor: for the beautiful lips were bloodless, and about the eyes were dark circles, whose shadows touched even the soft cheeks beneath.

Door after door sprang open under the nervous pressure of the pale fingers. Slide after slide was drawn forth.

"Is there no end to this labyrinth?" cried Anna, impatiently.

"We are almost there," said Lathrop. And, even as he spoke, a large face of dusk-gold, hideous in its monstrosity, with eyes of red garnet set in black jet, and black lips parted over sharp white teeth, glared forth from the centre of the cabinet.

Before this face Myra stood an instant, apparently paralyzed; but, suddenly lifting her pale hands, as by convulsive power, pressed them forcibly over the blazing orbs.

"Now, Mademoiselle Artois," continued Lathrop, "mark the rapacity of this miser. He refuses to give up treasures till eyes, ears, nose, and mouth have been tortured. Hear the little click or groan given as they are touched."

"You frighten me," said Anna, shuddering.

"Ah, here at last he swings backward. And now for the jewels. One diamond-set, one pearl-set: here they are—one—" and then Lathrop, suddenly growing silent, turned to them a blank face.

"The canvas bag! The gold! It is gone!" he exclaimed.

"My diamonds!" shrieked Madame Artois; "my pearls!" holding forth towards Myra the

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cases which she had opened, and which were quite empty. "Wretched girl, you have robbed us."

"You have robbed us," echoed Anna.

The silent faces—of Lathrop, keen and watchful, and of Rutherford, cold and grave—seemed re-echoing the words.

"Look: she is the picture of guilt," cried Madame Artois, pointing towards the girl, who, white as death, had sunk trembling on a prie-Dieu. "Why did you rob me? Why?—why?"

"I have not robbed you," said Myra, lifting her large eyes, and looking full into the enraged face of the accuser.

"You have not robbed me? Impudent, shameless creature! Give me back my own."

"I cannot give what I do not hold," said Myra, a faint color coming into the white lips, and the head uplifted as if braced for battle.

"Answer me this: Does Mawna understand the springs of this cabinet?"

"No; nor Mr. Lathrop, nor my parents; and only they knew where the jewels were kept. Suspicion rests upon me. There is no one else upon whom it may rest," she continued, wearily passing her hand over her brow, "yet I am innocent."

"And do you expect us to believe you?" cried Anna, with a gesture of contempt.

"Certainly not," answered Myra, disdainfully. "Only my parents will know that I have not done this evil."

"Your parents? Your parents?" repeated Anna. "Dishonest wretches! as guilty as—"

"Hold!" cried the girl, starting up: "say what you please to me, but not one word about—"

"I shall say what I please about every—"

"Not in my presence, at least," interrupted Myra, moving towards the door.

"What?" exclaimed Madame Artois, springing forward and placing herself in the doorway. "What? Do you expect to get off in this way? Arrest this thief at once, Mr. Lathrop."

The girl paused: not overwhelmed, but as if realizing at last her position. Yet the erect head did not bend. Rather she seemed a queen, standing there among them, clothed in the dignity of her young womanhood.

"Arrest her!" repeated Madame Artois.

"Stop! stop, madame!" said Lathrop. "We must examine further into this. There may be traces. See, the shutter has been wrenched; and mark, the wall has been scratched; and the ground beneath is trodden. Let us examine."

"How? Leave this girl alone?" cried Madame.

"I will stay, if you wish to go," said Rutherford.

"Then don't let her out of the room, Mr. Rutherford. Ah, this was the paragon you praised only last evening—the girl who had grown up pure and stainless in the pine-forest. Ha! ha!" laughed Madame Artois, mockingly, as she passed through the front chamber with Lathrop and her daughter.

Rutherford frowned, stood a moment waiting till they were quite gone, then, looking down upon Myra, who had again fallen on the prie-Dieu, he said quietly:

"Was this your temptation?"

The blood rushed into the girl's face, dyed her smooth forehead, swept up under the dark hair and down over the little ears.

"I am answered," he said, mournfully. "And I thought you, as that woman said, pure—stainless."

"Temptation comes to us all," murmured Myra, her pale hands folded as in despair. "And—but you do not understand."

"No," said Rutherford, sternly. "I shall never understand how you could willingly thus stain your soul with guilt."

"Guilt?" repeated the girl. "Is temptation guilt?"

"Why tamper with words?" asked Rutherford, impatiently. "The yielding to temptation is certainly guilt."

"Yielding? But I did not yield," she cried, recoiling as if struck.

"You did not yield? Ah, if I could but believe," exclaimed Rutherford, an expression of joy spreading over his face. "Give me proof."

"Alas!" said Myra, "there is no proof."

"Tell me—quick! they are coming—does any other know how to move those springs?"

Again the rich blood dyed face and throat.

"I am innocent!" she cried, hastily, "innocent! There is no proof—there is nothing more to be said."

"Look at me," commanded Rutherford, in a low voice, "and repeat those words."

She lifted her sad eyes, gazed quietly into his, so earnest and serious, and repeated impressively: "I am innocent."

"By the memory of the past," said Rutherford, solemnly, "that past which has left me hard, suspicious—that past of which I told you yesterday—do not deceive me. Remember your question, the day we talked in the pines yonder—your disappointment, hearing that nothing indeed of all the dead woman's riches had been left to you. Now that I know your life, and what she was to you, and you to her—I wonder—I marvel—it was unjust—you had a right—surely you had a right—and, thinking this, perhaps, with your view of justice formed here in the woods, and away from men, and untrammeled by law—

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the temptation came, and you fell. Is it not so? Confess, and I will explain—I will restore, so that not a trace of guilt will rest on your soul. I will tell the words of your friend—the right you felt to these jewels—I will shield you—guard you—quick! speak quick."

"Hush! I can say no more," cried Myra, her dark eyes falling, heavy with tears.

"May God help you, poor child," whispered Rutherford, hurriedly, and inexpressibly touched by the sadness of the young face.

"The grass is all trodden, but there are no footmarks," said Madame Artois, entering, flushed and breathless, from the hasty search of her premises. "There is only that screw-driver—it is the one which the blacksmith dropped on his way here. The initials are written on the handle—see, Mr. Rutherford. I remember he lamented the loss—said it put him back in his work."

"Where did you find it?" asked Rutherford, suddenly turning to examine, yet stealthily marking the expression of interest with which Myra also regarded the tool.

"Just by the lemon-bush yonder—where she threw it, I suppose. Mr. Lathrop has gone after the creature's father and mother. Don't you think it would be best to have all three arrested?"

"Pardon me," said Rutherford. "I refuse to advise. You have your own lawyer, and, even if you arrest them, they can have bail."

"And who on earth will go bail for them?"

"I will!" said Rutherford.

"You? You?" cried the lady, looking as if she was not sure of having heard correctly.

"I," he repeated, quietly. "Every accused person should have the full benefit of the law; and who, think you, in the wilderness, will look after his cabin, cattle, and fields, if this poor man is cast into prison—and cast in there simply because his daughter alone is supposed to understand the working of those springs?"

"But, my dear Mr. Rutherford, they are gone—gone. You don't seem to understand, or to appreciate the fact that I have lost a fortune—a fortune," repeated the lady, her face growing redder and redder.

"I do, madame, understand perfectly, and will do all in my power to help you recover your loss; but, don't you know," he added, earnestly, "that I am a sort of knight-errant, and love to befriend the miserable, innocent or guilty?"

"There's too much of that nowadays," sniffed the lady.

"Dieu!" said Anna, walking around, and from all points examining Myra, who, sad and calm, sat like a young princess awaiting doom. "Dieu! but she looks like a thief."

"Prisoners at least have the privilege of solitude," said Myra, lifting her head and flinging forth the words with disdain.

"There's no safety in solitude for creatures who scale walls and break open windows."

"Wait, Mademoiselle Anna," said Rutherford, shocked and disgusted, "wait till the accused is proved guilty. There is Mawna to be examined. Who knows? During years of servitude, she may have learned the working of these springs. Mutes, having only their sight to depend upon, are very quick in the use of this one sense. Then the blacksmith is implicated—that tool bearing his name. Also, your coachman, George, may be an accomplice. And Mr. Lathrop—who knows whether the jewels and gold were in the cabinet when it was sealed? He may have withdrawn them, the day of the sealing, by sleight of hand—may have, last night, after his arrival, opened the window, and broken the seals, and prized the lock, merely to draw suspicion from himself. I even, as inmate of the house and rooming next the robbed cabinet, have a right to my share of suspicion. Nor are your daughter and you quite exempt, Madame Artois."

"I? I? Do you think I would rob myself?" cried the lady, breathlessly.

"How tell what the law may think?" answered Rutherford, shrugging his shoulders. "All the events of the past and the present, bearing upon the relations existing between the accused and her friend, Madame Levalle, will be examined—even the contents of the letter handed you by—"

"A private letter—altogether of a private nature—having nothing whatever to do with these jewels," exclaimed Madame Artois, with an amount of undue haste, which did not escape Rutherford's keen watchfulness.

"Really, you make me shiver," said Anna, petulantly. "I feel myself almost a thief."

"And I," said Rutherford, letting his clear regards rest first on the chapel-altar—then on sky and earth, seen through the open window, "I feel myself only a Christian, holding within my heart the life and teachings of my faith. By that faith, Mademoiselle Anna, I learn to deem all souls innocent till proved guilty, and, when guilty, to be merciful, even as I expect mercy."

While Rutherford spoke, he glanced towards Myra. The face, thrown in profile against the red-brown wall, and touched with the light of the gray day, showed like a soft cameo: the eyes were uplifted, and there was about them the look of a tired soul resting against the bosom of heaven.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

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PAMELIA SPLICER AT THE BEACH.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Some people are allers having good-luck.

They find sumthin', or have some of their friends die and leave 'em sumthin', or they draw tickets in a lottery, or fall through a bridge and sue the town for damages.

But I was never one of the lucky kind. When it rained porridge, my dish was allers bottom-side up.

So you may guess how surprised I was when Uncle John Splicer, that had lived to be a hundred—lacking ten days—and had had three wives and nineteen children, of both sects, up and died suddint, in his cheer, and left me—his niece, Pamelia Splicer—the sum of two thousand dollars, in the Squall P'int bank!

I could have danced for joy, if it hadn't been for the rhumatiz that has been troubling my j'ints lately, and for which I have spent a little fortin, in the way of lineaments, and 'intments, and fermentations, which didn't do no good except to scent the house up like a 'pothecary-store, and make all my underclothes look as if they had been b'iled in saffern-tea.

When I got my money, I determined to strike out in life.

I ain't a married woman. Not but that I might have been, over and over again, if I would only have consented; but, law me! men-folks ain't what they'd ort to be, and they are apt to take advantage of a girl that is young and confiding. Not that I exactly dislike the male sect—

I got me some new clothes, and a bustle, and fifteen dollars' worth of false hair, and some ribbons, and a bottle of patchcooly, and a big trunk, and I j'ined a party that was going to the beach, to stay a fortnight.

I had never seen the oshun. The nearest I had ever been to enjoying the delights of beach-air was when we had had sp'ilt lobster and tainted codfish put onto our ten-acre lot for manure, and the health-officers made us pay a fine of five dollars for maintaining a nusance.

Mrs. Deacon Telletts and I went together, and roomed into one bed, though there warn't enough of it for one lean person. Mrs. Telletts is a fat woman, and I didn't git much rest; and she snores dreadful; and sometimes, when I waked up in the night, suddint, I was skairt; her snoring sounded so much like a man, or as I should think a man would sound a-snoring.

She had her three children with her, and they roomed in the next bed, and kept a-yelling for "crackers" and "sumthin' to drink" all night; and the muskeeters filled up the pauses with their music and their biting; and Arabella Higgins—that is, Elder Higgins's darter—she kept up her pounding on that boarding-house pianny, which sounded like a busted tin kittle being larruped with the butt-end of a fire-shovel, and sung "Oh, would I were a Gurl again" till I thought I should have died.

The secont day after we got there was pleasant, and all the boarders rigged theirselves for bathing. I hadn't never been into anything deeper, in the way of water, than our smallest-sized wash-tub, which we keep to wash feet in, and I felt as skittish as a colt about venturing into them billers.

But the others cheered me on, and told me how nice it was, and how it would brace me up, and Elder Higgins, who had lost his wife of dispepsy and liver-complaint, six months before, "aged forty-five, and of such is the kingdom of heaven," as the tombstone says, all in the best white marble, and had seven children of both sects, of which Arabella was the oldest, beamed at me mildly through his glasses, and sed that with the Lord's help he would take care of me.

I didn't have any bathing-suit of my own, so I hired one. I am a spare woman, and my suit was big enuff to hold me, and my twin sister, and another woman. When they made it, they warn't a mite stingy of the cloth. The waist of it bagged like a circus-tent when the wind blows, and the trousers-part of it was big enuff for Barnum's fat-woman, and some room to spare.

Them Telletts boys had their thumbs to their noses when their ma, and Elder Higgins, and I marched off, and Mrs. Telletts, she told 'em to wait till she got back, and see what they'd ketch.

Mrs. Telletts and the elder urged me along; but the water felt dreadful cold, and went all through my rhumatiz like a shock from a galpanic battery. Rhumatiz is a terrible trial! It is wuss than being an old maid; but take both them afflictions together, and it's enuff to make you wish you hadn't been born.

The elder was very devoted, and he supported me with one arm, and felt along in the water with his cane in his other hand.

"Dear Sister Splicer," says he, "be calm; put

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your trust in—" and just then there come an awful roller, and struck us like the butt-end of a Western cyclone, and the elder turned over like a rooster that's had his head cut off for Thanksgiving, and his heels struck rite into Mrs. Telletts's stomach, and doubled her up like the green-apple colic doubles up the small boy. As for me, I pitched forrud fust, and then up I bounced, and next smack rite into the arms of Jim Dingle, who was one of our party; but he and I hain't spoke together for nigh onto ten year, all on account of his killing one of my turkeys which eat up his water-millions, since which he has been my deadly enemy, and I his'n.

His eyes was so full of sand and salt water that he didn't see very clear, and he mistook me for Arabella Higgins, that he's inclined to be sweet onto, though he's a married man, and the father of nine children, and his wife is that jellus that she'd skulp him, if she see him tech a woman, if it wasn't that he wears a wig, and thereby makes skulping of no account.

"Arabella," says he, "let me take care of you," and he give me a hug that nigh about drove in my ribs. I thought I should have swoonded. You see, I ain't used to men-folks, and it kinder overcome me.

"Oh, law!" says I.

"Dearest," says he, "don't struggle. Don't be apprehensive. Mrs. Dingle, thank Providence, is abed with the sick-headache—"

"No, she ain't," screamed Mrs. Dingle herself, in a voice that riz above the roar of the rolling deep and the yells of the man that was a-selling lobsters at auction. "She ain't abed—she's here! And you let go of that young Higgins gal, Jim Dingle, or you'll repent in sackcloth—"

And she rushed at us through the raging waves; and Dingle let go of me, and started out at a full gallop in the direction of Liverpool.

I felt as if my doom was sealed. Mrs. Dingle bore down on me like a U. S. gun-frigate. She's a tall woman, with a stride like a grannydear, and I knowed that nothing but strategy would do with her. So I ducked my head suddint, and dove rite under her; but it upsot her, and made her plunge head-fust into a breaker; and the yell she give was about ten degrees higher than the whistle of the Squall P'int shoe-factory, when the meeting-house is a-fire.

I was down on my hands and knees, trying to find a place that was dry enough to turn round in, so's I could take an account of stock, so to speak, and see how much of me was left behind, and how much the oshun had swallered up, when there come another breaker—and gracious airth! it knocked my forty-seven dollar set of false teeth rite down my throat, and, for a minnit, I thought I should have suffercated.

"Oh, Elder Higgins!" I cried, "if ever you're a-gwine to help the widder and fatherless, now's your time. I'm pritty nigh a goner!" and I clapped my hand over my mouth. If ever you've wore false teeth, you know how you feel when they're out.

"What is it, Sister Splicer?" says the elder, who was standing on one foot, and digging the salt water out of his eyes. "Is anything the matter?"

"Matter?" says I. "I should think there was. I've swallered half the Atlantic Oshun, and Botany Bay besides."

Just at that minnit, sumthin' bit my foot, and I went to grab that up to see if it was a rattlesnake, and down I went agin, and, my mouth being open, and a good deal of extra room in it, in rushed another millpondful of salt water, and nigh about busted me.

Mrs. Telletts, and the elder, and a dozen more, come to the rescue, and I expect that by this time all creation knows I wear false teeth; and, before that, I am positive that no person on earth, except myself and the dentist, mistrusted it.

"Swallered 'em?" says the elder. "The Lord be merciful!"

"In your stomach?" says Dr. Drew, rushing up. "Let me pump 'em out. Great invention—the stomach-pump!"

"Them teeth never went down your throat, Pameely," says Mrs. Telletts, who allers has an opinion of her own; "'tain't possible. They've bounced out of yer mouth, and are laying round here somewhers. Turn to, and let's find 'em."

And everybody went to scratching in the sand. I should have helped; but I dassent show how I looked without them teeth before Elder Higgins: for, though I shouldn't hanker after the job of being a minister's pardner—for I expect it's a trying state—I should want to look as well as I could in the eyes of a man that's in the market; because there's never any knowing what may happen. So I kept my hand over my mouth.

Mrs. Telletts found the teeth, and passed them over to me. They was dreadful full of sand, but I put 'em right in, and was thankful to get 'em anyhow; and, though I never did think much of them Tellettses, I said I would do anything for her, on account of her finding them teeth.

I concluded I didn't need any more bathing, and I started for the little house where I had left my clothes. Dear me, what a dreadful perdickament a person is in that's been in the water. My bathing-suit warn't any too big for me now. On the contrary, it warn't near big enough. It stuck

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to me as if I was glued. It flopped aginst me as cold as ice, and showed every line in my body, and let little rills of water run down my backbone; and when I tried to step short, so's not to show my ankle-bones, I heerd them Telletts boys giggling behind the bathing-houses. I wish there had never been such a thing as a boy invented.

When I got to the house where I left my clothes, they warn't there! Every rag of 'em had vanished!

Good gracious Peter! what was I to do? "I wouldn't walk up to that boarding-house," I said, "with all them grinning boarders on the piazzy, for fifty dollars, with that bathing-suit on me."

I screeched to Mrs. Telletts; but she was too fur off to hear me; and Elder Higgins was hunting for his specks in the sand, which had been washed off his head when the waves of tribberlation went over him. I opened the door and peeped out of the crack, and I heerd lots of folks a-laffing, and I see what the matter was.

Them 'tarnal Telletts boys had got my clothes, and there they was dressed up in 'em, and strutting round: with my hoop-skirt on outside Tom's trousers, and my bustle on under Jim's coat-tail, and little Sammy trudging behind with my overskirt and perrysol, and my eye-glasses stuck on his nose, as nateral as life.

I forgot all about how my bathing-dress stuck to me. I didn't care a cent how much my ankle-bones stuck out. I streaked it out of that bathing-house and after them boys in a way that would have astonished Maud S. or any other man. The boys see me a-coming, and they legged it as fast as they could; and them half-witted boarders at the hotel cheered us, and whooped like mad.

"Five to ten on the old woman!" yelled a young chap that was walking along with his gal by his side, and stopped to watch the race.

"Go it, old 'un!" shouted the lobster-man; "you'll double 'em up on the home-stretch."

"Let her out!" yelled half a dozen other fools. "Give her the braid! Fifty dollars on the old gal!" and sich-like hoss-race talk. I could have killed the whole of 'em.

Them boys run like blazes. They had long legs—all the Tellettses had: it was in the family—and they was bound I shouldn't ketch 'em.

But, in turning a corner, the one that had on the hoop-skirt caught one of the springs in the shaft of a fish-peddler's cart, and over he went, head over heels, rite under the feet of the peddler's hoss—which, like all fish-peddler's hosses, was a sober-minded annimile, and as fixed in his principles as a hitching-post, and not a mite more likely to start off.

And, as the beach was narrer, and all the Telletts boys was running one after t'other, they landed on top of the one with the hoop-skirt on, and, afore I could stop myself, I brung up on the top of the pile.

Didn't I snake them young ones out of them clothes? You'd better believe I did!

They hollered, and begged, and took on, and screeched for "ma"; but I never let up till I'd got my things and give them boys, each and all, a walloping that I'll bet they won't forgit.

Then I took my clothes on my arm, and marched for the hotel.

Mrs. Telletts hain't spoke to me sence. She told my nabors that I blacked Sammy's eye, and riz a swelling on Jimmy's hind leg as big as a pint bowl—and I hope to goodness I did!

Elder Higgins sided with her, and said any modest woman and chaste virgin would have been ashamed to make such a spectacle of herself before the world, in a wet bathing-suit, as I did.

Spectacle indeed! I should advise Elder Higgins to mind his own business. I don't envy the woman that gets to be Mrs. Elder Higgins No. 2. No, I don't!

DOWN THE STREAM.

BY MINNIE C. BALLARD.

Adown the stream, in dream-like ease,
Our shallop floats with motion slight,
Beneath the low-boughed summer trees,
Whose branches break the fervent light.

The languid fishes to our bait
Scarce rise as we drift slow along,
While from the shore sounds out elate
The shrill cicada's noonday-song.

A timid breeze steals from the sea,
To die in ripples on the wave,
Lost in the swaying imagery
Of river-reeds full-plumed and brave.

Around, above, a holy trance,
As though Dame Nature slept a space,
And trees and skies leaned down askance,
To view their drowsy mistress' face.

I put my fingers on my lips,
And whisper to my silent friends:
"We will float on till life-tide slips
Into the sky, where ocean ends."

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OUR FRENCH CLUB.

BY JULIA DITTO YOUNG.

We lived in Brocton, a rather sequestered hamlet, about thirty miles from Boston. But we did not think we were a whit inferior to the "hub." We talked, in fact, among ourselves, about the "mixed" society in cities, and fondly believed that any member of our little circle would be a shining light anywhere on earth.

One evening, our literary society held a meeting, at which Miss Sara Warham rose to speak.

"I think," she said, in her pompous way, for her father had once served a term in Congress, "I think that I but voice the opinion of the society when I say that we have about exhausted the resources of English literature. We know all there is of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton. So I propose that we turn our attention to another branch of learning, without which the highest culture cannot be attained—namely, the French language."

The proposition was received with enthusiasm, and in a few minutes we were formally organized into a French Club. Our first meeting was appointed for the next Thursday evening, at the Warhams' house.

The meeting began successfully, even brilliantly. Miss Warham welcomed us with much cordiality. It was easy to see that she was trying to introduce into her frigid manners something of the Gallic vivacity so much talked of. Miss Sara had made an imposing display of French periodicals, scattered about on chairs and tables.

We were soon deep in their mysteries. We were really better up in the language than anyone had supposed. One of our exercises was to repeat in concert the vowel and consonant sounds. There were about twenty of us, and it was ludicrous to hear us hissing like geese, or uttering the "ahs" and "ohs" that resembled the bleating of sheep. We were in the midst of this pleasing occupation when the door opened, and Judge Warham appeared on the threshold, accompanied by a stranger: a young man, with three patches of court-plaster on his face, a long ragged rent in his rough gray sleeve, and wet and muddy spots all over his coat. His hair was disordered, and the hat in his hand was terribly battered; he looked very disreputable and insignificant. Nevertheless, we all felt abashed, and suddenly ceased our absurd iterations. But Miss Grace, our secretary, and one of the Warham girls, went boldly on to say a few words in French.

A light broke over the new-comer's face, as he took in the situation. He bowed profoundly to the company, then more particularly to Miss Grace.

"It is so charming to meet once more with a countrywoman of mine," he said, politely, in French; and we perceived, from his words and his perfect accent, that he was a Frenchman. Miss Grace blushed with pleasure at the neat compliment.

"Do I really speak like a native?" she asked. Then her eye took in the flaws in his attire. "Mercy, papa! whom have you brought home?" she exclaimed, shrilly.

"Be careful, Grace—he understands English," said her father, warningly; but the foreigner interrupted him with a vehement denial in French.

"You do—you certainly do speak English as well as I do," Judge Warham insisted. "We have been conversing in that language all the way home."

The stranger still shook his head and smiled.

"Papa, you are never sure of anything. You did all the talking yourself, of course," said Miss Warham. "But I must have an explanation of this person's intrusion."

"There has been an accident on the railway, near the station," said Judge Warham, meekly. "A freight-train was smashed up, and the road will be impassable till to-morrow. No one on the express was very severely injured. The hotel could not accommodate quite all the passengers, so I—I—I asked this gentleman to pass the night here."

"He probably couldn't pay his bill at the hotel," said Tom Piper, at which we all laughed.

Miss Warham seconded her father's invitation coldly, though without giving the Frenchman anything in particular to resent. Meantime, he had introduced himself as Albert Gervaise, and had again bowed respectfully to the assembly. But we testified very properly our extreme disapprobation of him by letting him severely alone. I don't know what we didn't take him to be: an actor, a hairdresser, an escaped convict.

I couldn't help thinking at first that he was

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rather puzzled by this treatment, as if he was not accustomed to it. But he sat, calmly regarding the class, as if we were reciting solely for his amusement, his black eyes roving fearlessly from face to face, resting longest, perhaps, on Bessie Dune's.

At last, and quite without provocation, he burst into a loud fit of laughter. We all glared at him, instantly adopting the theory that he was a lunatic.

"Sir, why this unseemly mirth in the presence of ladies?" demanded James Chapel, sternly.

"I really beg pardon," said M. Gervaise, contritely; "but this gentleman," indicating Tom Piper, "made such a funny mistake. Why did he say 'pewt-eeter' for 'peut-être'?"

"I said it by way of a joke," growled Tom, growing very red.

"Perhaps, sir, you feel yourself capable of instructing these ladies and gentlemen, possibly even me?" said Miss Grace, in her most fluent French, addressing the stranger.

For a moment, he looked half-puzzled, half-angry; then he began to laugh again, though not loudly. He sat down in Miss Grace's chair, and assumed a grave and dignified manner.

"It gives me pleasure to take charge of this class," he began, speaking so slowly that almost all of us could follow him. "I have had, during many years, the opportunity of hearing the purest Parisian French spoken—"

"Been a valet, probably," interrupted Tom.

"And I will endeavor to impart my knowledge to you," he went on, calmly, ignoring the interruption. "Now as to terms: Will twenty-five cents a lesson, from each pupil, be reasonable?"

"Perhaps it's the first honest money the man ever earned; let's encourage him," said Tom. All these amiable comments were uttered in an ordinary tone of voice; but then, as we had been told, M. Gervaise did not understand English: so what did it matter?

We all acquiesced in this proposition. M. Gervaise agreed to remain a week, perhaps longer, and to give a lesson almost every evening. Matters being arranged upon this basis, he began his task, and for an hour instructed us in a manner that made learning a delight.

When the class broke up, James Chapel offered to escort me home. But he had already undertaken to perform the office of cavalier to three ladies, and naturally I shrank from becoming a fourth encumbrance. While I stood hesitating, M. Gervaise interposed, and coolly declared that I had promised my company to him, not two minutes before. I thought this true politeness, for I well knew my days of youth and beauty were gone by, and that most men rather ignored me. We went out together, and had passed down the broad gravel-walk, nearly to the gate, when a slender shape came flying after us. It was Bessie Dune, prettier than ever in the moonlight, her black dress blowing about her in the keen October wind.

"M. Gervaise," she said, breathlessly, "I am in such a position that I find it impossible to pay even the nominal charge you ask for tuition."

"Bessie, be careful," I cried, "what you say. He is a stranger; we know nothing of him; and he may tell it all over town in the morning."

"Not he, Miss Jennings. He is too manly—too honorable; you can see it in his face," she replied in English, which I had also spoken. Then she hurried on in French: "But I must do something to earn my own living, and I thought perhaps I could learn French well enough to teach it."

"Will you accept my instruction as a gift?" asked our escort, with grave courtesy.

"Certainly not," she said, proudly. "But perhaps there is some work I could do for you in return. Don't you want some silk handkerchiefs embroidered, for instance?"

He smiled. "Mademoiselle, you mock my poverty," he said.

"Oh, pardon me," she faltered, rushing to the other extreme, in her estimate of his needs. "Then perhaps there is some mending—some darning?"

At the vision of heelless socks thus conjured up, the young man appeared vastly diverted. "There is this coat-sleeve," he said, presently. "Could you do anything with that?"

"Why, yes!" she exclaimed, joyfully. "Just leave it outside your door to-night. I will make it as good as new, and put it where I found it, before I go to bed."

And she flitted back to the house.

"What a charming young lady!" said M. Gervaise, as we walked on. "Would it be impertinent to ask her history?"

I told Bessie's simple story, and praised her a great deal, adding, however: "But of course she does not really belong to Brocton."

"You speak as if that were a misfortune for her," he said, with gentle irony.

"Well, it is, in one way. The people here do not take her up. They are jealous—they remind her constantly that she is an outsider."

"I marvel at them—they are a set of blockheads," said my companion, vehemently. "All but you, Mademoiselle Jennings. You have a good heart. You appreciate worth, wherever you see it, even if its possessor was unfortunately

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born and bred in London, or Paris, or Boston. With your permission, allow me to hope that you and I will become great friends."

"I hope so, too," I said, cordially, and I shook hands with him when we parted.

At the lesson, next evening, I learned that M. Gervaise was to remain at Judge Warham's, the tuition of the three girls being considered an equivalent for his board. Bessie had put some very artistic work on his sleeve, and the darn was almost invisible. We made great progress, and, in a week's time, could converse in French: in a halting way, of course, but still so well that we seldom resorted to English, except to make some remark about our teacher.

I don't know what it was that paired off M. Gervaise and Bessie so unmistakably from the very first; whether the young people really liked each other, or whether it was the sense they had of being alien and inferior to the general society. Certain it is, they were together a great deal. If Bessie went for a long afternoon ramble, or if she ran over in the twilight to pay me a call, M. Gervaise followed her.

He seemed in no hurry to leave Brocton. Everyone said his faculty for teaching was a perfect gold-mine to him. I shrewdly suspected that his growing admiration for Bessie was his principal reason for lingering.

One afternoon, when he had been about six weeks in Brocton, I was taking tea at the Warhams'. M. Gervaise and Bessie were conspicuous by their absence. Tea was long over, and we were sitting around the parlor-fire, when they came in, their eyes sparkling, their young faces rosy with cold. An exceedingly chill reception was accorded them. The Warham girls—were they jealous?—when they saw their brilliant cousin enter, said things that took Bessie's breath away.

"How dare you carry on so?" Miss Sara demanded, sharply. "It was all very well when you were wandering about the earth with your shiftless father; but we are a respectable family,"

"Cousin Sara!"

"This M. Gervaise is not our equal. He is a paid servant, like the coachman," said Miss Warham. "In France he is a barber or a waiter. He would not be allowed to speak to a young lady there, and he abuses the privilege here. Anyone can see he is no gentleman."

"Oh, it's not M. Gervaise's fault," said Miss Grace, in her slow ugly way. She is the most malicious slanderous woman breathing. "It's not his fault, of course—it's Bessie's; and I must say that a girl who will go trapezing about, at this time of the night, with a stranger, is—well, she is no better than she should be."

All this passed in English. But M. Gervaise seemed to understand the last taunt: for he sprang to his feet, with a terrible look of rage. I fancied he was going to strangle Miss Grace. He began to speak. But Bessie gave him no chance.

"Cousins, I have paid for all I have received from you, with the hard labor of my hands, I know," she said, gravely; "but I am not a slave, to be insulted with impunity. I leave your house forever. Oh, Miss Jennings, Miss Jennings!"

She turned to me, with a pathetic appeal in her voice and eyes. Anxious to leave the painful scene, I had already put on my shawl and hat, and we went out together, M. Gervaise following. Once in my house, he suddenly caught the shamed weeping girl to his breast and kissed her tenderly.

"You will keep the promise you made me this afternoon," he said, "poor though I am, and knowing nothing of me?"

"I trust you, Albert," she said, firmly, in reply.

"If you two are really going to be married, then why not let it be to-night?" I proposed, daringly.

"Don't think I am not an ardent lover," smiled M. Gervaise. "But Bessie cannot be married without a suitable gown—a rich, a magnificent costume. I have a reason for wishing this. If you cannot provide it, darling, you must let me."

"I can get it myself, thanks," she said, proudly. "Your bride shall not shame you, Albert."

But when we were alone, she said: "I have only a hundred dollars in the world; and it is insane to spend all that on one dress, when we shall be so frightfully poor."

"He said he had a reason, dear, and you must trust him in little things as well as great," I replied. So, the next morning, she and I went to the city, returning, three days later, with a truly elegant costume of white brocade and lace.

Albert spent the next day in inviting, by word of mouth, all the members of our French Club to be present at his wedding.

That evening, he and I received them all in my little parlor. The Warhams were present, their profuse apologies having been graciously accepted by the happy pair. Albert wore a dress-suit of the finest broadcloth—Tom Piper said you could hire that style for five dollars an evening. We all enjoyed these pleasantries, knowing they were about the last their subject could afford us. Even Albert himself smiled innocently.

The service over, Bessie changed her bridal array for her traveling-dress: for, of course, the happy pair was going away. As the two stood

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in the doorway, making their smiling light good-byes, they seemed to me, after all, more stylish and modern, more advanced than we, even though we belonged to Brocton.

A few days later, I received an express-package, containing twenty yards of heavy black silk and the following letter:

"DEAR MISS JENNINGS:

Albert is a rich man, and a count of real old French nobility. He only began that teaching business for a joke, and kept it up because he began to care for me, and wanted to win me on his own merits. He knows English perfectly, and understood every hateful thing that was said about him. Didn't he bear a great deal for love of me?

Why do you suppose he wanted me to have a fine wedding-dress? Because the women of his house, for eight generations, have placed their bridal robes in cedar chests, in the great picture-gallery at the Château de Gervaise; and mine must be one of the number. Doesn't that sound grand? We shall jaunt about for a few months, and get to France in time to see the spring bloom upon the mountains around our home. I could not love him better, or be happier than I was before I knew all this; but it is nice to have such a seal-skin sacque as Albert bought for me this morning.

Requesting you to accept the accompanying gift as an earnest of my good-fortune and a token of grateful affection, I am

Your friend,

BESSIE."

Need I say that, after this, there were no more meetings of OUR FRENCH CLUB?

A SONG OF LOVE.

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

Oh! the earth is full of beauty—
Full of joy and full of love—
And sweet music, soft and thrilling,
Seems to come from spheres above;
And my heart, with its glad beating,
Seems to echo all the bliss
That is caroled forth in bird-songs
On a beauteous day like this.

In the woodland, deep and shady,
Bubbles up a tiny rill,
And its cool and sparkling waters,
With their rippling, my heart thrill;
While a golden-throated robin,
From his nest in forest-tree,
Trills to heaven a happy love-song,
Which its echo finds in me.

Bright blue sky, far, far above me,
Perfumed flow'rs upon my way,
Drowsy hum of tiny insects,
Help to make a perfect day.
But the joy that fills my bosom
Makes all nature look more bright,
While the sweet bright summer sunshine
Finds in me reflected light.

In the song of birds about me,
In the bright blue sky above,
There is one song ever ringing,
And the melody is love—
Love above, about, and with me—
Love the song that nature sings,
While within my heart, re-echoed,
A sweet song of true love rings.

BENEATH THE MARRIAGE-BELL.

BY NELLIE BOOTHE SIMMONS.

Soft through a leafy tangled vine,
As o'er the lattice, faintly green,
Its frail caressing tendrils twine,
The sunlight throws a quiv'ring sheen.
On lilies pure and roses fair
It lingers: for the dainty bloom
Of baby-buds and blossoms rare
Wafts through the place a sweet perfume.

And, fairest flower of them all,
A lovely maid, with lily face,
Stands robed in silk, whose shimmering fall
Reveals her form's unrivaled grace.

Above her sways the marriage-bell,
And, bending near, with tender pride,
Her lover lets his dark eyes dwell
Upon the beauty of his bride.

The waving woodbine slowly swings,
And gazes on the pretty sight;
The flutt'ring south-winds fold their wings
And pause to hear the solemn rite;
A few short words, two answers low—
But ah! with wondrous meaning rife:
It weds two souls, and bids them flow
Together down the stream of life.

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THE MOTHERLESS GIRL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

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CHAPTER XVI.

RACHAEL had kindled a fire sufficient to heat water for her washing, rolled back the sleeves from her arms, tucked her short dress up behind, as she had seen housewives protect their more voluminous garments, and, mounted on a wooden stool, had been hard at work, with her small arms deep in the suds, washing, wringing, and hanging out humble garments upon the roof, till, from very weariness, she was glad to creep into her grandmother's chair and rest awhile, before the children came home to share with her the apples and nuts, which she had scarcely touched as yet.

While she was sitting there in her wet garments, forlorn and hungry, but grateful that she had a fire to brighten the room into something like cheerfulness, there came a tumult of footsteps mounting the stairs, a smothered sound of children's voices, then the door was thrown open. The grocer's lad appeared with a basket on his shoulders, and behind him came Olive and Olly.

"Here we are, Rachael. Here we are, safe and sound, with a basketful of everything good to eat—and, oh my! if she hasn't got a fire ready-made. We forgot that; but she never forgets anything. Tired out, too, with her sleeves rolled up and her feet wet with washing clothes for us and grandma too. But never mind. We are all right now. Olly is in business, and doing first-rate."

Rachael jumped up on the instant.

"Come then," she cried, "unpin my dress, and let us begin."

They did begin. The twins went down upon their knees, unpacking the grocer's basket, while they told Rachael all that had happened to them, naming each package as it was taken out, calling for more wood to be heaped on the fire, and making themselves busy as the purveyors of a regiment.

In the midst of this cheerful commotion, the grandmother came in—disappointed, tired, and hungry, as usual. In their great happiness, the children shouted with hilarious welcome.

"Got home just in time for our famous feast. Got some of the very best tea for you, grandma—and such sausages. Just listen: it is as good as eating to hear them fry, and sniff the smoke of them."

"So you have found out that my advice is good for something?" said the old woman, sitting down and surveying the scene with great complacency. "After all, you see it is better to beg than to starve: but this is luck."

"Beg?" said Rachael, flushing with a higher color than came from the heat of the stove. "The children have not done that."

"Nothing can be more proper than the way you speak of it. I shall myself always put it in that light. So long as we get along well, whose business is it how it is brought about?"

The children were silent; the crafty old woman refused belief in any explanation they could make. It was of no consequence to her how this abundance of food had been obtained, so long as she had the best share of it; but she did look startled when Olive brought out her French doll, and exhibited its gorgeous ball-dress. The thought it suggested was full of danger.

"But where did you get that? An old cast-away doll someone may have given you, but not a beautiful wax doll worth its weight in gold. How on earth did you come by it, Olive?"

"A little girl gave it to me."

"In the street?"

"Yes, in the street—a beautiful little girl."

"You had the face to ask for that, after putting on so many airs about begging for anything?"

"I did not ask for it, grandmother."

"Of course not," retorted the old woman, with a sneer of unbelief; "but, so long as you got it honestly, it isn't much matter how. Are you quite sure that no one will ever claim it?"

"The little girl gave it to Olive, and her mother let her do it," said Rachael.

"I mean to take it back to-morrow, and ask if the little lady wants it again. If she don't, I shall keep it forever and ever, just as if it was my own child. Oh, isn't she a beauty?"

A strange and disagreeable smile stole across the woman's lips. Indeed, a passion stronger than appetite was forever preying on her, and a long series of bad luck aroused it fiercely.

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That night, Olive went to bed with the doll in her arms, wondering if it was indeed hers, and thinking of the pale child in white as if she had been a mother bereaved.

The next morning, when she awoke, her arms were empty: and she threw them open with a cry of such wild grief that the other children sprang up in their beds and called aloud for the grandmother. She was not there; but had gone out, leaving a plate and the fragments of a cold breakfast on the table.

While poor little Olive was searching every nook and corner of the room, with heavy steps and eyes full of tears, the beautiful thing she mourned was ignominiously done up in a brown paper parcel, labeled, and thrust away among innumerable poverty-stricken packages ranged on a pawnbroker's shelf, where most of the articles which had disappeared from the former home of Silas Marsh were already reposing.

Poor little Olive went into the street, that morning, with a mournful look of bereavement on her pretty face. Though she had met with such wonderful success the day before, the stock of holders in her basket was not greatly diminished; but she had no heart to urge them on the people who passed her, and, in her sorrow for the loss of that beautiful doll, grew timid, and was more disposed to run away and hide herself than address a customer.

The resolution she had made to restore the doll to its owner, who could not have been in earnest when she gave it away, haunted her as if it had been a spoken promise. Before anything else could be done, she must tell the pretty lady how impossible it was for her to return the doll to its owner.

There was no carriage at the door—no lady to be seen in the private entrance, which the child was watching wistfully, when a familiar voice reached her from the lamp-post, and she saw her gamin-friend of the previous day looking toward the park, and apparently speaking to the world in general.

"It ain't of no use. They won't come down. Snowball is down sick—knew that when she gin away her doll-baby. It ain't in nature for a well girl to do that."

"Oh, mister, mister—I don't know your name," said Olive, drawing close to the lamp-post.

"Sam," answered the boy. "Sam Swart. You might call me Sammy, if you had a mind to."

"Oh, Sammy, I've lost it! That beautiful doll-baby, with all its fine clothes, has gone away."

"Gone away? Must ha' been one of them j'inted dolls to do that, all by itself."

Olive was in mournful earnest, and did not appreciate this sally of wit, as the boy expected.

"It went away last night, in the dark," she said. "I come to tell the lady."

"Oh, get out with your nonsense. She wouldn't believe you. Dolls can sit down, when you fix their j'ints—roll their eyes, too, and I've heern of 'em squeaking out, when you pinch 'em in the right place. But 'run away'! That's too thin: so don't try it on."

"But it is gone," persisted Olive, with tears in her eyes, "and it's awful mean in you not to believe me. Anyway, I won't stay with you another minute."

That moment, a carriage drew up in front of the hotel, and a lady, leaning out, made a fruitless attempt to open the door. Sam, always on the alert for opportunities of the kind, made a dash for the refractory handle, and told the lady where to step that her pretty little foot might be kept dry, and demeaned himself so politely that the lady opened the clasp of her purse and dropped a large bright coin into his hand.

Sam at once attempted to deposit his dollar in a very dilapidated pocket of his trousers; but, as two of his fingers went through the bottom, he turned the pocket inside-out, gathered up the end in a knot, and tied it firmly with a bit of twine which he bit off with his teeth. Having thus secured his treasure, the boy left his post, gave up business for the day, and went off in search of Olive, who had crossed the street, with her head up and her eyes bright with something more fierce than tears, and was now far out of sight.

Unfortunately, Sam took an opposite direction to that chosen by the little girl, and, after wandering about in search of her, made the best of his way to Joseph West's apple-stall, where he thought some trace of her might be obtained from the old man. West was not at his stand, but Sam had caught a glimpse of Olly at his first visit there, and recognized him at once.

"Peanuts—first-class?" he said, taking up a nut and cracking it between his teeth.

"Prime," said Olly, on the alert at once. "Roast 'em ourselves."

"Rather—well, supposing you give us there cents' worth. Never mind the cornacuppery: I mean to set down on this other stool, and eat 'em comfortably. How's business?"

"Splendid!"

"Nice old chap as keeps this stand—alles come out of my way to deal with him, when I can git a chance. Brick, isn't he?"

"Yes," answered Olly, with some hesitation, not quite certain that it was complimentary to

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place his employer in that class of building-material, but satisfied that his customer so intended it. "Yes, he's a brick."

CHAPTER XVII.

Sam ate his peanuts in silence for a time. Then he blew the broken shells through his lips to the pavement, and went on with the conversation:

"I seem ter know you by your likeness to a little girl that I've seen about, with just sich eyes as your'n, and nigh about your size."

"No, I'm taller—just half an inch taller," said Olly, full of animation.

"You know her, then?"

"I should think so, if she's the right one."

"A slender little thing, that walks with her head up like a bird."

"Haughty like, and yet sweet—"

"Just so—wears a hood with a red lining, close to her face. That face—oh, my!"

Sam drew his lips together and smacked them tenderly, as if some taste, more delicate than the peanuts could have left, lingered in his mouth.

Olly did not comprehend this, but, always with an eye to business, took up the little tin-cup. "Thought you'd find 'em prime," he said; "have another measure?"

"Well, I don't mind, if you'll let me sit here and eat 'em. But now about that girl: you look enough like her to be—well, her own brother."

Olly laughed.

"Oh, I'm better than that."

"Better than that?"

"Being her born twin."

"Her twin brother? You don't mean to say that— Give me your hand!"

Olly reached out his small hand with some hesitation. His customer's enthusiasm puzzled him a little.

"That sister of your'n seems to be worrying about something. I seen her, this morning, going about; but she didn't seem ter have much 'go' in her for business."

"Being a girl, that's no wonder," said Olly. "She's just been crying her eyes out for a beautiful doll, that some great lady gave or lent her, she didn't know which; but it went off in the night, so she can't keep it or carry it back. This almost broke her heart: for she was awful fond of it, just as women are of their live babies. I don't understand it, being a boy, and I suppose you'll think her awful silly; but she isn't. Rachael says it's natural, and tried her best to hunt up the doll; but grandma says she's just a little goose, to care so much about it."

Sam listened with the keen interest of a detective now.

"Who is Rachael?" he said.

"Rachael? Why, she's our sister."

"Oh! I dare say she loves dolls, too—hid it away, or something like that."

"What! Rachael?" exclaimed Olly, flushing red. "She hide things? You don't know our Rachael."

"Then it must be that grandmar of your'n."

"What would she want with a beautiful doll, dressed like a queen, and with such lovely eyes? Why, she don't care for live children, let them try to be ever so good. Grandma, indeed!"

"Yet that 'ere French doll didn't go off alone. Real babies can't do that."

"No," said Olly; "that is the strangest part of it. The ungrateful little thing crept out of Olive's arms when she was fast asleep and huggin' it close to her bosom. But never mind: when I get into regular business, I will lay up every cent I can, and buy her another: for, when she feels bad, I feel just the same."

"No other doll would ever seem to her like that one, I s'pose," said Sam, reflectively, fingering the silver coin in his pocket; "it takes lots on lots of money to git that kind, I am afeard. Now about that grandmother: What kind of an old customer is she?"

"Hush!" said Olly, turning very red. "That is her, coming along the sidewalk and looking this way. I hope she didn't hear you call her names."

Sam Swart took a swift observation of the old woman. "Stiff, proud, and stuck-up—carries her nose in the air and her shawl drawn tight, as if she was used to carry something under it. Blamed if I hain't seen her afore. Oh, now I remember. There is her hangin'-out place."

While these thoughts were crowding through the boy's mind, Mrs. Dean turned the corner and disappeared down the street. Sam sprang up, leaving his peanuts half eaten.

"Finish them up yourself," he said, with a hospitable wave of the hand. "I must go to business; but you can depend on me as a steady customer after this."

Some of these words were thrown back, as Sam ran around the corner, kept up his pace till he saw Mrs. Dean in front of him, and then, falling into his usual sauntering gait, followed her.

"That's it," he said to himself, as she paused, hesitated, and slunk into the meagre crowd that was gathered around a policy-shop of the most degraded order. "That's where the doll-money is going to. Nice old grandmother—oh, yes!"

During the next two days, Sam was at his post, more assiduous than ever. No carriage drove up to the hotel that he did not make a dart for the

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door; there was not a lady's foot, large or small, clumsy or graceful, that he did not manage to compliment, either in words or glances, in a way that won silver, where his reward might otherwise have been copper or an impatient refusal of his help.

At the end of this time, the boy indulged himself with a brief vacation, and, in a vagabond way, took to hanging about that low policy-shop as if a wild gambling spirit had seized upon him. He glided up and down the narrow street, shot keen glances at every new face that appeared in the crowd, and was about to go away, disappointed, when Mrs. Dean appeared, edged her way to the door, and went in, wearing the keen look of a hawk with young chickens in sight. Sam settled down now, leaning against the door-post, with a hand in each pocket of his trousers.

Mrs. Dean came out at last, quite changed from the sharp eager woman who had gone in. The forehead was cramped, her thin lips pressed firmly together, and there was a cold gleam of disappointment in her eyes, that won even the street-boy's sympathy, but made him all the more alert for business.

"Don't seem ter have met sich good-luck as a born lady ort ter expect when she condersends ter go in for a big thing," he said, with the most insinuating politeness.

Mrs. Dean looked down upon the lad, with a dazed sort of comprehension that he was offering help.

"They gave me the wrong number. I didn't see it till the money was paid. That which my mind was set upon would have been sure to win. I would buy it over and over, if—if—"

"If yer hadn't been so misfortenate as ter leave yer pocket-book behind, as ladies will that have more money than they know what to do with; but it's safe to make a raise when one is sartin of the number. Excuse me, marm, but why don't you try that 'ere dodge?"

"Make a raise? If one only could—"

"Easy enough, if you only happen to have securities about you—we sidewalk-speckerlators do business in that way when we take a likin' ter the pusson, which one is safe ter do when he falls in with a born lady as carries her gentility along with her."

"Are you one of them?" questioned the woman; and the hawk-like eagerness came back into her eyes.

Sam carelessly clinked the change in his pocket, and smiled significantly.

"But I haven't anything about me. It isn't my way to risk jewelry in the street."

"In course not; but poor folks are apt to trust ladies like you with things they can't keep safe for themselves—sich as policy-slips or pawn-tickets, which the latter is first-rate security—'cause them three-ball chaps never lend more'n a quarter of what a thing is worth. If you had one of them now, and could make it all right with the pusson as left it with you, that 'ere pertickler number as is restin' so heavy on your mind might be got right off."

Mrs. Dean's anxious countenance cleared wonderfully.

"Step this way," she said, withdrawing down a side-street; "step this way, and I'll see. My poor people do sometimes bring their tickets to me, and I save their things rather than have them forfeited."

"Just so," said Sam, demurely, and, following her around the corner, he waited while she drew that dilapidated pocket-book from its hiding-place in her skirts, and took from it a half-dozen soiled bits of paper.

Sam took them gravely, and slid them one by one over in his palm, with the earnest business-look of a cashier in search of counterfeits, while he muttered over their contents:

"Quilt, table-cloth, Baxter's Saints' Rest—"

A slight shake of the head seemed to reject each of these articles, till he came to one over which there was some hesitation.

"Fifty cents is a heap of money, but I ruther seem to take to this French doll thing more than any of the others. It sounds genteel, and, seeing it's you, I'll hand over the face of it—clear cash."

"Take it—take it," said the old woman, reaching out her hand for the money, which Sam counted into the palm of her cotton glove in pennies and ten-cent pieces.

Before Mrs. Dean had secured her favorite number, Sam Swart was in full possession of the doll which had gone so mysteriously astray, and bore it into the miserable semblance of a room, in the top of an equally miserable old house, where he and three or four other street-gamins found shelter at night. Here he sat down, on the side of a rickety bedstead, and took the doll out of its paper wrappings, tenderly as you have seen young fathers reach out their arms for their first-born.

"Oh, my! isn't it a beauty, though? Sich eyes! They seem ter look right inter a feller, just as hers do; curly hair, too, like hers; and sich feet, in these blue kid boots. My! how like a live thing it is! No wonder she loved to hug it: I feel kinder like it myself. Wonder if any of 'em do talk."

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Here Sam, losing some of his timid reverence for the pretty life-like thing, began to lift its arms and stir its feet with curious interest. Then, lifting it by the waist between his hands, there came a soft faint murmur under them, which so startled him that his fingers closed suddenly, and one of the sweetest words in the world seemed to be spoken through the smiling lips.

"It wasn't me—I—I never said anything like it in my life," he said, wildly bewildered. "Papa—oh, my! It makes me feel like a family-man, only to hear it once; but it kinder seems as if I was hurtin' her, so I won't try again."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Little Olive had left the Fifth Avenue Hotel in a state of high indignation and keen disappointment; but, under all, her heart was heavy as lead. That boy, Sam, whom she thought so kind the day before, had dared to disbelieve her and sneer about the loss of her doll. She never wanted to see him again in all her life. What if that grand lady and the lovely child in white should curl up their lips as he did, and refuse to believe her story? It would make her feel like sinking into the ground.

With this load of trouble on her mind—such as children feel so keenly, but have no power to explain even to themselves—the child wandered on, so discouraged that she had no heart to offer her wares, and, when she did attempt it, was ready to shrink away from the persons she had found courage to address. Indeed, her voice was so depressed that but few people heeded it, and her sale of holders was a very meagre one for that day and many after it; but she seldom went home entirely empty-handed, and there was no absolute want in the house: for somehow, when the next meal became doubtful, old Mr. West would drop in with something he had a fancy that Rachael cooked better than anyone else, and take his meal with them, which was a great help which did not seem like a charity; and, though Olly was on probation as yet, something was awarded to him every night; and, without intending any great kindness, West gradually fell into the role of an humble bonefactor to these orphan children.

Old Mrs. Dean was disposed to resent this intimacy at first, being, as she said, brought up in a family-circle in which low persons of that class were never permitted to appear; but every day the hospitality of the neighbors became less and less, while the kindly old apple-man made himself so agreeable that her pride relented enough to treat him with some civility, and she even condescended more than once to stop at the fruit-stall and borrow a trifle of the despised apple-money before she went to her usual haunts in the city.

Oh, how different were these days to poor little Olive, whose first enterprise had been like the opening of a fairy-tale in real life. She longed to see once more the great lady who had been so good to her, and tell the little girl in white how unhappy she had been made by the loss of that almost living doll, which she might never hope to return or keep. But she could not find these people again. All this disheartened the ardent little creature, and want of success made her so wearily desponding that she would sometimes sit, on the steps of some house to which she had been refused admission, for a dreary half-hour, wondering what she could do next; but, when some kindly person paused to speak with her, she would turn away to hide the tears that came into her eyes, and appear sullen when she was nearly heart-broken.

One day, when she had been even more than usually unfortunate, the dusk came on and found her standing on the sidewalk, looking down at her basket of merchandise, undiminished by a single holder, and without a cent to carry home.

"I haven't sold a single thing," she said, creeping into the room, where Rachael, hard at work, was lifted to the level of her ironing-table by a wooden stool. "It isn't fair that you should give me any supper—there wasn't a soul that would take notice of me, though I did try."

Rachael let herself down to the floor, set her flat-iron on the stove, and fell to comforting her sister, with all the quaint authority that made her seem like a miniature mother:

"Why, Olive dear, you mustn't cry and take on so, just because of a little bad-luck. The first day was enough to last ever so long. Only think what heaps of things you brought home then. Besides, Mr. West likes Olly, and is so good. There is no reason why you should come home so miserable, poor dear."

Rachael kissed the child's troubled face before she untied the hood, and smoothed down the bright rebellious curls it had covered, with both hands, unlaced her boots, made sure that the tired little feet were not wet, and, in her own quiet motherly way, comforted the little creature into a state of rest that soon left her leaning back in the rocking-chair, fast asleep.

Rachael saw this with satisfaction, and moved about her household-work noiselessly, careful not to disturb the child in her restful sleep. Fearing the noise, she refrained from closing the door when it was necessary to get wood from the cellar, and left the room in semi-darkness and perfect quiet for some minutes.

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Scarcely had she disappeared from the stairs, when swift light feet might have been heard ascending them. The door was softly pushed open, and someone entered. For one minute there was a sound of quick breathing in the room, while a shadow seemed to dart toward the rocking-chair and hover over it; then it disappeared through the door, which was again left ajar.

When Rachael came back, and was lighting her lamp, the sudden illumination awoke Olive, who started, gave a dazed look around, then flung up both arms with a cry that filled the whole room with its gladness:

"Rachael! Rachael! It has come back—it has come back to me! It has—it has! Look here!"

Rachael turned. Olive was sitting upright in the rocking-chair, with the doll uplifted in both hands, wild with excitement, and fluttering all over, like some bird that had found a lost youngling in its nest.

Rachael could hardly believe her eyes. There was the French doll, sure enough, with its innocent blue eyes looking upon her, and its superb ball-dress concealed by a small handkerchief of gorgeously-colored silk, which had been folded around it like a cloak. There was also a tiny hood of knitted zephyr-wool carefully tied over its golden curls.

"It has been out in the cold, and somebody has wrapped it up. Oh, Rachael, where did it come from? Where has it been?"

Rachael could not answer, but her face lighted up with sympathy in her sister's joy.

"If I only could find the person that took care of her and wrapped her up so nicely, wouldn't that person get a good hugging!" exclaimed Olive. "Poor thing, she might have caught her death of cold."

Just then, an eager face, that had been peering through the crevice left by the unlatched door, was suddenly withdrawn into the darkness outside; but the noise of footsteps that followed, leaping and scuffling down the long staircase, made no impression on the little girls, who were too much occupied for any of the familiar noises of the house to interest them.

The next morning, little Olive was eager to go abroad. She made a bed of holders in the bottom of her basket, laid the doll upon it, spread the gorgeous handkerchief out as a coverlet, and entered upon her rounds with the spirit of a wild doe in the woods.

First, she would go directly to the hotel. There was no reason why she should fear to approach that stately building now. As for that boy, she rather longed to encounter him, and pass with her head up, in disdain of his unbelief.

Fortunately, the liveried footman she had seen by the carriage of his mistress was loitering near the private entrance, and recognized her as she came up.

"See the madam? Well, I shouldn't wonder. Little miss has asked for you more than once. Wait a minute, and I'll see."

Here the man disappeared, but came back directly, and motioned the child to follow him. She climbed the broad and thickly-carpeted stairs, entered what appeared to her a closet with cushioned seats around it, and gave a faint cry when it began to move with a jar that made her hold on to the cushions with both hands. Up and up it went, with a continued motion that reassured her. When it stopped, with another shock, and a door opened, her pretty face was bright with surprise rather than fear, and she followed the man, who stood waiting in the hall, with cheerful confidence.

He knocked softly, opened a door, and, putting back a curtain that fell inside, that the child might pass under it, followed her into a spacious parlor, glowing with color and filled with beautiful objects, that seemed strangely magnificent to a little creature just from the darkness and misery of a tenement-house.

A lady stood in this room, so completely a part of it that she appeared like the prominent figure in a picture—a rather tall and imperious woman, sustained by a spirited will rather than the confidence of inborn greatness. Haughty she certainly was, and a little impatient, though the child had come into the room by her own permission. Had she possessed any true idea of what is beautiful in art, this pretty figure that approached her would have completed the picture she made, by the picturesque contrast of its bright young face, looking out so appealingly from its crimson-lined hood. As it was, she waved her hand toward an opposite door, draped like the other, and said indifferently:

"You can go in. She wants to see you."

Olive went forward to the curtain, pushed it aside timidly, afraid of touching the rich fabric, and entered a smaller room, so unlike anything she had ever known before, that it seemed as if she had lost herself. The carpet yielded so softly under her small feet, that had seldom trod anything but wooden floors and the hard pavements, that to her there seemed danger of sinking in each step. The atmosphere of the room had a faint perfume floating through it, and the walls of azure-blue had the silvery glow that could only be equaled by Olive's childish ideas of heaven. Upon a small brass bedstead, with her head upon a pillow so laden with Valenciennes

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lace that it seemed like a huge flower, and her small white hands resting on the rose-pink of a swansdown quilt, lay the little lady that Olive had seen but once, and never would forget. The light that fell over that bed, through voluminous waves of satin and lace at the window, fell upon the child so faintly that Olive hesitated to approach her. It seemed like trampling down a flower-bed to cross the room.

"Come," said a sweet low voice from the child, who moved with some effort, and, sinking her elbow deep into the lace of the pillow, tried to sit up. "I thought you would come. I knew it."

Olive crossed the room on tip-toe, and, holding her breath, she refused to sit down on the soft quilt, but hastened to take her doll from the basket.

"I couldn't bring it back before, but you see there isn't a speck of harm done to it. I knew how bad you must feel not to have it, but—"

The child on the bed reached out her tiny hand, and, with a faint dash of impatience, pushed the doll away.

"I didn't want that. It tired me, and I gave it to you."

"Then you did give it to me? I thought so—I was sure of it; but grandma insisted that you would want it again: so, the first thing after it came home, I brought it."

"But I don't want it."

"Don't want it? Oh, how strange!" cried Olive, folding the doll lovingly to her bosom. "And you give it to me—sure?"

"Oh, don't talk about it," said the child, wearily. "It was you I wanted to see—only you."

"Me—only me?"

"You looked so happy, so nice, that I wanted to be you, and not myself," said the child, lifting her eyes with sad longing on the rosy face that her gift had dimpled with smiles.

"Me, and not yourself?"

"It seemed as if I could feel the cool wind that has been blowing on you when you came in. Oh, how I should like to go about and sell things as you do. It makes you feel strong, don't it? If mamma would only let me go with you. That is what I want most of anything. If you would only tell her about it: how safe and pleasant it is to go just where you please, and be hungry. You are hungry sometimes, ain't you?"

"Hungry? Oh, yes!"

"I should so like to be hungry and want something."

"But you would not like it long together," said Olive, with a keen remembrance of days when food had been unknown in her home.

"That is what mamma says, as if she knew what it was, and hated it; but I want her to let me try. Ask her to let me go out with you, just for once. Oh, mamma, mamma, will you?"

The lady, who had entered the room, came up to the bed.

"There, there," she said, pushing Olive a little on one side, "you have had your own way—now let the little girl go. She can do no good."

"But I want to go out, like her."

"Be patient," said the mother. "In a day or two, we shall be on the water, with the sea all around us and plenty of fresh air. That will make you strong and well. Now say good-bye to the little girl, and let her go."

The child seemed too weary for persistence, but settled down on her pillow and began to cry.

"Maybe she will let me come again," said Olive, with a look of pitiful appeal to the lady.

The child held out her tiny hand.

"Good-bye," she said, mournfully; "good-bye."

Olive could not rejoice over her doll, or even see it, as she went away from the hotel that morning, her eyes were so full of tears.

CHAPTER XIX.

Some nights after little Olive's visit to the hotel, her twin-brother came home in exuberant spirits.

"Mr. West, the apple-merchant, has turned out just the splendid old fellow that everybody thought he would," said the boy. "We've done a smashing business this week, and he's going to take me into the candy-trade right away. He hasn't done anything in that kind of business yet; but the number of girls with satchels that keep coming round from the schools since I've been there, and say it's a burning shame he don't keep candy when he's got a boy like me to help. This very night we are going to have a candy-party in this very room."

"To-night?" said Rachael, a little anxiously.

"Yes; this very night. The molasses and things are all ordered, and there's no knowing where it will end: for the old man is good as gold and kind as a sweet baked apple. He likes me first-rate, and thinks the world of us all, so just bustle about and get things ready. Maybe grandma'll help a little: she'll be splendid company for the boss."

Here Mrs. Dean arose from her rocking-chair with great dignity and proclaimed her determination to take tea with a friend on the second floor. The apple man was well enough in a

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private way, and might be useful on occasions; but such people had never been admitted into the circle where she had been brought up, and the line must be drawn somewhere.

I am not sure that Mrs. Dean's departure was so great a disappointment as she imagined, to the children: for they all set to work at once. Rachael spread a newly-ironed cloth upon the table, Olive brought out the dishes, and the boy made himself generally useful, stopping every few minutes to open the stove-door, to assure himself that all was going on well in the oven.

"Everything is doing splendidly," he exclaimed, each time, rubbing his small hands together with great glee. "The boss may come just when he pleases."

The boss did come, with his best clothes on, surmounted by a stiffly-starched collar, held in place by a black silk tie, a little rusty; but no one observed that, after the first glance at a queer old Irish harp, about the size of a trade-dollar, that flashed its fine old gold on his bosom. The old man had evidently brought this treasure to light as a compliment to the occasion: for he put his hand upon it more than once, as if to make himself sure of its safety, and was greatly pleased when the children glanced from it to one another with admiration.

Directly the stove gave up its savory contents, and Rachael, standing demurely by the table with her hands folded, announced that supper was ready.

The children behaved with great propriety during that important meal, keeping their feet on the rounds of their chairs, and holding down their elbows, as Silas Marsh had been careful to teach them: for they were in some awe of the old man and his harp-pin, and that kept the hilarity, which sparkled in their eyes and thrilled through their voices, in decorous subjection till the candy-making commenced. Then all the joy and glory of the occasion broke forth. They surrounded the stove to watch the molasses in that great kettle boil and bubble, while West prepared the various ingredients which were to flavor its composition into something superior to any candy offered on a street-stand. They felt that Olly's fortune was being developed in every movement, and fairly danced with excitement when the hot sweet mass was poured out on plates, tins, and platters, for cooling, before the grand work of the evening commenced. They opened the windows, and thrust the half-formed candy on their stone-work to cool; but even the sharp night-wind failed to meet their impatience. They crowded around the windows, they brought the dishes in for trial again and again, and, when the old man pronounced them cold enough for pulling, broke forth into an ecstasy that turned their work into a joyous riot.

Even Rachael shared this general glee. In a few minutes, both her small hands were full of the luscious compound, and she was rushing one way, while the twins went another, twisting out ropes of crude candy, which they doubled, turned, and tore apart with bursts of wild delight. Directly, each dark strand seemed brightening into gold threads, which they twisted into hanks and flung upon the table. Here the apple-man cut the braids into short even pieces with great precision, and heaped them on the table, ready for sale.

It was late that night when the old man went to his room, leaving the children, tired out with exertion and excitement, glad to creep into their beds. Later still, by some hours, Mrs. Dean came up from the second floor, walking a little less steadily than was usual with her, and carrying half a dozen matches in her hand, which she borrowed before going home, thinking that the lights would be out there.

In passing upstairs, she stumbled more than once, and in one place dropped most of her matches, in an effort to save herself from falling.

In this struggle, the scattered bits of wood were ground between the heel of her shoe and the stair it trod upon, giving out a sharp noise and flash. She was in no condition to take heed of this; but went on with the remaining match between her fingers.

After that, a great stillness fell upon the tenement-house, in which so many weary souls lay sleeping, while that spark of fire grew larger, spread itself in soft flickers of flame from one step to another, shooting out new tongues as it went, till the staircase, in all its cavernous length, was a river of fire.

A window, high over the street, was dashed open: shrieks, wild with sudden horror, broke through it. A policeman repeated the cry: "Fire! fire! fire!" Almost before you could breathe, the thunder of rolling engines and the swift tramp of horses broke the stillness of the night. With them came a crowd of men, frightened from their homes. Flames were already breaking from the upper windows of that tenement-house, and coiled like escaping serpents around the sham wood-work of the cornice. Through the smoke within, groups of terrified beings might be seen cowering back from what had seemed an avenue of escape. Some would have fled to the roof, but found the shutter fastened outside; others made desperate attempts at the seething stairway, but fell suffocated to the

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bottom. In the topmost story of that house, three children sprang out of bed and clung together, stricken with terror.

Rachael seized her little sister's dress, and threw it over her head.

"Dress yourself, Olly. Put on anything, and be ready." Then, snatching up her own garments, she went to her grandmother's bed.

"Get up, grandmother! Get up, or we shall all burn to death!"

The old woman moved sluggishly, but half-aroused. The room was filling with smoke now, and threads of flame were creeping under the door. The girl threw her arms around the twins.

"Hold fast to me; let no one tear you away," she said, hoarsely.

A fire-escape ran zigzag down the front of the building. The window it led from might be safe. Rachael hurried the children that way, calling for the grandmother as she went.

A wild crowd had flocked to this window, which the flames had not reached. Rachael forced her way into it, dragging the children with her, and was pushed forward by the maddened people she had passed. She was out upon the fire-escape, holding fast to the twins, and they clinging desperately to her. A glance downward made her pause and shudder: beneath her was a great crowd of white faces uplifted in the awful light of flames that were leaping from window to window along the front she was to descend, the roar and swell of engines, and the hose coiling like great serpents up and up to the roof.

The sight was really appalling: the depths into which she looked, fearful. One instant she halted, sick and faint. But the frenzied crowd pressed upon her, and, making a still more desperate grasp on the little ones, she hurried down that iron ladder, step by step, winding by winding, till a man, driven mad with fear, plunged upon the escape from a window she was passing, and struck her so violently that she was separated from the children, and fell.

Her next remembrance was waking and finding herself in a hospital, where she lay with a broken limb. In a feeble voice, she tried to ask for Olive and her brother, but could not, as yet, articulate distinctly. The nurse, shaking her head, turned to the doctor and said:

"You see, she is delirious from fever. What is she raving about?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME WITHOUT FATHER.

BY MRS. SALOMA HOUSE.

I've wandered, to-day, through the orchard
And the lane where the thorn-apples grow,
At the old homestead down by the river,
Whose waters so peacefully flow.
The song-birds were singing as sweetly,
The flowers bloomed bright as of yore;
But the charm of the homestead's departed
Since our father there greets us no more.

When the snow was so deep in the church-yard,
We laid him away to his rest,
With the tired hands folded so softly,
So calm, on the cold pulseless breast.

Now the farm-house it seems oh, so lonely,
Since we miss the kind face everywhere;
The familiar old rooms look deserted,
And empty the old rocking-chair!

But, while we all miss him so sadly,
He rests and is blest up in heav'n:
His sorrows have turned to rejoicing,
And sunshine eternal is giv'n.
There he, with our mother, awaits us—
Awaits on that beautiful shore
Where the Father has made us a homestead,
Where parting and death are no more.

ROMANCE.

BY ANDREW LANG.

My love dwelt in a Northern land.
A gray tower in a forest green
Was hers, and far on either hand
The long wash of the waves was seen,
And leagues on leagues of yellow sand,
And woven forest-boughs between.

And through the silver Northern night
The sunset slowly died away,
And herds of strange deer, lily-white,
Stole forth among the branches gray;
About the coming of the light
They fled like ghosts before the day!

I know not if the forest-green
Still girdles round that castle gray;
I know not if the boughs between
The white deer vanish 'ere the day;
Above my love the grass is green,
My heart is colder than the clay!

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a home-toilette for a young lady. The skirt is of the housemaid-form in front, which also forms the entire underskirt. There is a full drapery at the back. The skirt proper is bordered with a band of velvet, three inches wide, put on above the hem. The body is made full, back and front, with a Swiss corselet of velvet. Deep-pointed collar and cuffs of the same. Any soft woolen material, such as cashmere, nun's-veiling, serge, albatross, etc., will be suitable for this costume. It will require twelve



No. 1.



No. 2.

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yards of material. Two and one-fourth of velvet. Four yards of velvet ribbon for the band on the skirt.

No. 2—Is a stylish model for a combination costume. The petticoat is of fine serge, kilted



No. 3.

from waist to hem, being first bordered with a hem and two tucks. The plaited ruffle is mounted upon the foundation-skirt. The tablier and bodice are of friese, a rough but thin texture of wool, spotted with chenille tufts. The jacket is a plain round basque, simply corded on the edge, and it opens in front over a full plastron of silk, fastened at the waist by a clasp of oxidized silver, or else a ribbon tied in a bow. Here we may remark upon the tournure, the familiar bustle of old: it grows larger every day, and is worn by elderly and old people as well as young. Ten yards of material will be required by the skirt. Five yards of figured. One yard of surah for vest. This would be a good model for a sateen—plain and figured in combination.

No. 3—Is a new model for a costume of plain and figured surah or pongee—equally suitable for sateen. Our model calls for a blue and green brocaded surah, with plain, either blue or green, for the petticoat and front. Great care must be taken, in using combination materials, that the colors perfectly match. The front of this costume is composed of narrow ruffles, put on straight and with very little fullness. The edge of the entire skirt is bordered by a box-plaited ruffle, three inches deep, when finished. The back-drapery is of the figured material, and hangs perfectly straight and full from waist to hem. The basque is a plain round corsage, buttoned down the front with tiny buttons. Down the centre of the back a plaiting of the plain material



No. 4.

is arranged. The same may be added, at pleasure, down the front. The edge of the basque is trimmed with a flouncing of guipure embroidery. Collar and cuffs to match. Open-worked embroideries in white and écru will be very much

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used upon India and foulard silks, also sateens



No. 5.

and ginghams. Five yards of figured material, of double fold, or seven yards of single width. Ten to twelve yards of plain will be required.



No. 6.—FRONT.

No. 4.—Is a simple little costume for a girl of five years. It is of gray zephyr-cloth, spotted with red. The hem around the flounce, likewise the collar and cuffs, are of plain zephyr. The



No. 6.—BACK.

sash is of red surah silk, the full width of the silk. As will be seen by the illustration, the elongated waist is cut in the Princess style, and the skirt is one deep flounce box-plaited on to it.



No. 7.

No. 5.—For a boy of four to five years, we have here a pretty little suit, with blouse, skirt, and jacket. The skirt is box-plaited, and is

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No. 8.

made of either white or light-gray serge or flannel; the blouse is of navy-blue: or the colors may be reversed. The collar, cuffs, and pockets of the jacket are trimmed with narrow worsted braid. Skirt and jacket are of the same material.

No. 6.—We give the front and back view of a sailor-costume for a little girl of five to seven years. It is made of serge, flannel, or homespun. The skirt is kilt-plaited, and bordered with either worsted braid or velvet ribbon. The waist is fitted to the figure, rather loose in front, and the sailor-collar opens over the under-waist, which is trimmed around the neck to match. The collar ties in front with a ribbon bow-and-ends.

No. 7—Is a little frock of dark-red twill, with cream-embroidery worked in red. The front is full, and the embroidery forms bretelles. This is worn over an under-waist of white nainsook with tucked yoke.

No. 8—Is an apron for lawn-tennis. It is made of tennis-cloth or strong linen, and trimmed with embroidery.

POMPADOUR BAGS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Pompadour bags, the reticules of our grandmothers, have again become fashionable, after having been relegated for a long time to the exclusive use of very old maids. They are now made in various shapes, of satin, plush, and velvet. The embroidered design generally consists of a spray of flowers on the front side of the bag. We give two shapes and two designs for ornamentation and finishing: the stitching being carried out in suitable colors, heightened by edgings of gold or silver thread.



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DRESS FOR GIRL: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



The newest thing out, of its kind, this spring, is the costume which we give here, accompanied by a full-size pattern as a SUPPLEMENT.

This seasonable and stylish costume for a young girl consists of five pieces, as will be seen from the SUPPLEMENT, which is folded in with this number, and on which is given each of these pieces, full size. They are:

No. 1.—ONE FRONT WITH SKIRT COMBINED.
No. 2.—HALF OF BACK.
No. 3.—HALF OF COLLAR.
No. 4.—HALF OF SLEEVE.
No. 5.—ONE PANIER.

The costume may be made of any washing-material. The trimming is of embroidery, and the collar is for outdoor-wear. The letters and numbers on the pieces show how they are joined.

The half of the skirt, from F to G, should measure twenty-nine inches. Our paper is not large enough to put the entire width. The dotted line shows where the extension is to be made.

We also give, on the SUPPLEMENT, a design for a pillow-sham, for which see description elsewhere, and also a very pretty design for embroidery.

BUTTERCUP DESIGN: COLORED.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for buttercups, to be used for a Sachet or Table-scarf, printed in colors. The design is original, from a member of the "Art-School."

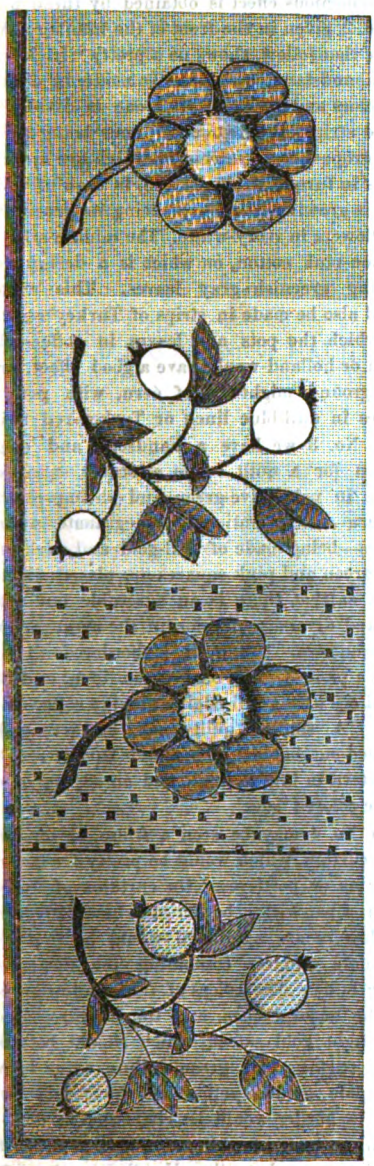
All or part of this design may be used, as the size of the article may demand, or it may be repeated again and again to form a border, or dashed irregularly over a square for a sofa-pillow or end of a table-scarf. Work in natural colors, in **Kensington-stitch**, either in English crewels or filoselle-silks, or it will serve for a design for painting on silk or satin for sachets.

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ARTISTIC PATCHWORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The art of patchwork has, in our times, been carried to a pitch never before approached. In a word, it has ceased to be commonplace, and has become really artistic. We give here an illustration in point, and in the front of the number five others.



The materials to be chosen are linen, cotton, or sateen, but care should be taken that they are all strictly washable stuffs. Some ingrained cottons go through the ordeal of a soapy bath and come out triumphantly fresh and unfaded; other fabrics, again, cannot be washed at all. Turkey-red twill is the queen of washing-materials, and can be used with great effect for artistic patchwork, being beautiful in color and pliable in texture. Very good colored sateens also wash, and are to be strongly recommended for the lovely artistic colors in which they can be obtained. A length of ingrained orange-colored linen or sateen is invaluable to the patchwork amateur, as this color is especially useful for the middles of flowers, for oranges, pomegranates, and other conventional patterns. The material known as butcher's-blue is also strongly to be recommended, as it is a stuff which looks better when it is washed out than when quite new. A quilt, a frieze for a curtain, or a quaint and original sofa-back may be made of this butcher's-apron stuff on which a striking pattern in Turkey-red twill had been appliquéd.

But I must proceed to explain the way artistic patchwork is made. To begin with, the patches are by no means small, being about eight or even ten inches square. On each patch a quaint conventional flower or fruit is carefully hemmed on, the tint of the pattern contrasting harmoniously with that of its background. The process of appliquéing is effected in this way: Taking a piece of cardboard, you draw on it the desired pattern—pomegranate, spray, sunflower, or whatever you wish—and then cut this very neatly out with a sharp pair of scissors. You next lay your cardboard pattern on your colored linen, and cut a second pattern out about a quarter of an inch larger than the first, to allow for turnings-in. Having neatly folded the raw edges underneath, you put the cardboard inside and iron it quickly, after which you take the cardboard out and neatly hem the pattern on to the patch. As these are all made separately and afterwards fastened together, it is very neat handy work, which can be carried anywhere. The middle of the flower is made by cutting out a round piece of cotton from a third color and material, placing it on the

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flower, and then finishing the raw edges by means of thickly-placed perpendicular stitches in a contrasting color of crewel. An example may be taken from the following mixture of colors: patch of pale apple-green linen, conventional flower composed of white linen petals, light orange middle, and olive-green crewel worked round the edge of the orange.

A perfectly conventional treatment of flowers, fruit, animals, and fishes is recommended for artistic patchwork, as no realism or shading can be attempted with pieces of colored cotton. Dolphins and griffins make very good patterns, while the much-derided sunflower retains its old value in artistic eyes in point both of form and color. Conventionally-drawn pomegranates, with their leaves, are also effective, as are apples on boughs, oranges with their foliage, large daisies, and other simple forms. This patchwork can be made up into a variety of useful or ornamental articles, and is, of course, especially suited to the bed-room. It can be made into quilts, and forms a very pretty and original bed-cover, being especially useful now that the days of white counterpanes are numbered, and when most people cover up their beds with something intended to be more or less ornamental; or it can be manufactured in a long slip and placed at the back of the mantel-piece, where it forms a very bright and pretty ornament; it can be made into chair-backs or sofa-backs; it may form the frieze for curtains, edge a table-cloth, or protect the wall behind the wash-stand from splashes.

An ingenious person will, of course, prefer to use her own judgment in the matter of colors and patterns, but others may prefer some assistance being given in this direction. In the way of color, I am not myself favorable to a conglomeration of tints, which have all the "worrying" effect of a kaleidoscope to the casual eye. A judicious mixture of not more than four tints is advisable, cutting the pattern out of red, for example, in one patch, leaving the background dull-blue, and making the next patch of red with a blue flower on it, with middle of a third tint. I have seen these quilts made entirely of different-colored square patches, but these are not nearly so effective as those in which a strictly-limited number of colors is employed.

Our first illustration given here represents a strip suitable for a chimney-piece or sofa-back. It consists, it will be seen, of four large squares, on which two patterns are repeated, though in different colors. The left-hand corner is composed of green linen, on which the pink-petaled flower, with its pale-yellow middle, shows up to advantage. The next square is in dull grayish-blue linen, on which lie yellow apples with their green leaves. The third square is made of spotted pink cotton, on which is a flower with gray-blue petals and pale-yellow middle stitched with green. In the fourth square we have a lighter green background, and the apples in deep-yellow with green leaves. It will be observed that it is advisable to introduce in each square some piece of color, however slight, which appears in the others. A harmonious effect is obtained by these means.

No. 2, given in the front of the number, like all those that follow, shows us a pretty "back" for a washhandstand, which can be made in a variety of colors and designs. This one is divided into three strips, the two outer ones being of dull heliotrope-colored sateen, on which are appliquéd vases in turquoise-blue sateen, in each of which a tree is growing, the leaves being in green linen, the flowers in ivory-white. The middle strip is of salmon-pink cotton, on which is a design representing greenish-gray leaves. This "back" could also be made in strips of Turkey-red twill, on which the pots and leaves in coffee-colored linen or holland would have a good effect, or the background might be of écru, with pots and leaves in dull-blue linen or Turkey-red twill.

In No. 3 we have a handsome and original design for a quilt. The alternate squares are made in pale olive-green and shrimp-pink, the pattern—a conventional pomegranate with its leaves—being made of dull-gold and dark-green. The green and pink squares are placed diamond-wise, so that there is an agreeable but not too marked diversity of color in the arrangement of the squares. The quilt is bordered all round with a plain band of olive-green linen, and is finished off with a full edging of wide coffee-colored lace. A similar quilt may be arranged in washed-out butcher's-blue and Turkey-red, with a pattern in bronze linen and an edging of dark coffee-colored lace.

In No. 4 may be seen a frieze, or top-border of a curtain, which would be pretty for bed-room curtains or portières. On curtains of dull-blue linen, a patchwork border on which conventional sunflowers are appliquéd would be pretty, the alternate squares containing the flowers and their buds. The colors of the sunflowers could be the natural ones, and the background dark and light gold sateen, which should both, however, partake of a greenish hue, so as to make the pale golden-yellow of the petals visible. Such a border would be charming in dull-blue linen, on gray or white, as a frieze for curtains of Turkey-red twill. Hardly anything is so effective in a bed-room—especially one with a northern light—as the latter material; and, in

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that case, it may be freely employed without fear of garishness.

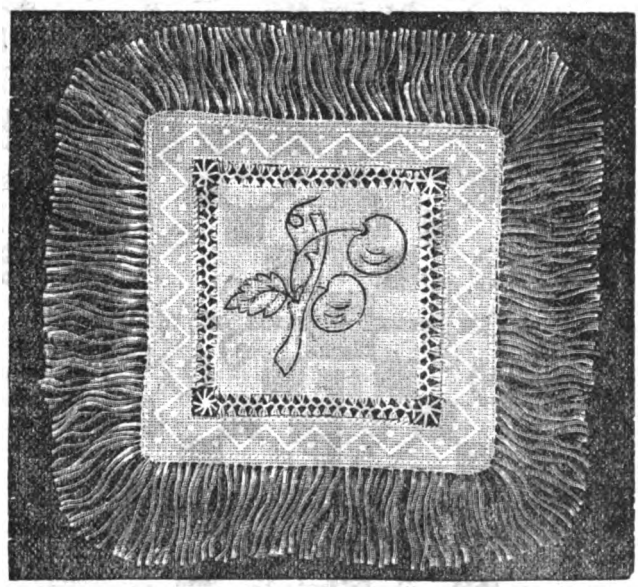
Very pretty chair-backs may be made in artistic patchwork, the top and bottom being finished off with deftly-harmonized lace. No. 5 shows us a chair-back in which a somewhat Japanese design is employed. The four squares might be made of pink cotton and creamy white linen, the leaves and berries being cut out in dark-blue linen, the bird in brown cotton, and the conventional flower in pale-gold. This chair-back might be bordered with a band of dark-blue, and have an edging of creamy lace the same tint as the squares. Or it might be made in patches of olive-green and gold sateen: in which case the bird, in gray or brown, would be hemmed on a gold ground, which would also serve to throw up the white flower with its yellow middle, while the leafy pattern, in a darker gold-color, would be effective on the duller tints of the olive-green. In this case, the border would be of gold-colored sateen, with rough lace at the edges dyed a golden color to match.

In No. 6 is shown a pattern for a table-cloth border, in which the squares are all of different tints. The pattern of the flower employed is the same in each patch; but in each case the petals, middle, and stalk are varied, so that a pleasingly diversified effect is obtained, although the form of the flower is always identical. The colors employed might be different shades of gold and orange, the petals being sometimes of ivory-white; while the background to the flowers could be of pale-green, gray-blue, or copper-color, each tint being carefully chosen to harmonize with those of the flowers.

DESIGNS FOR SMALL D'OYLEYS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, printed in colors, six designs for small d'oyleys: three of children, and three of fruits. A set of a dozen d'oyleys may be made by reproducing either four times, or each twice, etc., etc.



We give here an illustration, in reduced size, of a d'oyley completed. We may add that the full size is six inches square, without the fringe, the latter being about two inches wide. The open-work is done by drawing threads, and finished in any drawn-work pattern that may be fancied. The material may be plain linen, either fine or coarse, or oatmeal-cloth. Or the d'oyleys can be purchased, at most good stores, ready to embroider. The fringe is raveled out, and sometimes is elaborately knotted.

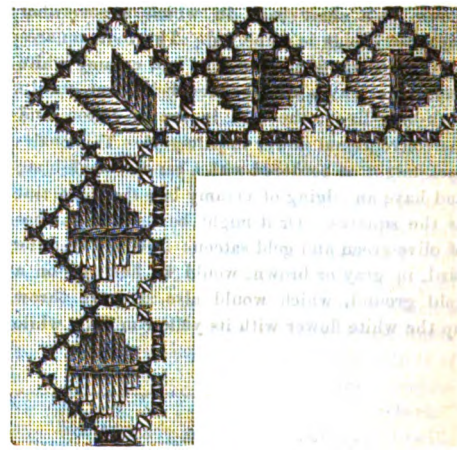
The embroidery is executed in outline-stitch, and should be done in either red or black silk—as these colors wash perfectly—or fine marking-cotton. They can also be done in various colored silks, but in this case great care must be taken in washing. A lather of soap, without soda, should be made in tepid water: the article should be rushed through it as quickly as possible, and well rinsed in tepid water, and ironed before it is quite dry. Rubbing soap on colored embroideries, or using soap with soda in it, is ruinous.

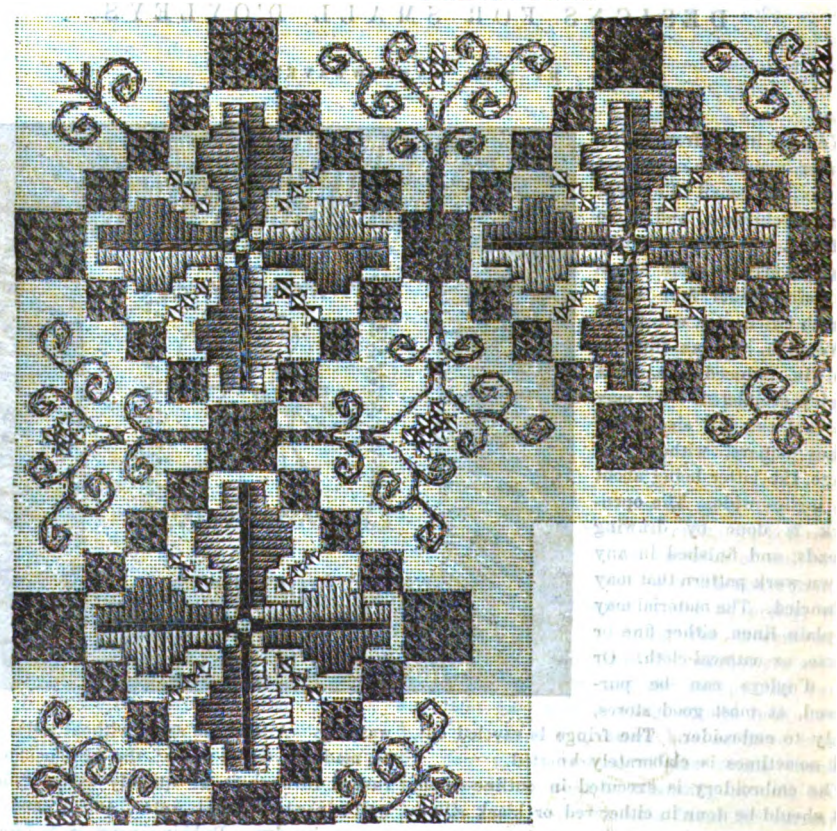
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RUSSIAN POINT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Of all the many kinds of fancy-work, there are few which were so long in favor as cross-stitch. It has, for some past years, been less in vogue; but is now beginning again to come to the front, and that with several improvements both in stitch and style. Russian point, as we may perceive by the patterns we give, consists of three varieties of stitch. We may distinguish them by the following names: cross-stitch, satin-stitch, and back-stitch. In our first illustration see the outline very clearly marked in single cross-stitch, which would look well in rather dark-fawn or stone color. The inner leaves are worked in satin-stitch: that is, with long stitches running parallel with the threads of the canvas and close together. These leaves may be alternately in two shades of peacock-blue and two shades of sultan. The mid-rib, dividing the shades, is worked in diagonal back-stitch, in gold or white filoselle. Indeed, it may all be worked in filoselle or crewel silks; but looks well





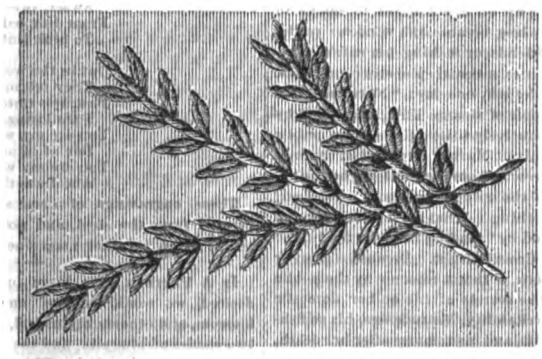
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done only in wools, brightened up with a few silk stitches here and there.

We give in addition a handsome pattern, that looks exceedingly well, worked on canvas, for the centre square of a sofa-cushion. It should have a broad band of satin or plush, either contrasting with or matching one of the colors in the centre, and edged with a handsome lace, matching the tint of the canvas, or a shaded fringe suiting the pattern worked. If we examine the pattern in this second cut, we shall see that all the three stitches described in the first are used. The centre of each design consists of a Maltese cross, in satin-stitch, surrounded by a diamond-shaped border in cross-stitch. The ornamental sprays are in back-stitch.

FANCY STITCH FOR COUVRETTES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Sofa-blankets are often worked in squares of crochet, and afterwards ornamented with a spray of embroidery. This is a good and effective design for that purpose. It is carried out in stem-stitch and point-lancées, with filoselles of bright coloring.

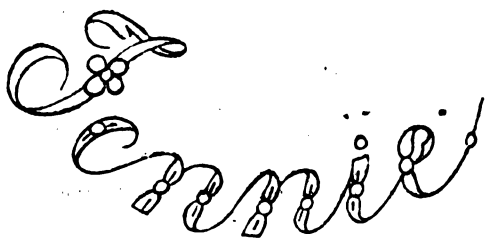
PILLOW-SHAM DESIGN, Etc.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the Supplement, a design for a Pillow-sham: a match to the one given last month. As that appropriately represented water-lilies for "Good-night," so this, with equal appropriateness, represents morning-glories for "Good-morning." The two will make beautiful designs for a pair of pillows.

We also give, on the Supplement, a very pretty design in embroidery, which can be used for a dozen purposes, according to fancy.

NAME FOR MARKING.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

What Ought Biography To Be?—The article on "Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle," in the present number, by our fair contributor, Miss Mackintosh, raises incidentally the question as to what line a biographer should take in telling the story of an author's life.

Two recent memoirs differ so much in their methods that it may be as well to refer to them. That of Carlyle gives us the man, Carlyle, with his faults as well as his virtues. We see him, in Froude's volumes, haranguing in his dressing-gown, or getting up on a hot night to smoke in the kitchen-area, or growling because the windows rattle, or snarling at his best friends, or making his wife's existence a burden to her by his continual splenetic complaints, till finally she wrote in despair, one day: "Never marry a literary man." The memoir of George Eliot, just edited by Mr. Cross, tells us comparatively little of what the public is most curious to know about Marian Evans; but confines itself to tracing, by extracts from her letters, her intellectual development. Of the author, we hear a great deal; of the woman, almost nothing. What we learn of her, we learn from her letters, and by "reading between the lines."

And yet, perhaps, Mr. Cross is right. Because a man or woman writes for the public, is that a reason why the public should claim to know the secrets of his or her domestic life? Should Carlyle's irritability, his rudeness, his selfishness, his neglect of his wife, and his remorse after her death, be laid bare to sneering readers, simply because he was an author? A writer comes before the world in his intellectual character alone. It is in that capacity only that he challenges attention. Has the world any right, in return, to ask about anything else? Is a genius the only one to whom the good old Latin motto, "de mortuis," is not to apply? Is charity to be denied to him, or her, only?

At the best, the question is an open one. On the one hand, it may be said that we do know Carlyle, the man: on the other, that we do not know Marian Evans, the woman. But still the question recurs: Have we any right to this knowledge, especially when surviving friends or relatives have been or may be pained by the revelations? The problem will be decided, we suspect, principally, if not always, by the idiosyncrasy of each reader.

We Have Seen some pretty groups of flowers done in outline-stitch, both with and without a darned ground-work. One especially was a really pretty bouquet, consisting of some poppies, cornflowers, buttercups, and the large ox-eyed daisy, with a few blades of long and graceful grass. It was not on huckaback, it is true, but could equally well be adapted to it. It was on Zulu-cloth, and was an antimacassar, the group being placed, not in the centre, but in the right-hand corner of one end.

To Make "A House Beautiful."—Ladies who have leisure and a fair amount of taste can ornament their houses to great advantage. What a number of little nick-nacks there are, which, with ingenuity and industry, can be made, and which will render an otherwise plain apartment "beautiful exceedingly." Hence our "Work-Table."

If Your Eyesight is to be kept, use your eyes as little as possible at night. Do all your reading and fine sewing in the daytime.

The Steel-Engraving, "The Bath," which we give this month, is one, we think, of unusual beauty. How pellucid the water! What a charming little fellow the boy is! How tender and loving the look of the young mother! It recalls to us some verses, written anonymously, that we read long ago, and which we quote here as appropriate:

"Fresh from the bath,
Ruddy boy of mine;
What could be sweeter
Than flesh of thine?
One kiss for me,
Sweet, sweet,
From dimpled chin
To pink-tinted feet.

"Out in the world,
They tell me 'tis gay;
Pleasures untold,
I am losing, they say;
You are my world,
Boy of mine;
You are my world,
And I am thine."

These engravings of ours are *real* steel-engravings, printed from the steel, and not the blurred lithographic shams given in other magazines.

If A Pattern for a large surface, say a table-cloth, is desired, we would suggest one of cornflowers, in full blossom, and others only in bud, the petals to be worked in two shades of blue silk, and the calyx of olive-green, filled in with the trellis-stitch. This same green should be used, varied with a tint of brown, for the stems of the flowers and the long blades of iris-shaped leaves. All round the cloth should be a margin of blue, and outside again an angular sort of scalloped border; in the centre of each scallop a small circle, surrounded by rays of a deeper shade of blue. The grounding of the whole centre part of gold-colored silk.

The Pillow-Sham Design, given on the "Supplement" that accompanies this number, is a companion to that given on the "Supplement" in the April number. That represents water-lillies, as appropriate to the motto "Good-night." This represents morning-glories, as appropriate to the motto "Good-morning." Both are charming.

The "Pearl of Price."—A lady says: "Many thanks for the 'Pearl of Price.' It is lovely. I never had a premium that I liked as well." Another says: "There is no other periodical gives such beautiful premiums for getting up club-." The truth is, we give really costly premiums, and not mere "clap-trap" affairs.

"More Than Any Other.'—A lady writes: "There are more subscribers to your magazine, at this place, than any other one publication: so says the postmaster." What is true of that post-office is true of thousands of others. People know a good thing when they see it.

Novels Are Thought Cheap when they can be bought for twenty cents. Yet a number of "Peterson" can be had for eighteen cents, containing as many pages, and often more, besides the steel-plate, the colored fashions, and all the other beautiful embellishments.

An "Extra" Colored Pattern, it will be seen, is given in this number. "Peterson" is always ahead.

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"THE PEARL OF PRICE," A COMPANION TO "THE GOLDEN GIFT."—The illustrated volume of poetry, "The Golden Gift," which we issued for 1884, *as a premium for getting up clubs*, proved so popular that we publish a nice companion to it, for 1885, which we call "The Pearl of Price": of course, with different engravings and letter-press; and, while the writers in the "Gift" were all English poets, those in the "Pearl" are all American ones.

We also have a fine large-size steel-plate for a premium, so that persons getting up clubs can have it, if they prefer it to the "Pearl." The size is twenty-one by twenty-seven inches. The picture is entitled "The Lion in Love," and is a capital affair. It would frame charmingly.

We will also give, for some of the clubs, an extra copy of the magazine for 1885; and, for large clubs, an extra copy, as well as the "Pearl" and "The Lion in Love." *It is still time* to get up clubs for 1885. Send for a specimen to canvass with. Back numbers can always be had

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CHILDREN'S CLOTHES, if well made, will wear with care for some time. But, as children grow fast, it is better not to have too many dresses at a time, but to have fresh ones ready just before the change of the season from winter to spring, from summer to winter. The quantity required is comparatively small, and a great saving of expense may be effected by making up their dresses at home. Simplicity of make and taste in the arrangement of the color worn to suit the child will have a far better and more effective appearance than dresses which, in cut and make, are only bad imitations of costumes worn by grown-up people. A child in a plain frock, with a broad sash, falling hair cut across the forehead, and deep lace at neck and wrists, will look picturesque when another child, in a fussy over-trimmed dress, will look like a caricature. Over-trimming is a fault of the age; let children be simply dressed.

A GREAT VARIETY OF PRETTY ARTICLES can be made from crash: all sorts of work-sachets, shoe-bags, comb-bags, bed-pockets, etc. But even a larger variety is made of oatmeal-cloth, for these stuffs are suitable not only for the bed-room, but also for articles used in the sitting-room; and, though they are very pretty, they are not quite so showy nor as expensive as velvet or plush. Also, for the bed-room, nightdress-cases, splash-screens, shaving-tidies, toilette and hair tidies, and watch-pockets; whilst the same materials can be used for antimacassars, five-o'clock tea-cloths, tea-aprons, and handkerchief-sachets. These may be worked in outline-stitch, ordinary crewel-work, or in appliqué.

THE EASTER-CARDS of L. Prang & Co., this year, are even more beautiful than ever. The taste which this firm displays is not less remarkable than its fertility in designing. Its catalogue contains several scores of cards for Easter and other occasions, all from original designs, and all executed in the most artistic style. The success of L. Prang & Co. is a proof that Americans are quite capable of meeting all the demands of art, when the encouragement is sufficiently remunerative. It is not the ability that is wanting: it is a market large enough.

"BETTER THAN EVER."—The Meredith (N. H.) News says of our last number: "The literary contents, always superior, are better than ever this month."

A REALLY PURE COMPLEXION can hardly be had without constant ablution of the person. The bath is indispensable alike for health and for beauty.

"EVERY LADY OUGHT to take Peterson's Magazine," says the Cleveland Banner; and that is what something like a thousand more newspapers say.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS MAY BE MADE at any time during the year, and at the same price as paid by the rest of the club. Back numbers to January, inclusive, can always be furnished. It is never too late to get up clubs, or to make additions to clubs, and so earn additional premiums.

BACK NUMBERS CAN ALWAYS BE HAD by writing to us and enclosing eighteen cents for each number. Do this, if your news-agent can't supply you, and the number or numbers will come by the next mail.

OVER-HURRY, like over-worry, is neither sound conduct nor good for the health. As for beauty, hurry is its most potent foe; a contented mind, its best friend.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Mind-Reading and Beyond. By William A. Hovey. 1 vol., 12mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—For some two years a society has existed in England, composed of eminent scientific men, for the purpose of psychical research. Its chief object is to examine the phenomena of hypnotism, mesmeric trance, clairvoyance, etc., etc This volume is based on the records of that society. Mr. Hovey considers the facts thus brought to light, to establish conclusively that there is such a thing as mind-reading. We have not investigated the subject sufficiently either to endorse this verdict or to reject it. But we recommend the book to that large and increasing class of independent minds that seek to investigate the curious phenomena connected with psychology, in the hope, if possible, of reaching some rational solution of what seems now such a mystery.

Where The Battle Was Fought. By Charles Egbert Craddock. 1 vol., 12mo. Boston: Jas. R. Osgood & Co.—This is by the author of those fine sketches, "In the Tennessee Mountains," which we noticed last month. Parts of it are quite as good as the sketches; but, as a whole, it wants continuity. It is curious that neither Bret Harte, Cable, nor, so far, this writer, seems to have sufficient grasp to write a novel. The author, by the bye, is not a man, but a woman: a Miss Murfree; the Charles Egbert Craddock being an assumed name, like that of George Eliot, etc.

The Money Makers. A Novel. 1 vol., 16mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A novel which has acquired considerable notoriety, due, however, rather to what are supposed to be personal allusions to well-known public characters than to any intrinsic merit in the book itself. We need not say that, to a right-thinking mind, a popularity gained in this way does not appear desirable.

The Open Door. The Portrait. Two Stories of the Seen and the Unseen. By the author of "Old Lady Mary." 1 vol., 16mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—We first read these stories by Mrs. Oliphant when they came out in an English magazine, and we are glad now to see them republished in this handsome, even dainty, style. "The Open Door" is especially powerful.

The What-To-Do Club. A Story For Girls. By Helen Campbell 1 vol., 12mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—The purpose of this charming little story is to show that successful and paying work, even for the average girl, is to be had everywhere, if diligently sought. The tale is founded on real experiences. We cordially commend it.

England Without and Within. By Richard Grant White. 1 vol., 12mo. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—Whatever Mr. White writes is always readable, and whatever he writes about England is especially so. The volume is very neatly printed.

A Carpet Knight. By the author of "Cupid and the Sphinx." 1 vol., 12mo. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—The reputation which this fair authoress won by her first novel is more than sustained by this second one.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE to subscribe for "Peterson" or get up clubs. Back numbers, to January inclusive, can always be furnished. A new subscriber, acknowledging the receipt of the back numbers for this year, takes occasion to express her satisfaction. "Your valuable and unequaled magazine," she says, "is the best I ever read." Another writes to us: "The lady who used to get up a club here has moved away; so, after waiting all this while, I send two dollars: for I have never missed anything so much." We have hundreds of such letters. One advantage in subscribing now is that you get all the back numbers together, and have, "for several evenings," as a lady writes, "the most delicious reading." Among other things, the subscriber has the whole of "The Lost Ariadne," which she can finish at one sitting if she wishes it. A very little trouble will enable anyone to get up a club, and earn the premiums: for no other magazine gives as much, *and of such high quality*, for the money—and no other gives such costly premiums *for getting up clubs*.

MRS ANN S STEPHENS'S NOVELS.—A new and complete edition of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens's favorite novels has just been published by Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Our readers are too familiar with the great powers of this popular writer, to call for praise at our hands. In this new edition of her novels, the retail price has been reduced from $1.75 to $1.50 a volume.

Their names are: "The Reigning Belle," "The Wife's Secret," "Lord Hope's Choice," "Bertha's Engagement," "Bought with a Price," "Fashion and Famine," "The Prisoner of the Bastile," "Married in Haste," "Married by Mistake," "The Old Countess," "The Gypsy's Legacy," "The Soldier's Orphans," "A Noble Woman," "Mary Derwent," "Doubly False," "The Gold Brick," "The Rejected Wife," "The Curse of Gold," "A Tale of Salem Witchcraft," "Wives and Widows," "Norston's Rest," "Mabel's Mistake," and "The Old Homestead." They are printed on the finest paper, complete in twenty-three volumes, bound in morocco cloth, black and gold, with a full gilt back, and are sold at the low price of $1.50 a volume, or $34.50 for a full and complete set.

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Free samples of articles of food left at the house should be regarded with suspicion. There is no guarantee of their wholesomeness, while there is real danger that they contain a fatally-poisonous compound. Many instances of poisoning from the use of such samples are recorded.

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OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS

Fried Chicken.—Joint the chickens, and lay them in salt and water for half an hour; drain them, and wipe them perfectly dry with a coarse towel; sprinkle them with pepper and salt and a little flour; put them in boiling lard until they are of a light-brown, being careful to turn them. Take them out and put upon a dish; cover it and set near the fire; pour into the skillet a little water and a cup of cream, stirring it briskly; garnish the chickens with parsley, and pour upon the gravy. Mush cut into thin slices and fried is an improvement, if added to the dish when served.

Stew of Mutton.—Cut the cold cooked mutton into pieces; trim off the sinew, gristle, and skin, and put them into a saucepan; pour over them a pint of boiling water; cover and let stew for an hour, then strain off the water upon the pieces of mutton. When the mutton is well heated, stir in it one tablespoonful of butter rolled in one teaspoonful of browned flour. Season with pepper, salt, and half an

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onion; cover tightly and stew for half an hour, and serve. Irish potatoes may be cut in small pieces and added.

Veal Croquettes.—Take one-half pound of cooked veal, mince it very fine, and season with salt, pepper, onions, and garlic; mix with it two eggs, well beaten, and one-half pint of cream; two sweetbreads, if you have them. Make them into small forms, and bake, or fry them in boiling lard. Mix the eggs with the croquettes: roll them in egg and in cracker-dust, and then fry them. Be careful to take them up free of grease.

VEGETABLES.

Asparagus-Sauce, to be Served with Boiled Asparagus.—To the yolk of an egg, take a tablespoonful of butter, pepper and salt. Beat up all together, melting the butter first. Then, after all are well beaten together, put them on the fire, dusting in a little flour to make the mixture the consistency of salad dressing. After taking it from the fire, beat in a teaspoonful of vinegar.

Rice Croquettes.—Boil one pint of rice, mash it fine, season with butter and one or two eggs well beaten, mix until very light. Squeeze in the juice and grate the rind of one orange, make in the form of corks, and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Serve as a second-course vegetable.

Onion-Sauce.—Peel and boil tender as many onions as you require for the sauce. Squeeze out the water, chop, and pour on carefully melted butter and a little milk. Boil up once. A turnip boiled with the onions makes it milder.

CAKES.

Apple-Cake.—One and a half pounds of apples, cut and cored, one pound of lump-sugar, the juice of three lemons, and about half the rinds grated; simmer in a stewpan for four hours, until it becomes quite stiff. Then put into a mold, in which let it remain all night. Before turning out, plunge the mold in warm water to prevent it sticking.

Lemon-Toast.—Beat the yolks of three eggs, and mix with them half a pint of milk; dip slices of bread into the mixture, then fry them a delicate brown in boiling butter. Take the whites of the eggs, beat them to a froth, add to them three ounces of white sugar and the juice of a small lemon. Stir in a small teacupful of boiling water, and serve as a sauce over the toast.

Breakfast Muffins.—Whisk three eggs, and mix with them one breakfastcupful of milk, one tablespoonful of butter, melted, one tablespoonful of sugar, a pinch of salt, and two heaped teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, flour enough to make a batter; bake in round tins. When almost done, wash the top of each with a feather dipped in milk.

Milk-Toast.—Toast slices of bread very quickly, and dip each slice into nearly boiling milk as soon as toasted, then spread with butter which has been melted to soften it. This toast must be served very hot, and eaten at once, when it is delicious.

French Toast.—Beat one egg thoroughly, and mix with it one breakfastcupful of milk and a little salt. Soak some slices of bread in the mixture, allowing each slice to absorb a little. Brown on a buttered gridiron, spread with butter, and serve.

Waffles.—One quart of sour milk, four eggs, three ounces of butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of soda, flour enough to make a thick batter. Bake, and serve hot.

PRESERVES.

To Preserve Strawberries.—To one quart of strawberries put one pound of sugar; put a little of the sugar in the bottom of the kettle, and one tablespoonful of water; then a layer of strawberries, and then of sugar, until all are in; but do not do too many at a time. Put them on a slow fire, shaking them every now and then until the syrup is drawn. Let them boil for fifteen minutes. Put them immediately into the jars, and seal them up tight. Set them in the sun for a few days.

Strawberry-Syrup.—One pound of sugar to one pint of strawberry-juice; strain the juice from the berries through a muslin bag. Let it come to a boil; take off the scum; when it is cold, add brandy to taste, and bottle it.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

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Down.—1. A letter 2. An interjection. 3 An alloy of copper. 4. The theocracy. 5. Iniquity. 6. That which swallows up. 7. Noble. 8. A trick. 9. A plant. 10. A prefix. 11. A letter.

St. Albans, Vt. METEOR.

No. 268.—DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A kind of food. 3. A kind of earth. 4. To make a knight of. 5. A letter.

East Brady, Pa. NEPARO.

Answers Next Month.

ARRANGING FLOWERS.

SPRING.

If there is one subject more than another on which everyone agrees, it surely must be in a love for flowers, and in acknowledging the very great improvement they effect in even the meanest of rooms in the meanest of houses. It is not, however, everyone who possesses the art of arranging flowers to their greatest advantage. One of the foremost rules to be remembered is "avoid overcrowding." It is a pity to put so many flowers into one vase that each individual is lost; each bloom should stand out freely, to be admired all by itself, and, wherever possible, flowers should be accompanied by their own foliage. Daffodils, for instance, never look so well mixed in with any leaves save their own spear-like ones. The same may be said of snowdrops, roses, lilac, and chrysanthemums. Very few

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flowers bear mixing in with other kinds: as a rule, they look far better kept to themselves; and, even if circumstances do not admit of this, two kinds of flowers are far more artistic together than a dozen or more. What, for instance, can be more lovely than a bunch of daffodils and their leaves arranged lightly in rather a tall blue vase, or than a brown bowl full of differently-shaded nasturtiums, or an opalescent glass basket of wild roses, or a tall glass of harebells and fern or grass, and so on *ad infinitum?* Roses, orchids, camelias, eucharis, lilies—no one with any real appreciation of their beauty would ever attempt to mingle them with other flowers.

When a mixed collection of flowers is preferred, care should be taken to choose those that have a similar mode of growth, and that assort well in form. If fern is desired to add lightness to the effect, of course there is nothing better than the common maidenhair, which has but one disadvantage—that of withering so quickly in a warm room. There are many kinds of grasses that are useful in table-decorations, but every lover of flowers will firmly set his face against such abnormalities—no other term will do—as dyed grasses. Wild grasses should be used only with wild flowers, cultivated grasses only with garden or hot-house flowers. As to the colors to be used in mixing many kinds of flowers, that must depend so entirely on the resources at hand, and on the taste possessed, that it would be worse than useless to refer to the subject at any length here. Suffice it to say that, as a general rule, quite double the quantity of foliage as flowers should be used; also, on no account should white and yellow blooms be omitted from such an arrangement.

It is a popular notion that wild flowers do not arrange well for the decoration of rooms, but this is a mistake. If they are managed properly, there is no reason why they should not be as much admired as cultivated ones. Low-growing wild flowers, like primroses, look most elegant on a table if they are cut off, leaves and all, to the ground, and tucked into moss in a low glass dish. It is an extravagant way of using them, and not to be recommended, except for the commoner sorts of wild flowers. Cowslips may be treated in the same way, but are not so cheerful-looking, as there is usually but one flower to each root. Wood-anemones, like poppies, should be gathered while they are yet in bud; the flowers in water will then open gradually, and last fresh for many days.

Amongst the prettiest of humble flowers for the decoration of rooms is the common buttercup. The golden flowers have the advantage of enduring and looking perfectly fresh for a week or more, and often it may be noticed how the stems lengthen, and this gives an appearance of buttercups really growing in the water. Many of our most beautiful wild flowers have too powerful a scent to be appreciated indoors—such are the common "long purple" orchis, hawthorn, marsh-marigold, and others; while the same objection applies to the cultivated hyacinth, certain narcissi, etc. It should be borne in mind that very large flowers look best in a vase all by themselves—a truss of rhododendron or a spike of horse-chestnut, for instance.

The glasses and receptacles for flowers should always be chosen with a due regard for the manner in which the flower itself grows. A flower with a naturally long stem never looks well cut off short and put into a shallow glass dish; or short-stemmed flowers, like violets, elevated, I may say, to the top of a tall specimen-vase. Low-growing flowers, as a rule, show to the best advantage when they are put into moss in a shallow receptacle. Highly-colored glass or china vases are rarely suitable for holding flowers; the color of the vase generally detracts from the beauty of the flower. The vase should either be quite colorless—black or white—and, if colored, the tint should be similar to that of the flowers, not of a contrasting hue. Flowers, on the whole, look best in a plain glass vase.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLUE BUNTING. The bottom is edged with a narrow knife-plaiting. The gathered skirt falls over a box-plaited band of red satin. The tunic is much gathered, and looped quite high at the back, where it falls plainly over the underskirt. The bodice is round at the waist, and is full in front. The cuffs and collar are of red satin, and the waistband, with long loop, is of the same color. High hat, of blue and yellow straw, faced with blue satin and trimmed with large flat bows of blue satin, and with red satin at the back.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS, OF FINE WOOLEN GOODS, STRIPED IN TWO SHADES OF BROWN. The skirt has a knife-plaiting on the bottom. The plain skirt, which falls over this, is cut in large scallops. The tunic is full and made crosswise of the stuff, and draped in the same way. It falls loosely behind. The jacket is rounded in front and fits closely at the back. Hat of brown straw, trimmed with red wings.

FIG. III.—VISITING-DRESS, OF LIGHT-YELLOW FOULARD, FIGURED WITH RED ROSES. The skirt is of plain foulard, laid in box-plaits, with a band of red satin, about a quarter of a yard wide, just above the hem. The overdress is in the Princess style, made of the figured foulard, and is trimmed with a band and bows of red satin. It has a very long vest of the plain foulard. Collar and cuffs of the red satin. Hat of yellow straw, with trimming and feathers to match.

FIG. IV.—VISITING-DRESS, OF BLACK SILK. The skirt is of black silk, striped with black velvet. A broad band of black velvet is put down the front of the skirt. The overdress consists of plaits of plain black silk, quite long in front, and much shorter at the sides and on the hip. At the back, it is draped. The bodice is made with a point in front, and with a short basque at the back. There is a simulated vest of the striped silk, and a lappel on the left side, of black velvet. The collar and cuffs are of the striped silk. Hat of yellow straw, trimmed with feathers of the same color, and faced with black velvet.

FIG. V.—CARRIAGE-DRESS, OF HELIOTROPE SILK. The skirt is of white silk, figured with pale-yellow roses, and it is trimmed with narrow knife-plaiting and a fold of heliotrope silk, put on full enough to be gathered in the centre with narrow bands and bows of the silk. The full tunic is of the heliotrope silk, much puffed and draped at the back. The bodice has a long habit-basque at the back, and a point in front. The bonnet is of silver lace, square crown, and trimmed with heliotrope feathers.

FIG. VI.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF DULL-RED FOULARD. The skirt is of plain foulard, trimmed with seven ruffles, each edged with cream-colored lace. The overdress is of foulard, of the same color as the skirt, but figured with cream-colored sprigs. The skirt is made full, draped shawl-shape in front, and quite high on right side, with bows of dull-red ribbon. The basque-bodice has plaits at the back, is round in front, and has full plaiting crossing diagonally from the neck to the right hip. The cuffs and collar are of the plain foulard; the latter, which begins just under the left ear and reaches to the chest in front, is edged with cream-colored lace.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF PLAIN AND FIGURED ANGORA, OF TAN-COLOR AND MAHOGANY-BROWN. The front of the skirt is laid in crosswise folds, and the back in lengthwise folds. The back-drapery is of the plain material. The jacket-bodice is also of the plain material, with double basques, the upper one draped to display the figured one. The collar, the one revers, and the cuffs are of the figured Angora. Brown straw hat, with tan-colored feathers.

FIG. VIII.—TRAVELING-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE SERGE. The skirt is made with five deep tucks. The overskirt is laid in paniers in front, and very full at the back. The

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round jacket is braided in front and on the sleeves. Bonnet of blue straw, faced with cream satin, and trimmed with a band of blue velvet and a cream satin rosette.

FIG. IX.—VISITING-DRESS, OF WILLOW-GREEN NUN'S-VEILING. The underskirt is edged with a plaiting, above which is a ruffle of lace. The overskirt is made with a drapery turned up on one side, and well looped up at the back. The jacket-bodice is made with a puffed vest of silk, the color of the dress, and is edged with coquillés of lace. Straw hat, faced with black velvet, and trimmed with blush roses.

FIG. X.—PROMENADE OR VISITING DRESS, OF BLUE AND STRIPED SILK. The skirt is composed of flounces of white lace, headed by bands of blue velvet. The overskirt is well draped back and front, and starts from under a band of blue velvet. This band edges the bodice, which is made with rounded points in front, and short at the back. A full jabot of white lace is worn down the front Bonnet of blue velvet, laid in plaits, with large bow under the chin.

FIG. XI.—BONNET, OF BLACK LACE AND JET, with two satin butterfly-bows in front, and trimmed with stiff black wings and birds'-heads.

FIG. XII.—BONNET, OF BLACK TULLE, with marigold-colored satin bow in front, and marigold-colored feathers falling over the brim.

FIG. XIII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE PERCALE, FIGURED WITH RINGS IN LIGHT-BLUE. The skirt is laid in side-plaits, and each plait is cut in a point at the bottom. Beneath is a plaited trimming of three rows of narrow light-blue silk. The tunic is shawl-shaped in front, and much looped at the back. The bodice is full and gathered in front, and has cuffs, collar, and a pointed waistband of dark-blue velvet. Loop-and-ends of light-blue ribbon.

FIG. XIV.—HAT, OF BLACK STRAW, trimmed with black velvet, a cock's-head, and long gilt pins.

FIG. XV.—HAT, OF BROWN STRAW, trimmed with dark-brown velvet and chestnut-colored feathers and satin ribbon.

FIG. XVI.—COLLAR, OF JET AND VELVET. The collar fastens with a velvet bow at the side. The fringe consists of chenille and jet beads.

FIG. XVII.—STRAW BONNET, trimmed with lace, black satin ribbon, and marguerites.

FIG. XVIII.—BRIDAL DRESS, OF WHITE SILK, made high in the neck. A long garland of blossoms crosses the bodice, and the tulle veil is cut to admit of the arms being passed through. The hair is arranged in small curls in front and torsades at the back, the torsades being fastened high on the head, so as to admit of tufts of orange-blossoms being studded in an irregular manner.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is an immense variety in the soft thin woolen stuffs worn this season under various names—as etamine, serge, canvas-cloth, mohair, de-laine, cheviot, nun's-veiling, etc., etc.—and, except on the very warmest of summer days, they are so light that they can be used the whole season. These goods are often made up of plain and figured material, the plain being employed for the skirt and the basque, and the figured used as drapery; but this is all a matter of taste. The reverse plan is equally fashionable. Sometimes the goods correspond in color and tone, and sometimes contrasts are used.

Spring silks were never more beautiful, and never cheaper. The limoosines, foulards, and pongees make most delightful summer dresses, and wear very well, the foulards now being very durable—a great advantage over the same goods of a few years back.

Gauze, grenadines, etc., etc., come in the most beautiful qualities and patterns, and those with velvet figures look as rich as the superb brocades worn during the winter. These goods are expensive, however, though the figured ones are employed as bodices and draperies, and the skirt is made of the plain material.

Angora lace is the newest spring fabric; but it will be rather warm for summer-wear, as it must be made over a silk or satin foundation.

Linen lawns, organdies, percales, chintzes, etc., were never more beautiful than they are this season, and can be either made up with full round waists, tucked skirts, and simply-draped tunics, so as to wash well, or they may be elaborately trimmed with Hamburg-edging or lace; if done in the latter way, and worn carefully, they make charming and dressy summer-garments.

Braids, with much gold, or silver, or steel tinsel, intermixed with colors, are largely used for all woolen goods. These braids come in all widths and of all patterns, and are put on according to fancy. So much the rage just now is this tinsel effect that many woolen goods are interwoven with it; but it soon looks common, and, if the gold or silver thread is not of the best quality, it loses all color in a little while.

Laces are also extensively woven with gold and silver threads. Watered silk, as well as jet, is also used as trimming.

Bodices are made either with basques at the back or with sharp points, though the round waist is very popular for young slender people. The polonaise is still worn, but is not as much seen perhaps as the basque-waist.

Revers are frequently worn on one side of the bodice only. This is one of the fancies of the moment, but not particularly pretty.

Bodices made open or closed in front are equally worn, though the former style is reserved for the house.

Darts are made high, so as to give the desired effect of a full bust and a slender waist.

Plaitings or gatherings coming from the shoulders down to the waist are graceful, but should only be worn by slender people.

Skirts are worn more bouffant than ever. Crinoline and steel hoops are largely employed for the backs of dresses. The waterfall-back is very popular. The skirt is made full, and falls in straight plaits from the waist to the feet. Steel springs are often run in the foundation of the skirt, so as to give the outside the proper full effect. But the drapery may be much bunched up below the waist, if desired.

Drapery may be either long or short, as is desired, though the latter seems to be rather favored.

Flounces are still popular, but are often simply gathered.

Tucks, flat folds, braidings, and wool laces are also very fashionable. Many folds are cut out in vandykes, scallops, or leaf-patterns.

Very wide white embroidery, used as flouncing, makes a beautiful and cheap summer-dress.

Small buttons are again employed for fastening the fronts of bodices.

Wide bands of black velvet around the neck are very fashionable.

Bonnets and hats are worn very high, and are very unbecoming, as a rule. They come well on the head, however. Some of the bonnets fit the head all around; others are made with a small point in front. The trimming is massed almost in front; but it is usually more becoming if placed a little to the left side.

Hats are shallow in the brim and high in the crown, and are trimmed with rich scarfs, Oriental silks, etc.

Flowers are much more used than feathers this season. Gold and silver lace are also in great favor.

Mantles and jackets are quite short behind, and sometimes also in front; though the jauntiest, we think, are those that are rather longer in front.

The hair still continues to be worn high on the top of the head. In Paris there is an effort being made to bring back the catagan, a fashion that is borrowed from our great-grandfathers, and which consists in plaiting all the hair

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in one plait and letting it fall down the back, and catching the end up again at the nape of the neck with a bow of ribbon.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

I do not think that I have ever seen prettier hats and bonnets than are displayed this spring by the Parisian milliners. The styles have undergone no changes, it is true, and but few modifications. But there is so much taste shown in the combination of colors in the trimmings, and the new artificial flowers are so exceptionally lovely, that the effect is very charming. The small capote-shape is still the rage, so far as dressy bonnets are concerned. The handsomest have a high pointed brim, underneath which is set a cluster of flowers or two large roses. On these bonnets the trimmings are placed directly in front of the brim; but the massed cockades and high full rosettes of ribbon, that were in vogue for this purpose during the winter and early spring, are now replaced by groups of spring flowers in tall sprays, or by clusters of ostrich-tips. Large "chous" of crape-lisse in delicate colors are also employed, especially on bonnets of black net or lace, a bordering of plaited crape-lisse to match being set inside of the brim. On the "chou" is sometimes set a small bow of black velvet ribbon, or else a swallow in jet, his pointed tail standing high in the air: for no hat or bonnet that does not possess a very high trimming has any claim to style, this season. The "chou" in question is simply a large ball-like rosette, made by sewing finger-wide plaited crape-lisse round and round to the required dimensions.

Hats are made with high pointed crowns and have narrow brims. The newest shape, however, called the "reaper," and intended for young girls' wear, has a wide brim in front, sloping slightly downward so as to shade the eyes. This very graceful and modest-looking hat is trimmed with a scarf of crèpe-de-chine placed transversely across the high crown, a half-wreath of large single roses being set at one side of the wide portion of the brim. Colored English straws form the favorite fabric for hats, the fashionable colors being a light shade of moss-green, steel-gray, and golden-brown. Other hats have the brim only in straw, the crown being covered with lace, or crèpe-de-chine, or bengaline, laid in full graceful folds. On these hats the trimming is composed of a spray of flowers placed directly in front of the crown.

The novelties in artificial flowers this season comprise orchids, ferns, laburnums, and the yellow blossoms of the mimosa. White lilac and the purple fox-glove are also in high favor. Velvet poppies, in dull shades of sage-green and electric-gray, with foliage to correspond, are also used; but have no pretensions, of course, to imitate nature. The leading milliners show extreme good taste in combining the delicate blossoms into groups for the decoration of hats and bonnets. An exquisite bouquet of white lilacs, ferns, and grasses, with here and there an orchid with its white petals slightly tinged with green, was prepared for a bonnet recently ordered for the Princess Elizabeth, of Saxe-Weimar, who is cited as being the best-dressed princess in Europe. The bonnet itself was in a fine open-worked straw gimp, made up over cream satin, and having faille strings of the palest beige-color. It was edged with a very narrow passementerie, composed of a row of small pearl beads between two rows of tiny crescents in dead gold.

For bonnets, in fact, any kind of tasteful fantasy seems permissible, as their small size and close compact shape give opportunity for using materials and trimmings that would look too heavy and showy on a large-sized bonnet. The newest, and certainly the most singular, bonnet of the season is called the Theodora. It is composed of two large half-moon shaped ornaments in beads, which form the sides of the bonnet. An aigrette to match is placed in front, the crown being composed of light high puffed folds of lace or tulle. The bonnet is edged over the brow with folds of velvet, and has velvet strings. With the aigrette and side-pieces in jet, the crown in black jetted tulle over scarlet, and the front folds and strings in scarlet velvet, this new creation is extremely elegant; but, in pearl or colored beads, it is too showy and theatrical-looking.

Very pretty bonnets in artificial flowers are now arranged for full-dress wear for young girls. One of the prettiest is a pointed Kate Greenaway shape, covered with wild roses, the whole structure being veiled with a single thickness of pale-pink gauze. Another, of the capote shape, was entirely composed of sprays of lilies-of-the-valley, with their long leaves, a cluster of small many-colored tulips being placed in front of the crown in guise of trimming. Bonnets in black lace are made over colored foundations, and are trimmed with jet ornaments. One of the newest of these last is a band in fine-cut beads, for the brim of a capote, and rising into a point in the centre.

Simplicity of cut forms the marked novelty of the dresses, this spring. For youthful wearers, the short skirts are made very full and drawn into fine gathers at the band. They are slightly draped on the underskirt, but are otherwise entirely without trimming. This mode is very advantageous for very young girls. White gauzes, striped with silver, are made over pale-colored satin, with a round full waist and a very broad sash of satin or watered silk matching the underskirt in shade. For house-dresses, of the same fashion, foulards or figured silks in small patterns are used. The favorite colors, this season, all verge upon the neutral tints for street-wear. Blue appears to have gone entirely out of vogue, and various shades of green are highly popular. Faille and satin are the favorite materials for full-dress for married ladies.

The spring wraps are very varied: jackets, dolmans, visites, etc., being shown in a variety of forms. The newest morning-dresses are made with a loose matinée and an elaborately-trimmed skirt in cashmere. Children's dresses, entirely composed of white woolen lace, made up over pale-blue or pale-pink surah, are exceedingly pretty; they are intended for wearers under three years of age.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF WHITE PERCALE, WITH SPRAYS OF CRIMSON FLOWERS SCATTERED OVER IT. The lower part of the dress is of white percale, trimmed with two rows of Hamburg embroidery, headed by two or three tucks. The figured percale skirt is edged with a narrower embroidery. The bodice is full, back and front, gathered at the top, and the waistband is also gathered at the back, where it is fastened with loop-and-ends of crimson ribbon. Bow of the same on the right shoulder.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF CREAM-COLORED SERGE. The bottom is edged with a band of black velvet. The skirt above is edged with tucks and laid in hollow plaits. The upper dress is finished like the lower one, and has a gathered yoke, back and front, is made full, and is also gathered at the waist, back and front. A sash of serge passes over the hip.

FIG. III.—BOY'S SUIT, OF DARK-BLUE SERGE. The underskirt is laid in side-plaits, and trimmed with cream-colored braid. The overdress is plain in front, and close fitting to the waist, at the back, and to the sides. The back of the skirt is laid in side plaits, and the large collar, cuffs, and bottom of the skirt are trimmed with three rows of narrow cream-colored braid. White straw hat, sailor-shape, trimmed with wide blue ribbon.

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LES MODES PARISIENNES
MAY, 1885 THE

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TERSON'S MAGAZINE.

PROMENADE.

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Downey, Artist.

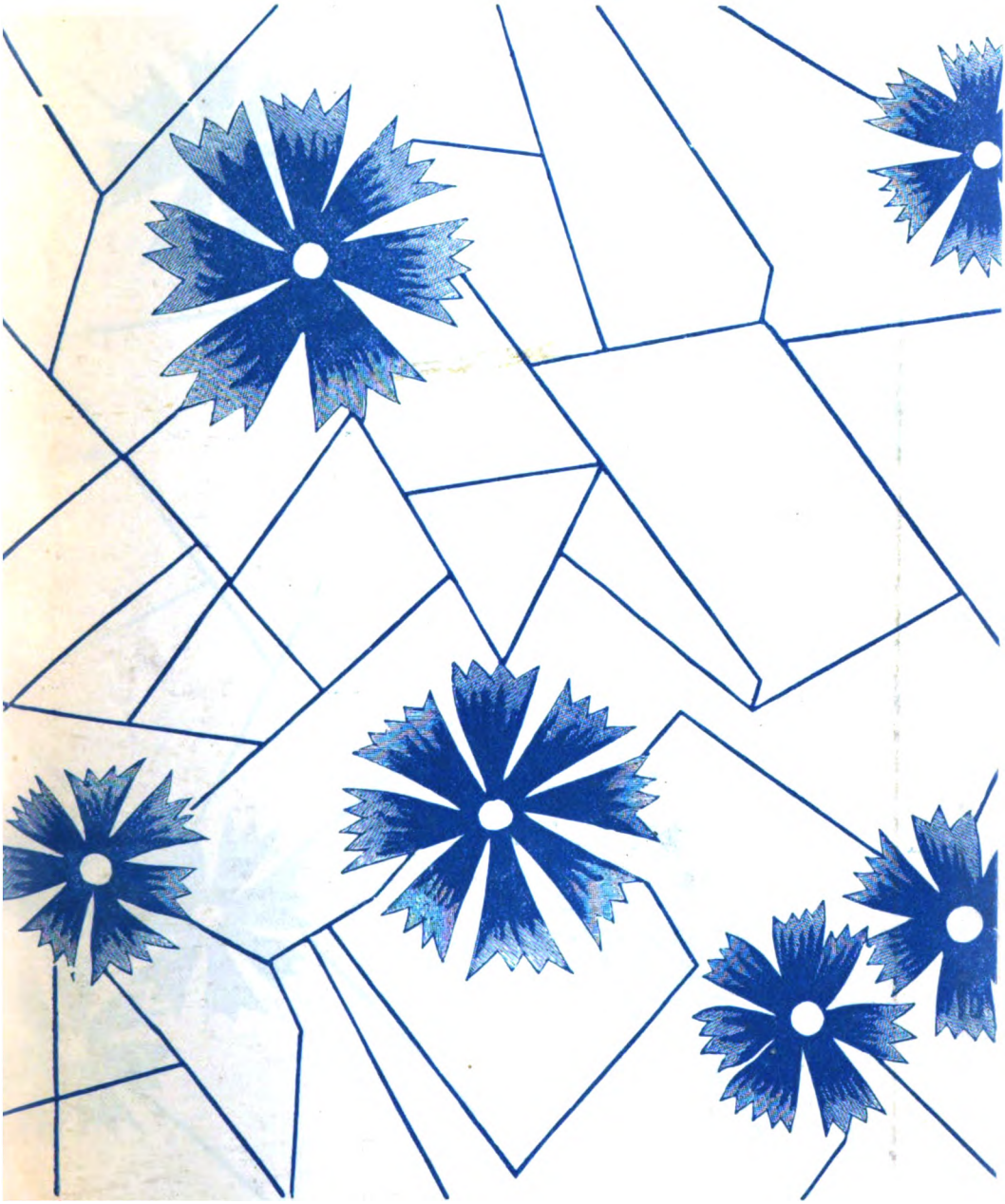
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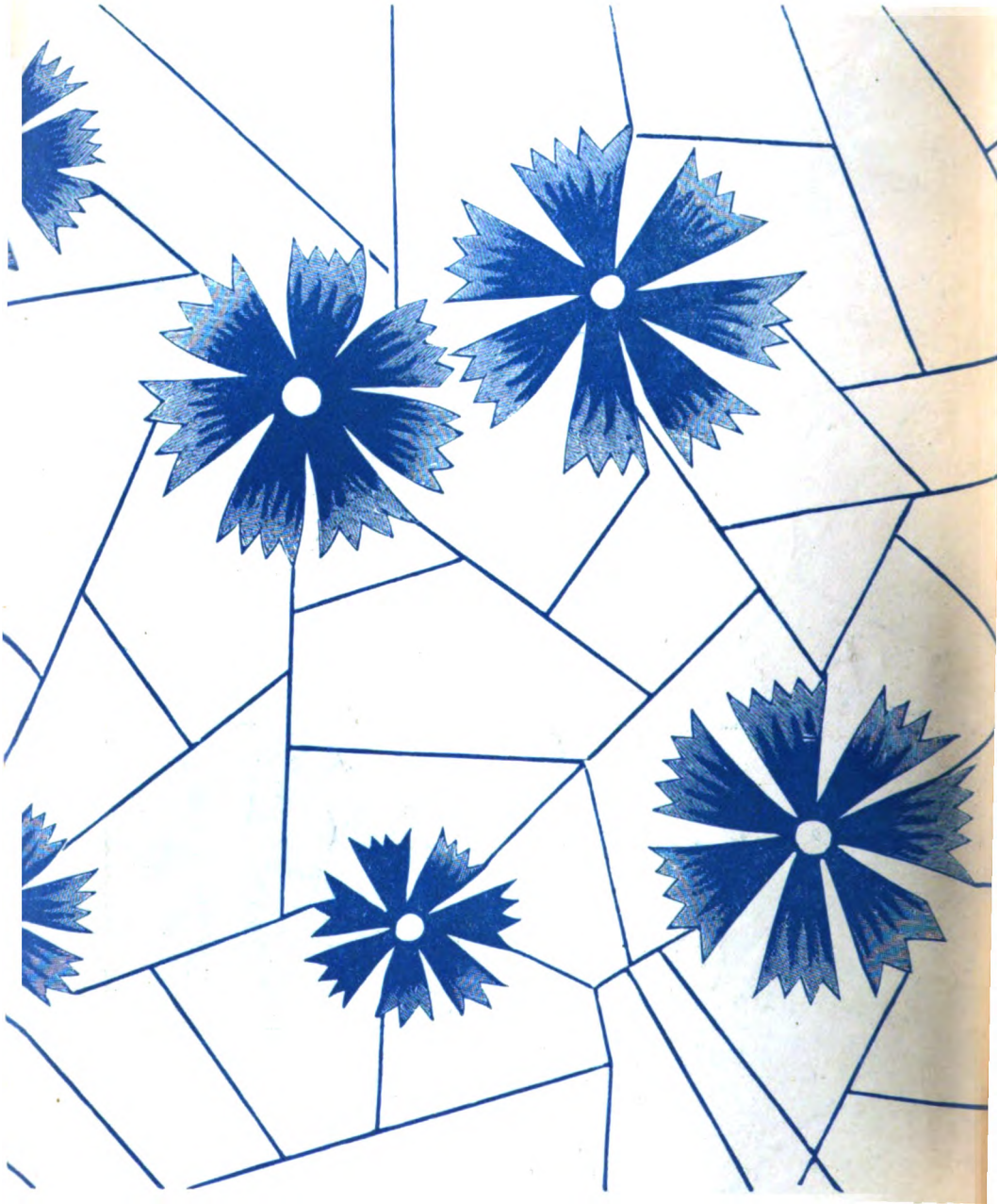
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THE INTERVIEW. [*See the Story, "The Rector's Birthday-Gift."*]

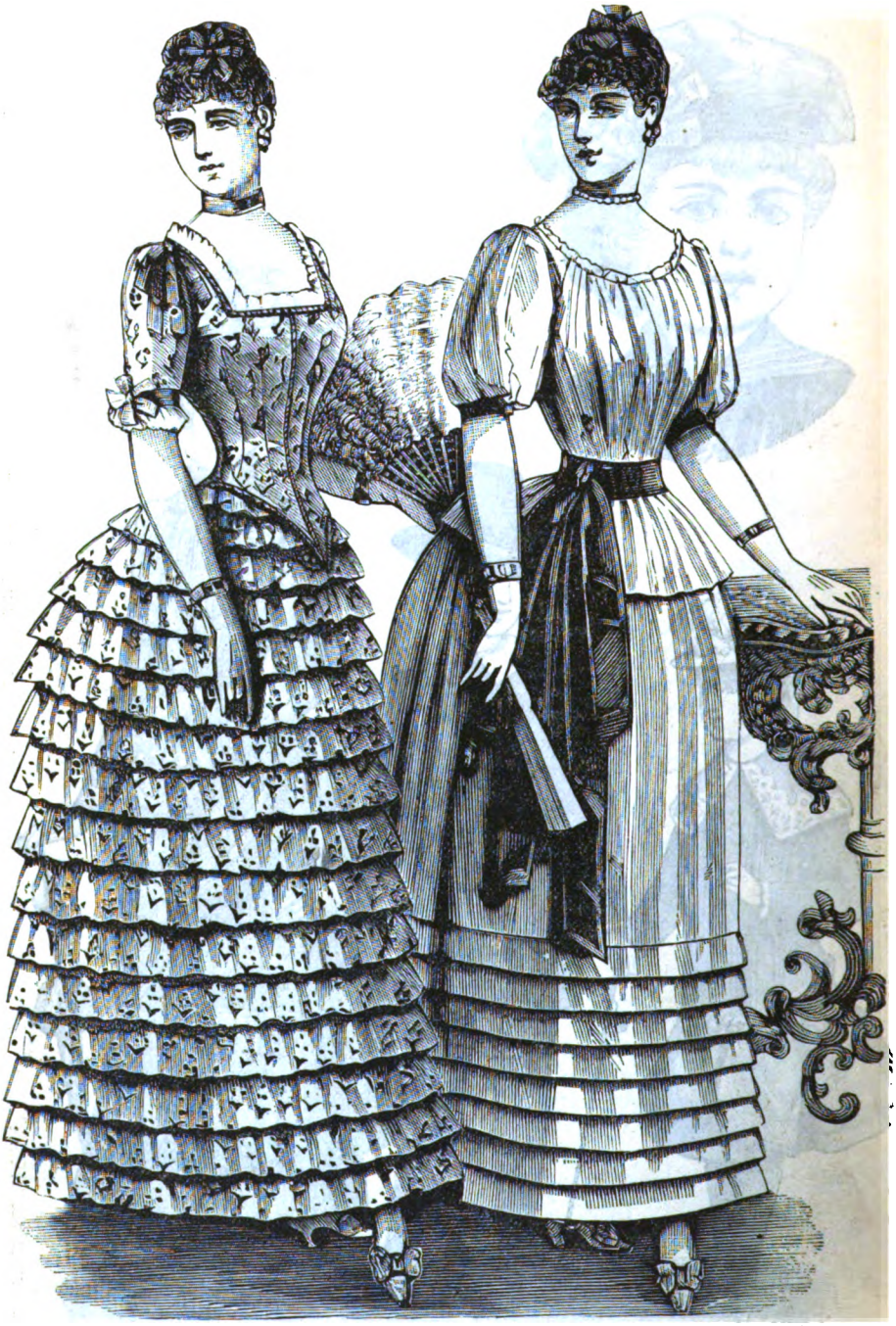
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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JUNE. CHILD'S TOQUE.

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HOUSE-DRESSES FOR THE SUMMER.

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NEW STYLES FOR WALKING-DRESSES.

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WALKING-DRESS. SUMMER BONNET. NEW-STYLE PARASOLS.

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WALKING-DRESS. NEW-STYLE HAT. SUMMER FICHU.

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NEW STYLES FOR DRESSING THE HAIR. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4.

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NEW STYLES FOR DRESSING THE HAIR. Nos. 5, 6, 7, 8.
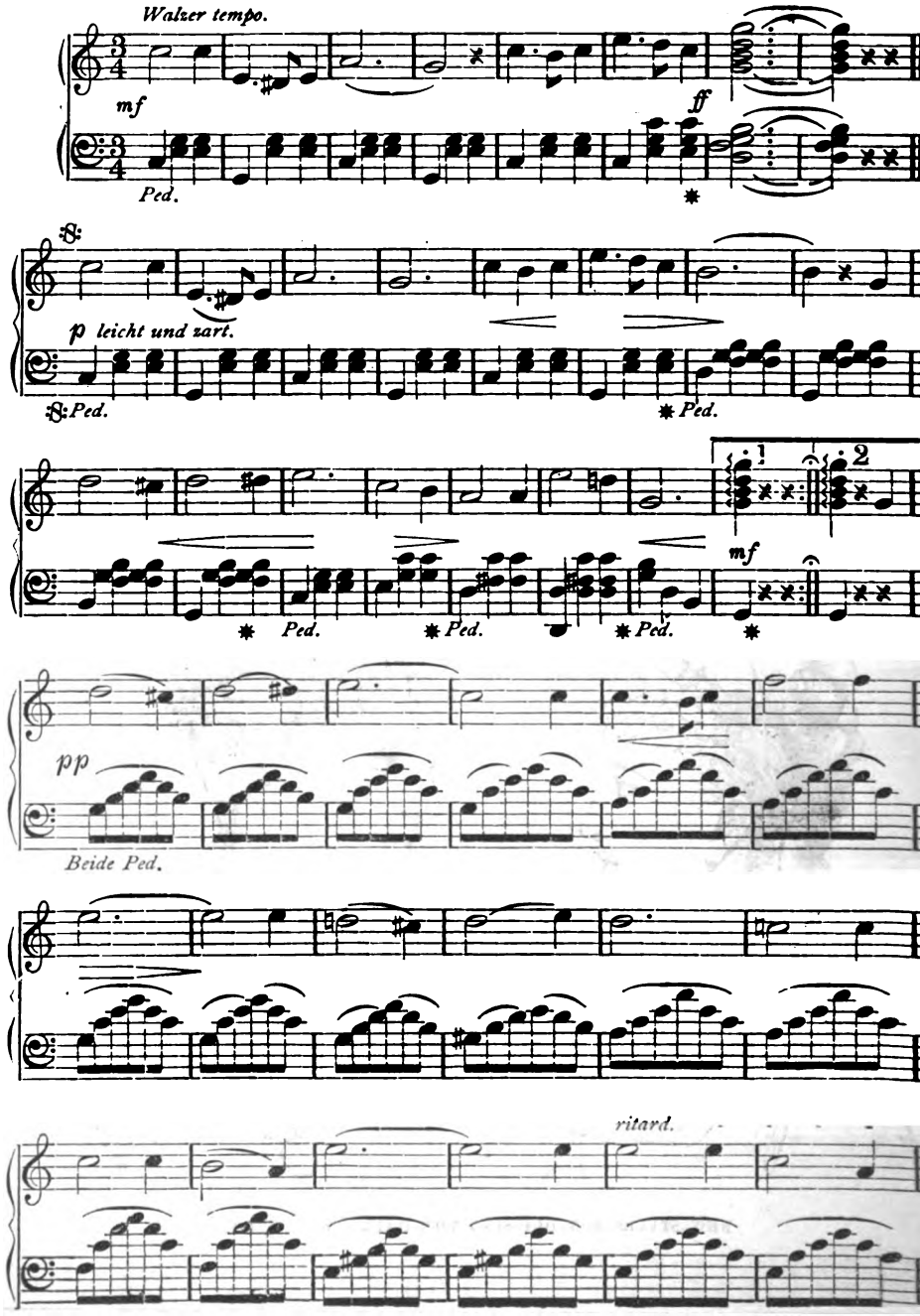
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SCHUNKEL WALTZ.
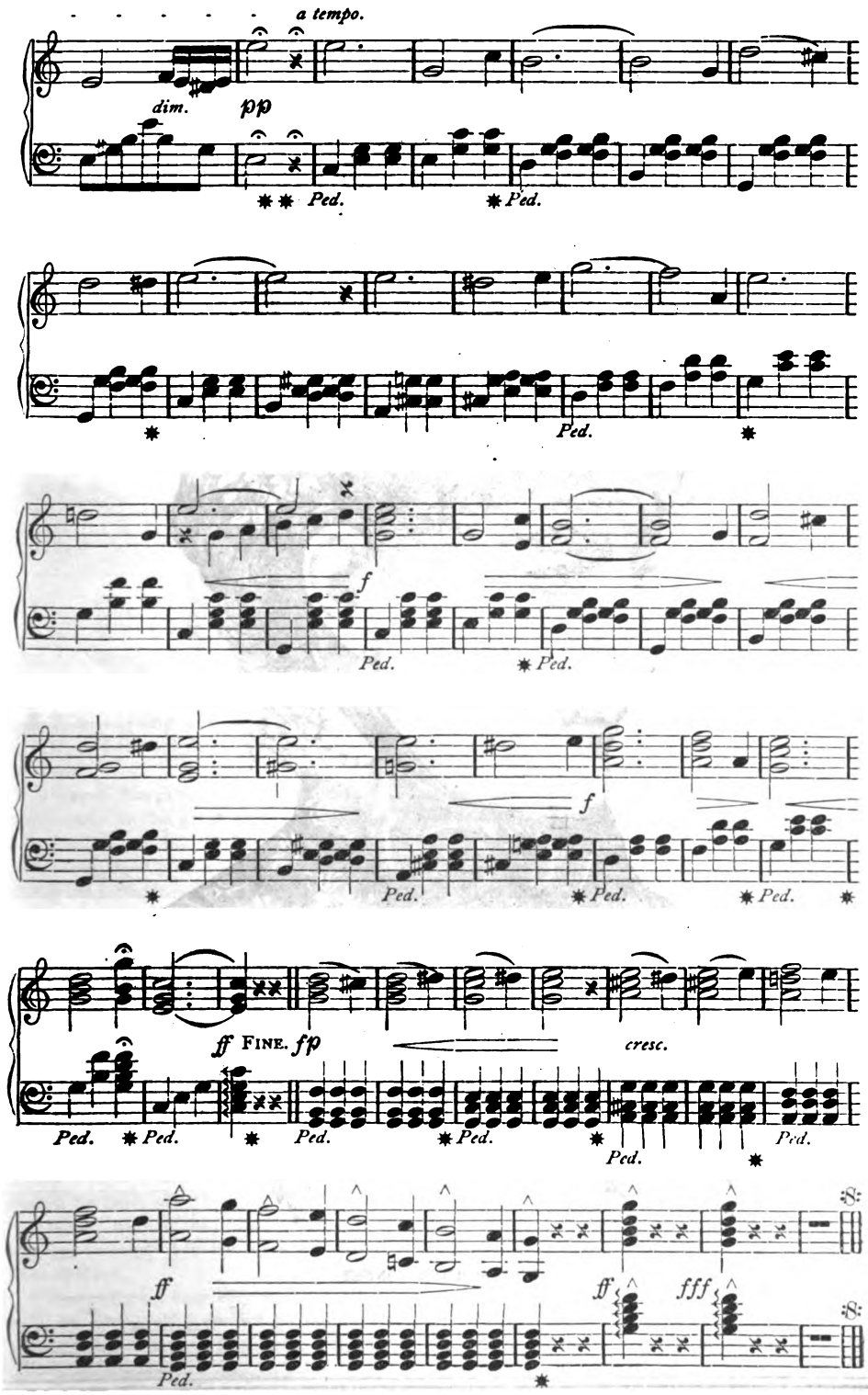
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As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

LUDOLF WALDMANN.



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NEW SUMMER BONNET.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXVII. PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1885. No. 6.

MY LORD'S LOVE-MAKING.

BY AGNES JAMES.



IT was "long and long ago," in the Old World, and the old time, and the "merry month of June."

Mistress Margaret was taking her morning promenade on the great terrace, when suddenly a horseman, who had alighted at the steps behind her, came rapidly up.

"What! cousin—Sir Harry," she cried, blushing and stammering, "this is indeed a surprise. When did you come from the wars?"

She gave him her hand, as she spoke, though with some little embarrassment. He had a bronzed soldierly face, with keen gray eyes—eyes to make a foeman quail—but eyes that softened strangely as he looked at his cousin.

"I came but a week ago, and would have staid awhile in London," he said, "for I had much business to look after, only that I heard news there that warned me to hasten here. Margaret," and he looked at her steadfastly, "it cannot be true, can it?"

"What cannot be true?" She answered stoutly enough, but her eyes fell before his, nevertheless.

"That which I hear of you and Lord Saville. It is not of myself I speak," he said, hurriedly. "That dream is over, long ago. But, Margaret dear, this man is notorious. He has a dozen light-of-loves in every county, and—"

"Stop," interrupted the girl, haughtily. "You venture too far. Even from a cousin—even from an old friend—I cannot listen to such words."

"Pardon me," said Sir Harry, falling on one knee, as was the stately fashion of that day, and taking her hand, which he kissed reverently; "but you cannot wonder, my cousin, that I am distressed to hear that such a man is coming here, day by day. Margaret dear, I venture to speak, even at the fear of offending you, because you have no one nearer in blood to look after your interests and happiness."

"I think you misjudge him, Harry," replied the girl, after a pause, softened by this evident sincerity and earnestness. "You do not know him." Then, as if wishing to change the subject, she said: "Come and see my peacocks and my rose-garden. Perhaps, if you are very good," gayly, "I will gather you a rose."

She led the way through the house, as she spoke, to the back, where the grounds were laid out in grass-plats, with trees here and there, while at the end of this stately lawn was a terraced wall, leading down to a pretty rose-garden. As the two young people appeared, the peacocks, that were strutting about there, screamed a welcome, and displayed their gorgeous tails as if they thought themselves the only things in the world worth looking at.

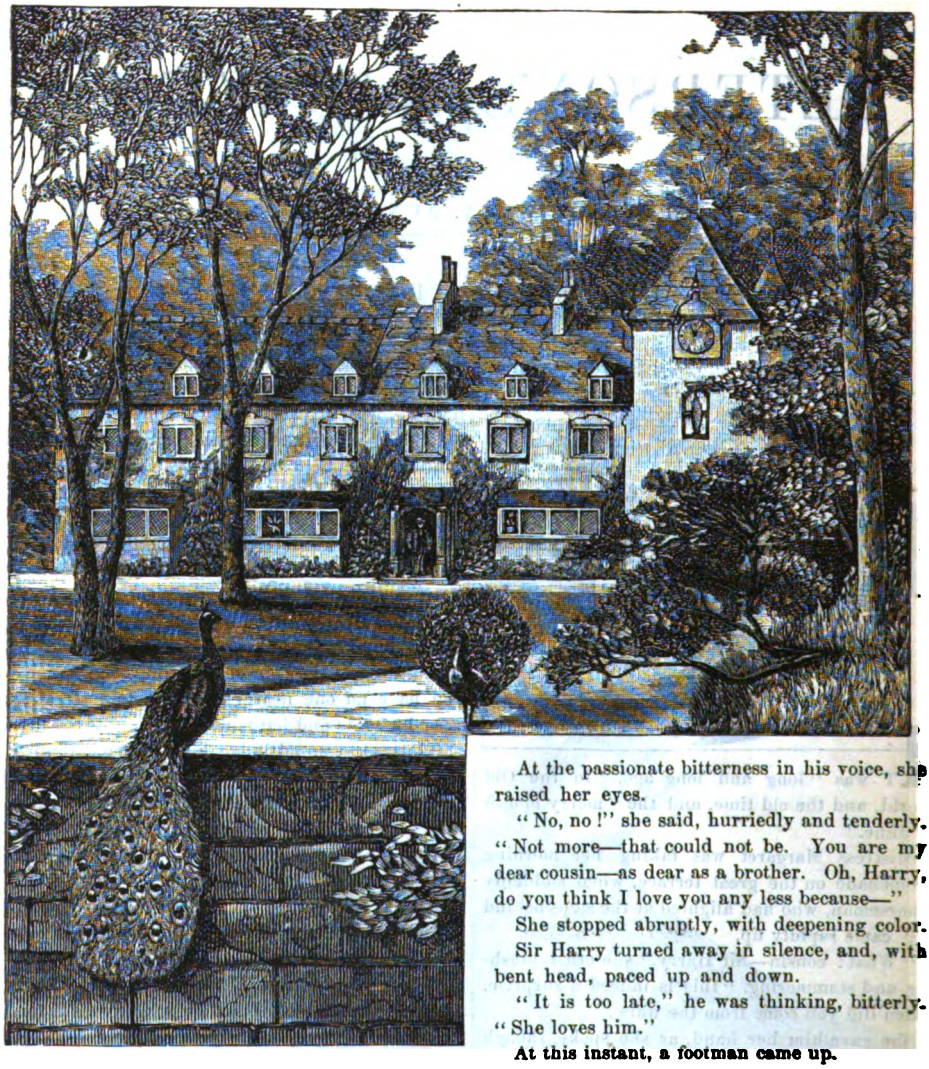
But Sir Harry was not to be balked in his purpose. It was his duty to speak, and he intended to discharge his duty, even if it offended his cousin forever. He was silent for awhile. Then he spoke out bravely.

"You would not believe, I fear," were his words, taking up the conversation where it had been left off, "though one rose from the dead to warn you against—"

But here she interposed.

"Hush!" she said, softly, smiling a little, and

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laying her hand almost caressingly upon his arm. "You are angry with me now. You are not your kind generous self. What? You go away to the wars, and leave your poor little cousin lonely and desolate, and you are angry when you come back and find that someone else also is her friend? And you listen to evil stories about him, and would like her to listen too?"

"Tell me, Margaret: what is he to you?" he answered, impetuously. "Is he only a friend?"

Margaret's fair cheek was tinged with a soft wavering color. Her blue eyes hid themselves under their long lashes. She did not speak.

"Margaret! Is he more to you than I, who have cared for you, loved you, all your life?"

At the passionate bitterness in his voice, she raised her eyes.

"No, no!" she said, hurriedly and tenderly. "Not more—that could not be. You are my dear cousin—as dear as a brother. Oh, Harry, do you think I love you any less because—"

She stopped abruptly, with deepening color.

Sir Harry turned away in silence, and, with bent head, paced up and down.

"It is too late," he was thinking, bitterly. "She loves him."

At this instant, a footman came up.

"My Lord Saville," he announced; and the young nobleman followed, all booted and spurred, for he had just alighted from his horse.

Sir Harry starts, and turns to watch his cousin. He sees the unwonted color in her cheeks, but, with her own sweet serene dignity, she meets my lord, and gives him her hand with a smile. He bends to kiss it adoringly, passionately; and murmurs some words that Sir Harry does not hear; but they deepen the exquisite glow upon Mistress Margaret's cheek.

Then she turns, and, in her sweet clear voice, says gently: "My lord, you know my cousin, Sir Harry Ashton—by reputation, at least. He has come back from the wars, safe, to us again. I have been so glad to welcome him."

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"Let me add my welcome to that of your fair cousin, Sir Harry," replied my lord, bowing low. "The gallant colonel, who has borne himself so bravely in our late war, deserves our best thanks and warmest greetings."

It was a very pretty speech, and given most gracefully. Fair Margaret's eyes and smile applauded it openly. But somehow it won from Sir Harry only a grave bow and a stiff "You do me too much honor, my lord."

Then, after a few moments of conversation, gracious and easy on my lord's part, cold and restrained on Sir Harry's, the latter took his leave, carrying away with him a reproachful glance from Mistress Margaret's lovely eyes.

"Your cousin does not love me," my lord says, with a laugh, as the sound of Sir Harry's horse dies in the distance.

"I do not know what ails my cousin," Margaret says, sadly and wonderingly. "Forgive him, my lord. He is not used to be so—cold—and unfriendly. Perhaps it is only a way soldiers have, and—"

"Nay, madame, I can easily forgive him," replies my lord, with a light laugh, "for I well know what ails him. And, alas! I am troubled with the same pang myself. Your cousin is jealous: and jealous of poor me."

"Jealous? My cousin? Why should he—or you—"

Mistress Margaret pauses, disturbed and embarrassed, for she now remembers, only too well, the past.

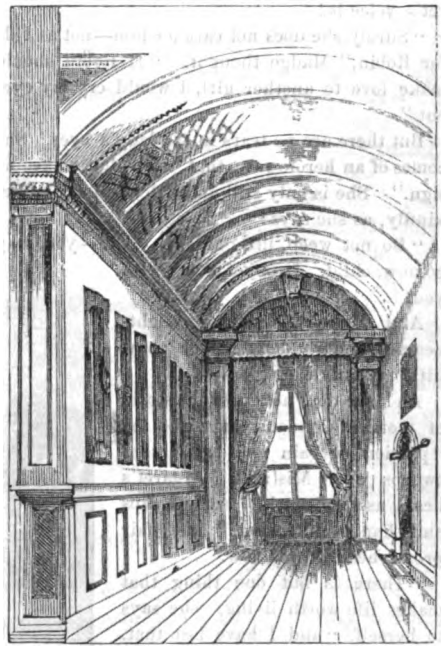
"I shall surely hate him," my lord says, with another light laugh, "if he comes here often. We think too fatally alike on one subject."

"I do not understand you at all, my lord," Margaret says; and yet, alas! she understood him only too well.

Yes, it was true, what Sir Harry had heard. Mistress Margaret was betrothed to Lord Saville. His handsome person, his fine air, his polished manners, had carried her heart by storm. No one was so happy as she. "What have I done," she would say to herself, "to deserve this bliss?" Lord Saville was, to her, everything that a young girl's imagination could picture. He was her Bayard, her St. Louis, her Galahad. Alas! it was an illusion: her idol had feet of clay; but she would not believe it, and, if fate had not befriended her, she might have gone on and married him, and had her heart broken afterwards by his neglect and cruelty.

But she was, fortunately, saved from this. Walking through the park, one afternoon, when her suitor had left her, Mistress Margaret heard voices which she recognized—the man's that of her lover, the other that of her own maid, Madge Kepler, a pretty graceful girl, the daughter of a gamekeeper. Through a gap in the undergrowth she could see Lord Saville trying to kiss Madge, who had retreated to a tree, and, with her back against it, was trying to keep him off. A third voice was now heard. It was that of another gamekeeper, a handsome young fellow of twenty-five, who had long been a suitor of Madge's. There was a scream, a curse, a blow; and then Mistress Margaret beheld my lord lying prone on the grass. She stopped for no more, but fled away.

But, an hour later, as she paced up and down the long gallery, in a tumult of shame and disillusion, Madge came to her with tears in her eyes.



"Oh, my lady," she said, "I must tell you. I have been wanting to do it a long while, but feared. But now Robin says I must speak out, or he'll never forgive me—"

Here Margaret interrupted her with a wave of her hand.

"Let me say, before you go further," were her words, "that I already know, I think, of what you wish to speak. I was in the park, this afternoon, and overheard my lord, and saw the encounter between Robin and him."

"Oh, then, dear madame, you understand. But indeed, indeed I am not to blame. My lord has been persecuting me ever since he began to

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come here; but I did all I could to avoid him: only I said nothing, partly on your account, partly because I knew how angry Robin would be. But to-day Robin surprised Lord Saville. And Robin, who at first thought I was to blame," and here her tears flowed freely, "when he learned the truth, and forgave me, told me that if I loved you—and I do, my lady—I must come and tell you all: for my lord is not fit to marry my dear beautiful lady. And oh, my lady, if it grieves you, forgive me!"

Little Madge fell to pitiful sobbing, as she spoke. Mistress Margaret laid her hand gently on the pretty bowed head, and said:

"I do not blame you, child. Yes, I know you love me."

How low, and soft, and clear, Mistress Margaret's voice is!

"Surely she does not care for him—not as I do for Robin," Madge thought. "If Robin should make love to another girl, I would cry my eyes out."

But there are no tears in the lady's eyes. She comes of an heroic race, that "dies, but makes no sign." She is only still and pale, and she smiles kindly, as she says:

"Do not weep, little Madge. And—you may go now, child. I am not angry with you."

And Madge goes away, light-hearted, and wondering to see "how little my lady cares."

Ah! she does not guess the storm of mortification and anguish, the "passion of pain and loss," that sweeps over Mistress Margaret's heart, as she lies with "sobbing lips and hands outwrung," and fair proud head bowed low.

"There is but one thing that makes life worth living," she says to herself, "and I have lost that. More than all, I am shamed through all my being, to have loved so slight a thing. Oh, I hate myself."

The next day, comes a letter to my lord from Mistress Winthrop: a cold calm resolute letter, breaking forever the betrothal between them. She gives no reason, except that she cannot love and esteem him as she should the man she married.

My lord springs to his feet, with a wild oath. He curses his "bad luck," and that "piece of ice," Margaret Winthrop, whose broad lands and stores of gold will never now mend his wasted fortune. Above all, he curses that "little fiend," Madge Kepler, who, he divines, has betrayed him. And it all ends in my lord's flinging off to London, in search of new worlds to conquer.

One day, months after, when the long winter was over, Mistress Margaret was sitting out on the terrace, in the bright sunshine, the soft spring breezes blowing. Sir Harry again rides up, dismounts at the steps, and comes forward. He glances at her fair face. She smiles up at him, as her eyes seek his questioningly.

"Tell me," she persists, "what is it? I have felt all day that you were coming, and had something to say to me. What is it?"

Sir Harry hesitates a moment, and then speaks. But his cheek is flushed, and his eyes are turned away from her.

"I have heard," he stammers out at last, "that Lord Saville—is married."

There is a little silence. Then Margaret speaks, low but steadily.

"Is that all? I thought—Harry, believe me, that does not hurt me. Did you think I could still love one whom I could not respect? And I ceased to respect him long ago."

Though she does not tell why she had ceased. He turns and glances at her serene calm face, at her unclouded eyes, at her dear, sweet



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mouth; and his heart gives a sudden bound of happiness and hope.

Yes, my lord is married. The whole county soon knows it: for, one bright Sunday in June, his coach-and-four drives up to the parish-church, and Lord and Lady Saville come rustling into their great pew, with a train of fine company. And my lady is very richly dressed.

As they come out of church, my lady puts up her glass and looks haughtily around upon the simple country-people, who stand aside respectfully to let the "grand folks" pass.

"Do, my lord, take me out of this dreadful mob," she says, affectedly and loudly. And my lord scowls upon her, and moves off slowly.

"Pray, my lord, who is that?" she says, directly. "I mean the lady in the pearl-gray dress. I vow, she is quite passably pretty. And I declare! that is Sir Harry Ashton with her. I must speak to him."

She flutters up to Sir Harry.

"Lord! Sir Harry," she cries, "who would have thought to meet you in these wilds? But you have a place near, I believe. Come and see me, for charity's sake. And do present me to your fair friend."

"My cousin, Mistress Margaret Winthrop, Lady Saville," Sir Harry says, gravely.

My lady starts, colors through all her paint, and looks keenly at Margaret.

"Oh, indeed! I have heard of Mistress Winthrop," she says, with a toss of her head, and a sidelong glance at my lord.

My lord looks sulky and black enough. He has bowed stiffly to Margaret and Sir Harry.

Sir Harry is grave and cold, and there is a flash like steel in his eyes. Only Margaret is quite calm and self-possessed. She makes a graceful but somewhat stately courtesy to my lady, and says, in her soft silvery clear voice:

"You do me honor, madame. May I offer my congratulations to Lord Saville and yourself?"

My lady laughs shrilly.

"Oh, we are past the honeymoon, my dear. Congratulations are out of date now."

"We are keeping our guests waiting, my lady, and detaining Mistress Winthrop," my lord says, impatiently. His furtive eyes have been wandering from my lady, with her airs and her paint, her gaudy dress, her giggle, and her folly, to fair calm sweet Margaret, in her pearl-gray robe, with crimson roses at her throat—the crimson roses that grow below the terrace at the old hall.

"What a fool I was! I could have loved this sweet gracious woman," is the thought that steals into his heart, and he turns away.

"Pray go, if you are tired of us, my lord," Lady Saville says, peevishly. "And oh, Sir Harry, do look at that pretty girl! The one just coming out of church. Really a little rustic beauty. Now, I warrant, both you and my lord know her name," with an arch glance.

My lord colors, and looks blacker than ever. Sir Harry suddenly bites his lip to suppress a smile.

"I know her, Lady Saville," Margaret says, with perfect quietness. "That is Madge Kepler, the daughter of one of your husband's tenants. But she is the child of my old nurse—and my namesake—and was once my maid."

"Ah, indeed!" My lady coolly fixes her glass upon pretty blushing Madge, who draws back with downcast eyes. "And the youth with her—her lover, I presume. Why, really, the man is an Apollo. He looks a rustic god."

Sir Harry laughs a little, and answers:

"Yes, madame, but no one need presume upon that. Robin Davis is more than a handsome man. He is the best wrestler and boxer in the parish. He is a fine steady youth—my tenant—and will soon be married to little Madge."

The rustic pair are passing the group of grand folk. Madge courtesies deeply, and Robin, lifting his cap, bows low to my lady, but smiles audaciously as his eyes meet my lord's. My lord starts, and stares, and colors angrily.

"Come, my lady!" he says, imperatively, and at last she goes.

In the rose-garden back of the old hall, below the steps that lead from the lawn where the peacocks strut and display themselves, Sir Harry paces slowly, in the twilight, with his cousin.

"Give me a rose, Margaret," Sir Harry says, suddenly.

She leans to gather a lovely bud. But he stays her hand.

"No, the one you have already, that you wear at your bosom." He looks earnestly at her, as he speaks.

With a shy glance, she gives it to him, and he takes it, and keeps her hand with it.

"Margaret," he whispers, hurriedly, "tell me you love me—or else dismiss me forever!"

A warm soft flush dyes her fair face. Her head droops, and she does not speak.

"Margaret—must I go?" His voice is low and husky, and the hand that holds hers trembles.

By-and-bye, Margaret raises her eyes, gives him one fleeting glance, and whispers softly:

"No. Stay."

And so, hand in hand, they come up the walk, and disappear from our sight forever, as they mount the great steps to the terrace above.

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"FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED."

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

We had met twice before. This was the third time, and I was sitting before the pier-glass, in Mrs. Ashley's drawing-room, when he was brought up to be introduced to me. The first time we met, he had nearly exterminated me with his bicycle. I was out for a morning walk, and had just turned into the turnpike from the hill-road. As I did so, he and his abominable machine swooped round a sharp curve like some gigantic antediluvian insect, and I had barely time to save myself by jumping into the ditch, which was fortunately dry.

He was going at such a fearful speed that he shot a long way ahead before he could wheel about. I knew he was coming back to apologize, and determined that he should not have the satisfaction. I darted up the bank, therefore, and in an instant was hidden by the thicket of alder-bushes, and had the pleasure of seeing him stare about with an expression of such wondering surprise that it rendered his handsome face quite imbecile.

The second time we met—which was the next day about the same hour, and in exactly the same place—I had my revenge, though it was not of an enjoyable kind. He had come down from the hill-road, and Selim and I were dashing round the curve as he reached it. He jumped back, his hat fell off, and Selim's forelegs flew up in the air, as if he and I were performing some remarkable circus-feat.

For a second, I was scared almost to death. Then I was angry to think that I must stop and apologize, as soon as I could make Selim stand still. But Selim settled the matter in his own fashion: he took the bit between his teeth, and galloped off at such a pace that I needed to be as good a horsewoman as I was, to escape a tumble.

We were some distance beyond the curve before Selim recovered his senses, and as I glanced back I saw that man running, hatless, as fast as he could run. Actually, he had thought I could not control Selim. I would not have stopped then to apologize, even if I could, just to punish him for his impertinence. I was glad he presented a ridiculous appearance, and I hoped he knew it; though, as soon as we had left him out of sight, I was a little sorry to remember that I had laughed quite loudly—still, he deserved it!

This third time we met was on the succeeding evening, at a dinner-party at old Mrs. Ashley's. I was sitting, as I have said, in the low seat before the pier-glass, playing with my fan, when the hostess brought him up to be introduced.

"Miss Ferris—Mr. Trevor," she said.

It did seem so absurd, considering the peculiar circumstances of our previous encounters, to have him brought up and presented ceremoniously, and for us both to bow and give a regulation smile, that I had great ado not to laugh audibly. I did laugh to myself as Mrs. Ashley moved away, but I put up my fan to conceal it; and there he stood staring at me, and the very first words he uttered were an impertinence.

"You needn't try to hide your mirth, Miss Ferris," said he. "I have heard you laugh before."

I was vexed in an instant, and looked at him with as good an assumption of languid surprise as I could call up, waving my fan back and forth as I had seen my cousin, Mrs. Romney, do when she meant to annihilate a man, and, though I felt my cheeks tingle, I flattered myself that I did the business very well.

"Really?" I said.

"Oh, I see you have not forgotten," returned he, and I was more vexed than ever to think that not only had he seen through my ruse, but was conceited enough to wish me to know that he had. "Well, as I ran over you first, allow me to be the first to apologize."

"Oh! Was that you on the bicycle? I thought it must have been one of the Academy boys," said I, and now I saw he was vexed, though he laughed.

"I knew who you were," he retorted. "I asked old Daddy Barbauld, at the turnpike-gate, and he said it was 'Mrs. Ferris's little gal.'"

"Dear me," I answered, "how ingenious of you to find so speedy a way of gratifying your curiosity."

His face changed magically; his mouth lost its bantering smile; and his great sparkling eyes grew soft and grave.

"I don't think that is the word I should have used to express the feeling which prompted me," he said.

He was trying it on already! But "forewarned is forearmed." Now, when we first heard that he was coming to spend the summer

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with his uncle, Phœbe Barrington had told me about his pet demon of flirtation, and how women had spoiled him until he really believed that he could turn any female head by a few tender glances and adroit compliments. Miss Phœbe had added that he would be sure to select me as his earliest victim, because, before he met me, "he would hear that I had, as I deserved," I quote her own words, "the reputation of being the prettiest girl in the neighborhood."

"Not exactly the word," he repeated, musingly, as if just thinking aloud, and all the while looking down at me, with the long lashes half veiling the light in those beautiful eyes.

"I know what your feeling ought to have been," I rejoined: "one of great respect for my forbearance; you had tried to murder me the day before, and, instead of revenging myself, I did not allow Selim to trample on you."

"It was only my hat's falling off that saved me. By-the-bye, I think you owe me a new one—you never saw such a wreck as that was."

"I can give you my last year's bonnet," I said, mischievously. "Will that answer? It is a Parisian one. My aunt sent it out to me."

"I know your aunt," he replied, coolly. "I met her in Paris last winter. She talked to me about you. What a perfectly delightful woman she is!"

This did please me—for I was very fond of Aunt Matilda—and I dropped my badinage. Dinner was now announced, and, as Mr. Trevor took me in to table, we were able to continue our conversation, branching off to all the talk about Continental scenes and sights which the mention of Paris naturally called up.

We were a party of twenty-four. Mrs. Ashley always invited so many guests that one felt as if dining in a hotel. So of course there was ample leisure for têtes-à-têtes; but, thanks to Mr. Trevor, I found the long entertainment much more endurable than usual.

In fact, I found it charming: for Mr. Trevor talked remarkably well, and went from fun to pathos, and sarcasm to gallantry, in a fashion that I had never heard equaled. Then Charley Burt, and Tom Rainsford, and that absurd old Professor Smythe were all glaring at poor me from their separate niches, as if it enraged them to perceive that I was enjoying myself: men are always such selfish creatures. I was sorry each of them chanced to be placed by some lady whom he did not fancy. Still, I thought they were properly punished for having such wretched tempers that they could not bear to see anybody else lucky and contented.

I don't know, however, in spite of a good deal of pleasant conversation, how many times Mr. Trevor and I managed to quarrel before we ladies left the table; but, somehow, nothing makes you so quickly acquainted as that; and, as a proof of it, he actually called me Miss Kate twice. To be sure, the last time, he apologized, saying that he heard all the others do it, which was excuse enough; but, not content with this, he must needs suddenly give me one of those long dreamy looks, and add:

"It is the loveliest name in the world: it just suits you. Mayn't I call you so?"

"Oh, certainly; everybody does—even to our footman," I said, saucily.

"Then, with your permission, I'll say Miss Ferris," returned he, stiffly, vexed that his stale little compliment had failed. Bless me, old Phœbe hadn't exaggerated about his being spoiled!

"Of course," said I; "naturally, I shouldn't expect you to call me Miss Jones, though that might easily happen if you are given to absent-mindedness. It is too bad of Mrs. Ashley not to have invited her this evening. You see, I've heard already about the effect she produced on you."

"Miss Jones? Why, I've only been here four days—"

"That's a good while, sometimes."

"And seen her once—"

"Each day; and there are a good many hours in a day."

I was determined that he should understand at once I was not such a silly goose as to take all his pretty speeches for earnest, and I had succeeded in vexing him again.

"I should say," he exclaimed, "as well as one can judge from so brief an acquaintance, that you are probably the most exasperating young woman in this county."

"A few other people have said it," I retorted; "but they were either old enough friends or near enough relations to excuse the rudeness. My fan, please—thanks."

And, as we ladies were ready to leave the room, he got no chance to answer. Having that advantage over him rendered me quite amiable, though I still felt that his faith in himself and his passion for coquetry deserved condign punishment, and conscience suggested that, if fate chose to appoint me as its agent in the business, I ought not to shrink from the task.

Old Miss Phœbe came up to me at once in the drawing-room. And "how do you like Max Trevor?" she said. "And isn't he handsome? But you must not forget my little warning"—and so on, till I grew irritated and turned

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upon her rather savagely; but she only chuckled, and said:

"Oh, I fancy he has found his match for once: everybody knows your talents in the flirtation line, my dear Kate."

"I am not a flirt," I said, indignantly.

Then she laughed, laid both hands on my shoulders, and kissed me: she always knew how to get out of a difficulty, and generally managed to make me ashamed for having doubted her honesty.

Altogether, we had a very pleasant evening, and, going home in the carriage, mamma informed me that she liked young Mr. Trevor very much.

"He talked a good deal to me after dinner," she said, "and I told him I was sorry we were not in, the day he and his uncle called, and that he must come whenever he liked. I said we had known Mr. Trevor so long that his nephew seemed an acquaintance too—only I couldn't have two Mr. Trevors—that was confusing; and he begged me to call him Max, and he did it so nicely. Yes, I like him very much."

He came, the next morning, and mamma kept him to luncheon, and several other persons strayed in, and everybody was nice—only Charley Burt sulked a little—and Mr. Max was evidently becoming generally popular.

Ours was a rather gay neighborhood in summer, so many families had visitors at that season; and, as the coterie was not a very large one, the same people met day after day. So, by the time the young gentleman had been ten days in our midst, I had become thoroughly convinced that my first impression was correct, and that he fully deserved the reputation Miss Phœbe had given him. He could no more help flirting than he could breathing. Why, he couldn't even ask old Miss Phœbe herself how her father's rheumatism was, without looking as if he were begging for her virginal affections. "However," as I told him, "it was all in the way of practice."

How we did quarrel, to be sure! I don't think we ever got through a single day without at least one battle-royal; and when I could enrage him so that he said or did something for which he was forced to apologize, I felt perfectly happy.

He did devote himself especially to me, there was no doubt of that. But his doing so was an irritation as well as a pleasure. I could not help liking him: nobody could. But I had been forewarned, and knew that, instead of meaning honest friendship, he was trying his powers of fascination on me, just to please his vanity. Very likely he had, as old Miss Phœbe said, "made a bet with some one, that he'd conquer Kate Ferris."

I smiled secretly to think how little he understood the young woman with whom he had to deal; and I determined that, before we parted, he should receive a lesson which he would not speedily forget. My self-confidence did not reach the extent of letting me suppose I could really wound his heart: indeed, in that case, I should have felt more mercifully inclined; but I wanted him to discover that, for once, when he thought he was sure of a victim, he had been seen through and laughed at from the first.

Still, in spite of everything, we had a number of delightful weeks, and very often he would forget his flirting ways as completely as I did my stern resolves. But suddenly his pet demon would enter him, and a return, on his part, to tender speeches and absurd gallantry would remind me of my mission, and, after pretending to be touched or embarrassed, I would sting him into a passion by sarcastic or mocking words.

My only regret was that I could not keep my own temper: for, curious to say, he had a faculty of making me angry more easily than anybody I ever met.

"You are the most perplexing girl I ever met," he said, one day. "I have known you now for six weeks, and I don't think I ever saw you twice in the same humor."

"It must be your fault," I answered. "Nobody else ever accused me of being so changeable."

"Yet I never want quarrels with you," he averred, "and, when we get through a day without, I mark it with a white stone."

"Well," I said, "unless you grow more amiable, you won't need a very large collection of pebbles, that's one comfort: for you would be too indolent to gather them."

"Let us go down to the brook and secure a store," returned he, laughing.

So we made our way, through the shrubberies, to the pretty stream, which ran just below our grounds. We sat on the bank, under the shadow of the sycamores, and, in spite of Max's being five and twenty, and I having a few weeks before attained the dignity of my eighteenth birthday, were as absurdly gay and happy as two children.

Then, somehow, our moods changed, and the talk grew graver, and he told more about himself and his aims and ambitions than he had ever before done. He was rather alone in the world, having early been left an orphan. My deep love for my own mother enabled me to comprehend his feeling that boyhood and youth had been deprived of half their sweetness from the loss of his. He had an ample fortune; but he did not propose to be an idle man. I admired him for that, and, when he saw that I really sympathized

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with his plans, he spoke very freely about them; in a way, too, which showed that he was in earnest in trying to carry them out, and was not indulging in mere wordy bombast or poetical sentiment.

We sat there for a long while. I did not perceive how much time had elapsed, until I was surprised by hearing the seminary-bell, in the village, ring in the distance.

"Four o'clock!" I exclaimed. "Why didn't you tell me it was so late?"

"This afternoon has just been a bit out of Paradise," said he, not noticing my remark. "Why can't we always be like this?"

"Because you are not always so amiable or so sensible," returned I, laughing at his pretense of melancholy.

"There you go," he cried, pushing his hair back from his forehead, in an impatient fashion he had. "The moment one says a thing in earnest, you begin to jest and sneer."

"Excuse me," I said, "it is only when you don't. You have been talking really in earnest for the last hour, and I am sure you can't complain that I was not a good and interested listener."

"I was just as much in earnest in what I said now. You know perfectly well what your companionship is to me. You know that I never was so happy in my life as I have been during these weeks."

He raised himself from the grass as he spoke, and his face and voice were so eager, and had such a stamp and ring of truth, that, if I had not been so thoroughly on my guard, I might easily have trusted them, as others had done—to their sorrow. As it was, I felt myself color under his glance, and hastened to say:

"Well, you would be very ungrateful if it were not so—when we have all spoiled you abominably, from Miss Jones down to insignificant me, old maids and elderly widows included."

"Everybody has been very kind," he said; "but you know well enough what the attraction has been to me."

"Certainly: to entertain your poor old uncle. I quite appreciate your devotion."

"Ah, don't tease," he cried, growing earnest: it was the faculty of doing this which made him so dangerous. "Why won't you see, why can't you believe, the truth?"

If I could only have deluded myself into the conviction that his volatile fancy really was touched at last, I should have had a serene satisfaction in leading him on; but I was not blind enough for this, and I was vexed to think that I had not gained power enough to hurt him as he deserved. Mamma says that I always look pensive and injured when I am angry; and perhaps the expression of my face so poorly interpreted my feelings, that he thought he had at length reached a point where he could tempt me into some show of emotion which might please his vanity.

"You can't deny it," he hurried on. "You know what these weeks have been to me, and you know that it is your society which has made them like heaven."

There he was, half kneeling on the grass, looking up at me with those wonderful violet eyes, his face suddenly grown quite pale, and his voice trembling in a pathetic way which I never heard any other man's able to do. Instead of being angry, or able to perform the role of Nemesis, which I had set for myself, I felt inclined to cry. I was hurt and sore to think he could suppose me such an idiot as to be deluded by those passionate glances and eager tones.

"Kate! Kate!" he exclaimed, as I turned aside my head. "Won't you answer? Won't you look at me?"

There was a lump in my throat, which made it difficult for me to speak, and I had such ado to keep the tears back that it was a dangerous experiment even to glance towards him; and it was more from confusion than from any effort to play my part which caused me to falter:

"I don't know what you want me to say."

"Let me tell you," he answered. "Let me speak out—I have tried to, so many times. But you are such a will-o'-the-wisp—never the same for five minutes—and, with you, I am awkward and tongue-tied, and always show to disadvantage. Even now I can't tell—"

He broke off, gazing up at me still. I could not get my wits back to behave as I ought to have done. That odd vexation, more like hurt feeling than anger, was still strong upon me, and I think I never was more glad in my life than when we were interrupted, at this moment, by the sound of steps and voices.

"Who on earth—" he exclaimed, springing up.

"Oh, I hear Annie Ames's voice," said I, peeping through the bushes. "There she comes, and some people with her. I suppose mamma told them we were here."

"And I wish they were in Jericho!" he exclaimed, venomously, whereupon I laughed, recovering my presence of mind completely.

"This way—this way," I called, and, as several voices answered, I was able to look at Mr. Trevor and enjoy his vexation.

He should never catch me at a similar disadvantage, I said to myself, triumphantly. If

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ever he should try to go to such lengths again, in his arrogant coquetry, he should find me able and ready to give him the lesson he so richly deserved.

The party came up, Charley Burt and Tom Rainsford among them, and I allowed first one, and then the other, to engross my attention. I was determined to show Mr. Trevor that I was quite mistress of myself.

Presently, we all went back to the house, and mamma invited the party to remain and have high tea on the lawn, and they did; and the evening was very gay, though my head ached, and I did not enjoy it so much as I usually did such impromptu festivities.

And there, right before my face, after all he had said and looked, Max Trevor could not resist flirting outrageously with poor little Miss Jones, who so evidently took it all for sober earnest that I did not know whether most to despise or pity her.

The man actually forgot that I could see and hear him, he always grew so earnest in his acting. But I suppose he remembered finally that, if he could not find some way to get out of his difficulty, I might not be prepared to hear very patiently his eloquence when next he should chance to have occasion or leisure to offer me a share thereof.

Just before the people left, I went into the library, to find a book Annie Ames wanted, and he walked after me.

"Excuse me," said he, looking black as a thunder-cloud. "I only wanted to say that you have convinced me at last."

"I'm so glad," returned I; "but I haven't time to ask in what. Will you hold the candle a moment?"

"Those people came just in time," said he, gnawing quite fiercely at the ends of his mustache. "A little more, and I should have given you a chance to laugh at me finely."

"You have since," said I. "I declare, you behaved to Miss Jones just as the heroes of old-fashioned novels do to the ladies they admire, or wish to be admired by."

"I should have thought you too much occupied with Mr. Rainsford to notice so insignificant a person as I am," retorted he.

"Not a bit. You'll set your hair on fire, if you wave the candle about like that. Ah! here is the book—I must go back."

Away I ran, and he followed, I smiling to myself, though rather bitterly, to think that he should fancy so shallow a pretense as accusing me of flirting with dull Tom Rainsford, whom I had known all my life, could form an excuse in my eyes for his impertinent conduct—because it was impertinence to behave as he had done.

They all departed, Mr. Trevor so engrossed in arranging Miss Jones's scarf that I only received the scantiest of good-nights.

The next day, I did not see him. The morning after, he called to tell us news—he was going away for a little. His mood had entirely changed. He seemed worried. But mamma and some visitors were in the room, and we had no private conversation; only, as he bade me good-bye, he managed to say:

"I want to beg your pardon for what I said the other evening: it was very rude."

Then I held out my hand frankly, and answered:

"I am sorry you are going."

"And we are friends?"

"Yes—if you will be good."

We all missed him very much: for, as I said, neither man nor woman, old or young, could help liking him, and the neighborhood seemed quite dull after his departure.

When he had been gone about a week, mamma received a letter from him. He had offered to attend to some bit of business for her in Buffalo, where he was to stop for a day or two, on his way back from Chicago; and he wrote to say that matters had been arranged as she wished.

He would not be back for another week, however, he said. So mamma bade me write and thank him for his kindness. She detested letter-writing, and I was quite accustomed to acting as her secretary; but on this occasion I tried to get out of doing so. However, I scribbled him a nice enough little note, saying distinctly that I did it at my mother's request. But he answered it—which I did not expect.

Mamma was out when I received his letter, and there was hardly a word about her in it. Indeed, as near as possible, it was a love-letter. That is, the tone and sentiment were, though the words were guarded enough. It ended by telling me that, when he returned, he had a secret to confide to me: I must have guessed it already, he added.

I am bound to confess that his letter opened my eyes to a fact which was a great surprise to me. I had, in spite of the warning I had received, learned to care for Max Trevor. I was a good deal humiliated, but less than I should have been had not his epistle borne a stamp of sincerity, which showed me that I had wronged him—he had not been coquetting—he did care. There was no mistaking the nature of the secret which he meant to confide to my keeping on his

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return. In my happiness, I smiled to think that, after all, I had taught him a lesson, though not such as I had set out to do. Indeed, it was soothing to my pride to see that I must have played my part well, since he told me in his letter that he had never been so puzzled by any human being, though he would not believe that I was really cruel or unkind.

So I lived with my new dreams for nearly a week, and, one day, when I got home from a walk, mamma informed me that old Mr. Trevor had been at the house, telling her that Max would return very shortly.

"His aunt and her daughter, Mary Loomis, are coming with him," mamma added. "The young lady is intimate with our relatives, the Osgoods, and is most anxious to meet you, Mr. Trevor says."

I was in a mood to be prepared to like Miss Loomis, though the evening changed that mood, as you may fancy, when old Miss Phœbe called, and, finding me alone, poured out her budget of news. Max Trevor was engaged to this cousin, who was very, very rich. The engagement had been kept a secret, because the mother, for a good while, had opposed the match. Even old Mr. Trevor was not aware that matters had gone so far as they had; but Miss Phœbe had received all the particulars from a friend.

I was the first to hear the tidings. But, before the next day, the whole neighborhood had heard it; and, by the time Max Trevor and his relatives arrived, the story had grown into such proportions that it was a settled fact the young couple were to be married in our midst.

They came in the morning, quite early. We heard of their arrival from our Jane, who had been over to the village. I was in a mood for solitude, and went off to the brook, by ten o'clock, to enjoy it.

If you want to know what the prominent feeling in my mind was, I can tell you. It was bitter mortification and rage against myself. Every other hurt and pain was as yet dulled by the torture of my humiliation.

And down through the willow-thicket came Max Trevor, hurrying forward when he caught sight of me. In another moment, he was holding my hands, and saying how glad he was to see me. And was I glad—just a little?

I never felt calmer in my life than I did all of a sudden. My heart seemed quite to stand still.

"Indeed, I am very glad," I said, "and most anxious to meet your aunt and cousin."

"Oh, that reminds me. Uncle wants your mother and you to come and call to-day, if you will be so good. Mary is wild to see you."

"How good of her," I said; "and I am prepared to find her everything that is angelic."

He looked strangely at me. Indeed, from the first, there was an odd flutter and constraint in his manner. Suddenly he began to laugh.

"I suppose you have heard that I am engaged to my cousin? I've been told of it already by six different people. What a place this is for discovering secrets!"

"But you haven't heard mine," I said, with my sweetest smile. "I've a mind to tell you, if you'll be discreet."

"I promise," he replied, with a puzzled look.

"Then you shall hear," I exclaimed, turning away my head, in pretended embarrassment. "I have a cousin, too. You may have heard me speak of him—Maurice Osgood—"

"Yes, I have—well?" he asked, quickly.

"Why, I have been engaged to him ever so long. But nobody here knows. You are not to betray me."

This was not a lie. When a child of seven, and Maurice a youth ten years older, I always used boldly to insist that I meant to be his wife, and he had agreed to the plan.

"You—you engaged?" Max exclaimed, starting back, with a fierce anger in his face.

"Yes—I am!"

"Then you are the greatest coquette that ever lived," he thundered; and away he dashed, without other leave-taking, followed by the sound of my laughter.

After all, I had the best of him. He had come to triumph. He really thought I would show that I was hurt.

I never broke down once, during the day: was in no danger of doing so. Late in the afternoon, mamma and I drove over to Mr. Trevor's, and mamma remarked, during the drive, that she never saw me looking better.

The old gentleman was delighted to see us. His sister proved charming, and Mary Loomis was beautiful: a noble-looking woman of perhaps six and twenty.

"I don't know where Max can be," Mr. Trevor said, after awhile. "Have you seen him, Mary?"

"Not for an hour or so," she answered. Then she turned to me, and asked me to go out and walk in the garden, while our elders finished their conversation.

I had a quick inspiration. She meant to tell me of her engagement. Her cousin had boasted to her, and she was as mean as he. She wanted to discover if she could not have the pleasure of seeing me wince. But I would take the initiative. I did it as soon as we reached the gate.

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"I could hardly wait to congratulate you," I said, stopping short, and seizing her hand. "Mr. Max has been here so long that he seems like an old friend, and I want you to like me. I am so pleased."

She blushed beautifully, and, before I could stir, gave me two hearty kisses.

"I am so glad," she cried. "I wanted you to like me. He—he said you would—but I did not know he had told you our secret. I am glad he has. You are such a favorite with him. He thinks so much of your opinion."

"Oh, dear me, he is too good," returned I, laughing.

"There is Max now," she exclaimed, and hurried me on so fast that I quite lost my breath.

We were face to face with Mr. Trevor, who greeted me with an attempt at composure which could not hide his anger.

"Max," cried Miss Loomis, "I've a secret for you. You have heard me speak of Mr. Osgood—"

"Oh, I know all about it," he interrupted. "Miss Ferris informed me this morning that she was engaged to her cousin."

I felt ready to drop, but did my best to appear calm. Miss Loomis stared at Max, then at me, then burst out laughing.

"Oh, Miss Kate," she said, reproachfully, "how wicked of you to tease this poor boy as you have been doing! Max, it is I who am engaged to Mr. Osgood. I waited until we met this very naughty little girl before telling you."

I stood, a picture of confusion; Max uttered an inarticulate cry, and seized my two hands; then I perceived that Miss Loomis was gone.

"Why have you treated me so?" he demanded, hotly. "I was warned against you when I first came here. I meant to be wise. But I loved you from the moment we met. There, you have the truth now. Kate, have you been playing with me, as old Miss Phœbe said you would?"

"As she said *you* would!" I interrupted.

Max's face brightened. Somehow, we simultaneously understood everything.

"Kate! Kate!" he cried, and then his arms were about me, and we had a blessed little time to ourselves, which was interrupted by Miss Loomis's return.

"I am ordered to call you both in," she said: "Miss Phœbe and the rector have called."

"That old jackdaw!" exclaimed Max, laughing. Then he pushed Mary Loomis towards me. "Don't you see?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, I did see before I left you," she answered; "the sky seems to have cleared."

Then she kissed me, and then Max behaved so like a lunatic that we vowed we would both disown him, and then we went into the house; and, as soon as Miss Phœbe and her father had departed, the whole story was told for the benefit of mamma and Mr. Trevor.

"Yes," said Max, "and I have loved her ever since that first evening that I really saw her, though it was the third time we met—the night at Mrs. Ashley's, you know, dear. Oh, you looked like a young goddess!"

WHEN SUMMER COMES.

BY FRANCIS HALE BARNARD.

Oh skies, will summer ever come
  And bring us fairer sweeter days?
Will frozen earth be ever numb?
  And has the sun no warmer blaze
    To heat the still ground into life,
    And wake the air with murmurs rife,
Which say: "The earth, that long was dumb,
  A thousand busy tongues has found,"
While countless rustling wings will hum
  When mingles many a drowsy sound?

But now, at morn, like tangled ropes,
  The fairy-woven skeins of frost
  Are meshed the faded earth across,
Reminding me of some dead hopes
  Which all their warmth and joy have lost,
    Yet lie across our doubting hearts,
    A blighting presence: which imparts,
  To us, no beauty save of ice.
And when again to hope we dare,
  The chilling mem'ry will arise
Of dreams which died, though once most fair—
  A cold net, woven from life's frost—
    To keep joy down in each mesh crossed.

My heart, I speak to thee at last;
  For thee, will summer ever bloom?
Canst thou forget the fading past,
  Emerging from the winter's gloom
    To glorious life, bright skies above,
    Which tell thee thou art ruled by love?
Oh, will thy mute chords ever wake
  In music 'neath a tender touch
Which thrills thee, and the stillness break,
  To murmur that thy joy is much?

Oh, longing heart, contented be;
  The present has some glorious days,
And thou canst all around thee see
  The beauty which, alone, can raise
    Thee up to higher grander things,
    If thou wilt take the proffered wings.
Faint heart, in realizing this
  Before the precious hours are gone,
I know that thou canst never miss
  The summer, though it may not dawn.

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THE RECTOR'S BIRTHDAY-GIFT.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

THERE was a new minister over the pretty little church in Landisville. And the Reverend Hugh Meredith was young, handsome, and a bachelor.

"Them's his only failin's," observed Deacon Brown, when they were discussing the propriety of calling Mr. Meredith to Landisville, "an' mebbe he'll get over all three of 'em afore he dies." And then he laughed, knowingly.

Mr. Meredith was called, and every Sunday he was liked better. It was remarkable how the number of young ladies in the congregation increased immediately.

Mother Chesterton, with whom the new parson was to board, openly turned up her nose at them.

"Shameless gals, a-settin' their caps at him a'ready!" she said. "They needn't come a-nosin' round my door, a-callin' me dear, an' askin' if Mr. Meredith don't get very lonely, all by himself! No, he don't, when I'm round." And Mother Chesterton laughed until her plump shoulders shook. She could see through those girls, with half an eye.

But they did "come round," and the gifts they brought for "poor dear Mr. Meredith" would have furnished out a fancy bazaar.

He had embroidered slippers enough to set up a shop with, monogram handkerchiefs, embroidered neckties, book-marks, hat-marks, chair-tidies, pen-wipers, smoking-caps, and cigar-cases—think of that, now, for a well-conducted young minister—and, in fact, so much trumpery that Mother Chesterton vowed she would banish every rag of it to the darkest corner of the garret.

And Mr. Meredith laughed, and told her he wished she would.

"There ain't but one gal in that church whose card hain't come in on some trash or other," she said, one evening, as she handed him the latest arrival: a satin-and-lace affair, whose use neither she nor the parson could fathom.

"And who is the one girl?" asked Mr. Meredith.

"Yes, there's two," answered Mother Chesterton: "one of 'em's Annie Reed, but she's a poor sewing-girl, with a sick mother—couldn't be expected of her. The one I meant was Nelly Bassett—Doctor Bassett's daughter."

"The young lady who plays the organ, you mean?" remarked Mr. Meredith.

"Yes, that's her. Nice sensible girl Nelly is, too. Guess she's glad to play the organ, 'cause Doctor Bassett had bad luck last year, and I 'low money ain't any too plenty in his purse. This is a provokin'ly healthy place. There! I smell them cookies burnin'! If I hadn't come up to bring Laura Jones's trash, I wouldn't ha' forgot 'em!"

Down darted Mother Chesterton to her oven, while Mr. Meredith thought of the little brown-eyed Nelly, who played the organ, and sang so sweetly, and was too sensible to send any presents to him.

He had noticed her before: had, indeed, grown already to like to see the earnest brown eyes raised to his; and to watch the modest trim little figure, as it tripped in and out of church: to watch it in a way very odd to himself, and which would have been very exasperating to Miss Laura Jones, if she had known it.

For Miss Laura prided herself on being the daughter of the richest man in town, and had quite made up her mind that she would become the bride of the Reverend Hugh Meredith. Of course, she need fear no rivalry, she thought, and she had already mentally decided what her bridal robe should be.

Miss Laura was just now getting up a subscription among the young people, for a birthday-gift to the minister: an elegant thirty-dollar writing-desk. She had called upon Nelly Bassett to help, but Nelly had not the money just then. She would receive her small salary as organist of the choir next day, she said: and she promised to call at Miss Laura's, and hand her whatever she felt she could afford to give.

When the salary was paid, and Nelly had purchased a few necessary things, including a new Sunday dress, she found all her money gone. "Oh, dear, what shall I do?" she said. "Perhaps father can spare a little, after all."

She presented her request when the doctor came home to dinner. He opened his pocket-book and gave her a five-dollar bill.

"It is all I can spare you this time, my dear," he said, kindly. "I had some terrible bills to meet last week, and they have about broken my bank, for the present."

"It is quite enough, papa. Thank you very much," said Nelly.

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She tripped round, that afternoon, to hand it to Miss Laura. When she entered, she found Annie Reed, the sewing-girl, already waiting. Mrs. Reed and Annie were both church-members, and Nelly's first thought was: "Now she surely has not asked Annie Reed to give anything."

But, when Miss Laura came in, she discovered that Annie's errand was not to pay money, but to ask that it be paid to her.

"How much do I owe you?" asked Miss Laura, indifferently, when Annie modestly offered her request.

"Eight dollars, Miss Jones, counting the dress I brought home to-day."

"Well, you can call again. I can't pay you to-day. You may call next Monday," said Miss Laura.

Annie rose, but her face was pale, and her lips quivered with disappointment.

"Couldn't you pay me at least a part?" she ventured to urge. "I've been trying so hard to save enough to buy an invalid's chair for my mother, so she can sit up some of the time. I have denied myself almost everything to do it. And to-morrow is her birthday, when I wanted to give it to her. But now I can't buy it, unless you pay me."

"Oh, well, that's your lookout. I told you I couldn't, to-day. You can come next week." And Miss Laura impatiently turned away.

Poor Annie, unable to speak for the tears which choked her, left the room. Laura flung herself into a velvet chair, and said:

"These sewing-girls are so troublesome. But I suppose you have no idea, for you probably do your own sewing. Now, I have just eight dollars left in my purse: and I wish to put that to the minister's writing-desk. I have nearly enough collected to buy it, and I thought I would go out this afternoon and select one. I suppose you have brought your contribution. I do hope you'll be real generous. It is such a worthy object. Go with me to choose the desk, can't you? I would be so pleased!" And Miss Laura looked extremely gracious upon the doctor's daughter.

But Nelly, trying to control her indignation, answered:

"Thank you, but I could not go. I have called to let you know that I have changed my mind, and cannot contribute to your gift. You will be so kind as to excuse me."

"Oh, certainly, if you wish it," said Miss Laura, with hauteur, her gracious manner changing. "Mr. Meredith will soon learn who his friends are," contemptuously.

"Then he will know that I am one of them. But I cannot give anything," said Nelly, firmly.

"Just as you please," said Miss Laura. She answered Nelly's good-bye with a cool nod, and did not even attend her to the door.

Once in the street, Nelly gave vent to her indignation.

"How heartless!" she cried. "I knew she was selfish, but I did not think she would do a thing like that. Poor Annie! I wish—let me see," and Miss Nelly walked slowly, thinking deeply. "Couldn't I retrim my old green cashmere for awhile? I believe I could. I'll try it. Would ten dollars buy a pretty good chair, I wonder? I'll go down to Turner's and see, anyhow."

So Miss Nelly turned her steps, and tripped down to Turner's furniture-store. And, when Miss Nell went home, her purse was empty. She had not helped to buy the desk, she had no new dress, she would be obliged to wear her old cashmere all winter; but, for all that, she was the happiest little girl in Landisville.

After supper, there was a ring at the door, and Nelly heard the minister's voice, asking for her.

"It must be some business regarding the choir, or he would ask for papa, as usual," she thought, as she went into the parlor. And a wish ran through her heart, which was bounding a little faster than usual, that he might not know she had refused to help buy his present.

But he would know. Trust Laura Jones for that. Most likely he knew it already. And that thought made Nelly's greeting somewhat constrained.

But Mr. Meredith was more cordial than his wont, and he soon showed that he had not come on choir-business. For, drawing a small paper from his pocket, and handing it to Nelly, he said: "Miss Nelly, I was requested to be the bearer of this. Will you read it?"

Wondering much, Nelly opened the note, and read—a fervent message of gratitude from Annie Reed.

Flushed and confused, she looked up to find the dark eyes of the young minister fixed on her, with a look which made her flush rosily.

"You see, we have found you out," he said, smiling.

"I—I can't guess who—who told—" stammered Nelly.

"Can't you? Well, Miss Nelly, I was at Mr. Jones's when you were there, to-day."

"You? I did not see you, Mr. Meredith!"

"Neither did Miss Jones. I had called to see her father on business, and was in the library, back of the parlor, waiting for him. The door was ajar, and I could not help hearing what passed

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in the parlor. I already knew of Miss Laura's plan, and, while I thank her for her kind interest, I cannot excuse her injustice to Miss Reed. After I left the house, I went to Mr. Turner's, intending, myself, to make Mrs. Reed a present of the chair. Imagine my surprise when Mr. Turner told me that Miss Bassett had just bought such a chair, and had it sent to Mrs. Reed. I went at once to the widow's cottage, and, sure enough, the chair had just come. Miss Annie was so surprised that she could not think the gift was really intended for them, but feared there was a mistake, until I told them what I had discovered. And then—Miss Nelly, if you had been there, you would have felt repaid for your kindness, I know!"

"I was richly repaid already," said Nelly, "in knowing how glad Annie would be. So don't let us say any more about it. Thank you for bringing the note, Mr. Meredith."

"I don't know as I ought to have brought it," said Mr. Meredith, with an odd look, "as you would not help buy a desk for me."

Nelly colored violently, but, when she looked up, she saw that the young minister was smiling, and that his eyes looked positively mischievous. So she gained courage to say:

"But you know why, now."

"Yes," answered Mr. Meredith, in a serious tone. "But there is something else I want to know, which only you can tell me. I wonder if you will do so?"

"If I can," said Nelly, who was beginning to tremble, under the gaze of those handsome dark eyes.

"You can, if you choose," was the answer. "There is another birthday-gift, which I covet more than anything money could buy; which I want to have, and to hold, and to keep forever. It is this, Nelly!" And he took one of her slender hands in his.

"Are you in earnest?" whispered Nelly, as her eyes fell before his.

"Do you think I would trifle with you, my darling? You won my heart the first time I saw your sweet face, and I have only been waiting to know you a little better to ask if there was hope for me. I know, now, that I need not fear to trust a girl who has a heart so kind and true as yours. Dear Nelly, could you learn to return my love?"

"I—I—am afraid—I returned it long ago," said Nelly, softly, blushing and still looking down.

Miss Jones considers her trouble entirely wasted, and is very angry to think she bought that desk. When the Reverend Hugh Meredith and pretty Nelly Bassett were made one, Laura was actually too indignant to go to the wedding.

But Deacon Green was there. And, when good Mother Chesterton remarked that she "reckoned this 'ud put a stop to them gals' foolin'," the old deacon sagely observed: "Yes, I 'low 'twill. Wal, the parson's got over one o' the objections now, an' I guess t'other two will be got over likewise—in dew time." And he laughed again.

LOVE'S IDOLATRY.

BY J. A. SYMONDS.

How do thine eyes excuse idolatry?
My saint, to whom at rise and set of sun,
Thus on my yearning spirit's bended knee,
With purest vows I pay mine orison!
Thine eyes the temples are of holiest love,
Whereto my soul makes hourly pilgrimage;
Saving for wings to lift her flight above
This house of flesh, that clips her like a cage.
Thine eyes are fountains of perennial health,
To which in sick and weary mood I fly;
Thine eyes are priceless mines of heavenly wealth,
Stored with high truth and sweet divinity.
Then call me not idolater, but see
How firm my faith who kneel and worship thee.

THE FIRE-FLIES.

BY BENNETT BELLMAN.

How sweet amid the dampened grass the flowers
With their wet petals now drink up the dew!
How solemnly the moon amid the showers
Now from the rifts of broken clouds shines through!
And further up, amid umbrageous bowers,
In the thick woods, amid the flowers more fair,
I know the fairies meet at these late hours:
For in the dark the flitting fire-flies there
Hold little lighted lanterns in the air.

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A STORY OF LOUISIANA PINE-LANDS.

BY ALICE BOWMAN, AUTHOR OF "CREOLE BLOSSOMS."

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 435.

VIII.

FIFTEEN minutes later, the Dunn team—an open wooden cart, drawn by a great rough-coated plough-mule—stopped before the Levalle house. Mr. Dunn, descending with unusual haste, fastened his mule to an oak, then assisted his wife from the high seat of the vehicle.

A very odd, homely, middle-aged, piny-woods couple they seemed, passing through the curtained doorway of the chapel-room: yet, about both, an air of simple worth and that dignity which sorrow gives to all sufferers.

"We knowed yer never done it, Miry," said Mrs. Dunn, quietly drawing a chair beside her daughter, and slipping off her great sunbonnet, and looking around on the assembled company with a bright flash in her little pale eyes.

There was no mistaking the good woman's misery, yet she had not failed to adorn herself in honor of the occasion. Bright pink ribbons, set off by a gleaming brass pin, caught together a deep tatted collar, whose wondrous open-work pattern showed grandly conspicuous on the bright yellow of the calico josey beneath.

"Yes, Miry: mother end me, we knows yer never done et," echoed Mr. Dunn, drawing a chair on the other side, and bending eagerly towards his daughter.

The poor man, when summoned, had come without change of dress from his work at the wood-pile.

"I am no thief, father—yet I think they will put me in prison," said the girl, quietly.

"I'll be darned ef they do," exclaimed Mr. Dunn, fiercely. "'Tain't no use a-talkin', Miry; but I shell shoot end kill the fust man or the fust woman that says prison to my gal. Now hear that—all on yer," said Mr. Dunn, looking around over the assembled company. "End wat's more, I mean et—I do. Now, Lawyer Lathrop, s'pose yer tell all 'bout this pesky bizness, end hev et all settled ter once."

"There's not much to tell," exclaimed Madame Artois, excitedly. "The cabinet has been—"

"I beg yer pardon, marm, but I arsked Lawyer Lathrop ter talk; end I reckin, ef he kin't hev his say here, we kin find a place, in the woods yonder, whar he kin hev his say."

"Madame Artois is quite right," commenced the lawyer, hastily; "there is really not much to tell."

And then, in clear terse phrases, he related all, Mr. Dunn listening with bent head, and Mrs. Dunn losing not one word, while her little pale eyes flashed wrath toward Madame Artois, who sat, the picture of injured innocence and prosperous worth, majestically fanning herself with a fan of peacock-plumes.

As the lawyer concluded his recital, Myra sighed.

"Lord! child, don't be cast down," exclaimed Mr. Dunn; "yer never done et."

"No, father, but it makes no difference."

"S'pose, now, yer go out end take a breath o' air."

"I object," began Madame Artois.

"Beg yer pardon agin, marm," interrupted Mr. Dunn, "but Lawyer Lathrop's manager o' this yere effair, end I reckin he'll let my gal tek a breath o' air, or I'll know the reason why. Go 'long, Miry, but don't go fur, 'cause ma end me wants ter tek yer hum soon."

"We shall need you," said the lawyer, "later, when we examine Mawna, as interpreter."

"She interpreter for Mawna?" exclaimed Madame Artois.

"What else can we do, madame?" asked the lawyer.

"I believe they have plotted together, and are both thieves."

"Wat's thet yer say, marm? Wat's thet yer say?" exclaimed Mr. Dunn, starting up and standing irate before the flushed lady.

"Father," said Myra, rising and drawing him gently back. "Father, sit down and be quiet. I am going out, as you wish. I shall rest under the oak yonder—I am stifled here. Promise me, father, before I go—you are always patient—promise not to mind what they say. Mother, and you, and I—we know that I would scorn to steal. What do we care for the rest? You will promise, father, or I cannot leave you?" she asked, wistfully.

"Yes, Miry, yes. Only go out, gal—go out, end let us talk, end fix things sorter stret. Er thief—er thief! Who with any sense would call

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our Miry er thief?" asked Mr. Dunn, watching the girl as she passed through the doorway.

"Ef she'd er ben our own little gal, I couldn't love her no better nor I do," sobbed Mrs. Dunn.

"If she had been your own little girl?" repeated Rutherford, questioning.

"Thar, now, ma—yer've gone end done et," said Mr. Dunn, sadly shaking his head and looking reproachfully at his wife, over whose face a dusky orange flush had spread under the yellow skin; "yer've gone end done et—jest es I said—jest es I knowed yer would, some day."

"Do you mean, Mrs. Dunn—" commenced Rutherford.

"La!" interrupted Mr. Dunn, still sadly shaking his head, "'tain't no use now, arter wat's ben said, ma. We might jest es well make a clean brest. Yer see, strenger," and he bent forward, leaning his elbow on his knee, clasping and unclasping nervously his lean hands over the old straw hat, "yer see, strenger, ma end me, we was purty lonely, livin' in the cabin yonder. Thar warn't no nebber, end no kin, nigher'n six mile, end, day in end day out, nothin' but the pines a-talkin', end the cows a-mooin', end the dogs a-barkin', end the birds a-singin', end somehow we sorter hankered arter sumthin' human; end, when more'n a year hed parsed, we druv, one day, ma end me, clean ten mile, ter ma's old hum in t'other perish, end, when we come back, by evenin', thar was in ma's arms a sumthin' human, ter larf end ter cry, end, arter awhile, ter talk, end ter walk, end ter sing. Thet sumthin' human, strenger, was Miry. Et jest seemed es ef the Lord in heaven hed sent thet child stret down inter our cabin. How'd we get her? Wal, a pale seck leddy come, one day, a-drivin' in a buggy from the perish-town. She was a-huntin' a healthy place, she said, in the piny woods, end she jest stopped et ma's old hum, end arsked ma's mother ter tek her in, end, when the old folks said 'yes'—they sorter pitied her, 'cause she was tired end fent like—she paid the man thet druv her, end, with some chettels, settled down. Her name, she said, was Barton. Wal, the old folks was lonely—no nebber nigher'n four mile, end they sorter growed ter love the leddy, end she staid with 'em two week—nigher on ter three, I reckin—end she was allers quiet, end sweet, end stell, like a sent on 'arth; end then she jest died, unconsches like, end left our Miry. Ma's father, he druv ter the perishtown. Nobody thar knowed nothin', 'cept she'd come in a kerridge, one day, nobody knowed from whar.

"Wal, when we come, Miry was nigh on ter four week old—end we jest begged end got her, end fetched her ter our hum; end, la! strenger, we warn't never lonely arter thet, end nobody, 'cept ma's father end mother, never knowed but wat Miry was our own gal—our own bebby—"

"No, nobody never knowed," echoed Mrs. Dunn.

"She ain't been quite ter us wat we wanted our gal ter be," continued Mr. Dunn, slowly, scratching his head, "but 'twan't no fault o' her'n. Miry wan't ter blem. Tell thet strenger widder come, she was the sweetest critter—ready ter fetch water, end hengin' roun', sorter curin' 'bout my pipe, end hevin' the fire blazin' 'gin I got hum wet from swemp-wuk, end a-singin' sweet like a bird, end a-talkin' all day, with her white teeth a-glintin', end a-larfin'. Lord! not ter say she ain't good 'nuff now—never done nothin' wrong all her life, not es I knows on, but yer see," and here Mr. Dunn's fingers wandered meditatively among his lank locks, "yer see, the widder—wal—she sorter come 'twixt mother end Miry end me—she sorter lifted our gal higher'n a log-cabin end a blazin' hayrth, end gev our gal teachin' end books end no end o' larnin'; end mother end me, we seen she was happy, end, wal—we didn't keer ter meddle. End now—now," said Mr. Dunn, bringing down his fist with a great thud, while a flash of spirit lighted his yellow leathern face, "I wish that woman had lived end died, with all her money, end her di'monds, end her larnin', end her fixin's, a thousand mile away, 'fore ever our Miry sot eyes on her hard old white face. I do, strenger—I do."

"I don't see," said Madame Artois, clearing her throat and fanning her face, which was flushed almost into purple tinges, "I really don't see what all this has to do, Mr. Lathrop, with the recovery of my treasures."

"Did I not tell you," asked Rutherford, suddenly turning towards her his strong thoughtful face, "that the relations of the accused with the deceased would bear strongly upon the whole matter? There is a mystery here. I am inclined to think, and am sure Mr. Lathrop will agree with me, that this Myra Dunn is, in some way, probably connected with the past of your dead cousin."

"My dear Mr. Rutherford, since when have you developed a taste for romancing?" asked the lady, with a playful air. "These pine-forests have doubtless affected your imagination. Suppose we call in George and Mawna, examine them, and afterwards summon the blacksmith."

"First," said Rutherford, gravely, "let me ask you, did your friend, your cousin, in her letter, give no hint of the connection existing between Myra Dunn and herself? Did she make of you no request?"

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"What?" ejaculated Madame Artois, the purple tinge spreading all over her face.

"I am quite serious," said Rutherford, gravely.

"And I," she retorted, rising, "I am quite serious when I tell Mr. Rutherford that he has forgotten his position as our guest and friend. Come, Anna."

"I beg your pardon," answered Rutherford, bowing with his grave courteous manner, "I but prove my friendship by trying to save you from the questions of a court. Any information which may help us to find your treasures without the publicity of a trial would be most acceptable."

"And do you mean that I—I—shall be forced to appear in court?" exclaimed the lady, aghast.

"Most undoubtedly, if you prosecute," answered the lawyer.

"Jest alongside o' Miry, I reckin," interposed Mr. Dunn, exultingly. "But p'raps—p'raps, strenger, ma end me, we had better say that the lady Barton writ three letters, while she was ter ma's old hum, end two she gev the postman—he used ter come, in them days, once a week—end one she gev ma's father ter mail, the day he druv ter the perish-town arter shop-things. Ma's father—wal—he sorter disremembered the name writ on the paper, but the fust letter was a L. End so, when the leddy died, 'twar all he hed ter go on, thet L. Wal—"

"Do stop this man's everlasting gibberish," exclaimed Madame Artois, impatiently.

"One minute, madame—one minute," objected the lawyer. "You were saying, Mr. Dunn—"

"I was a-sayin', Lawyer Lathrop, ma end me, we did sorter think thet—mebbe—thar was no tellin'," continued the poor man, again running his fingers about his head, "thar was no tellin' but wat Miry was kin or sumthin'; end so, ma end me, sooner'n hev any talk, end run the resk o' losin' Miry, we jest sorter didn't keer ter meddle, end—wal—o' course, we thunk a bit too, es how, mebbe, seemin' ter love our gal, she might, mebbe, not disremember her in the will. We didn't want nothin'—Lord! our cettle's fine, end our crep's good, end thar's more'n 'nuff for ma end Miry end me—but we jest said 'twas sorter likely—"

"I understand, Mr. Dunn," observed the lawyer. "Now, your daughter: did she—"

"I don't know nothin' 'bout Miry," exclaimed Mr. Dunn; "thet's ter say, 'bout her expects. She don't never talk much, end, sence the widder's death, she's jest lived in the woods, a-wanderin' here, end a-wanderin' thar, end seck with ager, end not a-sleepin' at night, but jest a-walkin' in the dark, end a-sorter lookin' up es ef she war a-talkin' with the stars. I can't tell yer nothin', lawyer," added Mr. Dunn, slowly shaking his head.

"Ciel! this is horribly tiresome," complained Anna, "and I don't see that we are one bit nearer recovering our jewels."

"The sun's a-gettin' low," remarked Mr. Dunn, "end I reckin, lawyer, yer'd better call in them two niggers."

"Father," said Myra, hurriedly entering, "the woods are on fire, this side the creek!"

"Yer don't say so!" cried Mr. Dunn, springing to his feet as if galvanized.

For fire, and fire in the beloved forests, presents, to the piny-woods dwellers, such a desolate picture—often ruin of crops, flocks, herds, and home: or, if he does not possess these, the losses at least of lumber and turpentine, supplying his daily bread—that the latent energy of nature springs at once into vigorous action, and lethargy dies.

"Thar's ben sich a drout, et'll be a big un," muttered Mrs. Dunn, hastening forth with her husband.

"No home for me, to-morrow," said Lathrop, regretfully. "It strikes just along my road."

"You couldn't have gone, at any rate, and left me in this unsettled state," exclaimed Madame Artois, as she too hurried forth.

"What do you think of this affair—the disappearance of these jewels?" asked Rutherford, in a low voice, walking beside Lathrop.

"It is all a mystery. There are facts hidden: besides, all have not been examined," answered the lawyer, cautiously.

"Mais, Mr. Rutherford," cried Anna, "that fire is a good way off."

"Let the wind change, young lady," said Lathrop, "and see how soon it will come roaring upon you. Dunn is wise. He's cutting pine-boughs to fight the flames. There's a picture of the good-fellowship of the pine-lands: let a man think his neighbor's house in danger from fire, and he'll work for enemy or friend, it makes no difference."

"Probably this creature thinks I may spare his guilty daughter, if he pretends to save my house," muttered Madame Artois, standing bareheaded beside the fence; "but he is mistaken."

"I really don't think he believes anything of the kind," answered Lathrop. "Fire, to a backwoodsman, is like the bugle-call to a war-horse. See what a pile he has cut already. Presently he will sit down and watch. Look at that willowy graceful girl. She stands like—"

"Like nothing in the world but a savage—a yellow savage, and a black thief," cried Anna.

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"The crime has not yet been proved, mademoiselle," answered Lathrop, "and I doubt whether—"

"Is there really danger?" interrupted Madame Artois, drawing near, a shade of anxiety in voice and face.

"Not now," said Lathrop, "and, a half-hour later, the scene will be grand."

IX.

And, as darkness fell, the scene was grand—more, it was fearful.

Far as eye could reach, great pillars of flame shot towards heaven, shining mid dense blue-black smoke. The skies were one lurid glare, and the roar of fire, the rush of wind, the mournful tossing of pine-boughs, sighing in death as in life, made a weird chorus of harmony—a music sweeter and stranger than any drawn from instruments of men. Now and then, blazing towers, falling, tore in their fall yet other towers, and the crash came booming and thundering down the smoky aisles, while new billows of fire rolled flickering over the hot earth.

Above, the moon, hanging like a bloody ball, showed faintly through the red heavens.

Birds fluttered helplessly from lighted smoke-clouds into the safety of the wooded banks—long streams of ducks, wild turkeys screaming, vultures and cawing crows flapping their huge black wings, owls hooting their melancholy cry: all these, rising and mingling with the roar of the fire and the sough of the wind. Yet other birds of white plumage—cranes, their snow-feathers gleaming strangely in the fire-glow, flitted, silent and ghostly, like spirits of the awful night.

And there came, too, the four-footed denizens of the pine-lands: squirrels waving bushy tails, rabbits, and scores of graceful deer flitting swiftly into the darkness of the woods beyond, while the grass beneath rustled and waved, as snakes and creeping creatures crawled mid tangled roots, gliding away into the darkness, all seeking safety for life.

Myra, her face touched by the weird light, her eyes bright like diamonds and deep as the darkness of futurity, stood—tall, straight, immovable—gazing calmly upon the fearful scene. Only a faint compression about the lips told of inward and suppressed emotion. The queenly young head, over whose dark coronet the light lingered in softened reflection, did not bend, the slender form did not shrink.

"Is it not strange," she said, suddenly turning towards Rutherford, lifting her graceful hand and pointing first toward the Levalle fence, where stood Madame Artois and Anna, then downward, where the very grass at her feet, trembling, showed the passing of some frightened earth-creeper, "is it not strange that the lowest and the highest hold in common the same precious jewel—life, and that all about us now, yonder, and in the birds above, and in the beasts below, but one desire exists—to save that life?"

"And is not this proof," returned Rutherford, "that life is precious—that it has been given us as something to be cared for, and watched over, and used according to the brightness of the jewel?"

"I don't know," answered the girl, sighing. "It is all a mystery and a puzzle. I cannot see," she added, again turning away and resuming her old watchful position.

Rutherford was about to answer. But, at this moment, suddenly the wind changed, and great volumes of flame and smoke, which hitherto had swept southward, now came roaring and rolling on the breath of the north and towards Chappapeela.

"Thar's no holp for et, strenger," said Mr. Dunn, coming forward with a lighted torch. "We must jest sot a back-fire, end keep et in bounds. Take a pine-bough—quick! thar ain't no time ter lose, or the house'll go. Miry, end Mawna, end ma, end me, us old fire-beaters, kin do heaps, end I reckin Lawyer Lathrop, that ar nigger man, end yerself, strenger, kin holp some'ut."

While speaking, Mr. Dunn had dextrously applied his torch to the dry grass, in several places. It caught like tinder. The flames swept so fiercely towards them that Madame Artois and Anna fled precipitately.

"Beat et down, strenger—beat et down," called Mr. Dunn. "Don't let et git nigher the fence nor eight yards. Sleng yer brench, strenger," and, suiting the action to the words, Mr. Dunn waved aloft his bough, and, with wondrous energy in his lanky arms, flailed out flames wherever they darted beyond bounds.

Myra, quietly receiving the branch extended by her father, had taken position next Rutherford, wielding her green brush with strength and grace inimitable, her keen eye detecting the slightest deviation of the fire-line marked for safety. The air was spangled with fire-flakes, borne on the breath of the wind and falling as snow falls in the far North, and Rutherford, lifting his eyes suddenly, was startled by the beauty of the girl's face, showing calm and brilliant, like a rich star, in the midst of the sparkling storm and through the blue smoke-haze floating around. He had not time for more than, now and then,

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a passing glimpse of this young creature, who battled with the flames as if herself a beautiful incarnation of fire, often treading upon little writhing tongues creeping out in the long grasses, and passing unharmed back and forth through showers of sparks.

"Fleck hard, strenger—fleck hard," called Mr. Dunn, his leathery face aglow. "Ef only them women-folks was wuth a pecayune now. Lord! Lord! look a-yonder. Et's a-goin' —the fence es a-ketchin'."

"We shall burn!" cried Madame Artois, gazing over a mass of briers, shaking her head woefully, and clasping her hands in terror. "Why don't you get water? Why don't you fight harder? You are not trying to save us—you wretched man," she called, excitedly.

"Come end fight yerself, marm," cried Mr. Dunn. "Et's a-goin'—sure es fate, yer house es a-goin', marm, ef we don't hev holp."

"What can I do? What shall I do?" she cried, frightened into submission.

"Come here. Take this brench. Now hard—hard end fast. Lord! ain't yer got no arms? Left 'em high, marm—high. Wetch Miry—wetch me."

"Oh—oh—oh," groaned Madame Artois, her chest heaving, her mouth open and gasping.

"Can't I help too?" asked Anna, stepping forward, and shamed into action, seeing herself alone idle.

"Git along, end git off them flemsy duds," called Mr. Dunn, in the midst of his labors, casting a disdainful eye over the thin tissue-fabric of the girl's robe. "Nex' thing, we'll hev yer duds ter put out, es well es the fence. The sperks es a-fallin' on yer now. Clar out, I say—clar out!"

"Dieu! Dieu!" groaned Madame Artois, her dainty French hat pushed back, her face red, her eyes smarting.

"The Lord'll holp yer, ef yer holp yerself," cried Mr. Dunn. "Look a-yonder—yer've done gone end let thet ar fence ketch. Yer ain't got the spunk ov a bebby. Ma's seen et. Ma's a-puttin' et out. Fleck here, end fleck hard, marm—fleck hard, marm."

In the midst of the danger, excitement, and labor, Rutherford, coming near, could not repress a smile. Was this indeed Madame Artois, thus subservient to the orders of the backwoodsman she had often derided?

But the labors of all, even heightened by the valuable assistance of Madame Artois, might have been vain, had not the wind, as suddenly as before, changed again, veering round to its old quarter, and blowing the line of back-fire towards the great conflagration of the woods.

"Stop a-fightin', marm," called Mr. Dunn. "The denger's over—the wind seved yer. Strenger, ma, Miry—put down yer brench, Miry. Lord! wat's the gal a-fightin' et down fur now?"

"Let us put it out, father—let us put it out," answered the girl, lifting her face, all sparkling with excitement and powerful with energy.

"Es yer mad, Miry?" cried Mr. Dunn. "I b'leve yer loves fire, or mebbe—mebbe—ma, Miry's sorter upsot. Come, gev me yer brench, end go 'long o' mother—go 'long hum."

But Myra sprang past his outstretched arm and commenced beating the blaze, with the strength of despair.

"Help me—help me!" she cried to Rutherford.

"But why?" he asked, looking with amaze at the young figure, all aglow with energy and power and will.

"Help me!" she repeated, between her blows. "Life is precious. Many who live in the woods must die, if this fire burns onward."

Rutherford immediately saw what she meant. All living creatures caught between the two lines of flame would undoubtedly perish.

"It is useless—useless," he cried, seizing her arm and holding it in his powerful clasp.

But she tore away, and, like some demented creature, stood beating among the rolling flames.

"Listen," said Rutherford, coming beside her. "It is too late—they have all stopped work. Cast your eye down the long fire-line. What do you see?"

His impressive voice seemed to pierce through her excited brain. She paused, glanced up and down the long roaring shining orange-red line, then, seeing that further effort was indeed useless, dropped her branch, and, throwing her arms upward with a low cry, an instant clasped her hands over her eyes, as if to shut out the horrid sight, then, dropping them, stood looking forward, apparently striving to pierce the depths of the yet unburned woods. Suddenly bending her head, there floated forth the old familiar partridge-cry —note after note, in quick succession—strong and sweet, yet with a sort of wild tenderness, which brought an odd little pain to Rutherford's heart.

He watched her curiously, as she stood listening; but no cry came answering her call: only the fire roared, and the wind wailed, and the falling trees crashed, and the earth trembled.

"Your birds are safe," said Rutherford. "They are all gone. Come you, too, into safety."

She shook her head impatiently, and again

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trilled forth the sweet notes, and again, listening, bent forward, and again heard only the sounds of the wind and the roar of the burning forest.

"Es yer mad, gal?" said Mr. Dunn, stalking over the cinders.

"Hev yer lost yer senses, Miry?" cried Mrs. Dunn, in chorus.

"I suppose it is useless—quite useless," said the young girl, lifting her face, from which the excitement and glow had faded.

"Quite," said Rutherford, drawing her hand within his arm and leading her over the black earth to the green fence beyond.

She did not refuse his support, and he saw that she was trembling.

"I reckin the fire's got inter yer head, Miry," said Mr. Dunn, kindly.

"Lord! I don't wonder," said Mrs. Dunn; "end arter all she's gone through, too."

"Sit down here, where the air is fresh, and I will bring you some wine," whispered Rutherford.

"No, no," she answered, shaking her head. "Come, mother—come with me to the creek. After I bathe my face, I shall be better—much better. Thank you, Mr. Rutherford," and she took her hand from his arm, and, despite remonstrance, walked alone: her figure at first swaying like a wind-swept sapling, but gradually regaining its firm poise, and presently disappearing among the densely-wooded banks of the Chappapeela.

Then, and not till then, did Rutherford remember Madame Artois and Anna; but complaints and even reproaches were unheeded, while in his ears there lingered the echoes of soft bird-notes, and his eyes saw, mid fire-showers and smoke-clouds, a girl's wondrous face, shining like a star in heaven.

And later, when he stood alone, gazing toward the great forest—all lit and veiled—all quivering and moving and throbbing and moaning in death, looking upward to the shifting fire-cloud scenery above—lo, that same face: serene, gentle, pale, the sweet spirit of the dying pine-forest it seemed, translated from earth to heaven.

X.

All night, the fire burned.

Danger was over, but Rutherford could not sleep.

He strolled back and forth like a sentinel, guarding the sleepers under the Levalle roof.

So strong was the wind that it blew all the smoke off towards the burned district, and, sweet and cool, beat about the old moss-hung trees, tossed the pink roses back and forth in the strange light of moon and fire-glow, sighed about the vine-covered roof, and touched Rutherford's brow like greetings from an unseen spirit, in whose presence all the dead years of his life came trooping past.

Except these wooded banks of Chappapeela, all the earth stretched, blackened, a dim vista, set with smoldering pillars reaching towards the lurid heavens. After awhile, the moon slipped down in the west, and the morning-star came forth, and the dawn spread over the earth.

"It has been an awful night," said Anna, coming forth as fresh as the new day, and standing beside the roses. "I dreamed of fire, and, when I looked from the window and saw you here just now, I knew I could not sleep: so I just came out to watch the sunrise. Have you been up long?"

"Yes," said Rutherford, "all night. The scene was grand, and I was repaid."

"Ciel! you must be tired. What did you do?"

"Watched over your slumber."

"Really, that was kind—very kind."

"Look at the sun, mademoiselle. The monarch comes in gold. Just see those first red beams, stretching to the burning trees and dying in the flames of earth."

"I declare," cried Anna, "there is that wretched yellow savage—that Myra Dunn—stalking about as usual—just as if nothing had happened."

But Rutherford had already seen the young figure darting in and out among the burning pillars.

A great fear, a great terror, filled his heart.

"She is mad—she is utterly mad," he muttered, and, before Mademoiselle Artois could realize his intention, he had sprung beyond the bars, and was hastening over the cindered earth to the black forest.

The ground was hot, the air heavy with smoke. The light of the rising sun and the light of the blazing trees cast a peculiar glow through the blue haze. Mid this glow, now and then, could be seen Myra's slight figure, like something shadowy, intangible, spiritual, flitting hither and thither among the blackened yet glowing columns, appearing and disappearing, as if wildly wandering over the same spot. So intently she pursued her way, so earnestly scanned the burned ground and the logs lying thick over the dark earth, that Rutherford, unperceived, drew near.

Even as he reached her, a great black shaft, gory with flame, fell rumbling across her way. She stood still an instant, while the earth trembled, then, with a cry of terror whose agony

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echoed over the desolate charred forest, sprang forward and stood beside a deep hollow that yawned in the black earth.

It was the opening left by a monarch tree fallen—a dead soldier among its comrades on this broad battle-field—felled months before by wind or lightning—the roots, like writhing snakes, stretching upward into the smoky air, the great body of the tree all charred and yet smoking.

As Rutherford stepped beside the girl, evincing no surprise at his appearance, she pointed down towards the bottom of the hollow.

There, crouching low as if asleep, rested a dead man.

Probably he had sought here protection from fire, and the fire, leaping over this deep chasm, had indeed spared the poor mortal; but smoke and heat had worked their will, and life was gone.

All about, among blackened cinders, gleamed the sheen of gold—gold which had rolled from the opened mouth of a canvas bag, resting beside the dead man.

Rutherford descended, and, stooping beside the quiet figure, bent over, examining.

"Merciful heaven! Eugene Levalle! The son of your dead friend!"

These words burst forth in tones of horror.

"He was my father," said Myra, with frightful calmness—"a convict. I tried to save him. But, last night, when I gave the old call, and there came to me only the roar—"

She shivered, and stood as if fascinated, looking upon this silent horror of death.

"The gold and the jewels would have paid his way to other lands," she continued, still with that same unnatural calm. "He took them from his old cabinet. They were his by right."

And all at once, into Rutherford's brain, like a revelation, there flashed the pain and the agony and the shame which had crowned this young daughter of the pine-lands—thorns nestling under the wild flowers of her woods.

As something holy and sacred she appeared to him, standing there above—the smoky air forming about her a soft halo—the slender figure and face luminous in its marbled pallor, shining forth like some saintly vision.

"Come," he said, stepping out of the pit, and standing beside her, and reverently but firmly clasping her hand. "Come: this is no place for you."

"Leave me, I beg," she answered, "leave me, and bring others. I was true to him in life—I will be true to him in death. This is nothing," she continued, lifting her soft eyes—"nothing. The agony is over now. There is no need to hide. He is in God's hands. God will know. Don't you hear my pines? They are pleading there—beyond Chappapeela. They cry: 'Mercy! Mercy!'"

"And if I leave you—" said Rutherford, glancing hastily around, and seeing that the spot was one of comparative safety.

"I promise to remain just as I am," she interrupted, withdrawing her hand from his clasp and leaning lightly against the upheaved mass of earth that still clung about the twisted roots.

And when later he returned, far off, through soft haze, she could be seen leaning as he had left her.

It was a strange funereal picture—the sky darkened—the earth desolate—while among blackened columns, sole living creature of the plain, stood this girl, watching above her dead.

XI.

Like a bit of glittering mist-veil, the Pleiades rested upon the clear sky, and near by sparkled Orion's belt, while a wan pale moon shone silvery, and touched the earth with spectral light.

On the oak-set hill there was a new grave; and mother and son slept side by side. Mawna had wrapped the winding-sheet—Mawna, whose tender hands, in the long ago, had wrapped the first swaddling-clothes about the baby limbs—and Rutherford, and Lathrop, and Dunn—the rough backwoodsman, whose life the dead man's daughter had brightened by her young presence—all lifting kindly hands, had laid him for his last sleep, there on the soft hillside.

And now it was night.

The wind was wailing, sweeping long moss-trails back and forth, soughing about the blackened columns of the desolate burned land, tossing the pines into a chorus of exquisite tenderness, and rustling the waters of Chappapeela, as, gurgling, they sped along twixt white banks and under dusky shadows.

The Dunn cabin, aglow with blaze of pine-knots crackling in the great chimney, shone like a ruby: doors and windows set wide open, and red firelight streaming forth into the glory of the pale moonlight.

Rutherford had come to bid farewell.

As he drew near this broad clearing, the homely Dunn couple could be seen within, seated beside their clay hearth, one knitting, the other smoking. Beyond, eastward, where tall pines yet stood, and moonlight, in trembling flecks, shimmered here and there through tossing branches, over the ferns and grasses and wild

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flowers of the pine-stretches, up and down, wandered the pale daughter of the land.

"I could not rest," she said, meeting Rutherford with her peculiar calm manner. "I could not rest, so I came here—here under my pines, to pray with them—to cry with them. See how soft this moonlight. It rests on the earth like Christ's smile: it is the smile of memory—the memory of the days when He suffered and was reviled of men. My poor father! All his sad life comes to me here—the dead years are trooping past. He too was reviled of men."

"I wish," said Rutherford, his voice earnest and deep, as he paced slowly beside her, "I wish you would tell how first the knowledge came to you of this sorrow."

"Ah, it was years ago," she answered, falling wearily down at the base of a great pillar, gilded and tinted by moonlight. "Four years ago, I was a child of fifteen. Fever came, and she—my grandmother, Madame Levalle—tossed all night, and talked, and showed to me her heart and all the suffering within. There was none to hear. Mawna—poor Mawna—she did not know."

"And is it possible," asked Rutherford, seating himself near by, "is it possible that you, a child, kept this knowledge in your young heart?"

"Why not? Why grieve the father and the mother who had taken me as their own into the humble home? Why grieve the poor broken heart of the grandmother, who did for me what she could—what her mistaken vow allowed her to do?"

"Her vow? I don't understand," said Rutherford.

"What do you know of all this sorrow?" asked Myra, lifting her dark eyes.

"Very little. When a boy, I admired your father. Handsome, warm-hearted, impulsive—under the charm of his presence, the dullest room would brighten as if flooded by sunshine. He was an only child—your grandmother's idol."

"Yes," interrupted Myra, "her idol: and at college he met my mother—my beautiful mother—the daughter of a poor farmer. She loved him—they were married. Grandmother never forgave this—grandmother would never see my father's wife. And, one night, father was unhappy—father had been drinking. Do you wonder that, to me, grapes are all tear-drops or blood-drops? He had no money, save what the mother gave—his own father having been a poor man; and Jean Levalle—his cousin, the brother of Madame Artois, who had been college-mate, who had also loved my beautiful mother—Levalle taunted him: taunted him in his own house, and before many men, and at his own table. Father knew nothing after the cruel words were said—nothing, till he was seized and held by force, in his hands a great carving-knife—red—red with blood—the blood of his cousin—of Jean Levalle."

Myra shuddered as she spoke, and looked forward into the moonlight with wide-opened eyes.

"Why relate this?" asked Rutherford, gently. "It is all past. Let the dead years sleep."

"Ah," she answered, "if you knew what I have suffered, holding that bloody knife close—close—all these years, in my heart. Almost it was joy to-day, drawing forth the blade—lifting it into the light of day—showing it to those who, as a baby, took me into their quiet lives. But you asked of the vow—grandmother's vow. There was a trial—father was condemned to life-labor."

"Yes, I know," interposed Rutherford.

"Then grandmother vowed her terrible vow—never to forgive the poor innocent wife, whom she held as guilty, causing the son's crime; and, to atone for that crime as far as possible to the family of the murdered man, she determined to leave her all to them and their heirs forever."

"It was a terrible vow," said Rutherford.

"Terrible indeed. Sometimes I think grandmother's brain was dazed with grief. Else how," asked Myra, earnestly, "could she, before Christ's altar, thus have desecrated His teachings? And I think," she added, as if communing, "I think her heart grew to pity the dead wife, who had fled with her misery into the wilderness. I think, in her loneliness, she craved the grandchild—the daughter of the convict son—and so she came hither—she had received mother's letter. To the world, she said nothing—the world thought my mother had sought her home in the far North."

"I remember the time well," said Rutherford. "We of the great world rather marveled that your grandmother chose this lonely land."

"Did you?" asked Myra, wondering. "Why, to the sorrowful, it must be the sweetest land on earth. They have been my best friends," she added, touching gently the barked trunk of the tree against which she leaned: "my best friends; and all these years their soft voices have helped me bear my sorrow, and, when I thought of father, day by day working in his convict-dress, always it seemed that he was not forgotten quite—that God had placed here trees, whose sweet cries would reach to heaven's throne, and plead for the wretched ones of earth. And when he came—my father—three months he wandered here—to him, too, I taught their soft cry—to him, too, they brought comfort."

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"Will you tell me of this?" asked Rutherford, hesitating.

"There is not much to tell," she answered, looking upward into the soughing green moonlit sea above. "Father had heard, through a priest, of grandmother's home—father had heard of me—and, when there came to him tidings of his mother's death, he was working with other convicts on a break in the levees of the great river; then he grew frantic—for he had loved his mother—and strength came, and cunning came, and he slipped away, and wandered—wandered through swamps, over lonely lakes, begged rags of fishermen, who had never seen a convict's dress, crept down, down, by night, towards the region of our parish, and so found me. I was not startled when I went with my flowers and saw him—white, thin, wretched—cowering by the mother's grave: something within said that he was near. Two evenings, he had followed me unseen—two evenings, had listened in silence to the hymn she loved. But," here Myra sighed, "his crime, his life, his memory—all arose, a black wall, between us, and I—I was a reproach. His wants were few. Milk from our cows wandering through the woods, fish caught in Chappapecla, bread begged of Mawna, and hoe-cakes and yams from our cabin. With the beasts and the birds, he slept. That first evening, he had drawn from me a promise never to reveal his existence. The presence of Madame Artois—his cousin Clarice—was to him a terror. He knew her cruel vindictive hardening of his mother's heart against his beautiful wife. There was a reason. Always this cousin had hoped to be his wife: it had been the dream of grandmother's life. And so fear always crouched near. But one thought filled his brain, his heart—one thought—to escape, to flee far away. And for this—for this he waited—I waited: hoping the letter—hoping the closed cabinet—hoping something somewhere would be found for me: some gold—some trinket, whose value, changed to gold, might send over the broad ocean, and into other lands, the poor convict.

"And when I told father, that morning—do you remember," she asked, suddenly looking into Rutherford's face, "do you remember the morning I stood crying the partridge-note under the pines? That was my signal. There were signals for danger, for approach, for safety—we had all arranged. And so, that morning, when I told father what you had said—that really there was nothing—his face grew white, and then I saw spread over it a look of despair, and then despair died, and it grew hard—stern. I think, in that moment, there came the resolve to take his own—to wrest, from the dead mother, liberty and life. Of me, he did not think. He did not dream that others would cry: 'She is the thief.' The tool fell in his way—he used it. And when I saw what he had done, then only I knew that the signal he had sent—the signal calling me to our old meeting-place for that eve at dusk—was for our last meeting. And when the fire came, and I knew him sitting there sleeping and waiting—waiting—"

She broke off, shivering.

"Do not think of the past," said Rutherford, with emotion.

"We always met in the open woods," she went on, unheeding. "It was safer, and that hollow, with thick oak-bushes growing about the edge, was—"

"Look rather to the future," interposed Rutherford, noting the strong undercurrent of agony. "Listen: I am bearer of a message from Madame Artois. Despite the words of mercy left with her, she asserts that the matter about which her old friend wrote was a private matter—not referring to the vow, the tragedy, or the unacknowledged grandchild."

"And can you believe this?" asked Myra, suddenly lifting her pale face, all sorrowful.

"We have but her word," answered Rutherford, gravely. "The letter has been destroyed. However, she leaves to-morrow for her home, and bids me say she regrets the past, and will see that proper settlements are made on Myra Levallo."

"And do you imagine," asked the girl, raising her proud young head, "do you imagine that I will accept one cent of this money? No, no," she continued, a softer cadence in her voice, "it is stained with blood—the blood of my father's crime. It has been left as atonement—it shall be held as atonement, and sacred from my touch. Will you give this answer?"

Rutherford bowed silently.

"For father—for poor father—I would have taken; but he has gone—he has made his journey—the journey whose fare is life: he has passed over great waters, and into other lands."

Rutherford was startled. So pale, so ethereal-ized she seemed, sitting there, the shimmering moonlight flickering over her grand face, lifted as if gazing into the wonders of those distant lands.

"And we too—we too are passing thither: you in your life, mid the ways of men—I here, down the aisles of my pine-forest."

"And when I think of you," said Rutherford, "there out in the great world, like a vision of purity you will come to me, and the memory will

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be sweet with the odor of pine-breezes, and lovely with the gentleness of pine-sighs, and bright with the whisperings of hope. For I have bought the old cypress hunting-lodge—" he paused a moment, then added impulsively yet with a voice of exquisite tenderness: "and some day—some day—I hope to win the fair spirit of the pine-lands: so that always by my side, here in her native home, and there in the great world, she may teach me the purity and gentleness and strength of her own sweet nature. Myra! oh, rare rich daughter of the southern pine-lands, can you too see this picture," he asked, bending reverently towards her, "this picture which hope has painted for me?"

"My eyes are clouded," she answered, rising gravely: "clouded with tears."

"The tears will dry," urged Rutherford, also rising and taking her slender hand. "Will you promise—when they are gone—quite gone—to try and see what I now see—this picture—fairest of all the world to me? Will you try?"

"Yes," said Myra, looking upward, as if registering a vow in heaven.

And as Rutherford, passing down the moonlit aisles, glanced backward, he could see her still standing among the great pillars, priestess of the lofty cathedral-forest, her graceful figure all draped with soft light and soft shadows, while, above, the grand boughs tossed their ceaseless prayer.

And forth into the world he passed—but not alone: for in his heart there rested the pure spirit of the pine-lands.

MY LITTLE NEIGHBOR.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

Sometimes, when tired and overwrought
By toilsome hours of anxious thought
And daily labor,
I glance across the road, and see
Your childish face smile back at me,
My little neighbor.

A childish face, and yet how wise
The earnest look in those blue eyes
That glisten brightly,
As every day's brief tale is told;
Ah, friend, at seven summers old
The heart beats lightly!

How strange it seems your soul as yet
Has nothing it would fain forget,
No past, no sorrow!
Perchance the hours are sweet and slow,
When one has all to see and know
Upon the morrow.

Oh dear blue eyes, whose happy looks
Have lured me oft from dreams, and books,
And vain repining,
If tears must dim your light awhile,
God grant that you may see His smile
Through trouble shining

My little friend across the street,
I watch you from my window-seat,
In silence guessing
Your pretty thoughts and playful ways;
Aye, you have earned, in early days,
A neighbor's blessing.

YOU AND I.

BY MRS. PIDSLEY.

In many years we've journeyed on
In fair and cloudy weather—
And now, dear heart, we're going down
The vale of life together.

But oft we give a backward glance
To days and scenes departed,
When you and I were blithe, and gay,
And young, and joyous-hearted.

We speak of dear ones gone before,
We miss their pleasant faces—
We note the many changes wrought
In old familiar places.

And all seems changed to you and me;
Old land-marks disappear:
The things we learned to reverence
Now meet with scoff and jeer.

In by-gone days, theft was a theft,
And not "appropriation,"
And no one decked a felon's cell
Or made him an ovation.

If crimes were called their proper names,
Methinks there would be fewer;
But, whilst the world makes light of guilt,
What cares the evil-doer?

We do not like new-fangled ways,
In spite of all laudations;
To us the old are better far,
The new are innovations.

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GRACE'S LOVE-LETTER.

BY ALICE MAUDE EWELL.

THE morning was young, so was the maiden. Roses climbed all over the arbor where our heroine, Miss Grace Ronald, sat; but they were not rosier than her cheeks, though less fluctuating in color. The streaks of sunlight flickering through the leaves overhead did not quite put to shame her soft tendril-like yellowish tresses. The breezy quiver of leaf and stem and grass-blade all about seemed also to pervade her slender form, giving it a look of nervous excitement, which, to tell truth, was caused by something no less important than a love-letter, which she held in her hand.

It was by no means her first love-letter, but the first that had ever appealed very strongly to her interest: the first from the person to whom Miss Grace had given—metaphorically, of course—her somewhat stubborn and unsusceptible heart. The letter had reached her that morning, and Grace had stolen away to read it, free from prying eyes, in this, her only quiet retreat. Once, twice, thrice, even oftener, had she gone over it: this letter of Mr. Harry Ridgely's; first with doubtful realization, then with pleased security, then with triumph, finally with a more subdued and gentle feeling of happiness.

"What good-fortune to be loved by him," she was saying to herself; "could happier lot fall to any woman? So good, so clever, so tall, so handsome. Oh, he might have chosen almost anybody," she cried, "and he has chosen me. I had suspected it before," trust a woman for that, "but how sweet to know it now! Dear—dear Harry!"

When Grace had kissed the letter a score of times, she went to the house to write an answer.

But this was easier thought of than done. She wrote, and rewrote, and wasted paper, ink, and energy in the most reckless manner—do not all girls do it under similar circumstances?—before she was suited in her answer. Now it was too cold, now too warm, now too vague, now too business-like, now too long, now too short. But it was a very sweet letter at last, and was finished, sealed, and sent. Then came the fitful restless waiting for an answer. Now Grace was of a confidential nature—one of those women to whom an intimate friend is a necessity; and, in this case, the friend was a young married lady, who lived but half a mile away. To her, Grace resolved to go, in order to fill up the interval.

The warm June evening, after she had dispatched her letter, therefore, found Grace wending her way through clover-fields to Mrs. Anson's. People wondered at the intimacy between those dissimilar beings: between clever, earnest, high-toned Grace Ronald, and her silly, frivolous, light-headed, good-hearted cousin. Only life-long habit, first-cousinship, and a common share of girlish memories could explain it. On this particular evening, the usual flow of easy chat seemed somehow obstructed, on Grace's part at least. Mrs. Anson—pretty, prattling, bright-eyed—paused at last in her chatter, and asked abruptly:

"Grace, what has happened?"

"How do you know that anything has happened?" says Grace, a little annoyed at her own evident transparency.

"Oh, something has happened, I know. You haven't been listening to half that I've said. Now, what is it?"

"I have had a letter from Mr. Ridgely," began Grace, blushing. "He—he wants me to marry him, and I have written to say 'yes'; for, Nellie, you know, I'm not a bit sentimental or soft-hearted; but I do love him dearly. There, that's all."

"Harry Ridgely proposed!" exclaimed Mrs. Anson, with rather exaggerated surprise and a faint suppressed giggle. "Proposed and been accepted! Well, everybody knew how it would end with him. But you, Gracie—you're so close. Tell me all about it—have you seen him?"

"No. He will come this evening, I suppose. I wrote to him," said Grace, a little coldly, disgusted by the giggle.

"Why, how funny of him to write, when he might have seen you any day. Do you suppose he was bashful—or so very doubtful of success? Harry bashful—ha! ha!"

"I like him all the better for that," put in Grace, loyally. "None of the others were ever so modest and deferential and anxious. They have always come like conquering heroes, but this way is different."

"I suppose you'd never show me the letter," said her cousin, coaxingly, with another doubtful giggle.

Grace was now half angry.

"Why do you laugh?" she said. "What is

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there about a letter of Harry's to make you giggle? He's the cleverest man I know."

"Don't look so very savage, my dear Gracie," answered her friend, still laughing. "But you know you always used to laugh at my compositions, and why can't I?"

"What do you mean?" asked Grace, quite sharply, stung by a dreadful suspicion. "Nellie Anson, tell me this minute, or I'll never, never forgive you."

"You'll never forgive me anyhow. Oh, Grace, you cross thing! I wrote the letter myself, for a joke."

Grace's face turned white, then flushed, then paled again.

Nellie stared at her, astonished and a little scared by the piteous expression.

"Don't look so angry, Grace," she said, with a faint whimper. "I didn't know you would care so much—it was only a joke."

"Only a joke?" cried poor Grace. "It is the most dreadful thing I ever heard of—dreadful! I can never forgive you. Oh, what shall I do? To think of my writing that letter!"

"Oh, you needn't mind about that. Anybody can see he's dead in love with you—I only saved him the trouble of proposing. He is bound to do it now."

"And do you think I would accept him, after—after this? Never! How do I know what his intentions have been? My face burns at the very thought."

"Well, I don't see why you should feel in that way," remarked her cousin. "I meant no harm. Remember how many pranks you have played on me, miss. That letter you wrote last first of April, about Aunt Williams coming to see us—what a hoax that was."

"I remember all that—it was very silly—wrong, perhaps," said Grace, unsteadily; "but this is something different—a thousand times worse."

"Tom said that you wouldn't have Mr. Ridgely, and I stuck to it that you would," went on Mrs. Anson, in explanation. "He wagered a writing-desk against a pair of slippers that he was right. Then I wrote that letter—just for fun, you know." Tom was Mr. Anson.

Grace put on her hat at this, angrily, and went out of the room without a word.

The first news that greeted her when she reached home, poor girl, was that Mr. Ridgely was in the parlor—told in a most significant tone by the black housemaid, Sally.

"He been waitin' fo' yo' long time," she said. "I heerd him, jus' now, sorter prancin' round—like he wuz gettin' onruly-like. Yo' fix up, honey, 'fore yo' goes in. Yo' look mighty wore out: 'pears like yo' been cryin'."

"That will do, Sally: you are mistaken. I don't care about any fixing up," was the dignified reply. Poor Grace had been unconscious of her tears, and was now resolved to brave the trying interview at once.

She opened the parlor-door and went in—very upright, very pale, very grave. Mr. Ridgely was standing looking intently at a picture that he had seen a hundred times before. He was tall, slim, and gentlemanly, with features not bad, though plain; a pair of very sympathetic intelligent dark eyes; a carefully-trained mustache, and what is called a "good" countenance. Though not self-confident, his manner was usually composed. But now there was doubt—an eagerness, a mingling of various emotions—as he sprang forward, rather awkwardly, and took Grace's hand.

She tried to speak; but her words were unready, her lips parched. Oh, this dreadful explanation! How would she ever get through with it? Some thought of denying her hand-writing and all about the letter flashed over her mind; but, being used always to speak the truth, falsehood did not come to her readily. She must tell it all.

"I received your letter," began Mr. Ridgely, after a pause, "and have no words to tell you how I felt: how very happy it made me. It seemed too good for truth—there, in your own handwriting: that you cared for me, and would be my wife."

"Oh, no! no!" cried Grace, snatching away the hand that he had taken and raising it defensively. "I do not care for you—I do not, indeed. It was all a mistake—a horrid mistake! Forgive me, and forget it all, for mercy's sake!"

"A mistake?" he said, eagerly. "Not in what you wrote me? Don't say that. There must have been some mistake about the letter from me that you mentioned; but no one else could have expressed more love for you than I feel—have felt for years. Grace, you know what kept me from speaking before: I had nothing to offer but poverty and privation; but, now that the old debt is paid and my life freer, I must speak. Won't you marry me, Grace?"

"No! no! I have changed my mind: it was all a mistake—a foolish joke. I must tell you how it was." And poor Grace, with burning cheeks and some poor attempts at laughter, told her humiliating tale—not revealing Mrs. Anson's name, however.

Mr. Ridgely looked a little black, and muttered something about "confounded impudence," then laughed and added:

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"There's no harm done, after all, if you care for me, Grace: it will only hurry happiness for me a little. What do you say, Grace? Speak!"

"Oh, no! no! If you really love me, forget all this. I was foolish, half asleep, when I wrote. I did not mean what I said: don't speak of it any more." All this with confusion.

He looked at her keenly.

"Grace," he said, "don't let any false pride, any nonsense, stand between us now. You did mean what you said in that letter: you can't deny it. Have you changed so suddenly?"

"Yes," was the reply, in Grace's steadiest tone and with her most obstinate expression. "Isn't it a woman's privilege to change her mind? I have changed my mind—that is all."

"Is that your final answer?" he said. "Then I shall not trouble you again," he added, haughtily.

"Yes: my final answer," says Mistress Proudheart, still obstinate, adding: "We can still be friends."

"Oh, yes," remarked the other, rather petulantly, "it's all very well to say that; but, if I can make any guess at human nature, under these circumstances the friendship won't amount to much. You won't want to see me often, Grace, and I had better fight shy of you. Still, we will keep up the name—that is something." After which ungracious speech he took his leave, and Grace—well, any woman can guess what Grace did: ran off to her own room, of course, shut the door, and proceeded to have a real good cry.

This being finished—at least, the spasmodic part—she arose, looked at herself in the glass, and began brushing her tangled hair, her thoughts breaking out in a running comment of words.

"Dreadful! dreadful! to have to send him away like that. But then, I could never accept him. How could I ever be sure that he loved me before—before that letter? What man as honorable and kind-hearted as he is would have done anything else? And how could I know he wouldn't be sorry for it afterward? He might even reproach me for it; but—no, no—he'd never do that. Grace, you are an uncharitable wretch! But, anyhow, you have saved your pride."

More than a year went by, after this, without any signal change in the mental and material condition of those wherewith this story has to do. "Pride," says a great writer, "is a good thing when it helps us to conceal our own hurts, not to hurt others." Pride helped Grace to keep her humiliation to herself—to be as good-tempered, kindly, and helpful where help was needed, as good a keeper of her father's house, as pretty and becomingly dressed, as of yore; but still there was, under the surface, some inward hurting. Harry Ridgely did not hold to his promise not to trouble her again: for more than once his look and manner suggested another appeal from her decision. He even tried to arouse her jealousy, by a pretense of devotion elsewhere: a pretense which, as he was a bad actor, deceived nobody—not even the "other young lady," less gullible than young ladies under the circumstances are apt to be. Mrs. Anson guessed at the state of things, and was mildly remorseful and very curious. She tried to coax a confession out of her cousin; but Grace had withdrawn the old confidence, and would not respond.

So it was when the traditional good fairy—the guardian-angel who was to put matters right—arrived on the scene. Not outwardly suggestive of a fairy or angel was Captain Sam Ridgely—Mr. Harry's first-cousin and friend—who came, one fine day, to make his "dear boy" an old-fashioned indefinite Virginia visit: to last two weeks or two years, as the case might be. Captain Sam was short, stout, and somewhat dully good-natured of aspect. He spoke in a semi-detached style, too dead-level in pitch to be called "jerky," with eyes half closed; was generous with his own—and alas! with other people's possessions; had many small vices and no great virtue—even his good-humor being of rather a depraved sort; but still everybody liked Captain Sam. He and Grace were old and fast friends; he spent half his days at the Ronalds', and always returned from there in a discontented mood. One evening, after one of these visits, he began in his usual manner:

"Nice girl, Miss Grace—finest girl ever knew; thought, last time I was here, that you and she'd be making a match of it: s'pose it's all off now—more's the pity. This old hole of a house wants a woman in it—monstrous dull place, nobody but me and you."

At this, his cousin, in a burst of confidence, related the whole affair.

"Humph!" said the captain; "don't see any sense in her turning you off; women silly; can't reason; moved by impulse."

"She seemed to think my intentions entirely benevolent—that I wanted to save her feelings, and wasn't in love with her before that confounded affair of the letters," said Mr. Ridgely. "I can't help thinking she would have accepted me, if it hadn't been for that."

"Humph! maybe she would. That's it, I reckon—you want to make her believe your

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intentions were that way from the start—motives not so unselfish." He fell into deep musing, and presently sprang to his feet with actual animation. "By George! I have an idea. I'll manage it, Harry. Just leave her to me."

The next day, Captain Sam, on his way to the Ronalds', had the good-fortune to overtake Grace, walking alone, not far from home. He dismounted and joined her, and they walked slowly along the quiet road, talking with their usual easy good-will.

"Glad to get out of doors," said the captain, presently. "Mighty dull old house, over there at Harry's. I was in hopes, some time ago, that you'd be there before long, to brighten it up a little."

"Indeed," remarked Grace, laughing and blushing slightly. "Such hopes are apt to be disappointed—when built on slight foundations."

"Well, I didn't think my foundations were so very slight," went on the captain. "You seemed to like him well enough, and I knew he was in love with you—knew it for a fact."

"How?" Grace could not forbear asking, rather tremulously.

"Oh, I saw by his actions," was the reply. "And then I had it in black and white besides. He wrote and told me, more than a year ago, that he was going to ask you to marry him."

"Are you sure of that?" asked Grace, with sudden startled interest.

"Oh, yes. I believe I've got the letter at home now—if I had it here now, you'd see. He seemed to have it a good deal at heart, poor fellow—said he'd been fond of you a long time—only woman for him in the world—trying to screw up his courage—afraid you wouldn't have him—and so on: don't remember now exactly what. Wish I had the letter here."

Grace turned to him with flushed cheeks and excited eyes.

"Are you very, very sure about it?" she asked, earnestly, "and was it more than a year and a half ago?"

"Yes," said Captain Sam, stoutly, returning her gaze. "I think it was just about a year and a half ago—not later. I s'pose it's no news to you—s'pose you refused him—mighty foolish thing to do—and of course he's not the sort of fellow to go back after that."

"No, I suppose not," said Grace, despondingly. "I suppose he would never go back."

Having accomplished his object, the captain refused her invitation to go in when they reached the house, and rode back to his cousin's.

"I think I've about made it right," he said to Mr. Ridgely, with an air of mystery. "Never mind what I said. I saw her, and planted some seeds of wisdom. Just you go to see her, some time to-day, and I'll bet my mare against that gray of yours that you won't be refused again."

Mr. Ridgely took the advice and went. It was late when he returned—indeed, past their usual bed-time.

Captain Sam was dozing before the burnt-out fire. The captain opened his eyes, however, when the other came in flushed, bright-eyed, and smiling.

"Well?" said the captain, stretching and rubbing his eyes. "Well, is it all right?"

"All right," was the joyous hearty answer. "We are to be married in the spring. It's all right, and you are the best liar I know."

"Thank you," said the captain, smiling lazily. "I pride myself on my capabilities that way, you know. It's the best trait in my character: for my lies are always told with a good motive, as on this occasion."

SOME DAY.

BY MARIA CALLAHAN.

I WILL meet you some day, dear love, I know,
Perhaps some summer day,
When the birds are caroling forth their songs,
And the flow'rs bloom sweet and gay.
Or perhaps t'will be at eventide,
When the soft gray shadows fall,
When the sunset-hues still paint the west,
And a hush comes over all.

You will have a robe of soft snow-white,
With pansies in your hair—
A dress as soft, as sweet, and pure
As the angels in heaven wear.

Your sweet lips will be wreathed in smiles,
Your eyes will welcome me,
And one dear hand will be laid in mine:
Ah, love! I long for thee.

I will draw you, darling, to my heart,
And kiss your happy lips;
Ah! what a world we'll walk thenceforth,
With peace, and love, and bliss.
I am very lonely now, sweetheart,
Longing to see your face,
And then—oh! how I'll love you, dear,
This heart thy resting-place!

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THE MOTHERLESS GIRL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1884, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 451.

CHAPTER XX.

SAM SWARTS had heard of the candy-party, and was possessed by a craving desire to attend it; but no hint of that kind being given, either by the old apple-man or Olly, he consoled himself by hanging around the tenement-house

He was about to turn away, when the cry of fire broke forth, and, swift as the rush of storms, a vast crowd gathered around him A moment after, he saw the children's faces at the window Then the glass itself seemed to catch fire and blaze out like gold.

"They are alone—nobody to help 'em!" he cried, in horror. "How the others fight for life."

Yes! Down that blazing front, down the black zigzag of the fire-escape, a human stream was pouring. On that narrow strip of iron, swinging between life and death, they pushed, struggled, prayed, and fought, like angels or demons: some giving way in pity to the weak, others trampling them down, while, now and then, one paused and surrendered his place to some more helpless creature, forgetting all danger in Christly compassion.

Sam Swarts watched all this with the keenest anxiety. Suddenly he sprang forward, maddened with horror. One small figure was tumbled downward by the feet of the crowd, as if it had been a senseless bundle in the way. Down the last flight of those iron steps it was rolling heavily, when Sam, who had fought a passage through the throng gathered at the foot of the escape, caught hold of the white garments that his eye had followed so fearfully, and dragged the child back to a place of safety.

"Olly, Olly, my poor fellow! Stand still close here by the lamp-post, and don't stir till I come back. I'm a-goin' to hunt for the rest of 'em Don't sob—don't mind the cold I'll be back in no time."

Before the child could speak or even draw a deep breath, Sam had plunged into the crowd again, and was searching everywhere for the two sisters; but no trace of them could be found

"They have both of 'em been carried off by the firemen, who won't let anyone interfere," he said, hurrying back to the lamp-post where he had left the child; "but never you mind: they're sure to be found in the morning, and you'll be all together ag'in, jolly as a circus. Why, how you tremble! Is the scare on you yet, or is it cold? No wonder, with nothin' more'n this on you."

"I hadn't time to put on more than my shoes," said the child, shaking from head to foot. "None of us had a chance—the fire was so quick."

"Here, my little chap, jest let me button this about you. Then you and me will skedaddle for home. We've got to run for it, but that will warm you up like fun."

As Sam uttered these comforting words, he took off his jacket, which, being several sizes too large for himself, reached nearly to the child's feet, and buttoned it over the little fellow's night-gown with great tenderness.

"There, now," he said, cheerfully, "we'd better be off. It's a good thing you got your shoes on. The stones are awful hard on feet like your'n, that ain't used to goin' barefooted. Now pull up, and let us see what you are good for."

Throwing his arm around the child and almost carrying him at first, Sam pulled him out of the crowd, and, hurrying along one of the narrow streets leading to his own domicile, was not long in reaching the forlorn house which was all he knew of a home.

His companion was breathless and completely tired out when he clambered up those rickety stairs and stood in the miserable den—of which Sam, to own the truth, was not a little proud.

"It belongs to another boy and me," he said; "t'other one never gits home from a fire till mornin': so jest tumble yourself onto that 'ere bed and have your cry out, while I hurry back and hunt up the rest of your folks, which I'm bound to 'complish."

The poor waif, frightened and panting for breath, crept into that dilapidated cot and cringed down there in deplorable misery, while Swarts thrust a tallow candle into the mouth of an old beer-bottle, lighted it with a match, and was about to ask for his jacket, but had no heart

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to disturb the little fellow, who had huddled that garment up to his face, and lay sobbing there.

Submitting himself to the wisdom of accepting the best points of a necessity, Sam went out muttering to himself:

"The firemen will take to me in this red shirt better than if I had a jacket over it. It ain't as if some of 'em didn't know me."

The firemen did know him, and would have been glad to put him in the way of finding the little girls he inquired for so earnestly; but so many children had been swept from the burning tenement into the crowd, and so many might have perished in it, that no information could be obtained, and, just as the day was dawning, the kind-hearted boy went back to his room, sadly disheartened: for, of all that household, little Olive dwelt upon his mind most tenderly, and of her he could obtain no intelligence.

The little form that he had left upon the bed was resting there, fast asleep: a state into which the child had fallen after much bitter and prolonged crying.

"Poor little chap," he thought. "I'll see what can be done about sumthin' to eat—he's used ter havin' breakfust and sich genteel luxuries every day. Well, I'll jest go out and git sumthin' for him to eat."

On the staircase he met his room-mate, who was coming in from the fire. Stopping the lad, he said:

"Look a-here, Jim: don't you go up jest yit. There is a little shaver in the room, fast asleep, as I sort o' dragged out of the fire, and it'd be mean ter wake him up, now that every soul as belongs ter him seems ter be burnt up or killed."

"All right," Jim said. "But what are you a-goin' ter do with him? He can't hive up there forever: the bed is too narrer for three of us."

This question depressed Swarts, and he sat during some minutes on the stairs, reflecting upon it. At last he arose and went into the street.

Sam was acquainted, one way or another, with most of the policemen whose duties lay in that neighborhood. He saw one of them standing upon a corner, and went up to him.

"Look a-here, Mr. Clubman," he said: "if you hain't got nothin' better ter do, jest turn your harnsome countenance this way and tell a feller what ter do when he gits hisself inter a scrape."

"Why," said the policeman, with a grim smile, "the next best thing to giving oneself up is to tell the truth. What is it you've been doing?"

"Well, nothin' that ought ter scare me overmuch. Last night, I dragged a little shaver out of the great fire down yender. I've got him on hand, with no place ter keep him in. He's a first-rate little feller—too small to take care of hisself, and I don't see how I can do it."

"Has he no friends?"

"Not as I know of—all burnt up, I'm orfully afraid."

"You had better bring him to me, and I'll take him to the Commissioners of Charity and Correction, in Third Avenue. That is about all you can do for him, I should think."

"Commissioners of Charity—and—and—that other thing—what do you mean by that?"

"Only that it is their duty to take care of such stray children, and see that they do not suffer."

"Will you give me an idee of how they manage it?"

"They will send him up among the other city children, and give him enough to eat and wear, with a little schooling, if he isn't bound out before he has time to begin."

"Bound out? What does that mean?"

"Why, plenty of farmers out West and people around here are always wanting boys and girls to do farm-work, help about house, and wait on their children. The Commissioners bind these city children out to them—and very good homes some of 'em get."

"Some of them? But what becomes of them that don't?"

"Oh, well, they have to wrestle through."

"But how long?"

"Till they get to be men and women—anyway, big boys and girls."

"But supposin' they find out that they have got parents or brothers and sisters, and want ter go back ter them?"

"Oh, they cannot do that."

"Then, if this little shaver was ter find out that his sisters and that consarned old grand-mother were all alive, he couldn't go home ter them?" questioned Sam, with growing indignation.

"Not if the Commissioners had bound him into service with some other person. It is a rule not to let the relatives know where they have gone—or they might make trouble, you know, and try to get them away."

Sam's face clouded over dismally. He even flashed a scornful look at the policeman, and muttered as he turned away:

"When I want ter make a nigger-slave of poor little Olly, it's just as like as not them Commissioners will get hold of him. Jim and I will let him stay in our room, and take even chances ter curl up on the floor, rather than cut him off from all chance of seein' his folks ag'in. Anyway, he shan't go jest yit."

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It was unusually late in the morning when Sam returned to his home, with both hands full of brown paper packages. Olly had awoke, and had evidently been crying.

"'Ere's some breakfust, little chap," said Sam. "Cheer up, and eat it."

The poor child was hungry enough, but hesitated, till Sam urged him again. Then he tried to swallow a mouthful or two, but broke down, crying once more.

"What is it?" said Sam.

"I have got no home—no sister Rachael, no twin, no anything. Oh, what can I do?"

"Do?" exclaimed Sam. "Remember you're a man, or goin' to be, and show grit accordin'. I hate to see a boy cry. Besides, ain't I here—Sam Swarts—ready to— Well, true enough: what I can do ain't of much account."

"Nobody can bring me back to them. Oh, where can they be?—where can they be?"

"I've tried my very best to find out. Jim has been around the tenement-heap all night long; but it was of no use searchin': the hull concern is one great heap o' smokin' blackness, and no one knows how many people are buried in it. They got outside the walls—I know that—and folks git scattered every which way after fires. There now—drink your coffee like a brave little soger, and take a slice of pie with it: that will set you up for these pig's-feet here."

Choking back the sobs that disturbed Sam so much, the child attempted to drink the coffee, while Sam watched him with wistful, even troubled, anxiety.

"Now," he said, when Olly had done, "if you should feel hungry or anything while I'm away, jest help yourself, and try to think of jolly things, sich as candy-parties and so on."

"You've been just as good as gold, and kind—and kind as our Rachael."

"There, there, don't begin ag'in, but straighten up, and—but you can't: I ought to know you can't—only jest try a little till I come back. Mebby I shall bring good news."

Sam left his room as he said this, and, after a moment's hesitation, locked the door and thrust the clumsy key into his pocket.

"Neither Jim nor anybody else shall git in there, if I know it—pardner or not," he muttered.

His destination was the ruins where the tenement house had been. A dozen or two of men were at work in the still smoking débris, bringing out scraps of half-burned household-things, blackened timbers, and sometimes from beneath them the form of a human being, most of them women or children. The sight of these charred remains drove the boy away despairing. He could not force himself to go near them, nor could he obtain any information regarding the Marsh family. Sam left the ruins with a heavy heart, and went down to the corner where Olly's old friend might perhaps be found at his apple-stand. That, in itself, would be cheering intelligence to take back with him. But here a bitter disappointment met him. The stand was there, but empty. All the piles of fruit and nuts that had formed a point of rich coloring in the dim neighborhood were gone, and no one could tell where or how their popular old vender had disappeared. Sadly disheartened, Sam left the corner. The only tangible hope that had brought him there was gone.

"There ain't but one thing left," he thought, "jest one, and that I never demeaned myself to—not when I was so hungry that the sight of a baker's window set me wild, and I had to hive up in an empty ash-barrel. I never once held out my hand to beg; but, rather than see that young critter made a bound slave, that is jest what I'm goin' to be driv to do. The first person I demean myself with will be that California lady, with the handsome little girl that took sich a likin' to Olive when the poor thing first began to go around in her red hood, as she never will again."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE suite of apartments in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, to which Sam Swarts betook himself, was in a state of considerable disorder that day; preparations were evidently being made for a removal of their occupants: even the parlor was blocked, in places, by open trunks and packing-boxes, in which not only the lady's wardrobe, but many objects of especial value, were being carefully packed. The lady herself, tired and harrassed, had, at first, refused to see Sam; but, on his renewed and more urgent application, had ordered him to be shown up.

In a few minutes, Sam Swarts came into the room, with his cap in one hand, looking very like a young fireman, in the red flannel shirt that covered his arms and his body to the waist.

The lady knew him at once, and said:

"I see you are the boy my child has talked about so often. There was a little girl, too, that she has wanted to see again. Something it was regarding a doll. Is it about that you have come?"

"No, marm. It isn't about dolls or anything of that sort. Them things are done away with and burnt up; but it ain't no use to speak of them that is dead and gone. It makes one feel like a baby. There has been an awful big fire, marm, that burned up the biggest sort of a

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tenement-house, where that little holder-girl lived with her folks. There ain't but one of them twins left—that one hain't got a friend or relation that anyone knows of in the world but me, and I don't count for nothin', only by what I want to do and can't. That is why I have come to you."

Sam's eager words and manner aroused all the rich woman's sympathy. She asked question after question, in a low rapid voice, and, at last, she said:

"But the policeman was right, my lad; there is but one chance for your protegé: that of finding kind friends and an abundant home. Certainly, there is nothing dreadful in that."

Sam looked disheartened, but said:

"Mebby not. Only sich a poor orphant couldn't never be hunted up by its own folks ag'in, if they should turn up and hanker after one another, as these speshul ones are sure ter do, bein' so 'tached."

"It is of no use taking the whole family into the question," she said: "even if every one of those that cannot be found is living. It is impossible for poor people, helpless and young as these are, to be kept together. The story you have told me is a very touching one, and, if I had known it when that pretty little girl was here, something might have been done with money to prevent the need of a separation; but it is too late now. This one helpless child should not be allowed to run in the street with no better guardian than a homeless boy of your age: the police would take care of that."

"If one could only make them promise—"

The lady interrupted Sam, saying:

"It is useless repeating all this, as I have said once before. I can give you no help whatever, boy, and offer no advice better than you have already received—thanklessly enough, I must say." She spoke with annoyance. The bustle of packing, going on around her, had thrown her into a state of high nervous excitement.

Sam answered, with some faltering in his voice:

"No, no; I ain't without thanks, and them I give you. Only it seems awful hard, and I can't bring myself ter do it right off, anyway. And, marm, I'd be much 'bliged if you wouldn't think hard of me if I don't come up ter your idee and that of the perliceman."

The lady frowned, and then gave the boy a forbearing smile, disposed to be rather amused than angry with the association of her rather haughty self with the policeman.

"Well," she said, "you can go now and think over what I have said to you, then come again and tell me about it."

"When shall I come, marm?"

"It must be soon. I sail for Europe in another day."

"Only one day?" said Sam. "It'll a'most bust my heart if you go away thinkin' me ungrateful because I want advice and don't take it on the jump. Now, can't I help, somehow?"

There was something so honest and so earnest in the lad, that it touched the lady.

"No," she said. "These people are doing their best."

"Nothin' that a feller can do for the sweet young miss—sich as buyin' lemon-drops or ginger-snaps?"

Instead of smiling at this absurd offer, the lady hesitated and seemed about to answer, and, when she spoke, her voice had changed so much that Sam thought he had done something to hurt her feelings.

"No, you can do nothing for her."

Sam felt the need of an apology.

"It ain't for the likes of me ter mention a young lady like her, as was born rollin' in gold; but I kind o' want ter hear about her more than anything else, now that she's goin' so far away."

The lady did not answer, but turned suddenly and went into another room. This troubled Sam. Once or twice he heard a faint noise from the inner room, as if someone were crying there. When she had opened the door, he had caught one glimpse of a light brass bedstead, on which a little form was lying concealed from perfect view by curtains of lace that flowed over it from floor to ceiling. The blue of the walls touched this lace with such delicate azure that it seemed to this street-arab, who had no other means of comparison, like one of the summer clouds he had seen hovering in the east at daybreak after some good-natured policeman had permitted him to sleep all night on a bench in the Park. To him, it really was like a view of heaven, and he reproached himself for having ventured so near. Still, he waited awhile, hoping that the lady would come out again: for, as yet, she had given him nothing but advice which only increased the dilemma in which he found himself.

But the lady did not appear again, and, with a disappointed look at the draperies closely drawn over the door, he went away in a state of dejection such as he had never experienced before in all his vagrant life.

The boy had no heart for his work that day; indeed, but little was offered him: few travelers wanted their satchels carried from the station that he resolutely haunted for a time; and a solitary ten-cent piece was all the coin in his pocket when he returned to his home at night-

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fall and sat down on the stairs, so disheartened that he shrank from meeting the look of disappointment which he knew must follow his entrance into the room with no tidings of the persons he had been searching for, and but little chance of providing shelter and food for the one human being he had saved.

"If that California lady had only given me half as many nickels as she shelled out words, I could get along—anyway, till there was a chance to hunt round ag'in, and make sure that none of the rest of 'em is alive; but she didn't come out wuth a cent, though ag'in and ag'in I've seen her sling her money about among the gutter-snipes like nothin'. Let me think over jest what she said, and get at the meanin' of it."

Here Sam took his anxious face between his hands, planted an elbow on each knee, and went over the events of the day in his mind. They seemed to offer but one outlet to his difficulties: that of surrendering the little creature, who was no doubt crying upstairs, to persons more capable of giving support to such wanderers than he could hope to be.

CHAPTER XXII.

As the boy sat there, his room-mate came in from the street, showing much fatigue and no little ill-temper: for he had been out all the night before, he was tired, and a strong reaction was upon him.

"Hello! Is that you, Jim? Home early, for once—jest when I wish you hadn't been. Why didn't you keep about the engine-house? There may be another first-rate fire that you will miss by hivin' up so early."

Jim was not particularly pleased with his comrade's speech. He had been doing a good deal of amateur work among the ruins—perhaps in the hopes of finding something worth bringing away, but obtained nothing better than dust and cinders, of which he carried sufficient to keep a splint-brush busy for a week, even if they had not ruined the first suit of store-clothes that he had ever owned in his life.

"If you want to run the machine more'n one night at a time, jest try it—I hain't no objeckshun," he said, attempting to push his way upstairs. "As for me, I'm in for a fust-class snooze—no mistake about that."

Sam started up, and held his comrade by the sleeve.

"Look a-here, Jim: hold on while I tell you: That little shaver as I told you on is up there yit."

"Well, what o' that? He's got to git out, right off—no mistake about that. No gutter-snipe as I ever heard on is a-goin' to crowd me out o' bed two nights runnin'—'specially when I pays handsomely for the same."

"But, Jim, you won't mind bunkin' out a night or two more, seein' as it is a special friend o' mine?"

"Won't I, though? Jest you try and see."

Wresting his sleeve from Sam's grasp, the youngster pushed by the discomfited boy, ran upstairs, and, after trying the latch, made a vigorous assault on the locked door.

"Jim, Jim, only you hear to reason," pleaded Sam, following him in breathless haste. "It wasn't that I wanted to impose on you more than myself. I thought you and I could camp out in the station-house for a night or so, and leave this poor little shaver to hisself, till he got kinder used to bein' alone. It wouldn't do us a mite o' harm. Now, would it?"

"I reckon it won't—when I do it. Look a-here, Sam Swarts: this ain't no joke, lockin' me out o' my own domercile, and tryin' to shake me off, when I want to git in. Now jest hand over that key. I won't stand any more nonsense about it. Hand over, I say."

"But, Jim, you don't mean it? It ain't like you to be hard on a poor burnt-out feller-critter that has seen better days and hasn't got a friend in the world, without it's me."

"That's jest where the mistake comes in: I do mean it. There isn't a feller in New York who wants sleep more than yours truly—nor one that is more determined to git it. I don't mean to be cruel, as if I was a rich man. Your friend can sleep on the floor, if he wants to, and I won't say nothin' ag'in it; but as for givin' up my bed, well, the long and short of it is: I won't. There! Once again—hand over that key, or I'll smash the door in. I will, by golly!"

Sam Swarts was more excited than became visible in the darkness that surrounded him. His hand shook as he once more laid it on Jim's sleeve, and his voice faltered into pitiful entreaty: for he felt that argument was all in vain.

"Well, Jim, it is mighty hard on me—more hard than you think; 'cause you are makin' me go in for what I don't want to do, and wouldn't for anything on 'arth, if I could help it. You ain't so sleepy that half an hour will make much difference. Go off so long, jest to 'blige one as has allers been your friend. Come back in half an hour, and you'll find me here all alone, or the room empty and the key in the door."

"Well, I'll 'gree to that," said Jim, more sullen than conciliatory; "but don't you try to impose on a feller too often, 'specially when I and the machine has been out together."

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Sam did not answer, but watched his comrade till he disappeared in the darkness of the lower passage. Then he unlocked the door of his room, and went up to the bed, where the child he came to seek sat trembling: for the rude noises outside the door had been terribly ominous.

Sam lighted the piece of candle still rising above the neck of the beer-bottle, and looked pitifully around on the crouching figure, half huddled in the bed-clothes.

"Look a-here," he said, almost with a sob in his voice: "I may as well tell you all at once. I have searched and searched, but can't find a trace of them, livin' nor dead. What is worse, I've got to take you out o' this. Don't sob—don't look skar'd. You'll have a better home. There can't be anybody mean enough to offer you anything worse than this; but then mebby you'll miss me a trifle. There, there: I didn't want to set you a-goin'. There'll be plenty o' people to take care o' you, and good things to eat—not quite up to our breakfast this mornin'—but that ain't to be expected every day. What have you got to put on—oh, never mind: keep the jacket—and here's a cap that I've kinder outgrown. There, now, take my hand. Hold tight onto it, for the stairway is dark; then, ag'in, me and you are goin' to part forever. What on 'arth are you cryin' for now? You ought to have more pluck."

More pluck! That orphan child was crying bitterly, for this sudden removal from that poor semblance of a home had been so hurried that it brought the idea of some new calamity; but there was neither complaint nor protest—only a few sobs and a question or two that Sam did not like to answer: for there was a pathos of tears in his voice which made his recommendation of pluck to the child almost pitiful. Conscious of this, he hurried out into the darkness of the street, walking with such nervous swiftness that the child had great difficulty in following him.

It was more than half an hour before Sam returned, quite alone, and in a state of mind likely to prove very uncomfortable for his roommate, who soon after found him lying on the bed with his face buried in his hands—for there was no pillow—and sobbing like a broken-hearted girl. When the door opened, he indignantly turned over, with his face close to the wall, pretended to be asleep, and would not answer when Jim asked what had become of the youngster, and, in a blundering fashion, proceeded to offer some excuses for his own inhospitable conduct.

This exasperated Sam beyond all attempt at sullen endurance. He started up in bed with hot tears in his eyes, and shook his clenched fist at the boy.

"Jest you hold your hosses about the little feller you've druv out o' doors, if you don't want to aggervate me into punchin' that wooden head o' your'n, atween the eyes. All I want o' you is ter let me shut my eyes ag'in you, and go to sleep—if there's any sleep left in me, after the mean thing you've druv me to."

Probably Jim thought discretion the better part of valor; at any rate, he made no reply to this confused threat, but proceeded to unbutton the collar of his fireman's-shirt, which was about all the preparation he ever made for bed, as the supply of blankets was too sparse for ordinary clothing to be dispensed with; but he was conscious that Sam shrunk clear away from him when he lay down, and all night long pressed himself close to the wall, as if he would gladly have placed its brick and mortar between them.

All the next day, Sam hovered around the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Not leaning against the lamp-post, and waiting for carriages to drive up, as usual, but keeping in sight of the ladies' entrance, without directly approaching it. If he was still anxious to obtain assistance from the lady he had visited the day before, a new disappointment awaited him: for, at nightfall, she had not appeared; but her footman, who condescended to give him some little consideration since he had been admitted to the lady's apartments, repeated his assurance that the lady and her daughter would sail at ten o'clock the next day, in an outgoing steamer, for Europe.

Early the next morning, Sam was down at the wharf, pushed about and hustled from side to side by the crowd collecting there, through which baggage-wagons, fruit-venders, newspaper-boys, hotel-coaches, and private carriages were so constantly moving that he was in peril of life and limb every time he attempted to get near the bridge, over which passengers were constantly moving.

As the crowd thickened, he grew more and more eager, and, darting forward headforemost, using his elbows and insinuating his slender person into the narrowest possible space, he obtained a vantage-point from which he could distinguish the persons who mounted the bridge. All at once, he drew a quick breath and struggled forward a step or two. A private carriage had just driven up, from which the footman he knew so well leaped to the ground. The carriage-door was opened on the steamer-side, and the dense crowd on the bridge made it difficult for one to clearly distinguish the persons who got out of it; but directly he saw the lady for whom he had

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been watching, upon the deck, and beside her a little girl mufiled, though the day was mild, in that fleecy white dress and furs which he knew so well. Other children were near her, but there was nothing so remarkable as this dress to distinguish them by, and of course all his attention was given to these two persons.

The lady came close to the railing and looked down upon the crowd, as if searching for some face that she knew. The boy saw this, and made another desperate plunge through the crowd, which produced commotion enough to draw her attention that way. Directly, she stooped down, as if to give some caution to the child, then hurried down the bridge, just as orders were given to haul it in. Forcing her way through the throng of friends retreating from the vessel, she came eagerly up to the boy and thrust something into his hand.

"I forgot what you asked for. It is because of your interest in that child. Keep it—use it as you like."

Before Sam could ask a question, the lady was hurrying breathlessly on board the steamer again. The bridge was drawn in, the cable loosened, and the great sea-craft swept into the river. Sam remained on the wharf, watching her as she steamed into the bay. Then he remembered the little package that the lady had given him, and drew it from his pocket. Upon the top of a flour-barrel, that stood upon the wharf with other freight, he unrolled a number of bank-notes. "One, two, three—up to ten," he said, in amazement, "and fivers, every one of them; but I wonder what they put a round ought ag'in every figger for? Anyway, it's an awful heap. Oh, golly, if she had only shelled out like this t'other day! But better late than never. Consarn me, if I don't hunt up that boy—little Oliver—yet, and divide with him. That's the sort o' huckleberry you are, Sam Swarts."

CHAPTER XXIII.

On the morning after Sam Swarts gave up his little friend, a policeman entered the Commissioners' office in the Third Avenue, leading a boy by the hand with more tender care than is usually bestowed upon these waifs of the street. The child appeared to have lost all his friends in the tenement-house disaster, and had been picked up in the neighborhood, with no competent person to take care of him, he explained.

The superintendent—a large, comfortable, and most kindly man—drew the child to his side, and, in a pleasant fatherly way, began to question him: for he was led to unusual sympathy by the large and, just then, mournfully expressive eyes lifted to his face with such pleading confidence that his heart was touched.

Taking the small hand of the boy in his own, and patting it encouragingly with his plump palm, he began to question him so adroitly that the little fellow did not dream that he was under examination.

"So your name is Oliver?"

"Yes, sir: Oliver Marsh. My little sister's name is—is—"

"Don't cry: there, there. What has become of this little sister?"

"She—she's gone, sir; and she was my twin."

"Ah, that is hard."

"We haven't heard a word about her since the fire—nor Rachael, either. Both of them are gone."

The child was trying bravely to check his tears; but, spite of this, they swelled into his eyes.

"Perhaps not. We must not give up all at once. Tell me about your father."

"I haven't got any father, nor mother, nor anybody in the wide world."

"No friends?"

"The apple-man was such a good friend! but he's gone, too"

"Yes, I understand. Is there no one else?"

"One boy: who was the best kind of a friend; but—"

The superintendent broke into this sentence by patting the boy's hand, while his own face was turned away. He found that no human being could be more helpless than this gentle child, whose demeanor and purity of speech were so unusual to children of his class that he had become an object of singular interest. He would gladly have questioned the policeman again; but that functionary, having performed his duty, was now on his beat, congratulating himself on the kindness he had done.

"Well, my little man," said the superintendent, after a few minutes of reflection, "I will bear you in mind, and look out for some nice person to bring you up. Be a good boy among the other children, and do not be afraid that I shall forget you."

"But where am I going to, sir?"

"Into the country: where you will find plenty of trees—some flowers, too, and lots of boys to play with."

"Will you be there?" questioned Oliver, wistfully, while his fingers clung to the kindly hand which was still comforting him.

"No; but you will find plenty of kind people there, and sometimes I will come to see how you get along. Besides, you will have a nice sail up the river, in a boat, and see lots of places."

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Oliver smiled through the tears that still wet his eyelashes.

"If they could only go with me," he said.

"Well, well; perhaps they will, some time. We must wait. There, now: put on your cap and be ready."

Oliver put on his cap, and followed a man to whom he was particularly consigned down to the East River, where a small steamboat lay ready to make her daily trip to the Islands. The novelty and grandeur of the broad stream, on which sailing-crafts were floating like white-winged sea-gulls, and great steamboats were ploughing through waves of foam, were so wonderful to this city child, when he was borne out among them, that for a time he forgot his loneliness and all the desolation that had fallen upon him. Ravenswood and Astoria, on the opposite shore, seemed to his vivid imagination like scenes out of fairy-land. Blackwell's Island, with all its ponderous buildings laden down with human crime and human misery, seemed beautiful to this child, whose home had always been in the close streets of the city; and, when he reached Randall's Island, he was so lost in wonder that it would have seemed to him like Paradise could those he was pining to behold once more have been there with him.

The boat landed at last; half a dozen mothers going up to visit their little ones, and a small group of children, followed their conductor up to a cluster of wooden buildings in the centre of the island; and, half an hour later, Oliver Marsh had almost lost his identity among hundreds on hundreds of pauper children whose home is on that beautiful island.

A few days after this lonely boy had been taken to the home for city waifs of his condition, Rachael, his sister, was removed from the hospital in which she had been temporarily placed to the Children's Hospital on the same island, but so isolated from the healthy inmates of the various buildings that there was no more chance of these two meeting than if they had been leagues apart.

To Rachael, this was a place of perfect rest. She felt the comfort and the quiet without understanding them. In the other hospital, she had been wild and delirious. The strain upon her young nerves had been so great since her father's death, both from the necessities of toil beyond her strength and constant anxiety regarding her grandmother, that some kind of prostration must have followed, even though that fire had not swept across her home like a sudden earthquake. This delirium had not entirely left her when she was removed from one hospital to another; but a sweet feeling of revival came upon her. The very trees she saw, through the curtains of her litter, seemed to dwell in her imagination. Some flowers, that no one else saw, along the path through which she was carried, seemed to bloom around her bed: she would close her eyes and whisper to them, as if they had been really there and a breathing presence.

This state of almost heavenly rest lasted awhile, then her heart began to arouse itself, and she grew anxious about the children. "I must not stay here," she would plead; "they will want me, and I promised him so faithfully. Small? Oh, yes; I am small—young, too, and know, oh, how little! But they are smaller yet, and have need of me, if it is only to keep them out of the fire."

This half-delusive state lasted awhile, but gradually merged into memories more painful than all these delusions.

She recognized with a keen sense of the reality that there was no home for her to look after, no loved ones to need her care. In all the wide, wide world she was alone. Still, life came back and grew strong within her. The air that blew over her from the two rivers that meet and form the island was so sweet and pure, the sight of tree-branches waving before the windows so refreshingly cool, that she could not help getting well—though no human being cared whether she did or not.

After awhile, when her wounded arm alone prevented entire recovery, she would sit for hours together at a window which overlooked a little enclosure of shrubbery and trees, beyond which was the play-ground, where she could sometimes watch groups of children at their play—boys sometimes racing after each other, or, on the other hand, a crowd of little girls, forming rings and training through the fine old-fashioned plays that are excluded from modern boarding-schools but still live among the poor.

One day, as she sat watching a crowd of boys playing some game that sent two racing out from the rest, the heart in her bosom gave a sudden leap, and she cried out:

"Oliver! Oliver! Oh, my brother!"

For one instant she seemed to recognize in the leading boy features that were known to her; but the idea only lasted for an instant. From that distance, how could she have known her little brother, even if that slight figure had been his?

"It is the delusion following me yet," she said, putting one hand to her forehead. "It always will follow, and I shall never be myself again."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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CINDERELLA: A PARLOR DRAMA.

BY MARY E. HAWKINS.

PERSONAGES:

MRS. ARNOLD, a widow of thirty-nine.
LUTIE, her daughter, a young girl of eighteen.
MRS. PARKS, mother and grandmother.
MR. HARTER, a remarkably well-preserved gentleman, but at least sixty years old, who owns the cottage in which the three ladies reside, and who himself resides in a mansion overlooking the cottage. He is a widower of long standing, and has just returned from abroad.
MARY ANN HARTER, maiden sister and housekeeper.
REV. MR. OWLCROFT, village minister.

I.

SCENE.—The parlor in the cottage, early in an afternoon. *Mrs. Arnold* sits in an easy-chair, with a note in her hand and a basket of flowers by her side, the note and flowers having just been sent down from the mansion. *Lutie* leans over the back of her mother's chair. *Mrs. Parks* sits by the window, darning a blue silk stocking.

Mrs. Arnold (reading). "My brother and I would be happy to have the three ladies of Plum Cottage take tea with us this afternoon. Brother says he has a very particular topic on which he wishes to expatiate. I shall expect you early, without fail. MARY A. HARTER."

Lutie. Those Harters are altogether too lovely!

Mrs. Arnold. Had I better wear my black or gray silk, Lutie?

Lutie (leaning her elbow on the top of her mother's swaying chair). You've worn that gray so much, seems to me I'd wear the black.

Mrs. Arnold. Yes, I know. But I look better in the gray, don't you think?

Lutie (scowling). Not a whit—not a single whit. What dress shall I wear, mamma?

Mrs. Arnold. Your blue silk, I suppose. You haven't any other, have you?

Lutie. I wish we weren't beggars—regular out-and-out, up-and-down, rag-tag beggars.

Mrs. Parks. Don't be ungrateful, Lutie.

Lutie (going to her). You've got gratitude enough for one family, granny. But you know as well as I do that there are a million things we are absolutely wretched for. Don't I need dresses—and don't mamma? And don't I need a piano? That old rickety thing stuck up there in the corner—what good is that? And don't you need lots of things yourself, you thankful old creature, you? Why, if we were rich, and you could dress nicely, you'd be prettier than either of us: you have a lovely complexion still; and now, I do declare, you blush.

[She puts her arms round her grandmother's neck.]

Mrs. Parks (returning the caress). Nonsense, dear. But, as to wealth, Providence will provide.

Lutie. Well, I must go and crimp my hair and brush my old blue. Will you have my stocking darned, grandma? I am going to wear slippers, and those stockings match my dress. Mamma says I've a pretty foot, and I might as well do justice to it.

Mrs Parks. Yes, a real Cinderella foot, my dear. But go along with you. [Lutie goes out.]

Mrs. Arnold (who has been smelling of the flowers meditatively, and who now rises and walks the floor). Mother dear, didn't it ever occur to you to wonder what makes the Harters so very attentive to us?

Mrs. Parks. They are neighborly and social.

Mrs. Arnold. That doesn't express it. Just think of the fruit and flowers they are constantly sending—the compliments and invitations, the rides and excursions. What do you think Mr. Harter keeps dropping in here for, sitting and chatting, and listening to Lutie's music, making errands about this and that, and having the house fixed up for us?

Mrs. Parks. What do *you* think, Laura?

Mrs. Arnold (laughing lightly). I think he is looking for a wife, mother.

Mrs. Parks. A wife?

Mrs. Arnold. You are so innocent! Why shouldn't he be looking for a wife?

Mrs. Parks. He should, if he wants one. Then you think Mr. Harter is attracted by you, Laura?

Mrs. Arnold. Well, doesn't it look like it? What does he come here for, if he isn't? Of course, I know Lutie sings beautifully, and plays as well as anybody could possibly play on that old piano; but it isn't love for music draws him. He understands human nature: he knows the road to a mother's heart. I see through his enthusiasm over Lutie's music. Yes, mother, I may as well own that I think it won't be long before Mr. Harter asks me a solemn question. You know he says he wants to "expatiate on a very particular topic" this afternoon. I think he means to intimate something very special by that. I think it will be this afternoon he will ask the question, mother.

Mrs. Parks. But you wouldn't wish to change your relations in life, daughter?

Mrs. Arnold. Well, I have thought it all over calmly, and I don't believe I shall say no. He is a good man. You can't deny that, can you?

Mrs. Parks. Certainly not. But isn't he a little too—too old—old-fashioned?

Mrs Arnold. Old-fashioned? Why do you say that? He is genial, and generous, and noble-looking. I have thought of it in all its bearings. Lutie, poor child, could have some chance for culture. Everybody says she has superior abilities. But what good are they to her, living as we do? And you too, mother: I would like to make you happy in your old age. You ought to have nothing to do but sit in an easy-chair all the rest of your life.

Mrs. Parks (rather sadly). I hope I shall be useful as long as I live, Laura.

Mrs. Arnold (seating herself at her mother's feet). Well, mother, you would give us your blessing, wouldn't you?

Mrs. Parks (looking at her tenderly). It seems such a short time since you were a little girl, hanging to my skirts, Laura. Oh, of course, my blessing—that is, if you are sure of your feelings. Mr. Harter is a good man. He had a lovely woman for a wife; but I believe my Laura could fill her place, if Providence placed her in it.

Mrs. Arnold (meditatively). I hope he will speak out to-day: I feel uneasy until the matter is settled. Well [rising], I must go and get ready. [Going out, then putting her head back at the door.] You are going up to tea, too, aren't you, mother?

Mrs. Parks. I don't believe I will.

Mrs. Arnold. You haven't anything real nice to wear, poor mother.

Mrs. Parks. Nonsense, Laura: my cashmere is plenty nice enough. But this is prayer-meeting night, and I

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thought, if I could get around to go anywhere, I must go there.

Mrs. Arnold. Oh, certainly. Well, we can carry your excuses.

[She goes out, and Lutie, her hair in crimping-pins and a blue silk dress over her arm, comes in.]

Lutie. Here is a mean little crooked brack in my dress, grandma. Can't you just mend it?

Mrs. Parks. What would you do without your granny, baby? Here is your stocking, all darned. Now, where is the brack in the dress?

Lutie. Here, and here is some silk in a needle. Now, I am going to sit at your dear old big feet, and, if you will work as fast as you can, I'll tell you something.

Mrs. Parks. I am working as fast as I can.

Lutie. So you are, dear. And you always are digging away. It's a shame and disgrace.

Mrs. Parks. Was that what you were going to tell me?

Lutie. That is part of it. Granny dear, Mr. Harter is awfully in love with me.

Mrs. Parks. You? Luthera Arnold!

Lutie. I am sure of it, granny. There, now, you mustn't stop to look at me. You have got to work fast, or you won't get my dress done.

Mrs. Parks. Oh, Lutie!

Lutie. Well, I want to have you prepared: for maybe I shall come home to-night all engaged. He wants to "expatiate on a very particular topic." Don't you see what that means? It's a sly little hint, so that we won't be shocked. "Expatiate!" I am all of a tremble, granny.

Mrs. Parks. Oh, dear!

Lutie. I knew it would be a surprise to you—you think I am such an infant. But I am old enough to be married, if I have a good chance; and I should like to know if there could be a better than Mr. Harter.

Mrs. Parks. He is old enough to be your grand—

Lutie (interrupting). Now, granny, he isn't: nor even my father, for that. He is young—he is very young. You don't know what "young" means, do you? I will tell you. Anybody is young who has—well—reserved resources. I saw that in a paper, and I cut it out—it expressed my idea exactly. Now, hasn't Mr. Harter reserved resources? He has the wisdom piled up for anything. Then he is spry and nimble and full of fun. To be sure, his hair is white; but his eyes are black—and how they do snap when he is telling about his travels! Oh, he is young—he is younger than I am.

Mrs. Parks. Well, well!

Lutie. You have been blind, grandma. Do you suppose Miss Mary Ann would be so sweet to us, if it wasn't for him? No, indeed. And haven't you noticed how he praises my singing, and looks at me so—so—admiringly? And, when he takes us to ride up to the cemetery and around, doesn't he have me sit on the front seat with him and help drive? Now, doesn't he?

Mrs. Parks. Well, yes.

Lutie. Oh, it's been simmering and simmering, and verging to a point, and I think it's almost verged. He is going to "expatiate" this afternoon.

Mrs. Parks. But didn't it ever occur to you, baby—

Lutie (interrupting). Oh, yes, yes—I know what you mean. I can see through you, just as if you were made of glass. You think it is mamma he wants, because that would be more "appropriate." You think it is she that is the attraction. Poor mamma! she thinks so too. She will go up there with her gray silk and her best lace and her high expectations. But you know, grandma—you do know, if you would only tell the truth—that it is young girls men admire. It isn't mamma he wants. I hope she won't be very disappointed, when she comes to see just how it is. I'll do everything I possibly can for her. In fact, you two old souls were in my mind a good deal, when I came to the conclusion I would do it.

Mrs. Parks. Do what?

Lutie. Why, say yes. Mamma shall have lovely dresses and splendid times. You too, grandma. I know he will give me lots of money, and you shall help the poor, and carry things to them—just as you want to now, but don't have a chance. Won't it be blissful?

Mrs. Parks (smiling). Better than the easy-chair.

Lutie. Easy-chair? Oh, certainly. No more drudgery for these blessed old hands and feet. Have you got my dress done? Thanks! thanks! [She flings her arms round her grandmother's neck.] Kiss me, granny. I do feel, down deep, deep. I would cry, if I had time. Poor mamma! If she only could realize that she has had her day. [She takes her dress and goes toward the door, then turns back.] Aren't you going up to tea with us, grandma?

Mrs. Parks. No, I am going to prayer-meeting.

Lutie. Oh, I might have known. When I get rich, I am going to build a little church, stand a minister up in the pulpit, set you down in front, and let him preach, preach, preach to you. Then you will be happy.

[She throws a kiss and goes out.]

Mrs. Parks. The idea! The two ideas! Laura and Lutie! Well, well!

II.

SCENE.—The kitchen in the cottage, later in the afternoon. A table against the wall is spread for supper, with a cup of tea, and a crust of bread on a plate. *Mrs. Parks*, dressed for prayer-meeting, sits at the table, her shawl thrown over the back of her chair, her bonnet lying conveniently in another chair.

Mrs. Parks (sipping her tea and soliloquizing). Those children have got me all unsettled. Husbands—fiddlesticks! But Alexander Harter is a good man—there's no use of denying that. Didn't I know him before Laura was born? He was so tender to his wife—such a Christian always. To think of his marrying my daughter—my grandaughter! I can't believe it, hardly. Which will it be? There's Laura now. She married young, and has had a good deal of trouble. I should rather like to see her settled down comfortably with a man like Mr. Harter, that she couldn't help loving with all her heart. But then there's that baby—she would be disappointed. I always did feel as if she ought to have everything she cried for. The idea of his marrying her! But, after all, it is little young things men admire, just as the child said. It is astonishing how infatuated they are, especially when they are looking for a second wife. No suitable age for them—no, thank you—they want the youngest and freshest there is going. Of course, Laura is more suitable, but I wouldn't be afraid to wager it's Lutie he wants. Poor Laura! There never was or will be another such a man for a husband. [She rises and puts on her bonnet. While she is doing this, there is a rap at the door. She opens the door, and discloses Mr. Harter—a stately-looking gentleman, with snowy hair but a still fresh complexion. He carries a gold-headed cane, and wears a wide-brimmed hat.]

Mr. Harter. Good-evening, Mrs. Parks. Pardon me for coming in by the kitchen-door, but I rang the bell in front, and, as no one replied, I suspected you were here, out of hearing.

Mrs. Parks. Oh, pardon me for not hearing the bell. Will you walk in?

Mr. Harter. I am not going to detain you. I see you have your bonnet on. [Yet entering, and dropping into a chair.] Since you were so unkind as to refuse my sister's and my own invitation this afternoon—

Mrs Parks (interrupting). I hope you did not look at it in that light. Did not Laura give my excuses?

Mr. Harter. Certainly. Laura said that you considered it your bounden duty to attend prayer-meeting, so I came

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down to ask if I might accompany you. Mary Ann wrote that I wanted to expatiate, didn't she? Since you wouldn't come to hear it, I thought perhaps I might get through with it on our way to prayer-meeting.

Mrs. Parks (surprised). Expatiate? Yes, Laura and Lutie noticed that word. Then it was necessary that I should hear the—the expatiating?

Mr. Harter. Yes. May I go with you to prayer-meeting?

Mrs. Parks. Why, of course. Our prayer-meetings are pretty thin this summer, and I am afraid Brother Owlcroft gets discouraged. Besides, I think it more suitable for an old person like myself to go to prayer-meeting than to go a-junketing. I leave that to Lutie and Laura.

Mr. Harter. Old? Why, my dear Mrs. Parks! If you are old, I must be old also; and yet I feel as young as any of them.

Mrs. Parks. Well, you are young—comparatively.

Mr. Harter. Then you are young, too—comparatively. You must know that you and I are about of an age. You surely can't have forgotten that you and my dear wife were schoolmates.

Mrs. Parks. No, I have not forgotten. But women grow old faster than men.

Mr. Harter. Yes, when they have so many cares as you have had. My dear old friend, I should like to see you rise up and cast off twenty years from your shoulders. You could do it: you have the fresh heart—the young soul.

Mrs. Parks. Oh!

Mr. Harter. Ought we not to be going to prayer-meeting?

[They go out, Mr. Harter carrying Mrs. Parks's hymn-book gallantly.]

III.

SCENE.—The parlor, with the lamps lighted. *Mrs. Arnold* and *Lutie* have just returned from the afternoon-tea, accompanied by *Mary Ann Harter.* Enter *Mr. Harter, Mrs. Parks,* and *Rev. Mr. Owlcroft.*

Rev. Mr. Owlcroft (with an assumed jocularity). Good-evening, ladies, one and all. I presume you are surprised to see me at this late hour; but the truth is, these two young people were rather timid about appearing before you alone. Allow me, ladies, to present to you Mr. and Mrs. Harter.

Mrs. Arnold. Mother!

Lutie. Grandmother Parks!

Mary Ann Harter. Well! well!

Mrs. Parks (whom we must now call *Mrs. Harter*). Forgive me, children.

Lutie (rushing to her grandmother and hugging her ecstatically). You darling old Cinderella! You got the prince, didn't you?

Mrs. Harter (seating herself and drawing Lutie down by her side). Laura dear, Mary Ann, and Lutie love, I know you are amazed that Mr. Harter should want me for a wife—and so am I, too. But he said he did—he declared and protested he did—and he proved by the dates that he was six months older than I. When he said he had been contemplating the matter for a long time, it seemed to me we had been promised to each other a long time: for, if he had pressed it years ago, I should have consented—such have been my feelings towards him. So, when he suggested getting married at prayer-meeting to-night, I couldn't see any particular objection: it seemed quite fitting to our mature years to be married at a prayer-meeting.

Mrs. Arnold (laughing rather hysterically). Oh, I am not so very much surprised, mother. Of course, I understood Mr. Harter's—ah—ah—partiality for you. I am ready to bestow my blessing.

Lutie (giggling). Me too! It is just what I expected. [Aside.] Have you got on your glass slipper, grandma?

Mary Ann Harter (testily). Well, I am surprised. I knew my brother was going to propose to Mrs. Parks, for he told me so himself; but I am astonished and confounded that they should rush off so, before anybody could wink, or turn around, or say Jack Robinson. It seems so ridiculous to stand right up in a prayer-meeting and get married, without any cake or ceremony.

Rev. Mr. Owlcroft. Begging your pardon, my dear Miss Harter, but I agree with my friend, the bride, that it was a proper thing to do. The parties have been acquainted and have esteemed each other so long, that the precipitancy was more in seeming than reality. Then the quiet religious atmosphere of a prayer-meeting makes it a very fitting place to take the solemn vows of matrimony. I only wish you ladies had been present at the pleasant ceremony.

Lutie (whispering). Oh, granny, if you ever do breathe a word—

Mr. Harter (interrupting). What sort of fleas are you putting into my wife's ear, over there, you? Come and whisper in your grandpa's ear. If you will promise to behave yourself, I don't know but your grandmother and I might take you with us on our wedding-trip. We are going to throw off our cankering cares and have a magnificent honeymoon, I can tell you.

FAITH.

BY N. B. RIPLEY.

I WILL not doubt, though storms may rise
And veil with darkness my uncertain way,
While to my hand some bird of promise flies.
I will trust God, my comfort and my stay!
And why should darkness ever drive away
My faith in Him whose word can never fail?
To trust Him, as my poor heart may,
Were better far than to bewail
The darkness—and thro' God I shall prevail.

I'll not repine, though all my friends forsake,
While yet remains to me the greatest, blessed Friend;
He to His heart of hearts will my best wishes take—
He'll ne'er forsake, and He'll my cause defend.
Why not have faith in Him on whom my hopes depend?
I'd rather lose the all that earth can give,
Though darkness come and frowns portend:
And, though my loneness oft my soul shall grieve,
With Him how happy shall I live!

I will not faint though death stand near,
In his cold grasp to take my feeble frame;
With my firm faith I shall not know a fear—
Oh! what were death itself, when faith can tame
The terrors of the darkest tomb?
Faith looks beyond, full happy to proclaim
The beauty of the heavenly home,
And joys to hear the Master say: "Well done!"

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a new and stylish model for a summer costume of foulard silk or sateen, figured and plain. The underskirt is of the plain material, edged with two tiny ruffles of the same. An inch or an inch and a quarter above, a bias band of velvet, three and one-half inches deep, is put on plain, the velvet to be of a color corresponding to the prevailing colors of the material. The tunic and bodice are of the figured material. The pointed bodice is edged all around with an inch and a quarter band of velvet, and it is pointed back and front. A full plastron, gathered at the neck, and plaited into a point for the waist, is arranged over the buttoned front. This piece is joined to the velvet band at the throat, which fastens at the back, and is separate from the bodice, except at the pointed waist, where it is adjusted to the right half side of the waist. The tunic is simply hemmed, and is plaited under the pointed bodice, falling open in front. The back is arranged in a full puff over the tournure. Of course, in adapting this model for washing-material, the band for the bottom of the skirt, waist, and neck must be of plain sateen, of a darker shade, to contrast with the colors of the material used. Eight to ten yards of figured



No. 1.



No. 2.

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goods, four and one-half yards of plain, and one and one-half yards of velvet, cut on the bias, will be required for this costume, if foulard silk



No. 3.

is used. Of sateen, five to six yards of figured, four yards of plain, one and one-half yards of darker for trimming. The sleeves for this costume may be either half-long, like the illustration, or to the wrist, according to individual taste and convenience.

No. 2—Is a most useful dress for either the mountains or seaside. It is made of serge or



No. 4.

homespun—in navy-blue for solid use, or white for more dressy occasions. The costume is trimmed with mohair braid, an inch and a half wide, intermixed with either gold, silver, or



No. 5.

red threads. Only the gold, however, looks well with white; the others trim blue, brown, or black to great advantage. The full skirt is bordered with five bands of braid. The pointed bodice, sleeves, and collar are all similarly ornamented.

No. 3.—A new design for the skirt of a dress. The material is a figured woolen of light texture; but this model would be suitable for almost any kind of goods. It is composed of two skirts, the under one plain in front and on the sides,



No. 6.

with the back laid in two double box-plaits, the edge bordered with a band of velvet. The upper skirt is likewise bordered with a band of velvet,

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and at the top it is gathered on to a yoke as seen; also, how it is plaited on to the waistband, opening at the back. Ten yards of single-width material. Eight yards of velvet ribbon will be required.



No. 7.

No. 4—Is the model for an underskirt, with hoops inserted into the back. All costumes are worn either over such a skirt, or else the hoops or steels are arranged into the foundation-lining of the costume.

No. 5—Is a pretty model for a little boy of three years. Pin-striped flannel in black and white, or blue and white. A simple blouse gathered into a yoke, same back and front. Sleeves slightly fulled into the cuff. Puff over the sleeve, cut on the bias. Necktie and sash of ribbon.

No. 6—Is a robe for a little girl of four to six years. May be made of dotted linen, gingham, or delaine. Two kilt-plaited flounces, bordered with *either* braid or velvet ribbon, form the skirt. The *blouse*-waist is shirred at the yoke, both back and front. Cuffs and collar of velvet or braid, and bows of ribbon to match ornament the front of the skirt as seen.

No. 7.—For a child of three to four years, we give the back and front of a costume of flannel, either cream-white with garnet velvet, or navy-blue with wide mohair braid. The blouse is gathered at the waist. The skirt is bordered with a band of velvet or braid; the waistband and tabs ornamenting the front and back of the blouse, cuffs, and collar, of the same. Buttons to match.

No. 8—Is a paletot with pelerine, for a little girl of six to seven years. It is made of corded



No. 8.

white piqué or flannel. Sacque-fronts and double box-plaits at the back. The pelerine is bordered with an embroidered flounce. Collar to match, and tied with ribbons of velvet or satin.

DESIGN OF RAGGED ROBBINS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give, printed in colors, a design of ragged robbins for a table-cover. This new and beautiful bit of fancy-work can be done on linen, crash, or felt, in two shades

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of blue: in Kensington-stitch for the flowers, and in outline for the crackle-work between. Work in English crewels, or in wash-silks, or French working-cottons, for washing-wear.

CORSAGE JUANA: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

This department, as our old subscribers know, is intended to give, each month, "the last thing out," in the way of fashion. This month, we give a corsage. It is called "The Juana," and has, as will be seen, a gathered vest and puff.

Folded in with the number is a SUPPLEMENT, on which we give, full size, the different parts of this corsage. They are six in number, viz:

1.—HALF OF FRONT.
2.—HALF OF SIDE-FRONT.
3.—HALF OF BACK.
4.—HALF OF SIDE-BACK.
5.—VEST AND PUFF.
6.—SLEEVE.

Cut out your patterns from these diagrams, and fit them to the person who is to wear the "Juana": then, but not till then, cut into your material.

The dotted lines on No. 1 show where the dart and vest-piece are to be put; the letters show how the pieces are put together. The corsage is first fitted, and buttons under the full vest, which is gathered at the throat, again at the waist, and the extra length is arranged into a puff, as seen in illustration.

This model is suitable for nun's-veiling, white or colored. Flannel or serge for seaside-wear, trimmed with wide mohair braid or velvet ribbon. It is also suitable for a striped or plaid Scotch gingham, trimmed with bands of plain to match. An oxidized clasp confines the corsage at the waist. A brooch of the same for the neck.

We also give, on the SUPPLEMENT, two designs for fancy-work: one a Sunflower, the other a Knitting-Bag. For descriptions of these, see page 548, further on.



NEW STYLES FOR DRESSING THE HAIR.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number are given two pages of illustrations—eight engravings in all—showing some new styles of dressing the hair:

No. 1.—This is a very charming mode. It consists, it will be seen, in parting the hair down the middle of the head, and then pulling it, in strongly undulating waves, to the back, half covering the ears. There is no regularly-cut fringe in this mode; but little strands and rings shade the forehead, and give the requisite softness of outline so important to most faces.

No. 2.—Here we have an excellent example of

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the prevailing brushed-up way of arranging the hair which is now such an established favorite. This style is particularly suitable to those blessed with pretty ears and a well-shaped throat, as both are very much "en évidence" in this Watteau-like arrangement. The curly front softens the forehead, and the elaborately-twisted coils on the top of the head add distinction to this coiffure.

No. 3.—The hair here is brushed up back, with twisted crown of plaits on the top of the head, with a plain waving arrangement of hair in the front. This style would be rather severe and old-looking for quite a young girl; but much, of course, depends on height, features, and complexion.

No. 4—Is a neat and compact coiffure which necessitates a well-shaped face. It will be observed that there are no curls or fluffy hair at the sides, and the hair is pulled down straight at the back, and finished off with a small narrow plait or twist. On the top of the head the parting is visible, and the front fringe is composed of soft rings of hair.

No. 5.—Here we find a pretty and becoming contrivance by which materfamilias can arrange an evening coiffure with flowers and leaves, the curls on the top being a new but not too juvenile addition to a middle-aged head-dress. It will be observed that, in this mode, the hair is drawn down from the middle of the forehead past the ears, and ends in a small twist or knot at the back. Middle-aged or elderly women should never wear the hair drawn up from the nape of the neck, and that is essentially a youthful style of coiffure, and necessitates the possession of a soft white neck free from the tell-tale wrinkles which accompany full maturity.

No. 6.—This is a severely simple style, which recalls at once to mind the celebrated "Clytie" bust. The face must be oval, the features small and finely cut, and the eyes large, for this rather trying style. The hair should also wave in large natural waves, and the color should be fair.

No. 7.—Here we have a handsome mode for the evening, being especially suitable for married women from thirty to forty-five. The arrangement of ostrich feathers and tips among the plaits is novel, and would be a happy addition to a handsome gown, if they matched it in tint or contrasted harmoniously. With an all-white dress, these feathers would look well in vivid scarlet, salmon-pink, or orange-color.

No. 8.—This is a charming way of dressing the hair, and would suit almost any style of pretty face. There is nothing severely classical about the curly toupée or the twist of curls at the back of the head. There is also a certain sprightliness about this coiffure which makes it very attractive: it is particularly suitable for fair, golden, or red-haired people, whose locks are naturally fluffy.

WALL-POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This pocket is made of stout gray linen. The back is shaped, and two pieces embroidered with a simple design in crewels. The other three sections are of brown quilted satin. After the sections are put together, the whole is stretched upon a stiff card-board back. The front pocket is of linen, and the design embroidered same as back, in crewels. The point of quilted satin and the edge of the pocket are edged with écru lace, or a crocheted edge of écru silk may be used instead.



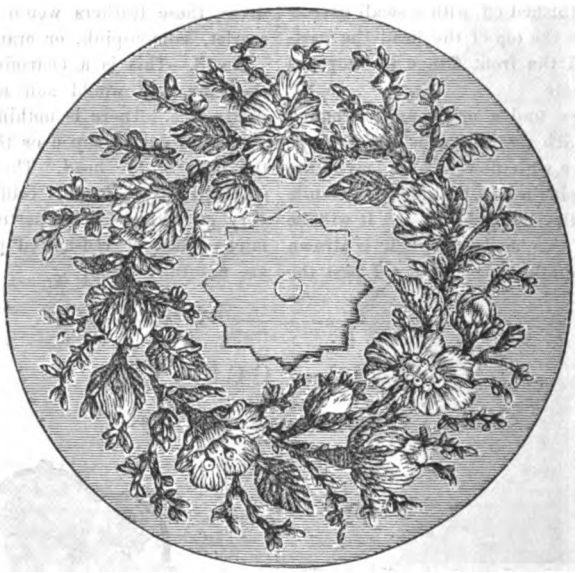
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PENWIPER: WITH DETAIL OF EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The top of the penwiper is of satin, embroidered. We give full working-size, although it will bear enlarging a half-inch all around. The design is for wild roses and buds; buttercups or daisies may be substituted. Under the top are several rounds of cloth, pinked out on the edge, all kept in place by a crescent-shaped ornament fastened with a stud. Any little ornament will do for the centre decoration. The satin top is edged with a heavy silk cord.





DESIGNS ON THE SUPPLEMENT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the SUPPLEMENT, two very handsome designs for the Work-Table, viz:

No. 1.—SUNFLOWER, with bud and leaves, to be done in crewels: Kensington-stitch. The stems are in shades of brown, leaves and calyx of bud in shades of olive-green. The petals of the flower and bud are in two shades of yellow—the lighter for the outside, the darker for the inside circle. The centre of the flower is in dark-brown, and done in French knots very closely. This design is full working-size, and is suitable for chair-back, sofa-pillow, foot-stool, etc.

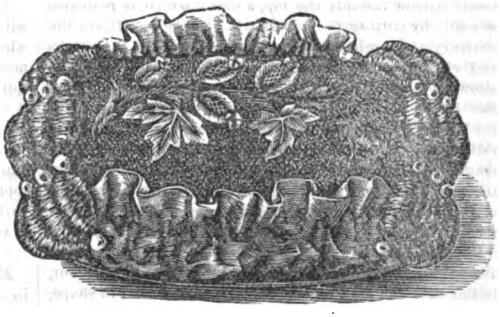
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No. 2.—Knitting-Bag.—This pretty knitting-bag is made of plush, and embroidered either in silks or chenille. We give the design for the embroidery in the full size, which will be a good guide for the size of the bag. Our model calls for maroon plush, two pieces, each ten inches wide by fourteen inches long. One of these pieces is to be embroidered after the design given. The two flowers and the bud are done in shades of rose-color, the centres in chenille of a soft moss-green. The stems are bronze, and the leaves of a bluish-green. After the embroidery is completed, join the pieces of plush to form the bag. Line the bag with satin of a contrasting color, or of a lighter shade of the same color, allowing four inches for the top frill, and one inch for the casing into which the ribbon strings are to be run. A large bow-and-ends of satin ribbon is placed on one corner, as shown in the illustration. This bag will be found very useful either for knitting, crochet, or any other kind of fancy-work.

EMBROIDERED PINCUSHION.

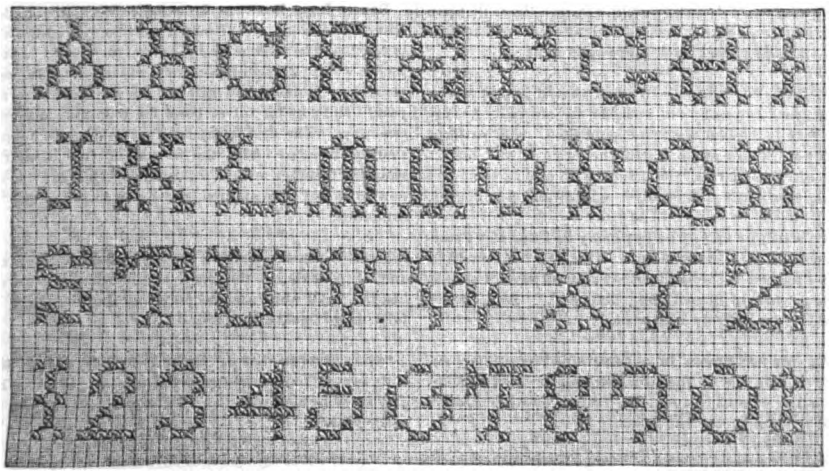
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This cushion is covered with olive-green plush, on which a spray of flowers has been embroidered in silks or chenille. The ruches are made of olive-colored satin, with a copper-colored lining, and divided into small pockets to hold needles, thread, etc. The ends between the ruches are composed of copper-colored chenille drops, held together by suitable buttons.



ALPHABET IN CROSS-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

The New Styles For Dressing The Hair, given in the front of the number, we commend to the especial notice of our fair readers. Greater variety in hair-dressing is unquestionably desirable. At present, every woman's hair is dressed like another's: there is too much conventionality; what is wanted is larger freedom and more artistic treatment. One or two simple rules must, however, be borne in mind. To begin with, unless the features are "Greek" and pure in outline, and the face itself of unexceptionable shape, the hair ought to be arranged to "frame" the face, just as a hat or bonnet should also be used for the same purpose. Hence the popularity of fringes, curly toupées, and short-cut curls at the sides of the forehead and ears. This last-named manner of arranging the sides of the coiffure is essential to those whose foreheads narrow towards the top, a defect which is remedied so easily by cutting the hair short at the sides. If, on the contrary, the forehead is too wide for the size of the cheeks and chin, it is desirable to pull the hair tightly back, allowing no frizziness to appear in a front view. If the face is very short and wide, no fringe must be worn; but the hair may be ruffled or waved, and should be pulled up rather high on the top of the head, in order to add to the length of the face. If the face is too long and too thin, the hair should not be allowed to stand up on the summit of the head, but should be worn low and rather wide at the sides, so as to give breadth to the face. A very "distinguished" way of wearing the hair is to pull it straight away from the forehead without any parting at all; but, in this case, the brow should be particularly good in shape, not too high, and sufficiently wide at the sides. Again, women with oval faces can, if they wish it, cut their hair in a perfectly straight line across the forehead, while for round-faced or square-jawed people this arrangement is undesirable, as it echoes and accentuates, so to speak, the square lines of the face, which, when brought into strong relief, give a masculine air which, to many ladies, is not altogether desirable.

It may be laid down as a general rule that fair light-brown or red-haired people may adopt with advantage the curly style of coiffure, while those whose locks are black, or even very dark brown, should arrange them in plain shining bands. Nothing looks so vulgar and inappropriate as an artificially-curled black toupée and fringe.

"The Best Published."—We find that it is only necessary to see "Peterson" to concede its worth. A lady writes: "It is the best magazine published. The patterns for fancy-work are alone worth the price of the book." No one, after comparing "Peterson" with others, ever says anything else. It is gold or silver against nickel or copper.

"Lost Without It."—The testimony in favor of "Peterson" increases with every month. This is what hundreds of letters tell us: "The ladies of my club all say: 'I should not know what to do without 'Peterson'." And, as for me, I would be entirely lost without it."

Never Sit or Stand in a constrained position. An erect carriage is one of the greatest beauties in a woman, and standing or sitting in a constrained position always leads to a stoop in the shoulders.

The National Character of "Peterson."—This magazine, more than any other, is, and always has been, national, and not sectional, in its literature. For example, we finish, this month, a novelet, the scene of which is laid in the pine-lands of Louisiana, a region hitherto unexplored by the novelist. Next month, we shall begin a continued story, the scene of which is laid in the mountains of Virginia. After that, will come one by Frank Lee Benedict, the locality of which is a Northern State. During the past six months, we have had stories located in California, the great West, New England, etc., in addition to those we have already mentioned. In all these stories, too, the local color has been maintained, so that they have had value, not merely as tales, but as pictures of their respective sections of this great country.

The "Parlor-Charade," which we give this month, will be found very suitable for the coming summer evenings, when something is wanted to vary the usual social amusements at watering-places, and even at home. It is quite spirited, and the costumes necessary for those taking part in it can be easily arranged, being within the means of everyone, a consideration frequently overlooked in these parlor-charades. The different characters—the grandmother, daughter, and grandaughter—afford a fine scope for graphic representation. Of course our readers see that the three parts of the charade are: I. Marry. II. Age. III. Marriage, for the complete answer.

Most of The New Bonnets are very gay; velvet is used in combination with thin crape and net, and fancy materials with straw. In the latter, the brim is straw, and the soft crown is either étamine or wool tricotine, intermixed with gilt. Dark straw bonnets are prepared to match costumes; but beige, écru, and other light straws are trimmed to wear with various dresses, with either moyenage scarfs or étamine and velvet. The scarfs are full of such colors as dull-blue, red, and rose, with much gilt; they are arranged in erect loops in front, and carried to the back, where there is a cluster of red fuchsias or yellow roses and long gilt pins.

Black Lace Bonnets, for summer wear, are made over wire foundations, and trimmed with poppy-red net and jet butterflies, the strings being red velvet ribbon about two inches wide. Cresson-green watered ribbon is also used on black lace bonnets, and gilt galloon and gilt lace, as last year. The popular velvet bows for trimming are made in two ways. The first consists of several erect loops and sharply-indented ends; the second of two bows tightly strapped together with a forked end. They are in all the new shades of blue and red, and many have the two colors combined.

Mere Work can scarcely be called exercise. Relaxation, and, if possible, in the open air, is what is wanted for health. "All work and no play," as the old adage truthfully says, "makes Jack a dull boy."

"Gets Better Every Year."—A lady, adding to her club, says: "I received my premium, the 'Pearl of Price,' and am delighted with it. The magazine itself gets better every year."

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OUR SPLENDID PREMIUMS FOR 1885.—Our principal premiums for getting up clubs are three. First is an *extra copy of the magazine*. Or the "Pearl of Price," a beautiful volume for the centre-table, with poetical selections and steel-engravings, bound in morocco cloth, with gilt edges—a very elegant affair. Or a large-size steel-plate, size twenty-seven by twenty inches, entitled "The Lion in Love." We repeat here the prices of three of our principal clubs, with the premiums, viz:

Three copies for $4.50, with the "Pearl of Price" or "The Lion in Love" for premium.

Four copies for $6.50, with an extra copy of the magazine for one year for premium.

Five copies for $8.00, with both an extra copy of the magazine for one year for premium, and either the "Pearl of Price" or "The Lion in Love," in addition.

Now is a good time to subscribe. Those who do not wish back numbers can begin with July; but back numbers to January, inclusive, can always be supplied. *Specimens sent gratis*, if written for in good faith.

THE ORIGIN OF THE FAN, if we are to believe a Chinese legend, was quite romantic. One evening, when the beautiful Kau Si, daughter of a powerful Chinese mandarin, was assisting at the grand feast of lanterns, she was so overcome by the heat that she was obliged to take off her mask. But to expose her face to the eyes of the profane and vulgar was a serious offense against the law; so, holding the mask as closely as possible to her features, she rapidly fluttered it to give herself air, and the rapidity of the movement still concealed her. The other ladies present, witnessing this hardy but charming innovation, imitated it, and at once ten thousand hands were fluttering ten thousand masks. Thus the fan was evolved and took the place of the mask.

FLOWERS HAVE TRIUMPHED over feathers in the decoration of bonnets. All the prettiest summer bonnets are ornamented in this way. The makers of artificial flowers are now unrivaled; they have carried their art to rare perfection. The novelties in their productions are the use of shot velvets for the petals of large blossoms, and of striped green velvets to represent grasses; the latter prove most effective for tying clusters together. Birds'-nests, of chenille, with grasses inside, and tiny birds perched on the stems that support the nests, are also new. Orchids of eccentric form and coloring, and thistles, either in bright purple or else going to seed, are likewise represented.

"BEEN SWINDLED BY TRASHY ONES."—A correspondent writes to us about the magazines that promise everything and perform nothing. She says: "I send you a club of some of our best citizens, who know the value of a good magazine, since they have been swindled by others and trashy ones. There are eight different magazines taken in this town, and, as fast as the subscriptions to them run out, the subscribers come to me for 'Peterson.' I shall send you more names soon."

A LEADING MEDICAL JOURNAL says that great injury is often done by the excess to which rink-skating, calisthenics, and other physical exercises are carried. A proper degree of exercise, especially in the open air, is really necessary for health. But too much overtasks the system, and the result is a sudden break-down. How much is good for each person can only be determined by experience.

"THE BEST STORY-BOOK."—An old subscriber, remitting for this year, says of this magazine: "I think it the best story-book I ever read." This, too, is the general verdict. The specialty of "Peterson" is it always gives the best.

BACK NUMBERS CAN ALWAYS BE HAD by writing to us and enclosing the price, viz: eighteen cents for each number. "I have tried repeatedly at the news-agents'," writes a lady, "for back numbers; but they say they cannot get them." Now this is not correct. They can always be had, but news-agents often will not take the trouble to order them, and hence reply that they cannot be had. In such cases, write to us.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS MAY BE MADE at any time during the year, and at the same price as paid by the rest of the club. Back numbers to January, inclusive, can always be furnished. It is never too late to get up clubs, or to make additions to clubs, and so earn additional premiums.

READING ALOUD OR SINGING is a good exercise for the lungs, and to be recommended on that account, even if not others.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Trajan. A Novel. By Henry F. Keenan. 1 vol., 12mo. New York: Cassell & Co.—The title of this novel would lead one to expect a story of the second century, with ancient Rome for its scene, and the great Spanish emperor for its principal character. On the contrary, the tale is one of our own times, the scene Paris, and the hero a young artist. The story is one of much more than the usual merit. The author is evidently at home in the great French capital. The last days of Napoleon the Third's reign are very graphically described: the festivities at court, the vacillation of the Emperor, the declaration of war, the flight of the Empress, the siege and the Commune. The chief personage in the book, however, is not the hero, Trajan, but a Franco-American girl, Theo, a sort of adventuress of the Becky Sharpe pattern. This character is unmistakably well drawn, with many delicate touches and much knowledge of human nature; but it is a repulsive one; and we wholly detest Theo, notwithstanding the excuses made for her by the author. None of the other actors in the tale have any especial force. The plot is well managed, however, and the interest maintained to the end.

Romer, King of Norway, and other Dramas. By Adam Welcker. 1 vol., 16mo. Sacramento: Lewis & Johnson.—We have here several very excellent dramatic pieces—"The Bitter End," "Flavian," "A Dream of Realms Beyond Us," and "Romer, King of Norway." One of them was printed several years ago, and the favor with which it was received was such that the author has been induced to republish it, with three additional pieces. A high and noble purpose runs through all the dramas, which were written to "take part against wrong, and wage war for the right," says the author, in his preface. And he adds, very emphatically: "For this should be the end and aim of all writers." A sentiment which we fully endorse.

The Queen's Necklace. By Alexander Dumas. 1 vol., 8vo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—After all, the historical novels of Dumas, such as this, are about the best novel-reading to be had: for they are full of action, substantially true as to facts, and never, for a moment, flag in interest. The present is a new edition of a story devoted to one of the episodes of the French Revolution, in which Marie Antoinette figures prominently. The volume is handsomely printed and bound.

The Reigning Belle. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The author of this romance of modern life is so well known to our readers that we need only say that "The Reigning Belle" may be ranked with her very best works. The book may be had either in paper covers or full-bound in cloth: of course, the former being much the cheaper. The type is large and the paper good: just the book to keep as well as buy.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS ALL SAY OF PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.—The Somerville (N. J.) Messenger says: "The reading-matter is always first-class, and the engravings superb." The Hastings (Mich.) Democrat says: "No magazine publishes such charming stories as 'Peterson,' and none gives as much for the money." The Great Bend (Pa.) Reporter says the same: "There is no lady's-magazine published which gives as much for the money as 'Peterson.' Besides, it contains everything interesting to a lady of refinement and culture." The Lake City (Col.) Register says: "All the ladies would be happier if they were subscribers." The Washington (Ohio) Republican says of the last number: "The brightest and most attractive issue of that valuable and unsurpassed lady's-magazine." The Northampton (Mass.) Herald says: "In many respects surpasses even last year" The Colebrook (N. H.) News says: "The illustrated article, in the last number, is alone worth the price asked for the magazine." The Norristown (Pa.) Herald says: "'Peterson' easily leads all other lady's-magazines of the same price." The Centre Point (Ark.) Tocsin says: "The fashion-plate cannot fail to command the admiration of every lady."

Now is an especially good time to subscribe for "Peterson." If back numbers are desired, they can be furnished to January inclusive, giving several evenings of delicious reading, to say nothing of the beautiful illustrations. If back numbers are not desired, then the July number, when a new volume commences, is the best to begin the subscription with. Single subscriptions, for six months, for that time, will be taken for one dollar. In no way can you get so much for your money, in the way of good stories, elegant illustrations, the newest fashions, etc., as by subscribing for "Peterson."

ANALYZING THE BAKING-POWDERS.—"ROYAL" THE ONLY ABSOLUTELY PURE BAKING-POWDER MADE.—ACTION OF THE NEW YORK STATE BOARD OF HEALTH.—Under the direction of the New York State Board of Health, eighty-four different kinds of baking-powders, embracing all the brands that could be found for sale in the State, were submitted to examination and analysis by Prof. C. F. Chandler, a member of the State Board and President of the New York City Board of Health, assisted by Prof. Edward G. Love, the well-known late United States Government chemist.

The official report shows that a large number of the powders examined were found to contain alum or lime; many of them to such an extent as to render them seriously objectionable for use in the preparation of human food.

Alum was found in twenty-nine samples. This drug is employed in baking-powders to cheapen their cost. The presence of lime is attributed to the impure cream-tartar of commerce used in their manufacture. Such cream-tartar was also analyzed and found to contain lime and other impurities, in some samples to the extent of ninety-three per cent. of their entire weight.

All the baking-powders of the market, with the single exception of the "Royal"—not including the alum and phosphate powders, which were long since discarded as unsafe or inefficient by prudent housekeepers—are made from the impure cream-tartar of commerce, and consequently contain lime to a corresponding extent.

The only baking-powder yet found, by chemical analysis, to be entirely free from lime and absolutely pure is the "Royal." This perfect purity results from the exclusive use of cream-tartar specially refined and prepared by patent processes of the N. Y. Tartar Co., which totally remove the tartrate of lime and other impurities. The cost of this chemically pure cream-tartar is much greater than any other, and, on account of this greater cost, is used in no baking-powder but the "Royal."

Prof. Love, who made the analyses of baking-powders for the New York State Board of Health, as well as for the Government, says of the purity and wholesomeness of "Royal":

"I have tested a package of 'Royal Baking Powder,' which I purchased in the open market, and find it composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It is a cream-tartar powder of a high degree of merit, and does not contain either alum or phosphates or any injurious substances. E. G. LOVE, Ph.D.'

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

PRESERVES, JELLIES, PICKLES, ETC.

To Preserve Morello Cherries.—Take the cherries when they are fully ripe, and stone them; weigh together the juice and fruit; to one pound of them, put one-half pound of clear brown sugar; boil the cherries in juice for one and one-half hours; then add the sugar, and boil for as much longer time; stir them occasionally to prevent their burning. They are excellent for pies, and should be stirred for a day or two to keep the syrup from settling at the bottom. It is best to put them in rather small jars, for the preserve will become acid, if exposed to the air when the jar is opened, if not soon used.

Currant-Wine.—To one gallon of mashed currants, put one gallon of water; mash them through a sieve until the juice is all extracted from the pulp; then run the juice through the sieve, and, to one gallon of the mixed juice and water, put three pounds of brown sugar; then put it into a demijohn or cask, filling it nearly full; leave out the cork or bung until the fifth day; then tie a piece of muslin over the opening, and put a large lump of wet clay over it, stopping it closely. Let it remain for six months; then draw it off and bottle, adding a tablespoonful of brandy to each bottle.

Cherry-Bounce.—Stone, and put into a stone jar, the cherries; place this jar into a pot containing water; set it on the fire; let the water boil around the cherries until the juice is extracted; then strain the juice, and, to one gallon, put four pounds of sugar; put it into a kettle, and let boil until all scum has been taken off. While boiling, add a pinch of allspice, a few blades of mace. Just before bottling, put, to each gallon of liquor, one quart of brandy and one quart of rum.

Currant-Jelly.—Strip your currants off the stem, and put them into a stone jar; set the jar into a pot of water; let the water boil around the jar until the juice is extracted from the currants; then strain the juice through a coarse muslin bag. To one pint of juice, put one pound of sugar; when dissolved, let it boil and skim it; when it stiffens, take it off. Boil it for about twenty minutes.

To Preserve Currants in Bunches.—Make a rich syrup, one pound of sugar to one pound of fruit; take the largest bunches you can; when the syrup is boiling, put in the fruit; let them boil until they are clear; then carefully take out the currants, and put them on dishes or in glasses. Boil the syrup until it is clear and thick, and pour it upon the fruit; seal them up.

To Pickle Cherries.—To two quarts of vinegar, put one pound of sugar, one ounce of mace, cloves, and cinnamon, mixed; boil it and skim it, and, when cold, pour it over the cherries; then draw off the vinegar in two or three days' time; boil it, and pour it upon the fruit. This should be done twice, in order to preserve the fruit. One gallon of fruit.

Raspberry-Jelly.—Put the raspberries in a stone jar; set the jar in a pot of water; let the water boil around the jar

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until the juice is extracted from the fruit; strain the fruit through a muslin bag, and put three-fourths of a pound of sugar to one pint of juice; let it boil for twenty minutes or until it jellies. Put in glasses, and seal them.

Raspberry-Jam.—Weigh equal quantities of fruit and sugar; put the fruit into a preserving-kettle; boil and mash it; let it boil very quickly, and stir constantly. When most of the juice is wasted, add the sugar, and boil it to a fine jam. Jam made in this way is of a finer color than when the sugar is put in first.

Currant-Shrub.—One quart of currant-juice, one-half pound of sugar, one-half pint of water, one-half pint of brandy; add the brandy just before bottling it. Boil it for half an hour.

DESSERTS.

Swiss Pudding.—Take the yolks of seven eggs, one-half ounce of isinglass, beat them well, add a pint of good milk, and sugar to taste. Put this in a mold, and boil the pudding three-quarters of an hour exactly. Let it stand in the mold till cold. The sauce for this pudding is made with a quarter of a pint of white wine, one-quarter of a pound of sugar, with the juice and the rind of a lemon pared very thin. Boil this till it becomes like a syrup. When cold, pour it round the pudding, but not till it is ready to be sent to table, then put a few strips of orange-marmalade or apricot-jam on the top and round the pudding.

Orange Sponge.—Make an orange-jelly with one ounce of gelatine or isinglass to a pint of water and about a quarter of a pound of sugar. Peel two oranges very thin, add the juice, rasp the sugar on the peel. Dissolve the gelatine thoroughly on the fire, then put in the orange and sugar, and, when quite melted, strain it clear into a basin. When nearly cold, but on no account set, whisk it well for a long time until it comes to a white froth, and pour it into a mold and put it in a cool place; then turn it out, and serve in a glass dish.

To Whip Cream.—Rub four or five pieces of sugar on a lemon, then add the juice to them with a good tablespoonful of brandy. When the sugar is dissolved and sweetened to taste, put it into a basin. Take a half-pint of cream, and pour in, gently stirring it with the whip; then continue to whip steadily—not too fast—until the cream becomes thick; but be careful not to turn it to butter. Put it away for a few hours into a cold larder, then it will become quite thick and ready to put over your jelly or trifle. It is best to whip it the day before it is wanted.

Cherry-Pudding.—Mix three tablespoonfuls of flour to a smooth paste with part of a pint of milk; then add the remainder. Warm one ounce of butter, and stir it in; three eggs, well beaten, and a pinch of salt. Stone one pound of cherries, and stir them into the batter. Tie up in a pudding-cloth, or put into a shape, and boil two hours. Serve with sweet butter-sauce.

Rice Blanc-Mange.—Put six ounces of the best rice into a pipkin with a pint of water, and let it simmer slowly in the oven for two or three hours. Then add half a pint of milk or cream, three ounces of loaf-sugar, and flavor with vanilla. Boil it up over the fire, and pour into a mold. When quite cold, turn out and serve with preserve of any kind.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE-RECEIPTS.

Eggs and Spinach.—Poach the eggs as above, and serve on a purée made as follows: Pick and wash perfectly clean two or three pounds of spinach, put it into a saucepan with a little water, and let it boil till quite done, turn it out on a hair-sieve to drain, squeeze the water out, and pass the spinach through the sieve. Put a good lump of butter into a saucepan, fry it a light-brown, add a pinch of flour, mix well, put in the spinach, pepper and salt to taste, and a little milk, stir well, dispose the spinach on a dish, laying the poached eggs on the top of it, and a border of fried sippets round it.

Poached Eggs on Toast.—Fill a shallow sauté-pan with water and salt *quantum suff.*, add a little vinegar, a few pepper-corns, and some leaves of parsley. When the water is on the point of boiling—it should never be allowed to boil—break two or more eggs into it, according to the size of the pan, and put on the cover. When done, take them out carefully, brush them clean on both sides with a paste-brush, and cut each egg with a round fluted paste-cutter, so as to get them of a uniform shape, lay them on slices of hot buttered toast, and serve.

Eggs and Minced Veal.—Take some remnants of roast or braised veal, trim off all browned parts, and mince it very finely; fry a shallot, chopped small, in plenty of butter; when it is a light straw-color, add a large pinch of flour and a little stock, then the minced meat, with chopped parsley, pepper, salt, and nutmeg to taste; mix well, add more stock if necessary, and let the mince gradually get hot by the side of the fire; lastly, add a few drops of lemon-juice. Serve with sippets of bread, fried in butter, round, and the poached eggs on the top.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

Do You Dread Wrinkles?—The death-blow to youthful looks, and a sure warning that age is creeping on, are those same *dreaded wrinkles*. To defy them, to remove them, and also to prevent their coming, *use Palm Kosmeo*. It keeps the skin smooth and free from chaps and pimples.

Palm Kosmeo used in combination with Palm Poudre, nothing can be finer as a complexion-cosmetic. My own personal use is proof, and I am justified in saying to my thousands of customers: Try it, and be convinced of its merits. Also Extract of Turkish Rose-Leaves, a very fine indelible tint for the cheeks and lips.

Prices, Palm Kosmeo, $1.00 and $2.00 a box. Kosmeo Poudre, 50 cents and $1.00 a box—can be sent by mail. Turkish Rose-Leaves, 50 cents and $1.00 a bottle—cannot be sent by mail. These goods are only sold by me. Send for catalogue of Hair Goods. Mrs. C. Thompson, 32 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

Among the Finest Delicacies for the table and sick-room is that palatable luxury, custard. But, like everything in cooking, if not made just right, it often proves a "bitter" disappointment when served, to the great annoyance of the hostess and consumer. To avoid this and always have the custard firm and just the right flavor, use Bird's Custard Powder, an article that has been in use in England for nearly a century, and which has just been introduced into this country. It is always ready, and a rich custard can be produced in a short time without eggs. This is sure to be appreciated, and we predict a large sale for this long-needed article.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate in Seasickness is of great value. Its action on the nerves of the disturbed stomach is soothing and effective.

The "Raven Gloss Shoe-Dressing" of Button & Ottley, New York, is a capital material of its kind, as we can testify from having used it.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[Medical Botany—Of the Garden, Field, and Forest.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A. M., M. D.

No. X.—Stagger-Bush—Sumac—Snake-Roots.

I.—Stagger-Bush—*Andromeda Mariana.* Stem two to

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three or four feet high, with erect branches and an ashy black-dotted bark. Flowers in fascicles on the old branches, from terminal and lateral buds, unaccompanied with leaves. Corolla whitish or tinged with red, subcylindric, mostly five-toothed. This shrub is one of the beautiful heath-worts. Andromeda was a fair Ethiopian princess, who, according to the pretty little story of Ovid, was rescued from a terrible death and afterwards married by Perseus, a celebrated Greek hero. Andromeda was made a constellation in the heavens after her death.

The white waxy texture of the corolla of this bush exceeds the whiteness of snow. The bush grows to perfection in the rich peaty wet barrens of New Jersey and Florida.

In Pennsylvania, the flowers are not so large nor so white: in fact, they often have a pale-pink tinge.

Some farmers in New Jersey think the shrub is injurious to sheep, when eaten by them, producing a disease called the "staggers." Hence its common name. Dr. Gray remarks that it is "said to be poisonous to lambs and calves," but does not include sheep. Dr. Porcher says—on authority of "Nicholson's Journal"—that "the honey which the bees extract from the flowers is slightly poisonous." Similar charges have been made against some others of the heath-plants: the azalea, rhododendron, and kalmia, but without any special grounds. This shrub is claimed to be a cure for "the ground or toe itch," and is also employed—in strong decoction—in domestic practice for herpes, an itching eruption of the skin, with marked tendency to spread, which is often hard to cure, because no constitutional medicine is given internally and little or no attention paid to diet.

II.—SUMAC—*Rhus glabrum*. Smooth or upland sumac, four to twelve feet high, with straggling bent branches, with a large pith, light-gray bark, smooth. Leaves of many pairs of leaflets, with an odd one, green above, whitish or ash-colored beneath. In autumn, the leaves change to a beautiful red, and are very conspicuous and attractive.

The bark, leaves, and berries are all used, and are mildly astringent: the former two being used in tanning leather and in dyeing. The berries, in dense ovoid terminal panicles, densely villous, finally bright purple, have a sour astringent taste, and are often eaten by children in the country.

The berries, in infusion, make a cooling drink, useful in slight fevers, sore throats, ulcerations, etc., washing and gargling being added. The Thompsonians, fifty years ago, esteemed the sumac as one of their best "anti-canker" medicines, and almost a specific in mercurial salivation, curdy sore mouth, etc. A restricted diet, with mild physic to clear the alimentary canal, should never be overlooked by mothers in all these cases, as local diseases, in the strict sense of the term, are comparatively rare.

III.—THE BLACK-SNAKE ROOT was spoken of under the head of Cohosh, which included the Blue also. The Virginia snake-root—*Aristolochia serpentaria*—is a delicate little plant, slender, flexuose, leaning stem six to twelve inches high, with few leaves above, somewhat auriculate-cordate at base, but lance-oblong, with dull-purplish fleshy flower often concealed beneath the dead leaves. The roots are very fine, and afford a good tonic in strong infusion or tinctured in spirits.

The Seneca snake-root belongs to still another genus—*Polygala Senega*—and is one of the ingredients in the old "Coxe's Hive-Syrup." It is also called mountain-flax and milk-wort. Found in hilly woodlands, flowers in May, bloom white, several limber stems about fifteen inches high, from the same root, which is thick, knotty, and hard. Spike of flowers one to two inches long, somewhat nodding.

The syrup of Senega is an excellent cough-medicine for elderly people, being a stimulant expectorant.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Lock Box 409, Marblehead, Mass.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MAY NUMBER.

No. 267.

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HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

TO MAKE THE LUNGS STRONG.—One of Philadelphia's leading physicians, a specialist in diseases of the chest, says that imperfect respiration is at the bottom of much trouble with the lungs. In such a case, he shows the patient how to swell out the whole chest full and round by a deep inspiration, elevating and throwing back the shoulders, and then, when he has gotten into his lungs the last atom of air possible, to hold it in tightly for a little time, and then to let it off slowly, blowing out every atom of it, if he possibly can, by forcible expiration, drawing the shoulders forward, and pressing in the chest to the smallest possible compass, thus throwing out almost all of the residual air, and all this through the nose, with mouth tightly closed. "Let him take half a dozen or more such forced respirations a dozen times a day," says the doctor, "and he will soon double his vital capacity and relieve himself of most of his supposed chest-trouble. Such forced respiration will compel every air-cell possible to freely admit wholesome air into the little spaces and to expel it also, and some air-cells that do not often perform their functions healthily will be compelled to do so."

ARTISTIC CORNER.

LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.—This great statue, the wonder of the world, now being loaded in France for shipment to this country, is the largest statue in the world. Some idea of its magnitude may be obtained from the fact that forty persons found standing-room within the head. A six-foot man, standing on the level of the lips, only just reached the eyebrow. While workmen were employed on the crown of her head, they seemed to be making a huge sugar-caldron, and they jumped with ease in and out of the tip of the nose. Fifteen people might sit round the flame of the torch, which elevation can be reached by a spiral staircase within the outstretched arm. The weight of this stupendous statue is 440,000 pounds, of which 176,000 pounds are copper, and the remainder wrought-iron. It will be erected on Bedloe's Island, in New York Harbor, and it will loom up 305 feet above tide-water, the height of the statue being 151.2 feet, that of the pedestal 91 feet, and foundation 52.10 feet. A word should be said—by the bye—here of its artistic merit. The pose, stride, and gesture, with its classic face, are

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pronounced perfect; the drapery is both massive and fine, and in some parts is as delicate and silky in effect as if wrought with a fine chisel on the smallest scale.

The conception and execution of this statue are due to the eminent French sculptor, M. Bartholdi, who has devoted eight years of his life and most of his fortune to this great work, and whose generous impulses prompted him to make such a gift to the United States. The committee in charge of the construction of the base and pedestal for the reception of this great work are in want of funds for its completion, and have prepared a miniature statuette, an exact counterpart of the original, six inches in height, the figure being made of bronze, the pedestal of nickel silver, which they are now delivering to subscribers throughout the United States for the small sum of $1.00 each. All remittances should be addressed to Richard Butler, Secretary American Committee of the Statue of Liberty, No. 33 Mercer Street, New York. The committee are also prepared to furnish a model, in same metals, twelve inches in height, at $5.00 each, delivered.

We feel assured that the American people will be only too eager to testify their grateful sense of this magnanimous offer on the part of the French people, and to reciprocate the kindly and liberal sentiments in which it originated, by aiding the committee in its work. Every subscriber remitting one dollar will, as we have already said, be supplied with a miniature counterpart of this great and imperishable statue. But more will be welcome.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG. I.—DRESS, OF LIGHT-YELLOW SATEEN. The skirt is made rather full, and trimmed with four plain flounces. The overdress is of yellow sateen, figured in brown. The bodice and skirt are cut in one, and the bodice is slightly full in front. It is trimmed with white embroidery. Straw hat, trimmed with brown velvet.

FIG. II.—DRESS, OF POPPY-RED NUN'S-VEILING. The skirt is trimmed with a wide flounce of black lace. In front, the deep tunic of red falls over the lace flounce. Panels of the red at the sides, with three deep falls of lace at the back. The bodice is close-fitting, and, with the sleeves, is trimmed with black lace.

FIG. III.—DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE PERCALE, WITH GAY FIGURES OVER IT. The bottom of the skirt is edged with lace the color of the dress. Above this falls the skirt, tied in points with butterfly-bows in gold-colored satin ribbon. The overskirt is laid in plaits; it is much puffed at the back, and is trimmed with colored lace. The bodice and sleeves are also trimmed with the lace.

FIG. IV.—DRESS, OF LIGHT-GREEN FOULARD, FIGURED WITH DARKER GREEN. The skirt is of plain dark-green foulard, simply trimmed with flowers. The bodice opens in front, over a full lace vest. Collar and cuffs of dark-green velvet. Straw hat, trimmed with green velvet and poppies.

FIG. V.—DRESS, OF WHITE ALBATROSS-CLOTH, OR WHITE MUSLIN. The entire skirt is composed of tucks. The old-fashioned surplice-waist is made open in the neck. The sleeves are composed of a series of tucks, with full caps of red silk. The stockings, the waistband with its long ends, ribbon around the neck and in the hair, are all red.

FIG. VI.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF PINK FIGURED ORGANDY MUSLIN, TRIMMED WITH MANY NARROW FLOUNCES, SIMPLY HEMMED. The bodice is made with points, back and front, is cut square before and behind, and has short sleeves trimmed with lace and butterfly-bows of pink and moss-green ribbon. Loops of the two colored ribbons are on the right shoulder. Band of moss-green velvet around the throat.

FIG. VII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF WHITE NUN'S-VEILING, OR WHITE INDIA SILK. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with tucks. The bodice is gathered slightly at the back, and is fuller in front. It has a wide and not very full ruffle below the waist, where it is confined by a belt of rich brown velvet, and has long loops-and-ends of brown velvet ribbon, with a satin face. The bodice is half-high and round at the neck. Sleeves reaching to the elbow, and made rather full.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF PALE-GRAY ALBATROSS. The underskirt is of black silk, made with lengthwise puffings, and edged with a flounce with alternate box-plaits and knife-plaitings. The overdress opens over the silk skirt, and is edged all around with a band of black velvet. The drapery at the back is simply looped. The bodice has a rather short basque, which is cut away in the front, to show a pointed vest of the black silk. It has cuffs, belt, and collar of black velvet. Gray straw hat, trimmed with black velvet and red berries.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE FOULARD. The skirt is laid in deep folds in front, and is slightly gathered in at the waist. It is edged with a band of broché silk, beneath which is a knife-plaiting of the foulard. On each side of the front is a panel of the broché silk and a cluster of lengthwise plaitings. There is a puffed drapery at the back. The bodice is pointed back and front, and trimmed with revers of the broché. Cuffs of the broché.

FIG. X.—WALKING-DRESS, OF FAWN-COLORED TUSSAR. The underskirt is plaited, with one large box-plait in front. The tunic forms large paniers, which are very much puffed at the back. The bodice has a basque and is pointed back and front, and is trimmed fichu-wise and edged with cream-colored lace. Cream-colored lace also trims the tunic. Bonnet of cream-colored straw, trimmed with feathers of the same color and brown velvet.

FIG. XI.—BONNET, OF COARSE STRAW, trimmed with a wreath of honeysuckles and dark-blue satin ribbon.

FIGS. XII, XIII, AND XIV.—NEW STYLE OF PARASOL-HANDLE.

FIG. XV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF CHINTZ. The underskirt is of plain pink sateen, crossed by three groups of box-plaitings. The overdress is of figured china-pink chintz. The skirt forms a puff over the plaited underskirt, and the drapery is turned back, milk-maid fashion. The waist is slightly full, and has a shoulder-trimming terminating in a bunch of ribbon loops. Belt and necklet of black velvet. Hat of cream-colored straw, trimmed with loops of pink ribbon and a band of black velvet.

FIG. XVI.—HAT, OF BROWN STRAW, faced with brown velvet, and trimmed with a band of brown velvet, and large pink roses, and green grasses.

FIG. XVII.—FICHU, OF SILK MUSLIN. The collar is square, with a sailor effect, and the full front is long enough to fall below the waist, where it is fastened with a steel arrow.

FIG. XVIII.—BONNET, OF WHITE STRAW, trimmed with a wreath and clusters of white daisies with brown centres. Brown velvet strings.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is but little that is new to chronicle in the June fashions. We give innumerable designs in our plates, and our Paris letter contains so many descriptions of the latest novelties, that it has left us but little to say.

The new shade of green is extremely trying to all complexions, while the soft old apple-greens and the dark myrtle-greens are usually becoming. The former is as becoming to a blonde as a light-blue.

Lace and embroidery are lavishly used on all dresses, except the tailor-made ones.

Sleeveless jackets are in great favor. Some are made of bead-work, others of silk, satin, or velvet. Most are open, showing a full lace vest.

Jerseys are very popular, and serve to wear out old skirts.

Loops of velvet, satin, and other ribbons are much used for ornamenting dresses.

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Very broad stripes are again worn, but always in combination with plain materials. Sometimes the striped goods are employed as the overdress, sometimes as the skirt. In making up a striped overdress, the greatest care should be taken to have the stripes matched.

Jet is profusely used on black dresses, mantles, bonnets, etc., etc.

White spotted veils are again fashionable.

Black tulle and colored tulle, spotted with gold beads, are also worn, but are not becoming.

The new aprons have the gathered bib placed outside the waistband, so that, after being gathered there, they fall on to the top of the apron-skirt in a frill of some four to six inches deep.

Necklets, in black and white lace, satin ribbon, velvet, and tulle, are worn with low and square-cut bodices. They are about one inch wide, and are gathered.

Black stockings are worn with dresses of all colors, as they serve to make the feet look smaller.

Tinsel of gold and silver is much used, and, if not judiciously so, is very vulgar. Braids and galloons are woven with it, and it even appears woven in many of the stuffs for dresses.

Bonnets are worn trimmed very high in front and close to the face, and are very unbecoming. Much tinsel is used in the trimming.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

Under the soft sunshine of approaching summer, the new dresses and bonnets show forth in their delicate or vivid coloring like newly-opened flowers. Not that bright colors are in favor: on the contrary, the sober neutral tints maintain their popularity. Various shades of brown—from the darkest seal-brown to the palest bège, passing through the intermediate shades of burnt-bread, doe-color, etc.—are very much in vogue. So, too, is the whole gamut of greens, the favorite moss-green maintaining its ground against all rivals. Gray, too, is still much worn, in the lighter shades especially. On the other hand, blue has entirely gone out of fashion for walking-dresses, though the pale evening-dress azure is still much liked for ball-room wear.

Velvet ribbons are much worn on walking-dresses, and form, in fact, the favorite trimming for costumes in black worsted materials. The width most in vogue is about a finger-length. A very handsome toilette in black Sicilienne has the underskirt trimmed with four rows of wide black velvet ribbon, placed at distances equal to their widths. The overskirt is trimmed in like manner with two rows. In front, it is exactly the same length as the underskirt, but slopes upward at the sides, till at the back it is only half the length, and has two ends forming a drapery. This overskirt is extremely full, and is gathered into a plain pointed waist trimmed transversely with two rows of ribbon. The plain coat-sleeve is bordered with two rows of ribbon likewise. Colored velvet ribbons are worn on lighter colored materials in dark harmonizing or contrasting colors. It forms a tasteful trimming for dresses of nun's-veiling, seal-brown being employed on bège-color, and dark moss-green on the new willow-green.

Black lace, either real or imitation, is still a good deal worn, notwithstanding the long duration of its popularity. The following description of a very charming toilette, in steel-gray faille, for half-mourning, will give some idea of the way in which this elegant fabric is sometimes employed. The short skirt is knife-plaited from waist to hem, and is bordered with a flounce of black lace a quarter of a yard in depth, plaited in with the material. The waist and short overskirt are cut in one, forming a short polonaise, which opens in front over a short apron of the black lace. This polonaise is gathered up so as to form panier-draperies, and is bordered all around with a ruffle of black lace. The waist is laid in folds at either side of a vest formed of full folds of black lace. The sleeves have deep cuffs of black lace. Among the new materials of the season is a worsted guipure, called Soudan lace, which comes in all the new fashionable tints. Another new and tasteful fabric is called Khartoum; it is a firm yet light canvas-like material, and promises durability. The new stuff called perline imitates designs in small beads upon a plain groundwork.

In hair-dressing, fashion wavers between the high 8-shaped twist or the single catogan plait, the former coiffure being considered the more sensible, and the latter the more effective. A lady who possesses a fine suite of hair generally inclines to the latter style—especially for evening-dress, when she can interweave the long braid with pearls, or clasp it at the top with an arrow of diamonds. Some of the Parisian beauties have already decided for the catogan; but there is great opposition to it, on the ground of its looking "fast" and being inartistic. It admits, however, of much variety of adornment, and is really becoming to any woman who possesses a profusion of hair and a well-shaped head. A very pretty variety of the catogan consists in plaiting the braid very loosely, and intermixing with it small knots or long garlands of flowers.

Bonnets continue to be worn very small and very high, and, in some instances, the peaked crowns tower above the wearers' heads, after the fashion of a bishop's mitre; but these eccentricities are but fashion's temporary freaks, and not her serious decrees. The new aloes braid, which forms a straw guipure at once light and elegant, is one of the most popular fabrics for bonnets. Net-works of beads in various sizes and colors are also employed for dress-bonnets. Flowers are the most fashionable trimming for both hats and bonnets. The lightest, most graceful, and most delicate blossoms are those chosen for reproduction.

Black gloves are coming into favor again to be worn with black ball-dresses. They are worn very long, and must have at least eighteen buttons. White gloves of undressed kid are worn with pale-colored evening-toilettes. Plain satin slippers and plain silk stockings matching the ball-dress in color are indispensable.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN NUN'S-VEILING. It is plaited in front. At the waist is a gathered puff, which falls over a kilt-plaiting. The sash is of dark-red surah. The large square collar is edged with an embroidery which is turned up. White straw hat and feathers.

FIG. II.—BOY'S COSTUME, OF BROWN CLOTH. The knickerbockers are quite close-fitting. The deep sacque-coat is single-breasted. White linen collar, with knots of colored ribbons at the throat. Brown Derby hat, with wide band.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE PERCALE. The skirt is edged with a narrow knife-plaiting; it is laid in loose plaits, and ornamented with three cross-bands of blue and cream-colored striped percale. The short overskirt, which comes up high on the hip, is edged in the same way, as well as the plain waterfall-back. The bodice is slightly full at the back, and quite full and long in front, where it forms a puff below the waist. The short sleeves are trimmed with the striped percale, and the collar is formed of it. Hat of cream-colored straw, trimmed with loops of the same colored ribbon.

FIG IV.—CHILD'S TOQUE, made of fawn-colored canvas-cloth, sprigged with red, and trimmed with loops of fawn-colored satin ribbon.

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THE THREE FRIENDS.

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CORNER OF TEA-CLOTH, ETC., ETC.

DESIGN OF CHRYSANTHEMUMS FOR

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AT THE WINDOW. [*See the Story, "An Astronomical Conjunction."*]

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THE DANGER SIGNAL. [*See the Story, "Birch Hollow Junction."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JULY. PARASOLS.

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HOUSE-DRESS. APRON. HAT.

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HOUSE-DRESS. EVENING-DRESS. BONNET.

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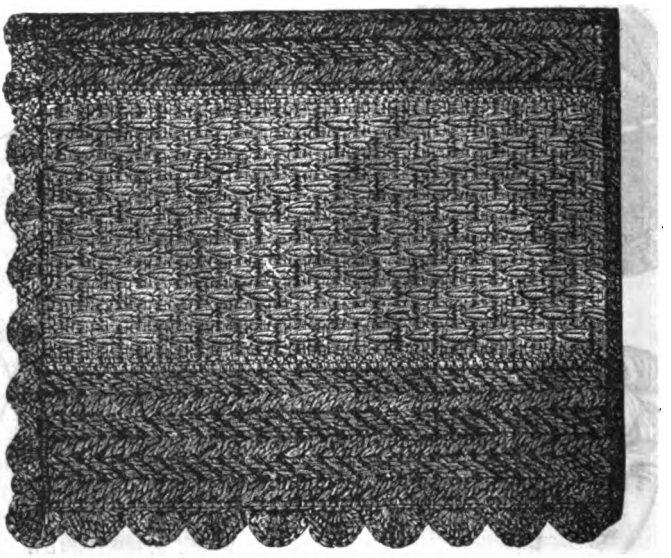
SEASIDE-DRESS. BATHING-DRESS.

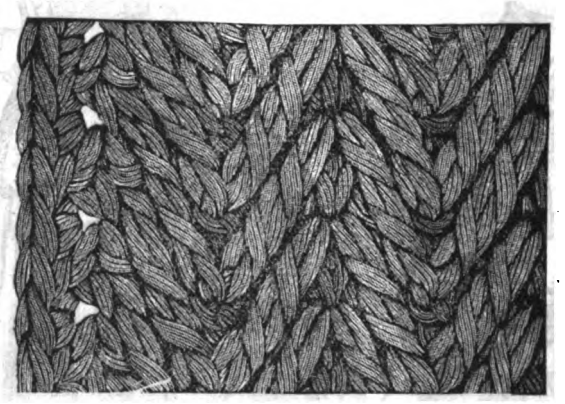
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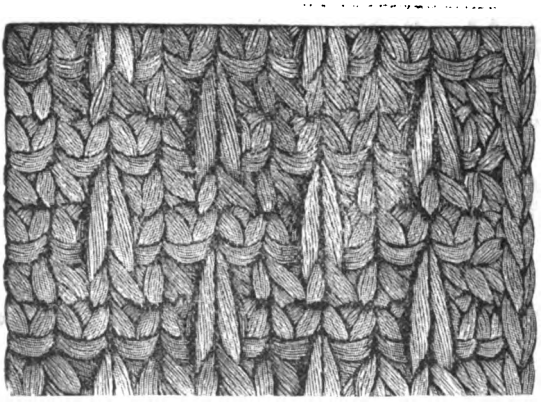


WALKING DRESS. MORNING-BODICE. HAT.

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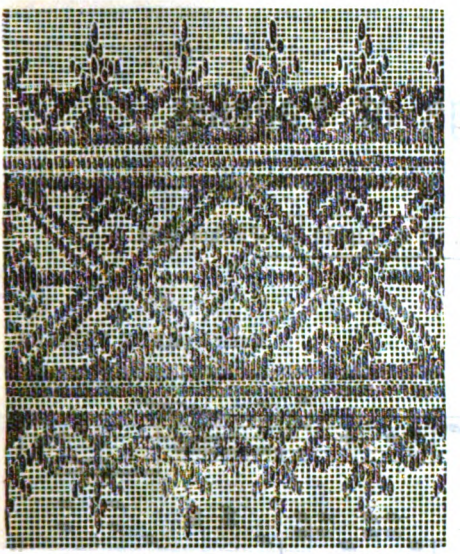


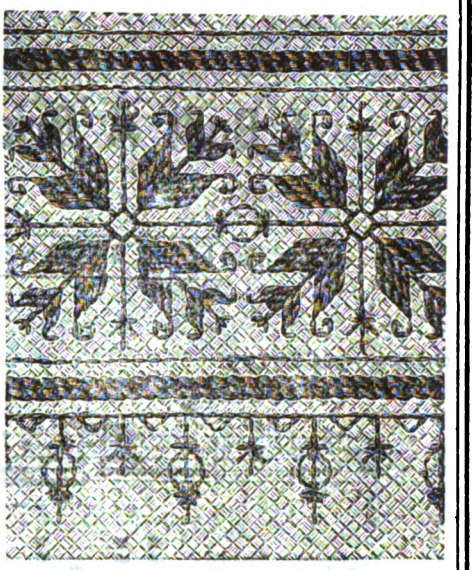




CROCHET RUG OR COVER, WITH DETAIL.

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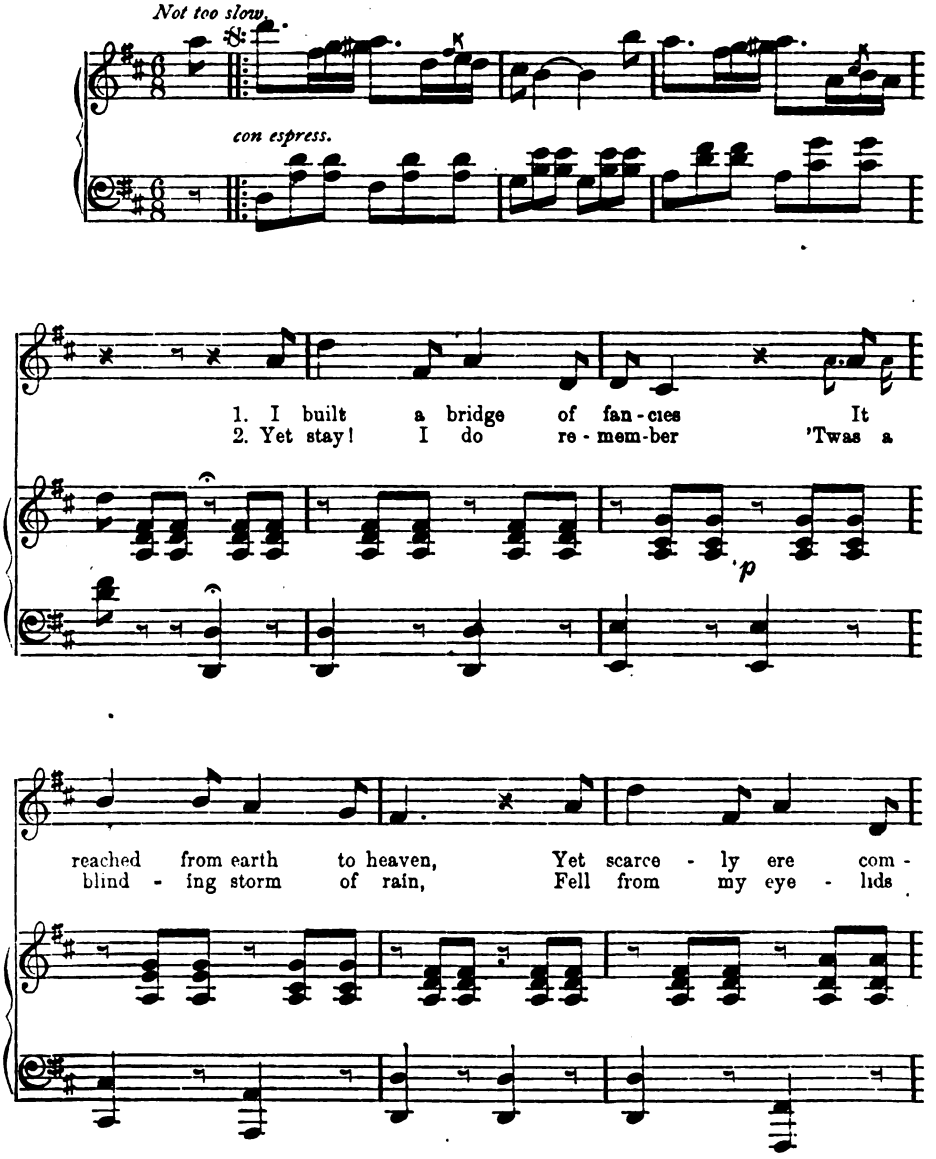






DESSERT-SERVIETTE. EMBROIDERED BORDERS.

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I Built A Bridge of Fancies.
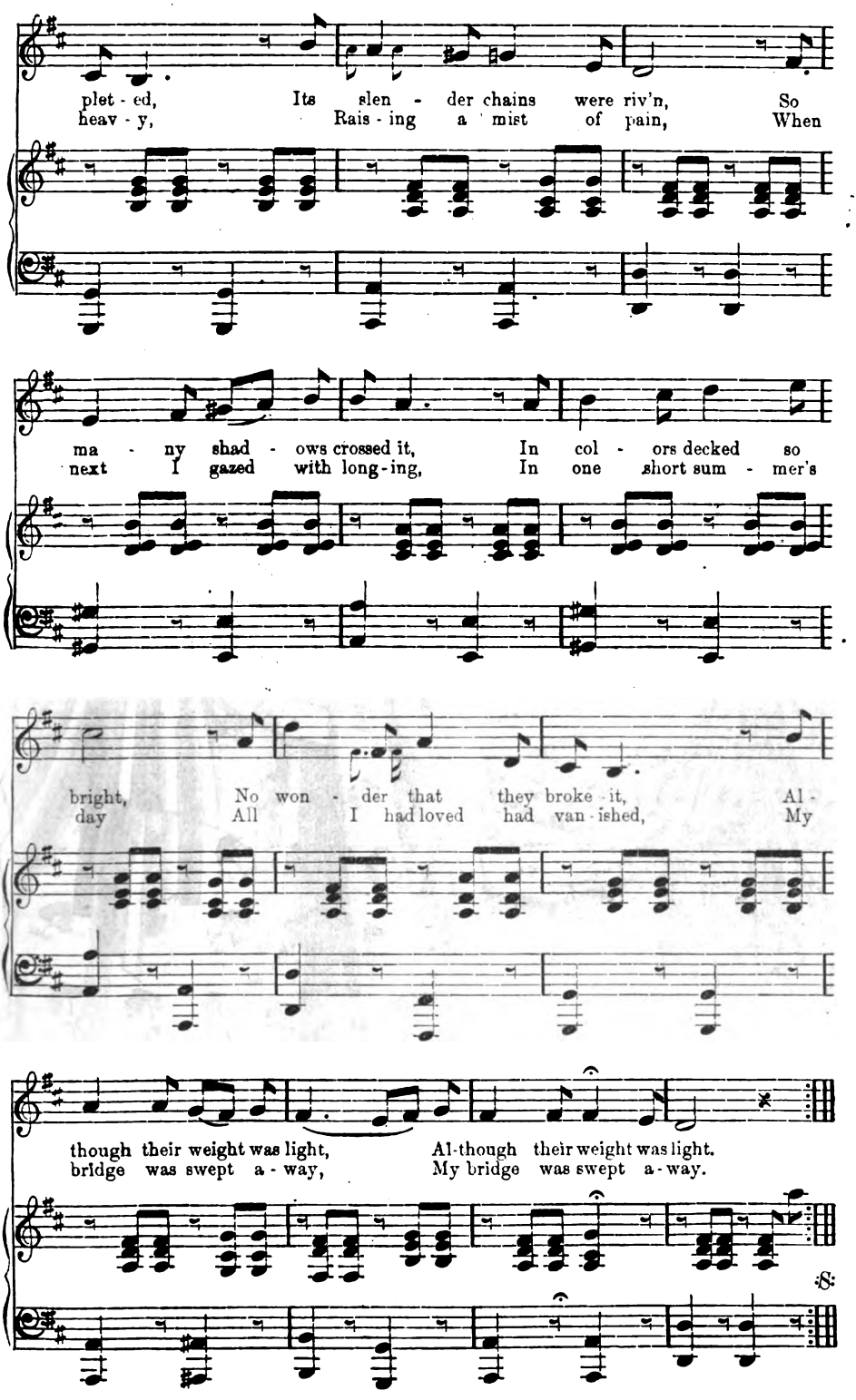
As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

Words by MISS MYLNE. Music by ANNE FRICKER.



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I BUILT A BRIDGE OF FANCIES.



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WALKING-DRESS. HOUSE-DRESS.

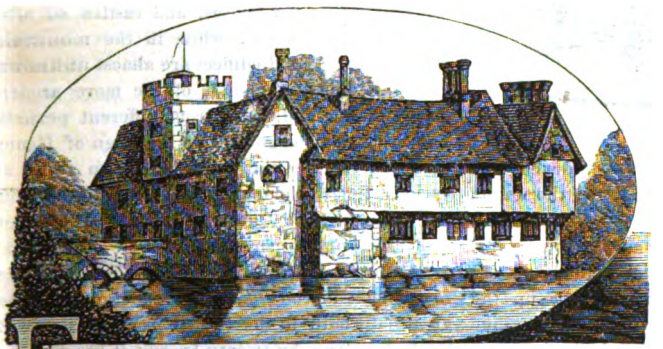
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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1885. No. 1.

MOATED MANSIONS OF "THE OLDEN TIME."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SIX WEEKS IN SCANDINAVIA."



IGTHAM MOTE, WITH ENTRANCE-BRIDGE.

FROM the day we had first read Tennyson's "Mariana," we had been curious to see a moated grange. Mentioning this to an acquaintance, in England, he said promptly:

"Nothing is easier. We have a good many moated granges, manor-houses, and castles still left, scattered up and down the land; but one of the best specimens is Igtham, half-way between Seven Oaks and Tunbridge, and less than two hours from London by rail. It has been inhabited continuously for more than seven hundred years, and is just the place, therefore, you wish to see."

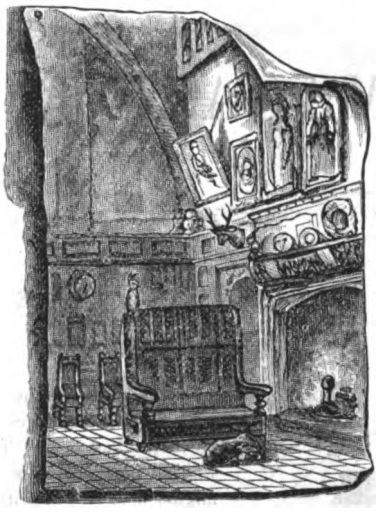
To make a long story short, we went down, that afternoon, to Tunbridge, and, early the next morning, hiring a conveyance, started for Igtham.

The road ran through the loveliest part of Kent. On every hand were picturesque old farm-houses, hop-gardens, bits of woodland, and manor-houses or castles hidden away in parks. Our first glimpse of Igtham showed it, in the distance, buried in woods, like another castle of the Sleeping Beauty. On a nearer approach, however, the woods opened up, and the gray old mansion stood boldly out, in the summer sunshine, a massive-square stone edifice, surrounded by its broad ditch or moat. A stone bridge led across this moat to the great gateway where once the portcullis had been. There was no portcullis now: the mighty door stood invitingly open: and there was even a bell-pull, just as in a London house, for visitors to announce themselves.

But what was our dismay, on ringing the bell, to be told by the natty man-servant who appeared, that it was only on certain days that Igtham was open to strangers, and that we had come on the wrong day. For a moment, we confess, we were disheartened: we had traveled a long distance; had sacrificed two days; and now were to be turned back without seeing the Mote! After a little hesitation, we took out a card, and asked the servant to carry it in to the lady of the house and say all this, adding that we were Americans, and would be very much disappointed if we had to go back to our country without seeing this curious old historical place. In a little while, the footman returned, saying that, under the circumstances, the rule would be relaxed in our favor. We mention this fact as an off-set to the stories so often told by travelers of the churlishness of owners of historical places in England. In their justification, it must be remembered that it is not always convenient to have strangers running over one's house at all hours; and, if a day is set apart for the purpose, the proprietors cannot be censured if they decline to have their privacy invaded at other times. What we say of Igtham, too, we can say of other places.

We had reached the Mote by a narrow circuitous road, on one side of which was a winding stream creeping lazily along through lush meadows.

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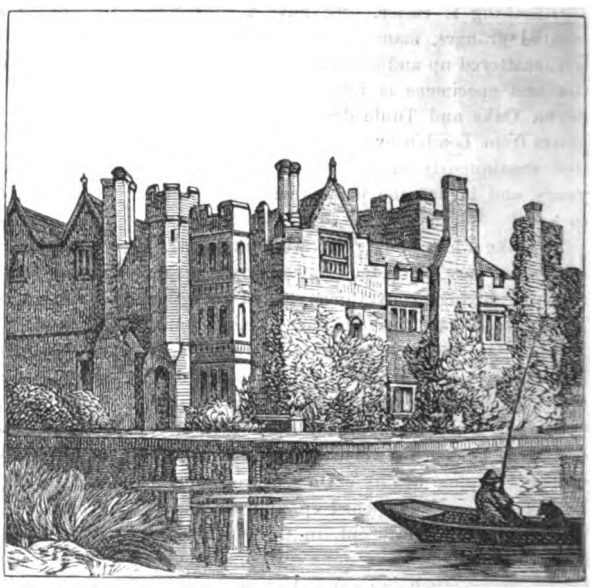


GREAT HALL AT IGTHAM.

Near the house, this tiny river widened into a small lake, and this it was that fed the waters of the moat. The mansion itself was about a hundred feet square, built around a court-yard. As we crossed the bridge of which we have already spoken, the bright July sunshine lit up the century-old flagstones under foot, the antique masonry of the tower through which the gateway opened, and the more modern quaint Tudor gables within the quadrangle. Not a leaf stirred on the great cedars outside, not a breath of air disturbed the sultry silence. But we heard the click of croquet-balls from some place out of sight on the left, and an occasional burst of silvery girlish laughter. Doubtless the daughters of the house, with some neighbors, were playing the then fashionable game. Nothing could have made us realize more completely the difference between the twelfth century, when Igtham was first built, and when there was no security for life or property, and the nineteenth century, when people played croquet in the long summer days, instead of going to the wars, and had nothing to fear from outlaw or mailed marauder.

The court-yard we found to be about fifty feet square. Pausing here, we looked around. We understood now, as we had never understood before, how, prior to the invention of gunpowder, such a place as Igtham must have been almost impregnable. Defended by the broad moat outside, which no pontoons then portable could cross, and by the thick stone walls, which no arrows could pierce, the ladies of the mansion, even during a hostile attack, could walk in this court-yard, or sit at the windows overlooking it, safe from all reasonable peril. We realized that, in a country of plains, like Kent, a moat, in the then condition of warfare, was the best defense possible. In a hilly country, like Derbyshire, or in Scotland, a fortalice, placed on a commanding elevation, was better. But in Kent, Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, or wherever it was flat, a broad ditch was the more available for defense; and hence it is that in those parts of England you find the granges, manor-houses, and castles so often surrounded by moats: while in the mountain regions such moated edifices are almost unknown.

Igtham Mote, like most of the more ancient houses of England, dates from different periods. The older portions go back to the reign of Henry II, A. D. 1180. Other parts have been added at various times, though none, we believe, later than the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The lower story, the original portion, is of stone; the upper, and later, is of wood, in the half-timbered style so common in the "merrie" Tudor days. The great hall, built in the twelfth century, is about thirty feet long, by twenty broad: it has a noble Gothic window, is vaulted overhead, and stands above a crypt, early English in character, probably older than the hall itself. This apartment is now used as a dining-room, and, with the aid

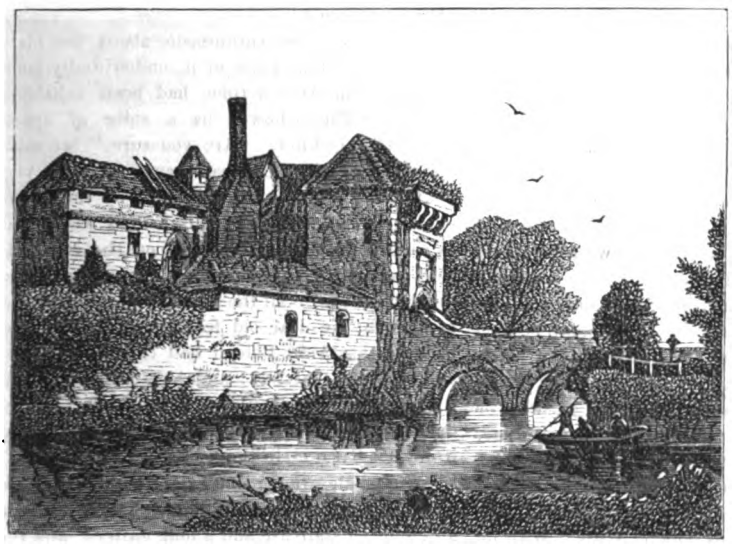


HEVER CASTLE, WITH MOAT.

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of pictures on the walls, luxurious chairs scattered about, and screens to keep off the draughts, is cozy and inviting to the last degree. Even the huge chimney-place, in which a whole ox might be roasted, has been so tastefully treated that it adds an additional and home-like charm to the place.

One of the most curious things at the Mote is the chapel, which stands on the left of the quadrangle as you enter, on the second story, as we would say in America. It has a fine wagon-roof of the time of Henry VII. The original wainscoting on the walls, the old seats, and the priest's confessional, still remain, unaltered, though a good deal warped and shrunk by the lapse of centuries. Here also is what is believed to be one of the most ancient organs in England.



LEEDS CASTLE, WITH MOAT.

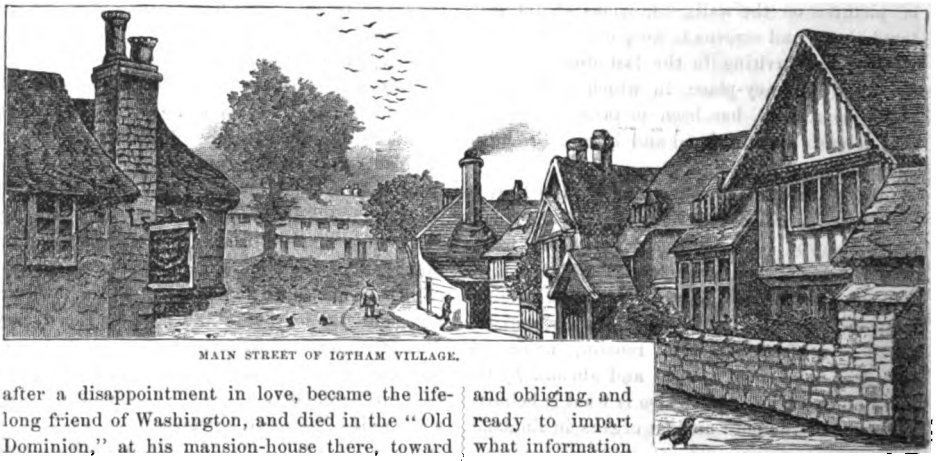
Nothing shows better the progress of civilization than the fact that the rooms at Igtham, with the exception of the hall, are all small. The truth is, that, in the Middle Ages, there was but little idea of domestic comfort. The hall was really the living-room, so to speak, for everybody, from the lord of the manor down. They all ate there, most remained there when indoors, and the ordinary retainers slept there. The bed-chambers were little better than closets. Even the great nobles, though they indulged in considerable luxury in dress, though they were epicures at the table, though their steel armor was often artistically embossed, slept in small and ill-ventilated rooms, rarely bathed, and changed their garments only at long intervals. It was a rude age, and essentially barbaric, notwithstanding its chivalry. Some might even call it savage. We speak now only of England. For in France, especially in southern France, and much the more in Italy, a good deal of the old Roman social civilization survived: so that while, in England, even as late as the time of Queen Elizabeth, the floors of palaces were strewn with rushes, in France and Italy, and even in the Netherlands, the carpets of Turkey and Persia were to be seen, not only in the houses of the nobles, but also in those of the richer of the middle class.

Picturesque as we found Igtham to be, however, we could not help thinking that, in the dreary days of winter, it must remind one, more or less, of Mariana and her moated grange. As we looked back at it, on driving away, and saw its gray walls rising from the sluggish moat, we fancied her, on some damp December day, when the fog was rising from the water, sitting at one of the windows, bemoaning her loneliness and sad fate, as in Tennyson's poem. The melancholy sough of the wind in the surrounding trees: the ghostly mist rising from the encircling pool; the lichens on the walls; the solitary, desolate landscape beyond; the utter, utter loneliness: all this, we said to ourselves, would be enough to chill the stoutest heart, much less that of a love-lorn maid. No wonder, in such a place, "when the moon was low," and when, beneath her window, "a sluice with blackened waters slept," while, "in the white curtain, to and fro, she saw the gusty shadow sway," poor hapless Mariana wrung her hands and cried:

"I am aweary, aweary!
I wish that I were dead."

Having seen Igtham, our curiosity was whetted to examine other and different types of Old-World "moated mansions." Two, we were told, were close at hand. One was Hever Castle, where Anne Boleyn had lived as a girl. The other was Leeds Castle, the earlier home of that Lord Fairfax, whose romantic story is so familiar to Americans, and who, emigrating to Virginia,

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MAIN STREET OF IGTHAM VILLAGE.

after a disappointment in love, became the life-long friend of Washington, and died in the "Old Dominion," at his mansion-house there, toward the close of our war for independence.

Hever, though called a castle, is hardly large enough to deserve that name. It is about three hours' drive from Igtham, and was begun to be built in the reign of Henry VII, by Sir Geoffrey Boleyn, the great-grandfather of Anne Boleyn. The Boleyn family had originally made its fortune in trade, for the English nobility, even in those feudal days, was constantly recuperated from commerce, just as it is now, in spite of the present popular impression to the contrary. Sir Geoffrey had been a successful mercer, and Lord Mayor of London: his descendant became Queen of England, in her own right; a thing that could hardly happen now to a dry-goods dealer's descendant, say a grandchild of Swan, or Edgar, even in this so-called more democratic age. The mansion was erected on the site of an older structure, and was not finished until the time of Sir Geoffrey's grandson, Sir Thomas, the father of Anne, and afterwards Earl of Wilts. With its high-pitched roofs, quaint gables, and decorated chimneys, it is a characteristic specimen of the Tudor style of architecture: certainly the most picturesque, and, on the whole, perhaps the most comfortable for domestic purposes, that England has seen. Hever is surrounded by a double moat, fed from the river Eden. Near it, a slight hill is pointed out, where Henry the Eighth, when he came galloping on horseback to the fair Anne, was wont to stop, and wind his horn, to announce his approach.

But Hever has fallen on evil times. Instead of knights feasting in its halls, and fair dames coqueting in its chambers, it is now degraded to a farm-house, and some of its rooms even given over to granaries. Nevertheless, we found its occupants—though unlettered, and certainly not what would be called high-bred—to be courteous, and obliging, and ready to impart what information they possessed. They were even so enthusiastic about the place as to believe that parts of it, undoubtedly more modern than Anne's time, had been inhabited by her. They showed us a suite of apartments of this kind. "Are you sure," we said, "that she really occupied them?" "Oh, yes, your honor, sure as sure." But, as the rooms exhibited clear traces of Elizabethan work, and as we saw the date, A. D. 1584, on the wall outside, we may be pardoned for not giving in to this hypothesis. All the same, we took care not to disturb the dear old fellow's faith; he had believed that Anne Boleyn had trod those floors, and slept in that bed: and he would believe it till he died: why should we break in on his fond delusion? It made him happy to think it, and it did not harm us in the least.

As a rule, the rooms at Hever are more spacious than those at Igtham. There is quite an imposing staircase and a long gallery, and the mansion is larger in every respect: it belongs, indeed, to a later age and a more advanced social condition. Among the apartments shown as having been occupied by Anne Boleyn, the bedroom was especially noticeable, a fine handsome chamber, paneled to the ceiling. We wish we could have believed that she slept in it. But there is no doubt that she often promenaded in the gardens behind the house: that she flitted up and down the broad staircase: that she walked on rainy days in the long gallery, for exercise: and that she stood at the windows, looking out for her lover, to welcome him with that smile and with those bright looks whose witchery has passed into a proverb. Poor, giddy, beautiful, yet cruelly-used Queen! The dream of ambition and romance ended, one gray morning, at the block on Tower Hill: her brutal husband, it is said,

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waiting for the gun to announce her execution, that he might gallop off and marry Jane Seymour.

Not far from Hever is Leeds Castle, once the great central fortress of Kent. Though partially in ruins, it is still vast and imposing. A moat, or rather lake, surrounds three islands, from which the massive walls of the castle rise, the principal points being crowned with turrets and towers, which give it a bold picturesque sky outline. The castle buildings originally extended over all three of the islands, and were connected by drawbridges, so that, in the event of a siege, if one island was lost, the garrison could retreat to another. The oldest parts of Leeds were built before authentic record. Leeds must have been of note even in the Saxon times, and perhaps earlier—in the days of the Romans, if not even the almost mythical ones of the British. William the Conqueror granted it to the Crevacœurs, from whom it passed to the Leyburns, and eventually to the Fairfaxes by marriage. Kings and queens have slept there. Princes have banqueted in its hall. Brave knights, gayly caparisoned, with lance and pennon, have ridden forth from it to tournament or battle, clanking across its drawbridges. It is particularly interesting to Americans, as we have said, because it was one of the English castles of Lord Fairfax, and because the successors to his title still live in the United States, and are proud of their citizenship here. Leeds Castle does not belong to the Fairfaxes now, however: by some family arrangement, it passed to another branch, in the last century.



TOWN HALL, IGTHAM VILLAGE.

But to return to Igtham. After leaving the Mote, we drove to Igtham village, about two miles distant, which we found quite an Old-World place, a veritable bit of the Middle Ages, stranded, so to speak, on the shores of the nineteenth century. The timber-and-clay houses had evidently been erected centuries ago, and some of them looked as if a breath would blow them into ruin. The ancient town-house still remained: very much the same, though a little more dilapidated, as on that fatal morning, when the last of the Brockleburys, who then held Igtham, mustered his retainers in front of it, before marching to his death at Bosworth. As we gazed at it, musing on all this, the twilight began to fall, and, for a moment, we almost fancied we saw the grotesque array coming towards us through the shadows: the quaint iron head-pieces, the rudely-hammered breast-plates, the antique cross-bows. Then a glint of dying sunshine shot across the landscape, the phantom little army disappeared, and in its place we saw the golden light on sward, and on tree, and on the half-tumbling cottages, and on the dark old timbered town-house.

DOWN BY THE LILIES.

BY BRADLEY COURTLAND.

We walked in the purple gloaming,
'Mid whispering winds from far;
The slumberous night fell softly,
Lit by a sparkling star:
Only one star to light us
Down by the lily sheen.
Will the lilies tell of the kisses
That I gave to you, my queen?

Kisses so sweet! Oh, lilies,
Down in the lily-walk,
There are other flowers more tempting
Than grow on a lily-stalk.
Flowers as pure and as fragrant,
And sweeter to me by far,
By the kisses I gave my lily
Under the sparkling star.

The shadows may fall in the gloaming,
The star may droop slowly to rest;
Time may powder thy hair, my darling—
What matters it? Safe on my breast—
Yes, safe: for I love thee, my dearest.
"I love thee," the lilies say,
By the kisses I gave in the gloaming,
When the twilight was purpling the day.

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AN ASTRONOMICAL CONJUNCTION.

BY EMILY LENNOX.

OLD ASTEROID had once been the professor of astronomy in a German university. But the place did not pay well, and, finding that the glory of his name and position did not go very far toward liquidating his grocer's-bills, he threw up the engagement.

He had two daughters—Luna and Stella—pretty twins, whom he had named thus fantastically, after his wife's decease. The wife had died, poor lady, very inopportunely, just before the transit of Venus.

"Zere iss no use off vasting time here," he said, one morning. "What for shall I dry to deach astronomy to a lot off fools? Ey, Luna?"

He brought his fist down on the table with a force that set Stella's nerves a-quivering, and he glared defiantly over the worn silver rim of his spectacles.

"They are not all fools, father," Stella said, suggestively.

"No? Are zey not? I vish you could haf their note-books seen. Ach, himmel! you would sink a cow could put sings down better. In one off my lectures, I said: 'Das zodiacal licht liegte in die Milchstrasse.' You know when it wass—ey, Stella, kind? Zat Englishman, Jifford, you know—"

"Gifford, father," said Luna, with a faint flutter of the lips, that wholly escaped the astronomer, though he would have noted the twinkling of a star millions of miles away.

"Oh, well, vass giebt's?" he cried, with an impatient gesture. "He's a dumb goose, whatever his name were. He dranslated my observation: 'Ze zodiacal light wass visible in Milk Street.'"

Stella burst out laughing. But a warm painful flush crept over Luna's cheek, that was only half concealed by her soft brown curls.

"Well, I suppose he didn't know any better," she said, as though that were the best apology. "He hasn't been here very long, father, and he don't know much German."

"Ja, freilich," said Stella, laughing.

"Well," said old Asteroid, fretfully, "must I deach him Sherman ass well ass astronomy? He iss all ze more a fool, if he egspects to learn ze language and eferysing at once."

"You said yourself that he deserved a great deal of credit," said Luna, persistently.

"Credit? Oh—a! Well, he hass had it. Now iss it ze dime to bay. No, no! I am tired off it all. I shall gif up my shair, and go by the coundry out."

"Good! good!" cried Stella, clapping her hands. "We'll take a cottage out of town, and build an observatory, and you will discover something big, father; and the Emperor will give you a gold medal and a pension of so many marks; and Luna and I will put down your observations—won't we, Luna? And, by and bye, we shall be able to calculate almost as well as you can."

"Off gourse," said old Asteroid, beaming benignly, "I gonsegrate you both to science. You must great astronomers, be some day."

"Oh, if we only could," cried Stella, with an aspiring sigh.

"What?" asked Luna, somewhat sharply, turning away from the absent contemplation of the starry sky.

"I should like to discover something," Stella went on, with enthusiasm. "Some day, I mean to have my name in the astronomical calendar. I hope it will be a comet—a comet with a tremendous tail."

"I hope so," said old Asteroid, nodding his approval of those worthy sentiments. But Luna said nothing. Going over to the closet, she took down her shawl and a light zephyr scarf.

"Where are you going?" asked Stella, idly.

Again that faint flutter passed over Luna's lips.

"The night is so clear," she said, after a moment's hesitation, "I am going out to look at the heavens."

"Orion blazes avay, don't he?" said the professor, rising. "Stella, kind, don't forget to wind ze clock."

The door closed upon Luna, and she went down the walk with a hasty springing step.

"I am tired of it all," she murmured. "What is the use of clinging to a life that has no charm for you whatever? They will drive me mad with their astronomy. I hate it—yes, I hate it!"

Then, as though terrified by the utterance of such heresy, she gathered her shawl about her and ran toward the shadow of a great oak-tree, that bent its boughs reverently before the beauty

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of the starlit sky. A moment more, and she was clasped in a pair of strong eager arms.

"Luna—liebling," cried a voice that stumbled over the German syllables, "I thought you would never come."

"I could not get away any sooner, Rarie," she panted. "Even now I had almost to tell a story to manage this meeting. I cannot come again, dear. This is the last time."

"What?" cried Rarie Gifford, reproachfully. "You will embitter even this first moment of joy? Think how lonely I am, Luna. My life among the students is miserable."

"I do think of it. I think of nothing else. But I can't keep on deceiving them so, Rarie. My father never expects me to marry, and—"

"What?" was the indignant protest. "Does he expect you to spend your life peeking through a telescope? You—Luna? If I thought there was a chance of such a thing, I'd smash every instrument in Christendom."

This outburst, absurd as it was, pleased her, and she squeezed softly the gowned arm against which her head was partly leaning.

"He does expect that," she said, with a sigh; "and so does Stella. Oh, Rarie! I don't believe they'll ever forgive me for falling in love with you."

"And I should never have forgiven you, if you hadn't," he answered, drawing her close to him and kissing her fondly. "Though why you do care for me, Luna, I fail to understand."

"I don't know," she said, putting her arms around his neck and laying her soft cheek close to his. "I can't help it. I just love you."

"And I can bear this suspense no longer," he cried, passionately. "To see you only occasionally, and then under other eyes, except—dear one—when you come to your casement, at night, and look out—"

"Which I do at peril of being discovered. I can only do it when Stella is asleep or has not yet come to our room. Every time I go to that window, it is in fear of discovery."

"Oh! if you only knew how lovely you look, you would come oftener to it. The last time I saw you there, I thought you an angel: you seemed so pure, so saintly, in your white dress. But that was nearly a week ago. Every night since, I have watched for hours beneath your window, yet you have not come once."

"I could not—indeed, I could not. And to-night, in coming here, I risk almost certain discovery. But I could not help it, after you wrote. I love you so."

Even the stars winked at them then, and for awhile the sweet silence of night-time was unbroken, save by the quick responsive beating of their young hearts. It was "Luna, darling, do you love me?" and "Yes, Rarie, with all my soul." Then they began again at the beginning.

"But I am very unhappy, dear," she said, at last. "I don't want to live this way any longer."

"Are you willing I should go and tell your father? If I did—"

"Yes."

This was the bombshell that exploded in the Herr Professor's office the next day.

"What iss it?" cried old Asteroid, with quivering lips. "My Luna haf bromised to marry you? You are a fool. Gott in himmel! What can dat girl mean?"

"We love each other, sir," said Rarie, bravely. "You are a great astronomer, and—"

"Schmeichelei—schmeichelei—pooh!" said the professor, snapping his fingers.

"I would not stoop to flatter anyone," said Rarie, angrily. "You are wrapped up in your science. But Luna is tired of it all."

"Tired of astro*nomy*? Young man, you are a bigger fool dan I tought you been. Bah!"

"I tell you the truth, Herr Professor: Luna does not care for astronomy, and—"

"Fery well," he burst forth, angrily. "Take her, den. I haf no use for her—no use whatever. Take her. I haf still one daughter left—one daughter who iss not tired of astro*nomy*. Hei, Stella, kind! Here: your sister hass made one great fool from herself. She will marry him."

The scorn expressed in his gesture and accent must have blighted a more cowardly soul than Rarie's.

"That's pretty bad, old fellow," he muttered; "but I'll swallow it, for Luna's sake."

Stella burst into tears.

"Now everything is spoiled," she sobbed. "We can't have the cottage, father, for I can't do all the work myself, and we can't afford a girl."

"We'll manage some way," said the professor. "Zere iss a young man who would like the examinations to make up, and he vishes me to deach him astro*nomy*. I haf encaged to do it, and—"

"Have you?" cried Rarie, eagerly. "I am so glad! Dick was so down about his astronomy. He thought he would never get on with it; but I told him that if he could only persuade you to coach him, he'd be all right."

"Ey?" said old Asteroid, glaring at him viciously. "Zen you sent him? I vish I hat known zat. Nosing could haf made me take him to board, if I hat known!"

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"He's a splendid fellow—Dick Harrow, and clever, too," said Rarie, warmly.

'Oh—a!" cried the professor, cynically. "Like you, perhaps!"

"You are unjust, professor," said Rarie, as he withdrew; "but I do not despair of winning your regard."

Old Asteroid retired from the university, and rented his cottage. Rarie had another year in his course, but, greatly to the professor's disgust, he married Luna when the spring term closed, and the young couple took the cottage adjoining old Asteroid's. Fortunately, Rarie had some money of his own, and he built an observatory.

"Humph!" said the professor, and vowed he'd never use it. But, inside of a month, he was making delighted observations through the telescope, and Stella was going over, with Dick Harrow, the problems which old Asteroid would not condescend to explain.

Luna's marriage was a bitter blow to both, but they had a kind of high-minded pride that sustained them, and the summer went on for awhile uneventfully.

"How much you know about the stars, fräulein!" said Dick, one night, as, according to their custom, they sat out on the balcony, watching the heavens, he with a cigar in his mouth, and she holding a small telescope.

"I ought to know a great deal," said Stella, laughing. "I have lived among them."

"Have you, indeed?" said Dick. "Then you really are an angel?"

"What nonsense, Mr. Harrow!" she answered, but something stirred gently in her heart. "How brightly the Dipper shines to-night. Shall we not go into the observatory and look at it?"

"By all means—if you wish."

Under the range of the telescope was a long bench. Dick sat on one end of this bench, while Stella focused the instrument properly.

"Just look," she cried. "There's a magnificent display to-night. Jupiter and Mars are glorious, and I never saw Saturn's rings so plainly."

"I can't find Jupiter at all," said Dick, who had moved up, and was looking through the telescope.

"It is right over there," said Stella, pointing to the spot. "Here: let me show you."

She bent over to take the instrument, but Dick did not stir: and her movement brought their heads together, so that her cheek was touching his.

"There! I've got it," cried Dick, throwing his arm around her. "Don't stir, please, or I shall lose the focus. Isn't that magnificent?"

"Haven't you seen enough?" cried Stella, drawing away from him after a moment, her face burning crimson in the gloom with which the dome was filled.

"Enough, fräulein?" said Dick, reproachfully. "I have not enough of anything—not even of your friendship."

"My friendship, Mr. Harrow?" she faltered. "I have always assured you of that."

"Yes," he said, taking her hand, since he had otherwise released her; "but, when we say friendship, we don't mean the same thing."

"Don't we? Well, I suppose that my determination never to marry has made me indifferent to men."

"But why should not my determination not to marry affect me in the same way?"

"Does it not? Or have you any such a determination?"

"I have. Fräulein, someone has said that a woman's friendship is better than her love. I should like to prove that. Nothing would please me better than to have you for my friend and associate. Some day, you know, I shall be a baronet, and, when I have the leisure, I shall devote a great deal of time and money to astronomical research."

"Shall you, really? How delightful!"

"And I should like to think of you as enjoying it with me."

"You are very kind."

"No; only selfish. But you will let me hope for that?"

"I—I don't know," said Stella, with sudden misgivings. "I shall always be your friend, of course. But, excuse me—don't you smell smoke?"

"Something is burning!" exclaimed Dick, groping his way to the door, which they had locked, as was the custom, on the inside, to prevent intruders. But, in some way, the key had fallen or been pulled out, and Dick hunted for it in vain.

"The key is gone," he said, in suppressed tones, "and I haven't a single match about me."

The smoke was now penetrating the entire dome, and there was a suffocating smell of burning wood.

"It is fire, Mr. Harrow!" cried Stella, with a sudden thrill of terror. "The observatory is on fire!"

"Where can that key be?" cried Dick, excitedly, shaking the door with all his might. "Professor Asteroid! This way! Help! Stella and I are locked in the dome!"

In vain they shouted and pounded on the door. No one came. It was as though they had been consigned to a living tomb.

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"They do not know we are here," said Stella. "I told father we would not make any observations to-night."

"The door is fast," said Dick, relinquishing his last effort to burst it open. "Unless they come for us, we are lost."

Stella shivered, and he put his arms around her. To the suffocating smell of the smoke was now added a growing heat from below, and the shouts and excitement without deadened their only hope of making themselves heard.

Dick drew her close to him.

"Are you afraid to die—with me?" he whispered.

Even in that moment of peril, Stella felt something of the joyous truth his words conveyed.

"No, not afraid," she answered, in a low tone; and she did not stir.

Then Dick bent over her, almost forgetful of the awful doom that awaited them.

"Darling," he whispered, "it was not your friendship I wanted, but your love. If we should be spared, would you give it to me?"

"I don't know," she said, in a faint voice; but she clung to him passionately. "Oh, I don't know, Dick."

"Yes, you would," he declared, pressing a kiss on her trembling lips. "You would, Stella. There is nothing in this life that is worth more than love—not even astronomy. Don't faint, darling. Cling to me: I will not leave you. Stella—my own!"

Five minutes more, and the firemen burst into the dome, headed by old Asteroid, who was crying loudly for his precious observations. They found Dick and Stella lying on the floor, insensible, clasped in each other's arms.

Fortunately, most of the valuable instruments were saved from the fire; but old Asteroid was gloomy and taciturn.

"I haf not egspected dis off you, Stella," he said, sadly.

"I know, father," she answered; "but, after—after all that happened, I had to marry him."

"Ei! Ei! Dat iss all fery well to say; but I know you women been all alike. Zere iss no use drying to improof your minds: for you hafn't any to improof."

Having delivered this ultimatum, the professor let things take their course; but he was never quite himself again, until the spring, when Luna's baby-boy was born.

"Here iss my astr*onomer*," he said, patting the little fellow's bald head. "We'll see if he doesn't come to somesing. Ey, kindlein? I would not gif one poy for half a dozen girls, nohow."

THE BOY-GOD'S THEFT.

BY BENNETT BELLMAN.

MAIDEN, with thy flying tresses
And with beaming eye!
Hath love with his sweet caresses
Unto thee come nigh?

On a summer day he found me
As I sleeping lay,
Then with silken cords he bound me;
Hath he passed this way?

In my heart this love unruly
Sleeping, seemed to lie!
Can you tell me, tell me truly,
Hath he here passed by?

He hath little bow and quiver,
Cheeks of rosy hue;
But, believe me, trust him never!
Hath he come to you?

Though his eyes with tears be swollen,
I will make him sigh,
For my heart the urchin's stolen:
Hath he here passed by?

If I catch him, although fearless,
He will rue the day.
Venus! why are you so careless,
Thus to let him stray?

THE DEATH-MASK OF SHAKESPEARE.

BY ALICE MAUDE EWELL.

WHY, death, what hast thou there?
Couldst thou not—for its grace—
Have spared that God-like face
Beyond thy time, to show men what is fair?

What shame to quench those eyes,
Whose swift discernment knew
Life's inmost secrets through!
Now sunken lids no brightness underlies.

Thou couldst not quite eclipse
That mouth's calm sweetness sealed.
Yet had thy grace revealed
To us perfection—voicing from those lips!

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THE PASSWAY OF PERIL.

BY MRS. M. SHEFFEY PETERS.

CHAPTER I.

"You like Virginia, of course?" said Colonel Jarney Paxton, to his young guest.

"I like it—yes, of course," replied Miss Yodell. "From tide-water up to these beautiful banks of the Holston, I've met with nothing but the large-hearted hospitality for which your State is so justly famous."

Claymour Paxton, seated on a step of the verandah, now looked up.

"Why, father," he said, "Cousin Judith, coming, as she does, from the generous blue-grass region of Kentucky, pays us a high compliment in saying that."

Miss Yodell favored her handsome cousin with a rather curious smile, then turned to his father.

"There is one thing I have been learning during my sojourn in Virginia, Cousin Jarney," she said: "it is to enjoy seeing you delight so in your pipe."

"I wish you might have been as complaisant to my cigarettes, this morning," complained Claymour, in an aggrieved tone.

The father laughed.

"You were right, my dear," he said, approvingly. "Right to give the young rascal a sharp reprimand for presuming to smoke in your presence. That is one of the innovations of this day of unchivalric youth. Such ungallantry as a young fellow, like Clay here, smoking, in the face of a lovely young woman, was not thought of in my day."

Miss Yodell accepted the implied compliment with a bow.

"Habits are like gray hairs," she remarked, with the gravity of a sage; "they are worn gracefully by age and wisdom, but are never becoming to youth."

Claymour stroked his downy mustache, looking subdued.

"I was hoping, cousin, you were about to tell my father," he said at last, "that you had been learning in Virginia not to view with a critic's eye the imperfections of your mountain-reared cousins. But a truce to this. You said, this morning, you wished to see, from the river-gate, this evening's sunset; and the west is in a flame now, you observe."

She gave him her hand, rising gracefully from the swinging wicker-chair where she had been sitting. Above the ordinary height as Paxton was, her eyes were nearly on a level with his as she stood beside him, lightly smoothing and shaking into order the silken-webbed and lustreless puffs and flounces of her black grenadine robe, which but served to throw into relief the rare perfection of her peculiar style of beauty. Had her eyes not been so nearly on a level with his, Claymour might have failed to see the full radiance of them, lighted by the red gleam in their depths, that so exactly matched the tawny dull-red of her abundant hair, knotted in a wavy coil low on her white well-poised neck.

There was a score or more of patrician generations in the blue veins of Judith Yodell, and she showed it in the fine ivory polish of her complexion, in the slope of her shoulders, in the lithe grace of her figure, in the tapering of her firm white hands, in every line of her proud reposeful face.

She stood at the gate in silence for some time, watching with kindling cheeks the long procession of mountain-peaks, now rosy with the setting sun.

"I think," she said at last, "I should like to go to that highest mountain-summit yonder: the view from it must be superb."

"If you would like to go," replied her cousin, "there is nothing more feasible. The peak is called White Top, and is said to be only less high than Bald Mountain, in North Carolina. It is not more than twenty miles off. We have often made up parties to go there and camp out for a night or two."

"Oh, how delightful! When can we go?" she cried.

"The sooner the better," he returned. "To-morrow, the arrangements can be made, the party invited, and, by the day after, we can set out."

"How unselfish all you Virginians are," she said, "in seeking to give pleasure to others. My Kentucky cousins at home would not be half so gallant."

"And yet," said Claymour, looking at her meaningly, "there was one, I have heard, who risked his life merely for the sake of a waltz with you."

Miss Yodell turned her head quickly aside.

"So," she said, speaking coldly, "you have

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heard, even here, of the unenviable notoriety I gained through that miserable affair? But you are mistaken. Hart Branthwaite," her proud lips taking a firmer set as she looked bravely at him now, "preferred to have my name made a by-word in the club-room, yes, and on the street, rather than endure an imputation against his valor. Valor! He should have held my name and his valor, both, above reproach. Does this dueling—this false code of honor," excitedly, "which permits the braggart to parade his cowardice before the world, establish the true courage of the man, or uphold the dignity, the loyalty, or the good faith of the woman who is luckless enough to need the support of a hand red with a brother's blood? So," warming into indignation, "you looked upon that duel of Mr. Hart Branthwaite's as a fair exhibit of the gallantry of my Kentucky cousins? Let me assure you that it has pleased me to ignore the chivalric sacrifice of my Cousin Hart, not only as a useless sacrifice, but as one wholly displeasing to me."

"Poor Branthwaite!" said Claymour, sympathetically. "To have had a bullet put through his arm, and to lose, at the same time, the privilege of waltzing with you forevermore. He has left Kentucky, I hear, and gone to Europe. But, in all fairness, Cousin Judith, do you think you did our kinsman full justice, in this affair? We have heard that, under the circumstances, no man could have acted with truer nobility and courage—"

Miss Yodell interrupted him with an imperative gesture.

"I do not know the circumstances, nor do I wish to know them. Neither do I wish to know where he has gone. Let us drop the subject," she said, haughtily. "I see your sisters and Lavlette and Isobel Gratz. We will join them. Will they, do you think, approve of this jaunt up the mountain?"

"Oh, yes!" he replied. "Ever since their return from school, my sisters have been wild to ascend this very Lashorn summit."

"And what will we have to eat there?"

"Venison, squirrels, and other wild game, including bear-meat."

"Bear-meat? Are there really bears there?"

"A few, undoubtedly; also wolves, catamounts, and panthers. Year by year, though, these denizens of the wilds are being thinned out. Foremost among their destroyers is our White-Top huntsman, Wilburn Waters, a hermit half-breed, who has spent his life shooting and trapping these animals; we have him to thank, no doubt, as you have your Daniel Boone, for acting the part of pioneer in opening up the wilderness for us."

"But will our bridegroom and bride, your sister and her husband, care to spend a part of their honeymoon roughing it in this style? And we cannot go without them."

"I will engage for Brandon and Kate: most of their courtship was accomplished in one of these White-Top expeditions. In fact, we accuse Dr. Chantrey of having taken unfair advantage of our coquettish Kate, his bride affirming that he beguiled her into ascending with him into the leafy bower he had made for her, on the top of one of those curious dwarfed pines. Kate declares that, finding her unable then to descend without assistance, he ungallantly affirmed his intention of leaving her in the Lashorn, for the bears to feast upon, unless she would promise to marry him."

"For a compulsory betrothal, they seem fairly well satisfied with each other," laughed Judith.

CHAPTER II.

Colonel Jarney Paxton at first objected to the projected expedition. It was too late in the year, he said: a storm might come up; But he finally consented.

Accordingly, the next morning, the household was astir betimes. In the kitchen, there was a baking of bread and a boiling of meats. Hampers were packed, cooking-utensils got together, saddles and bridles looked after. Then, the morning after, the expedition set forth. The party had been joined by Lettie and Julia Mays, Minnie and Fleta Norris, accompanied by a quartette of the gallants of the neighborhood, Messrs. Slidell, Thornleigh, Renwick, and Luckstone. Rosalind and Melicent Paxton, with their young guests, Isobel and Lavlette Gratz, were well provided with cavaliers likewise, in the persons of Will and Phil Barbour, Preston Campbell, and Mr. Page Hartley, a young lawyer from the adjacent town of Marion.

Judith had never seemed more beautiful than in the close-fitting habit of dark-purple waterproof, the sensible regulation costume of the excursionists, with which she came down, that morning: her hair braided and wound in a compact coil under the broad brim of the coarse straw hat, which was drawn down at the sides and knotted under the chin with the floating ends of her veil of purple gauze. Speedily the whole cavalcade was in motion—Kate, the married daughter, and her "Doctor," attended by old Quintus, the butler, the latter on an easy-going if spindle-shanked mule, bringing up the rear.

The country-road was in fair condition for the morning's ride. The Indian-summer haze mellowed the heat of the sun where the way led

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through the unsheltered open country, while it diffused a pleasant warmth where the turnpike wandered off into wooded stretches, which were filled with the fragrance of pine-tags, pine-cones, and ferny plumes of "maiden's-hair." There were golden-rods, and flaunting burdock-clumps, and stalks of the purple ironweed in the corners of the Virginia "snake-fences," these inclosures shutting in lovely meadows, green and enticing already with their second growth of grass for the winter pasturage; with brooks, crystal-clear as purity, flowing—now seen, now only heard in their sweet laughing chatter—among the sedge-grasses, the marsh-mallows, and the nodding swaying stalks and leaves of the chamomile and weed-grown hedges on their banks.

There were wood-crowned hillocks, with herds of fat cattle lying in the shade or feeding in detached groups on the declivities; there were maple-groves, russet with the changing beauty of the autumn; there were country-homes—some stately and commodious and with an air of inherited grandeur, like Paxton Place—some rambling and dilapidated, with rows of deserted cabins tumbling into ruins, giving one the clue to the fungus which had sapped the life from them—some gleaming from afar, with their coatings of white and green—others still with houses tinted with age, embowered in groves of both forest and fruit trees, pictures of plenty as of comfort, their barns and granaries bursting with the fatness of the late plenteous harvest.

It was at one of these homes of rustic plenty and hospitality that the party of excursionists stopped for luncheon, when about five miles distant from Paxton Place; and here they took up, as additions to their party, the young lady of the place: for Miss Lottie Saunders, who had been invited, had written, in answer to the invitation, that she and her brother, Lansing, would be only too glad to join the mountain-party, but that they must all stop and lunch first at Colamo, their plantation home.

Between Lottie and Claymour there had been, as gossip said, a life-long flirtation. But the lady grew coy when the lover grew serious, and so, as yet, nothing had come of the matter. Young Paxton took his place at her side, however, to-day, and her brother joined Miss Yodell.

"I think your sister has the most winning, charming laugh and voice I have ever heard," said Miss Yodell.

"Lottie is our song-bird—the sunshine of Colamo," he answered, his face lighting with pleasure.

"She has an enviable place in the affections of my relatives at Paxton Place," returned Judith. "The girls and Claymour, the latter especially, would not have thought our party complete without Miss Lottie and yourself."

"The families, you know," he replied, "have, in the past, had more than one intermarriage."

Judith smiled as she answered:

"I have a suspicion that another such bond will not be long lacking: that is, if Claymour has any say in the matter."

"I don't know," he said, gravely. "Lottie doesn't seem to know her own mind."

"Lansing, Lansing," hailed Lottie herself, at this instant, trotting up to them, "do you and Miss Yodell realize that we have yet five miles to go, before we reach our camping-place for the night? Here you are in the lead, but jogging along as if you had the power to bid the sun stand still. Mrs. Chantrey's orders are that you are to fall back, and let Mr. Page Hartley and myself take the van awhile, so that we may get on faster."

"There," said her brother, as he and Judith fell back, "you see she has got rid of Claymour somehow, and let Hartley take his place. By the by, Claymour is quite jealous of the latter, and Lottie knows it; but I fear she is an incorrigible flirt."

Two miles further on, the entire party halted for a cool draught from the big spring at the base of the mountain, where the pack-mules had already been stopped for their noonday rest and refreshment.

Meantime, Claymour and Julia Mays had been dispatched by Mrs. Chantrey, ahead, to tell the servants where to stop for the night, with the pack-mules. They were now quite out of sight.

"I wonder, Kate," said Melicent, addressing her married sister, "how far up the mountain they can have gone: they are such reckless riders."

"I told Claymour to have Quintus pitch the tents at Elk Garden and build the fires, against our arrival: we shall find them there," was the reply.

The difficulties of the way now increased: the road grew more circuitous, ascending by ledges or rugged shelvings of the rock and by narrow plateaus of the lichened soil, made up of decayed vegetable growths and other alluvium of nature's disintegrations. To the inexpert among the riders, all of whom had to ride in single file, it became more and more difficult to keep their seats in the saddle.

"Look!" suddenly proclaimed Hartley; "there are our 'avant couriers' now. See, Miss Lottie, out yonder, on that ridge to the right of us. higher—see?"

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"Why," said Lottie, wonderingly, "it must be they; yet no: for it seems to be quite a group, and they are standing still."

CHAPTER III.

"LET me have the field-glass, Barbour," called Dr. Chantrey. "Ah, the two on horses are certainly Miss Mays and your brother, Kate: for I recognize Miss Julia's roan horse with the white tail; there are, however, three other men, whom I can't make out at this distance; hunters they are, doubtless, for they have guns in their hands."

"Certainly they are hunters or tourists, putting up at Byrd Dinkins's," decided Mistress Kate, in her autocratic little way.

This was a plausible solution of the mystery, yet every member of the party seemed called upon to investigate the matter for himself or herself, Miss Yodell among the rest.

"They seem to be separating now," she said to Lansing Saunders, who had handed her the glass in turn. "Julia has ridden on, a little in advance, and Claymour is just turning his horse to follow, while the men—one, two, three—yes, there are certainly three, have moved aside, as if to go off on a by-path. Why, I can see them quite distinctly, now they are standing out in the sunshine. They look well-dressed, I think; and one of the men has really quite a distingué—"

She stopped speaking, abruptly, the glass trembling in her grasp, as though it had suddenly grown too heavy for her to hold.

"I thought you were stronger," said Lansing Saunders, putting out his hand to steady the instrument for her.

"Did you?" she asked, a little queerly, handing it over to him, after another second of sharp scrutiny at the distant group; "I thought I was stronger, too."

"But what were you going to say about our hunter with the distingué look?"

"A foolish speech, perhaps, which I did not consider worth finishing," she answered, lightly.

"Could you decide anything by their appearance?"

"No," speaking quickly; almost brusquely. "At this distance, a wild man of the woods might have been taken for my dearest friend, or—" with a slight catch in her laugh, "for my deadliest foe. Don't you think so?"

Saunders had lifted the instrument, and was taking a look for himself. "I think," he said, slowly, "that you do not mistake: two of them, at least, have the regulation costume of tourists or of gentlemen sportsmen. The other I make out to be Wilburn Waters, the old hunter of these mountains, of whom you have heard. No doubt these fellows are staying with him, or with Byrd Dinkins, who keeps something of a house of entertainment, over in these wilds."

"Yes?" she answered, nervously, touching her horse into a more rapid gait. "But why speculate about a matter which cannot concern us? As they are descending the mountain, and we ascending, they will hardly cross our path again, in these savage solitudes."

"I do not know about that," returned Saunders, quickly; "there is a kind of etiquette with even such hermit hunters as old man Waters. The mountain-settlers, or squatters, most generally make it a point to pay their respects to the camping-parties that come here. Possibly Waters may bring his guests to see us, sometime during our stay."

"It will not do to prolong our visit long," said Miss Yodell, earnestly. "This evening wind chills a lowlander like me to the heart, and already this long ride has quite exhausted me with its perpetual jolting."

"Ah, I am very sorry," said her escort, in a tone of concern; "we have ridden too rapidly for you, I fear. Slacken rein now, and let us take our time."

"No," said Miss Judith, with just a shade of petulance, "there is no advantage in loitering: the sooner we reach the camp, the better."

As they ascended higher, the view grew really magnificent. On Judith's right, the mountain fell off steeply, down, down, until the giant pines in the divide below appeared no larger than the shrubs which bent from the crevices on her left. Nor, even had she wished it, could she have shut her eyes to the leaping, and her ears to the singing, of the mountain-rills, born of the mists and the vapor-clouds, to find their way, by ledges pathless and steep, and defiles sunless and narrow, into the open valleys, and so on to the ever palpitating bosom of the sea, hundreds of miles away. On every side, were boulders that the Titans might have hurled from the topmost peak of the great Appalachian chain, and stones of a ton's weight, which, caught up in the roots of trees and lifted from the soil, looked, thus suspended in mid-air, as though the Titans held them still gripped in relentless skeleton fingers.

"Hello!" exclaimed one of the party, suddenly, "yonder go our mysterious huntsmen again."

"Where?" said Judith, with a shade of anxiety in her voice, as Saunders fancied.

"They have disappeared again," said the first speaker.

"They must be following the trail of some

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'wild varmint,' as Byrd Dinkins would say," remarked Lansing Saunders. "Let us hope they won't drive a bear to our encampment to-night—to make his supper off one of us, say."

"Gracious!" cried Miss Lavlette Gratz. "How can you jest about a possibility so dreadful?"

"I think," interposed Miss Yodell, more vehemently than was her usual habit, "that a visit from these huntsmen is as much to be dreaded as one from a bear."

"Why, Judith!" exclaimed Rosalind Paxton, in surprise. "I did not think that you had any fear of men with guns."

"Hark!" cried Saunders, interrupting her; "there's the captain's whistle. It signals us to close up."

Obeying the signal, and quickening their pace, it was not long before they reached the plateau selected for the night's encampment. Sheltered on one side by the spur of the peak, the plateau was protected on the upper side by the cone of the mountain, which here rose almost perpendicularly to the summit. This plateau was an open field, covered with a short thick growth of grass, somewhat resembling that of the prairies of the Northwest, with only here and there an outcropping of rock, covered with a mossy cushion. Already the tents were pitched in this sheltered and romantically beautiful spot, and, what was more cheering, a heap of blazing logs was dispelling the frostiness of the twilight.

When Miss Lottie appeared, among the last stragglers, Claymour hurried forward to meet her.

"Are you very tired?" he asked, solicitously. "May I lift you from the saddle?"

But, for some reason, Lottie evaded the proffered aid, and, slipping from her horse, walked briskly toward the camp-fire, followed by her attendant cavalier, Mr. Page Hartley.

"Left in the lurch," said Claymour, viciously chewing the ends of his mustache. "If this is to be a type of this miserable trip, I'll go join those fellows in their bear-chase. Flirting all day with Hartley—will she ever be satisfied? I wonder how she can endure that dandy? Still she didn't let him lift her from the saddle, either. I suppose she was afraid we'd quarrel."

Repulsed thus by Lottie, he joined Judith, who began to question him immediately.

"You think they were North Carolinians?" she said. "Why?"

"The younger man told me they had come from that State, and had been twelve days out," was the reply.

"Are you sure both came from North Carolina?" she repeated, eagerly.

"As sure as their own assurance can make me," he answered. "They have now joined old Wilburn Waters, the most famous hunter in these wilds, who knows the track of every Bruin in the mountains."

"Girls," hailed Mistress Kate, at this juncture, from the camp-fire, where Quintus, Horace, and others, under her direction, were preparing their first camping-feast—boiling coffee, and broiling a few squirrels and snow-birds which Campbell and Thornleigh had bagged since coming to a halt, "if any of you want toasted bread for the birds, some of you must come over here and toast it."

After supper, there were multitudinous small duties to be performed. The horses had to be tethered and watered and fed, logs and faggots to be gathered, water fetched, and the supplies safely stored, to protect them from prowling "varmints"—"such as wolves, catamounts, panthers, and bears," as Campbell took pleasure in informing Lavlette Gratz. Then came the spreading of heaps of fragrant pine-tags and of the crisper black-oak and wild-cucumber leaves, for couches, inside the tents, and the heaping of more logs on the already huge fires.

After this followed the grouping about the blaze: the merry talk; a round of story-telling; the recital of the legendary lore of the mountains; tales of adventures which Waters and other White-Top hunters had had with hungry packs of wolves, or with stealthy panthers, or stolid sullen-tempered bears. Many of these incidents—now exciting and laughable, now pathetic and strange—were recited in the sonorous tones of Lansing Saunders, and his manner of relating them added to the impressive gloom; while the seeming world-wide stillness, lying beyond the outer boundary of the camp-fire glimmer, lent a weird uncanny fascination to each narrative. Claymour at last turned to Lottie, who sat next to him.

"Shall I be much missed if I go on the bear-chase with those Carolinians, in the morning?" he whispered, in an impressively confidential way.

"I think you might enjoy it," she answered, coolly, busying herself lighting a pine-knot.

"Would you enjoy having me go?" he asked, half angrily now.

She laughed, and, turning to Mr. Hartley, said:

"As we have so many gallant cavaliers, we might let Mr. Claymour Paxton off a day or so, if he wishes—don't you think so?"

Claymour did not wait to hear the response, but rose from his seat, indignant, and stalked away.

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But, lightly as Lottie had jested, either the idea of his venturing upon an expedition so fraught with danger, or else the strange surroundings, rendered her, when she had retired, nervous and restless; so that, long after Rosalind and Melicent were sleeping a dreamless sleep on either side of her, she lay awake upon her couch of fragrant pine-tags, her brain busy with perplexing ideas that had come to her that day.

So wakeful and restless was she, indeed, that, after awhile, she rose, and, stepping lightly over more than one slumberer, gained the canvas curtain of the tent and passed outside, to sit for awhile beside the now smoldering camp-fire. The moon was not yet risen; but, overhead, the starry hosts shone dazzlingly. The wind had died to a murmur in the tops of the Lashorns, that grew from the precipitous crags above and from the steep sides of the mountain below. Hence the awful silence was unbroken, save by "those voices of the night" peculiar to such solitudes: the far-off echo, as it seemed, at long intervals, of the scream of some beast or bird of prey; the nearer hoot of an owl; or the dreamy stirring of some giant Lashorn, softly tossing his Briarean arms, as in midnight wakefulness like her own.

Lottie was of no timorous nature; yet, as she crouched down, half chilled, beside the waning blaze, casting on a few pine-knots occasionally to brighten the flame, she glanced around her, half scared and wholly awed. "Who knows," she thought, "but that the scent of the cooking may attract a wolf, a catamount, or—gracious!—even the bear that the hunters were after. What ails the horses and mules?" she suddenly cried. "They seem to be stamping and moving about so restlessly. Mercy! What was that? There it is again." For there were now sounds like something moving about in the undergrowth. Or was it up on that cliff overhanging the tent she had just left?

In an instant, Lottie had raked open the bed of coals and had cast on a couple of fat pine-knots. The resinous material caught, flaring into a blaze that lighted the nearer surroundings. There was nothing in the undergrowth close at hand. But, up on the cliff, and farther off, the thickets were denser and now deep in shadow. That something was there, she could no longer doubt. Quite determined to find out what it was, and not lacking courage, as we have said, she crept cautiously back into the shadows behind the tent.

Still as a statue the girl stood, her usually merry brown eyes now earnest and dilating, yet staring—staring as though she would pierce the inaccessible crag, along the beetling front of which the smoke and glare of the pine-blaze were ascending.

There! Was not that a darker shadow passing around the jutting ledge? No? Yes! Not a chance of a doubt was left now: an animal of some sort was stealthily moving to and fro; but it was so dimly outlined, she could trace neither its form nor dimensions; though, once, she did catch a gleam of the creature's terrible eyes.

All at once, she heard a shot, and then sounds as of some huge lumbering beast hurrying away. In a moment more, Claymour emerged from the direction of the sound, his rifle still smoking.

"It was Bruin in earnest," he said, "and I think I hit him; but he got off into the underbrush. Great heavens, Lottie, you might have fallen his prey, if I had not been up making ready to join the hunters. What madness made you prowl about at this time of night?"

What her answer might have been, if they had been left alone, we cannot say: for, by this time, the whole camp was aroused, and she was only too glad to escape in the excitement.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE was no further disturbance that night. The tourists, including even Miss Saunders herself, slept peacefully till aroused at dawn by Tarleton with the information that the horses were ready saddled and bridled for all who wished to ascend the cone and see the sunrise from Lashorn summit.

"So you have decided to accompany us, in preference to joining the bear-chase?" said Miss Yodell to Claymour, as he aided her to mount. "How lucky, however, you had your rifle ready, last night."

He colored, but laughed.

"On maturer reflection," he said, "I have decided that it might be unwise to give you over to the tender mercies of Lansing Saunders. You know he's irresistible—"

"Or," she added, interrupting and smiling, "you remembered that our sweet friend, Lottie, might want you to defend her again from a bear—eh, cousin?"

Miss Yodell bent down to him, as Mark Slidell, her escort, came trotting up, and continued:

"Why not profit by your lucky accident last night," she said, "and secure Miss Lottie while the memory of what you have done for her is fresh?"

Paxton lifted his hat, resigning her to Slidell; and, as the cavalcade moved out of camp, she smiled as she noted that her advice had been taken: for Claymour was at the saddle-bow of Miss Saunders, whose eyes were now as bright

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and cheeks as brilliant as though she had never dreamed of a pair of cruel eyes gleaming out of a dark jungle at her.

The ascent of the peak did not take very long. Our party rode out upon the topmost plateau just as the first rays of the sun, like golden arrows, shot down into the vaporous billows of the great sea of mist which encircled the cone, upon the pinnacle of which they stood. Out of the depths, far to the west, were emerging the lesser hills, and, linking the hills together, were streams like strands of silver; in every curve and hollow were fertile valleys and fields of tillage, like pendants of emerald and topaz gems. Rolling and tumbling in that unheard surfless commotion, the vaporous waves broke and melted away towards the south, till from the realms of the unseen there arose in a blue line on the far horizon the beautiful Blue Ridge range, stretching away from east to west, peak upon peak, cone upon cone, mountain upon mountain.

The day was spent in roaming about, seeing the grand views from every point of observation, and in walking, and resting under and on top of the Lashorn trees, which hedged the outer circle of the grassy summit on one side of the cone. Claymour had missed Miss Saunders after lunch, and, before that, there had been too many people by for any tender passages; but now, after searching everywhere, he finally found her at the very top of a Lashorn, in a cozy swinging nest, reading a novel.

"Why, Lottie," he asked, "for what purpose did you hide away up here?"

"Certainly not to be found," she answered, laughing, but plainly embarrassed, "or I would not have come."

"Which of course means," he said, "that I am to go away and let you be." But, nevertheless, he actually climbed up toward her.

"Yes," she said, demurely, but blushing vividly. "It means you must go away."

But, in a second more, he was out on the swaying tree-top, at her very feet.

"Oh, don't!" she cried: "don't!" clutching frantically at the green network in which she was encased, but which, in spite of its tenacious fibrous interlacing, was in a quivering and palsied state, as though a young earthquake had butted it in passing.

"Don't? Don't what?" asked Claymour.

"Don't shake the tree so."

"Oh! I thought you were going to tell me again not to come and disturb you in your reading. Would you rather read than talk with me awhile?"

No answer.

"Why do you not reply?" he asked.

Again no answer.

And now Claymour began to shake the tree once more.

"Don't! Oh, don't!" she cried, tremulously.

"Don't what?"

"Don't shake the tree so."

"Very well, then. Will you answer another question?" resting his elbow on a cushion of the matted Lashorn, and, with his chin in his hand, looking her steadily in the face. "Which of the two rival aspirants for your favor do you care the more for—the one, like myself, who has known you all your life, and loved you from the first time he ever saw you, or this new-comer—this dapper town-lawyer, Mr. Page Hartley, with whom you were so friendly yesterday?"

Silence.

Then there came another unsteady lurch of the tree.

"Don't! Oh, don't!" cried Lottie, once more.

"Don't what, dear?"

"Don't keep shaking the tree so dreadfully: I shall certainly tumble out."

The impudent fellow only laughed, and drew up close beside her.

"At all events," he whispered, passing his strong arm about her slender waist, "you shall not tumble out alone, my darling—unless you tell me that you love that Hartley better than you do me."

She looked up quickly at him, and over cheek and brow, and even ear, came a rush of color; then her eyes fell before his, and she whispered, leaning on his shoulder:

"How could I, when you saved my life last night?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"THE NIGHT HAS PASSED AWAY"

BY HELEN C. MAYLAND.

TAKE heart! the storm at last is o'er—
The long night of despair.
No more you hear the breakers roar:
The sunshine floods the air.

Come, welcome joy! Farewell, oh gloom!
The birds sing all the day.
The brooks laugh out, the flowers bloom—
The night has passed away.

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THE BURNED BEEFSTEAK.

BY HELEN J. THORNTON.

HARRY ASHTON and May Seaforth had been married for half a year, and, during all that time, had never had a single quarrel. They had been told that the first twelvemonth of a married life was the most difficult to get through with, and that even the truest lovers often gave way under the unaccustomed sacrifices and the trials of temper thus involved; but they did not believe "in any such nonsense," as they called it, and secretly felt convinced that they would go on loving and being loved, without a break.

But there came at last a period of great depression in the business which Harry followed. He lost money; he was worried by unfair competition; one of his clerks robbed the till. The consequence of all this was that he grew nervous and irritable, and this reacted on his wife, and made her nervous and irritable also. The domestic atmosphere, in fact, became highly charged, and it only needed an electric spark to bring on a tempest. Nor was the spark long wanting.

One day, Harry came home to his two-o'clock dinner more than ordinarily harassed. He had less time to spare than usual. Unfortunately, too, the meal was a little late. This annoyed him a good deal; but he said nothing until, on sitting down, the beefsteak came on burned to a crisp.

"I wish to goodness," he cried, after having carved several slices, and handed the only eatable one to his wife, "that you would make your cook give one something fit to eat. There isn't a morsel left here that isn't cinders."

"Take this, dear," said May, looking up, half frightened. "You are hungry, and I am not—"

"Of course I shan't," interrupted Harry. "I'm not such a brute as that. If either has to go dinnerless, I will."

Presently he stuck his fork into a potato. The potato, instead of breaking open and crumbling at the touch, and showing that flaky whiteness which its lovers rejoice in, resisted like dough.

"Great heavens," cried Harry, "the potatoes are no better. They are like mush. Can't your cook send up a potato fit to eat?"

Now Harry, in all the years he had known May, had never before used an expletive. It frightened her more than the most terrible oath would have done, coming from another person. Was this her peerless Harry? Were all husbands like this? She sat dumb and motionless, staring at him with wide-open eyes.

"Can't you speak?" cried her husband, getting more and more angry. "If your cook don't know how to serve up a potato, can't you, at least, teach her?"

Poor May had the greatest difficulty in not breaking into weeping. She could hardly keep down her sobs; but she managed to say:

"I don't see that the potatoes are much worse than usual—"

"Perhaps not," interrupted Harry, "for they are nearly always bad. I've kept silent about them as long as I could; but even a saint's patience must give way at last."

"They are, I know, not always perfect," feebly expostulated the wife. "But cook says it's the fault of the potatoes—"

"Don't you know better? Don't you know it's because she don't understand her business? Or, for that matter, you don't understand yours, or you'd be able to show her."

"Oh, Harry!"

"Yes. I'm sorry to say it, but you know no more about housekeeping, cookery especially, than a Black-foot squaw. How often, for instance, I wonder, have you broiled a beefsteak? Never, I'll be sworn. Perhaps it isn't altogether your fault," relenting a little as he saw her mouth begin to quiver: "girls are not brought up to do that sort of thing. If your cook doesn't know her trade, you can no more teach her than you can fly. I wonder what would become of a man's business, if he conducted it on that principle. Why, there isn't a thing any one of my clerks has to do, that I can't do better myself, and that I can't teach him to do, if I find him incapable. But a man comes home, tired and hungry, and worried to death, to get a bit of dinner, and there's put before him a beefsteak that might have been cremated, for all his wife knows or cares." And, having delivered himself of this tirade, in which there was just enough truth to make his anger explicable, though not excusable, and worked himself up into a real passion in delivering, he got up from the table, knocking over his chair as he rose, and then kicking the unoffending article of furniture, as if it had tumbled over for no other purpose than to aggravate him the more.

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By this time, the wife had pushed away her plate. She had been listening with wide distended eyes, half of fright, half of anger. But now she also rose from the table, and rushed toward the door, covering her face with her hands and bursting into tears.

But Harry intercepted her.

"Don't be a fool," he said.

"I—I—" she began, incoherently. "It was not my fault. Oh, Harry! you are so cruel—to call me a Black-foot squaw. You didn't ask if I could cook a beefsteak, when you—you came—a-courting. It was then all about my singing and dancing you raved—and now you won't eat, and I can't eat, and I—I—wish I was dead." And she flung herself, as she spoke, into the nearest chair, and, burying her face in her hands, sobbed convulsively.

Harry stood biting the ends of his mustache. His anger had now begun to subside: for it had found vent in words: and that is always a safety-valve. Had he been such a brute? he was saying to himself. Yet was there not reason in his complaints? He stammered out an apology.

"If you knew how a fellow is often worried, May—driven half mad with business-troubles," he said, "you'd make allowances for him, if he did now and then lose his temper, when he came home and found nothing fit to eat."

"You—you never," gasped the wife, without looking up, "never think of what a woman has to bear. Often, all the morning, she has to listen to the complaints of the cook, or the chambermaid, or both, and try to patch up their quarrels, till—till her head is—is ready—to—to split. If a husband has worries, so has a wife. Yet you never—never heard me—complain."

Now it is a strange thing to say, but nevertheless true, that Harry, though by no means selfish, as men go, had never thought that his wife could have any trouble of this kind. Had she not a cook and a chambermaid? Why, there were plenty of women—wives of workingmen, of course—who had neither. May was, as he had often told himself, one of the lucky ones—one of the "lilies of the field," which "toil not, neither do they spin." But here was a revelation. She had her annoyances, her troubles even, just as he had his. He felt awfully ashamed of his outburst, poor fellow, and, bending down, gently tried to remove his wife's hands from her face.

"I'm very sorry, dear," he said. "I never had thought of that. Forgive me. Dry those pretty eyes. Let me kiss the tears away."

His hearer was only too glad to make up the quarrel. She had been both angry and hurt; but she had felt the truth of much that he had said; and she had been resolving, even in her tears, to "turn over a new leaf," as she mentally expressed it to herself. When, therefore, she heard his pleading tones, and felt his arm around her waist, she turned to him, and, flinging her arms about his neck, burst into a new passion of tears, only this time they were tears of joy, and not those of sorrow.

"And you'll never—never," she sobbed out, "call me a Black-foot squaw again, even if—if the beefsteak is burned—"

"Never," said Harry, emphatically.

"Then I'll try to learn how to broil one, and to cook potatoes, and to do everything that a good wife should. You shall never—never—have cause to complain of me again."

So they kissed and made up, and, as the fairy-tale says, "lived happily forever after." For both were better for the lesson. Both now faced life as it was, and not romantically, learning to love each other for their good qualities, and not those for which they had idealized one another.

We may add that May became an excellent housekeeper, and often now serves up delicate dishes for her husband, cooked by her own hand. And Harry loves her better than ever for this; and she loves the more, because of the sacrifice.

Only, as a faithful chronicler, we must add that, when Harry went back to business, he laughed to himself, as he recalled his wife's look of horror at the expletive he had used, and said:

"And she calls that swearing, dear innocent little lamb—Great heavens!"

WHITE VIOLETS.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

White violets, that saintly dwell
On lea or lawn, and bud and blow—
You mark the flight of frost and snow,
And sunny summer-time foretell.
The fairies cast a subtle spell
Above the sod, and made you grow,
White violets!

No blossom of the ferny dell
Has half your charm: for long ago
She wore you on her bosom; so
It is not strange I love you well,
White violets!

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THE MYSTERY OF MORELAND PLACE.

BY ADELAIDE MERRIMAN.

THEY tell me that my mind has left me—that I am insane. They have taken from me my freedom—the sunlight, the blue sky, the songs of birds—and shut me within four narrow padded walls. My only glimpse of the bright glad world, which even the poorest worm is free to enjoy, must be seen from between strong iron bars.

All day and all night, a solemn death-like stillness reigns, broken only by the footsteps of the keeper or some visitor, who peers at me in my cage: a passing glance, such as one would bestow upon any strange wild beast. Have they souls, I wonder, these free careless people who look with cold unmoved eyes upon our misery?

These footsteps, and occasionally a scream of despair from some poor wretch like myself, whose anguish grows too great to be borne, are all that break the one great, unvarying, unceasing, terrible round of monotony.

Still, in spite of the lingering horror which surrounds me: in spite of the long silent nights, the unending heart-sickening days: in spite of the thoughts—the dark maddening thoughts—that will come, I am not insane. Before God, I solemnly declare that not a creature moves free and unfettered beneath His grand solemn heaven who has better command of all his faculties than I.

Can an insane person vividly recall every event that has occurred during a lifetime—remember, with the utmost clearness, each little trivial incident? Can a mad woman do as I am about to do: write my sad story without omitting the slightest detail? My mind never was stronger than it is at present. Still, I cannot but shrink and tremble when I think of the task set before me.

During the long and terrible months of my imprisonment, but one person has given me a glance of pity, but one person spoken to me a word of kindness. A physician, who sometimes inspects this ward, has often paused to speak with me. He sees the light of reason still shining in my eyes. He does not think me insane. Oh! I know he cannot think that. He pities me—would help me, if he could—but, alas! it is impossible.

He alone has listened to my piteous pleading, and has given me—secretly—the treasures I so long have coveted—pens, ink, and paper. Now I have spread them all around me, and slowly, laboriously, but with unerring purpose, I shall write—though my hand trembles and shrinks from the task—this, my dark and terrible story.

The work will occupy weeks, it may be months—for I am forced to write in secret—but I shall not falter: for some day this manuscript, over which I have toiled and labored for so long, will be read, and then, when all is known, mercy will at last be shown me.

My name is Margaret Adair. Maggie, they used to call me. That was when I was young and beautiful and life-like, one long, glad, sunshiny day. I cannot begin at the very beginning: 'twould madden me if I did, and I must not become mad.

My first sorrow came when my mother died. After that, I, Maggie Adair, just seventeen, went to live with my married sister, Lena. I remember the very day I arrived at Lena's house. How plainly I can see everything! My whole life passes before me like a picture. I wear a black dress and a gypsy-hat, and Lena stands at the gate with the baby in her arms, to welcome me.

After that, the days hurry by, and I grow quite happy and contented. Several months pass, and the heavy cloud of grief which o'ershadowed me seems to be breaking away.

One afternoon, I go for a walk. I have to cross the brook, and I lean on the railing of the rustic bridge, and gaze down into the water, dreaming happy girlish dreams. Nothing whispers to me that never again will I lean there as now, with pleasant fancies flitting through my brain. Nothing tells me that my careless girlhood will end forever on this day. All unconscious am I, as I reluctantly leave the bridge and stroll slowly through the field towards a pretty little house, within a high garden wall.

I see a large rich cluster of grapes on this wall, and am immediately filled with a wild desire to possess them. Without a moment's thought, I climb on to an old stump, and from that spring lightly on to the low wall. A loose stone totters with my weight, I feel it moving and give a quick cry, there comes a crash, a sharp pain, and I lose all consciousness. The detached stone falls as I fall, and crushes my foot in a cruel way.

When I open my eyes once more, a strange

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face is bending over me. It is very pale, with restless glittering eyes, which gaze eagerly into mine. One other peculiarity I observe. There is a singular dark-red flush on the left cheek only. In a bewildered way, I try to move—the intense pain causes the faintness to return, and once more I relapse into insensibility.

I am at home when I next recover my senses. Lena is standing by the bedside. She slowly answers all my questions.

"Yes, you have been hurt quite seriously," she says. "Some of the bones in your ankle are crushed. You must be very careful for some time to come. You were brought home by Dr. Le Tourneau. Dr. Le Tourneau is the owner of Moreland Place—a decaying old mansion, some miles away, where nobody now lives—and has just returned from abroad. He does not live at Moreland Place, but has hired the pretty cottage where you were hurt. You had better be quiet now, and not ask any more questions."

Accordingly, I resign myself to silence; but ever before me, sleeping or waking, I see that pale dark face, with the strange red flush on the left cheek, and the restless glittering eyes gazing eagerly into mine.

The weeks pass by. It is a month before I can use my foot. In the meantime, Dr. Le Tourneau calls very often—nearly every day, in fact. At first, I do not like him. He is tall, dark, and gloomy. I should judge him to be fully forty years of age. Not a person likely to attract a young light-hearted girl. Nevertheless, he makes himself very agreeable. He brings me flowers, and books, and a chair on wheels, in which I can push myself around the garden. He is very polite to Lena. She grows quite fond of him, and I—what are my feelings towards him, I wonder? When he is absent, I wish most heartily that I might never see him again. When he is present, I am as wax in his hands.

He looks at me, and the Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner flashes through my brain. He "holds me with his glittering eye," and I cannot choose but do and hear.

He asks me to sing, and I sing—to read aloud, and I read. What is the strange weird influence of this man, I ask myself?

One day, he suddenly seizes my hand, and gazes at me—long, fixedly, silently. I feel the hot blood mount to my face. I would give my life almost if I could withdraw my eyes; but I cannot. I am forced to look at him, with my cheeks growing hotter and hotter each moment. I feel that my soul is laid bare before him; that my inmost sacred thoughts are written in letters of fire for him to read. My heart beats violently. In an agony, I cry to myself that I cannot bear it; but no word can I utter—I am as one dumb.

At last, with a long painful sigh, he withdraws his eyes, raises my hand passionately to his lips, and hastily leaves the room, without a word. I bury my face in the sofa-pillow and sob convulsively. Lena comes in, alarmed, and asks the reason of my tears. I cannot tell her: I do not know, myself. What is it? I ask over and over. What strange fatal power does this man possess?

Nearly two months have passed away. I can walk now, and the doctor is my constant companion. Sometimes he is silent and gloomy; sometimes, with bursts of odd gayety, he tells me of his travels and the wild life he has led in foreign lands. He can talk well, and I listen breathlessly, and marvel at the strangeness of his manner. At times he reads to me rare tales of the Orient—poems filled with the perfume of attar of roses, the rustle of birds with wondrous plumage, the tinkle of fountains, the shadows of ancient temples, and all the gorgeous intoxicating splendors of the East.

One day, as we sit by the window, I carelessly pull a book of poems from a table near by, and ask him to read aloud. The volume opens of itself. He glances down, and suddenly there passes over his countenance a look of surprise, horror, dread, that I cannot forget while life lasts. I am unable to withdraw my eyes, and, while I gaze at him, the strange flush on his cheek—which lately has become almost imperceptible—grows darker, redder; and, as I watch it with an unaccountable fascination, it seems striving to be taking some dim, vague, but distinct shape. Before I can fully define it, however, with a sudden glance at me, and a sharp cry of utter despair, my companion dashes the book on the floor and rushes from the room.

Wondering, trembling in every limb, I raise the volume. This is what meets my eye:

"Oh, God! the horrid, horrid dream besets me now awake!
Again, again, with dizzy brain, the human life I take,
And my red right hand grows raging hot, like Cranmer's
at the stake."

The book had opened at "The Dream of Eugene Aram."

Several days pass, and I see nothing of Doctor Le Tourneau. I tell myself that I am glad it is so. But why this restlessness? What is the matter with me? I discover, one day, that I am growing very thin. If I could pass but one night without the horrible fantastic dreams which always come. If I could but close my eyes just once without seeing that pale dark face, filled with horror, upon which the mysterious flush strives ever to take shape.

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A week elapses. It is evening, and I stand by the gate, watching the sunset. I have not seen the doctor since he left me so strangely. I hear the sound of wheels, and, turning my head, see him coming towards me, driving a spirited horse. My heart beats and flutters madly as he draws near. He is paler than ever, with the exception of the red spot on his cheek, which looks somewhat deeper than usual. He stops at the gate.

"We will go to ride, this evening," he says. It is ever his way. He never asks "Will you?" It is always "We will," and I always obey—why, I know not. I turn silently towards the house, and get my hat and shawl. On my way out, something causes me to pause suddenly, cross the room, and kiss Lena and the baby. I am very glad now that I did this.

We start off on our drive. Both are silent. I glance at the doctor, and his death-like hue startles me. Involuntarily, I think of Lenora and her phantom lover.

> "Hurrah! hurrah! the dead ride fast.
> Dost fear to ride with me?"

I shiver a little. Why will such horrible fancies come to me? Why is he so silent, and, stranger still, why cannot I, myself, speak? On and on we go. The sun sinks below the horizon. A storm is brewing: for the clouds are lurid, and a peculiar yellowish light is cast over the landscape.

All at once, the horse comes to a dead stand-*still*, so suddenly as to almost throw me from my seat. We are at a fork in the road. On one side is a well-beaten turnpike; on the other, a road overgrown with grass and rank weeds. Trees shade it on either side. It looks inexpressibly dark and gloomy. The horse starts down this road; but he is pulled back, and resolutely turned towards the turnpike. All to no avail, however. A terrible struggle follows—a struggle between man and brute, which I can never forget—and in the end the horse prevails, and finally the maddened animal stops before a desolate ruined house.

Fearfully I gaze around me. Tall poplar-trees surround this ancient dwelling, and they send forth mysterious shivering whispers. It is quite dark; but I can see a pool of water on one side of the house—a pool covered with green slime. My eyes rove around, but ever return to that slime-covered pool. I cannot keep from looking at it, and there gradually comes over me, as I gaze, a terror, a dread, a feeling as if something horrible, unheard-of, was near. I feel I can bear it no longer, and give a little gasping cry. The doctor raises his head at last. I start when I see his face in the gathering gloom: for the look upon it was like the look on the face of a drowning man. He wipes his damp forehead.

"This is our last ride together," he says, very gently. "It is all over now. I did not want to bring you here, Maggie. God knows I would have shed my heart's blood to have escaped it; but it had to be. I knew it would come, sometime—I always knew it would come; but, in my wildest dreams of agony, I never thought it would be as terrible as this."

Merciful heavens! Have I so nearly accomplished my heart-sickening task, only to fail at the end? They have discovered my secret—they have taken from me my ink and pens; but it is vain for them to try and baffle me thus. My story shall be written! I have sworn it!

Oh! I am cunning—very cunning! Already have I made myself a rude pen, and for ink—see, with a bit of broken glass I scratch my arm, thus—and the remainder of this terrible history, as is most fitting, shall be written in letters of blood; shall be written, and—oh, I feel it!—shall one day be read.

The doctor slowly alights from the vehicle, and then helps me to the ground. I feel my hand clasped by his icy-cold fingers.

"Come, little girl," he says. "We will go through the house. I do not want to take you there; but you see I must. I will have to tell you a story, too: not a pleasant story. You will not like to hear it; but you see it must be told. Why did you ask me to read 'The Dream of Eugene Aram'? I have had dreams myself; but surely my innocent little girl could not know that? She will soon know it now, however. Come—this way. This is my old home. This is Moreland Place, where I used to live."

We begin to mount the tottering steps. He stops suddenly, as if some unseen power had compelled him to do so. Again I feel him tremble violently.

"Oh, my God! must I?" he groans, and then we turn. We go towards the pool. I felt that we would go there. We reach it and pause.

"There!" he cries, while his eyes protrude, his hair stands erect, and his whole face is convulsed with horror. "There! in the water, do you not see it? It moves, Maggie—I say it moves! Can't you see it? Oh, God! it comes towards us—run, Maggie, run!"

He dashes away from me towards the house, and leaves me standing there alone. I cannot move, my terror is so great, and I know, too, that something has passed me. A strange horrible something rushed swiftly by in pursuit of the wretched man, and I am left alone by the awful green pool, with the tall poplars rustling over-

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head, and the night growing darker each moment. How long I stand there, I can never tell; but I think my hair turned white during those fearful moments. After a time, a faint bluish light appears in the house. It moves about, comes down the steps and toward me. Then I see that the doctor is carrying an odd-looking lantern. His face still wears the same awful look. He takes my hand again, and we retrace our steps. I know we are not alone this time. Something follows us. I dare not turn my head, but I know it is there. Once more we mount the old steps. The front door swings open of itself, and we enter—the doctor, and I, and it. The bluish light fills the old dusky hall. How the doctor's eyes glitter! He speaks slowly, with a far-seeing look on his face.

"Do you smell the flowers, Maggie? Look: they are strewn all over the floor. It is in honor of the bride and groom. They are a noble pair, are they not? How proud he looks! And she—do you think she is beautiful? Her hair is not chestnut, like yours, Maggie, but black—black as the grave. She looks good and true—does she not, Maggie? But listen—come closer—I will whisper the truth to you: She is a devil! Look deep down in her heart, Maggie, and you will see that every word I say is true."

Behind us, something rustles softly, and I dare not turn my head because I know it is there.

The doctor takes my hand again, and we ascend the stairs, while the awful something follows. It is close upon us, I know—for a cold wave of air passes by my cheek—but never once dare I turn my head.

"Come on, little girl," he says. "My heart is breaking for you; but you must come. Mind the step—there. Ah, yes: this is the room. Does it look cold and bare? If you had my eyes, you could see it just as it was—the bed, and sofa, and even the books on the table. Maggie, don't—don't! you must not step there. Look: do you not see that dark-red stain on the floor? Do you know what it is? Listen, and I will tell you—I can see it all plainly enough: She lies asleep on the bed there, with her long black hair falling around her. If she seems fair, it is only seeming. I know how black her false heart is. It cannot be right to let a devil live. I have a knife in my hand—a pretty quaint little toy. See: I bend over her. She breathes softly like a child. She will waken soon, though, and then— No: she will never waken! She makes not a moan as the sharp little knife flashes again and again through the air, each time growing redder and redder. It seems cruel to make so many gashes. Heavens! how fast the blood gushes out! I will leave her now: I will go down into the garden.

"What ails the moon? It never looked so red before. It was pale last night—to-night the color of blood. How the stars dance around! They, too, are red. Surely, I have done nothing wrong. She ought not to live. Why do I feel so strangely? I dare not turn my head. What might I see if I did? Hark! something sounded like a groan. I wonder if she is quite dead? It may be I am but dreaming a horrible dream. I will return to that room, and find her sleeping like a little child, with her head on her arm, and her dark hair falling around her. Why do I pause at the door? Listen: drop, drop, drop, regularly, like the ticking of a clock.

"Yes, she is quite dead. The blood has made a little pool on the floor. I bend over her. Oh, horrible, unheard-of, unearthly! She opens her eyes. Never, until the grave closes over me, will I forget that look. She raises her hand, all wet with her own blood, and dashes it against my face.

"Midnight darkness follows. Then I wander through foreign lands, while here a deep slime-covered pool guards a horrible ghastly secret, and no one notices the dark-red stain on the floor. I return home; but I do not come here: I shun it: I live elsewhere.

"And, after awhile, one day, I find you, Maggie, lying crushed and helpless, and your pale sweet face sheds a radiance over my darkened life, as a beautiful star might shine down on the horrible green pool. If I could tell you how I love you—if I could clasp you to my heart, I think your pure spirit could save even me. Maggie! Maggie! come to me—save me!"

He stretches out his arms imploringly. I move one step, and stop: something, the terrible something, steps between us. He sees it. His arms fall powerless. The awful look comes on his face once more, and I see, on his left cheek—plainly, distinctly—the dark-red flush assume the shape of a human hand.

Then clearly through the room these words ring out—he alone can see the speaker:

"As you destroyed the heart which loved you best on earth, even so the heart which you love best shall destroy you."

The last word has scarcely died away, when the light is suddenly extinguished, and I am left in total darkness. A heavy body falls to the floor near me. Something rustles, then a cold wave of air rushes by me, and a hand seizes mine—a small delicate hand, all moist and wet. It leads me up and down through the darkness, while ever from the apartment we have left

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come deep groans of agony, and, without, the poplar-trees rustle and shiver in the wind, and the low muttering thunder of an approaching storm is heard. It is strange that I did not drop dead. I wonder at it now. I seemed surrounded by horrors. Helpless, almost unconscious, I am guided on, until suddenly the small damp awful hand releases its hold on mine, and I am left alone in the darkness.

For several moments I stand like one paralyzed, and then take a trembling uncertain step forward. My foot strikes against some small object, and, scarce knowing what I do, I reach down and grasp it. 'Tis an odd curiously-carved match-box that I have often seen in the doctor's possession.

Opening it with desperate haste, I strike a match, and find myself alone in an empty room. The staircase is near: I drop the match, and rush down breathlessly. A flash of lightning shows me the hall-door standing open, and, with one wild scream, I dart from that terrible house.

At the gate, something—I know not what—forces me to pause and look back. There is another flash of lightning, and I see, as plainly as my eyes ever beheld any object under God's heaven, the form of a beautiful woman standing in the open doorway. Long black hair streams over her bare shoulders, and her white drapery is besmeared with blood, which gushes over her from many hideous gaping wounds. I close my eyes and rush on—whither, I know not. Through dark woods, stumbling over logs, tearing my hands with briers—on, breathlessly, I go. It seems years since I started on that terrible chase. Before long, I notice a strange light in the sky. It cannot be sunrise—'tis too red for sunlight—it looks like fire. Did I drop that match, lighted, in the old hall? It grows brighter and brighter. Yes, I *will* turn my head and look.

There it stands, the old house on the hill, wrapped in blood-red flames, which lap greedily at the weather-beaten timbers. One glance—I fall heavily to the ground, and then comes oblivion.

It is over now, though. I awake and find myself in a padded cell; but I am not insane. My hand is wet, at times, with blood from that small damp hand which once clasped mine; but my mind is all clear. I wish I could wipe the blood off. It tires me to write with my hand so red. There, it is gone now. This blood comes from my arm. Hark! don't you hear it? Drop, drop, drop.

This is the manuscript which had been handed to me by my friend, the accomplished physician of the Orland Insane Asylum, that most famous of institutions of its kind. At the end was pinned a paragraph, cut from a morning paper.

"An insane woman," it read, "named Margaret Adair, was found dead in her cell, at the asylum, this morning. She had severed a vein in her arm with a bit of broken glass, and slowly bled to death. A singular manuscript, apparently written in blood, was found upon the floor beside the dead body."

The day after, my friend, the physician, came to see me.

"You are the doctor spoken of in the manuscript, are you not?" I asked.

He nodded assent.

"And was the writer really insane?" I continued. "She says you thought she was not."

"God only knows," he replied. "All the other physicians were sure she was mad—hopelessly mad; but that," hesitating, "perhaps, was because not one of them believes in the supernatural. It was all a hallucination, they said, about that murderer."

"But was there a Moreland Place?"

"Yes, and a murder really had been committed there—and—and—well, I would rather not commit myself. Only, as I knew you were interested in such affairs, I thought you would like to read the manuscript."

OH! TAKE THE LUTE.

BY JOHN B. KETCHUM.

Oh! take the lute away—no more I'll sing:
The minstrel here must breathe his last farewell!
Like winter's bird o'ertaken by the spring,
My lyre is silenc'd by a mystic spell:
The old, old songs that I have sung to-night,
In other days awoke the purest joy;
But time can give to fondest hope a blight,
And fill all raptures with a base alloy.

Youth's laurel-wreath lies sprinkl'd o'er with dust;
Corroding cares have done the work of years.
Vainly I watch with tender ling'ring trust,
No promise of lost youth, or hope, appears:
Fond mem'ries of long-vanish'd years return,
And visions sweet come to the failing sight.
No more with song this bosom proud shall burn—
The fragile lute's unstrung for aye to-night.

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"ALL IN THE SAME BOAT."

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I WENT up into the Berkshire Hills, a year ago this September, to visit my relative, Mrs. Brayham.

Cornelia was more like a younger sister to me than a cousin, having lived in my dear old mother's house from babyhood up to the time of her marriage, which took place when she was only seventeen. She was thirty-six now, and had been a widow for ten years, her youngest child—Jem—having opened his eyes to the light on the very day that his father departed from this mortal sphere.

Jem was a splendid little fellow, and his sister May just the most charming specimen of girlhood that ever you met. I doted on both children. In addition, during the last two years, Cornelia had had the charge of her widowed brother-in-law's son and daughter: the boy about Jem's age—a regular little trump, too, in his way—the girl twelve months her brother's junior, and as pretty as if she had been a small princess in a fairy-tale, with the queen of the elves for her god-mother.

Then there was Miss Allerton, the governess—a sweet attractive woman, whom you would not have believed to be twenty-nine, if she had not told you so; and, besides her, a staff of servants, most of whom had lived with Cornelia since her marriage—a rare experience to find, nowadays. When I add that Stonycroft was a delightful old place, within a walk of the pleasantest of all the charming towns of that region, and that Cornelia had plenty of money, and good sense in its expenditure, I have told enough to make you understand that a solitary bachelor could not easily find more agreeable quarters in which to pass the early months of autumn.

It was nine o'clock in the evening when I reached the house: I had been delayed. The telegram I sent to announce the fact had missed, and the consequence was that they had given up my coming until the next day.

There was no hack to be got at the station, without waiting longer than I had patience to do. So I took my valise, arranged with the baggage-master to have my heavier luggage brought over in the morning, and set out for a moonlight stroll through the fields.

The path led me into the Stonycroft orchard. Crossing this, I gained the shrubberies, and passed round the side of the house to the front entrance. Here I found the door unlocked, and, opening it unceremoniously, I dashed into the library, Cornelia's favorite room of an evening. She was there with a gentleman, who was standing up, as if he had just risen to take his leave.

"Why, Cousin Geoffry—my dear Geoffry!" cried Cornelia. "How you startled me! We did not expect you till to-morrow."

She seemed delighted to see me; but I saw that my abrupt entrance had really startled her. I wondered at this: for, as a rule, Cornelia always had her nerves under excellent control. I was a little ashamed of plunging into the room like a school-boy when I saw a stranger there; and, altogether, both my cousin and I were quite upset for a few moments. She began sentences, and did not finish them, reiterated her pleasure at my arrival, then suddenly recollected herself, and said:

"Oh, Mr. Livingstone, let me make you acquainted with my cousin—Mr. Howard."

And of course we bowed and shook hands, and he remarked he had heard of me so often that he felt as if he knew me quite well; and I tried to say something agreeable; but Cornelia's odd nervousness had communicated itself to us both, and presently he took his leave.

Then May came in, and Miss Allerton followed. I had supper, and we chatted and were gay. Yet, somehow, there seemed to me something unusual in the atmosphere of the house, and I wondered awhile about it after I got to my room. Generally, Cornelia had a deal of private talk ready for me; but to-night she said I was tired and must not be kept up.

When I went down, the next morning, the children were jubilant over my arrival; everybody was in good spirits, and we had the pleasantest breakfast possible.

"Why, Cornelia," I said, after staring at her longer than was polite, "I've just discovered what makes such a change in your appearance. You've brightened up your dress."

Cornelia blushed, and looked at her pink ribbons.

"You ought to like it, Cousin Geoff," she answered. "You have scolded me enough about my sombre attire."

"So I do," I said, quickly, fearing that she

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was annoyed. "So I do—a great improvement; eh, May?"

But May was so guarded in her opinion, that she might have been held to disapprove. Indeed, I fancied that Cornelia thought she did: for there was a little constraint in her manner, as she remarked, laughingly:

"Oh, May doesn't like changes."

And now, though May laughed too, I could almost have believed there was something defiant in her manner, when she replied:

"It depends very much on what the changes are."

I saw that Miss Allerton seemed a little disturbed also, but she did not reply. There was some secret here, evidently. The children made a diversion, however, causing us all to laugh at their nonsense; and, presently, we rose from the table, Cornelia laying her hand on Miss Allerton's shoulder for an instant, and Miss Allerton glancing up and smiling. So I saw that it was all right between them.

"And who is Mr. Livingstone?" I asked, as Miss Allerton carried the children off to their lessons, and Cornelia and May followed me out into the verandah, where I went to smoke my cigar.

"Why, May has written you about him, surely—"

"I dare say I haven't," interrupted May. "He does not interest me enough."

"Well, at least, I have," added Cornelia, with her second vivid blush of annoyance. "He has been spending the summer in the neighborhood. He is a relative of our old Albany friends, Geoffry: a very charming man in every way."

"Handsome, too," said I; "and is there no Mrs. Livingstone?"

"He has been a widower for years," Cornelia answered, in a tone of sympathy, and I saw her glance covertly at May. May looked very unsympathetic, however. "By the way, dear," she continued, "Mr. Livingstone wanted me to remind you that you had promised to go out on horseback with him. He thought this would be a good day."

"I don't think I promised," returned May. "Certainly I can't go to-day. I want to have a walk with Uncle Geoff."

Later, she and I did take a long ramble among the hills, and met young Fred Morton, who joined us. I had seen a good deal of Fred in town, during the winter: he had then just returned from Europe. His father owned a place in the neighborhood; but, years before, the old gentleman and Cornelia had had a lawsuit about some land, which Cornelia had won, and the families had never since been on friendly terms.

However, May and Fred did not seem to have taken up their elders' quarrel; and I was glad of it: for I had always thought the affair very silly, though old Mr. Morton, not Cornelia, was really in fault; and I liked the handsome clever young fellow exceedingly.

It was near sunset when we returned, and, as May and I reached the house, to my utter astonishment we saw Mr. Livingstone helping Cornelia off her horse.

"This is the end of the world," said I. "Why, Neely," addressing her, "I didn't know you had ridden in years."

"I have done so several times this summer," she said, "and I find the exercise does me great good."

I thought Mr. Livingstone seemed somewhat distant and reserved with me; and that froze me up at once, as such treatment always does. As for May, she was quite haughty and unapproachable, though I could see that Mr. Livingstone tried to play the agreeable to her, and, I thought, appeared disturbed at his lack of success.

The first week of my visit passed, and, though everything was done to make me enjoy myself, my feeling that the atmosphere of the house had changed grew stronger with each day. There was a perceptible restraint between May and her mother; and Miss Allerton was a little sad, though for this there was a reason. Cornelia's brother-in-law had married again, and was coming in a few weeks to claim his children, and, as Jem was to go to school, of course Miss Allerton's services would no longer be needed.

"I must take a new situation," she said, "and my happy four years here have a good deal spoiled me, I am afraid. I shrink from the idea of going into a boarding-school, and that is the only situation which offers."

She was just one of those lovable capable women, who ought to have had a home of her own, with an attentive husband and a flock of children about her. I wondered that she never had married, and caught myself thinking that, if I were fifteen years younger, I—but there: I was almost seven and forty, and, recollecting this, felt ashamed to finish my sentence, even in my own mind.

May and I often met Fred Morton in our walks and rides, and once he called at the house. Mr. Livingstone was there a great deal; but, as much as she could, May relegated him to her mother's companionship.

I made up my mind that Cornelia and Mr. Livingstone wanted May to marry him, and that she had discovered the fact, and gave him the cold shoulder in consequence.

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Then Master Fred caught me alone, one day, and proceeded to take me into his confidence at a great rate. He was over ears in love with May, and had reason to think that she cared for him a little.

"Why, you have made sure that she does," interrupted I: "so don't go beating about the bush."

"Oh, has she talked to you?"

"She has not; and, if she had, I should not flatter your vanity by letting you know it. You young chaps need to be repressed and have your conceit kept in check."

"Oh, Mrs. Brayham and my governor can attend to that duty: just you be good-natured and come over to my side, Uncle Geoff," cried Fred, for the first time calling me by the familiar title which May employed.

I put my arm through his, and we strolled on.

"Tell me all about it," returned I. "Of course, I shall be on your side and May's."

"She said she knew you would," exclaimed Fred, brightening up at once. "Why, you see, my governor never has forgiven Mrs. Brayham for winning that law-suit. The farm just cuts into his land in a tiresome way—"

"I know all about that," I interrupted.

"Well, that has made him furious, and he's ready to eat me because I ever go to the house or speak civilly to any of the family. Though he likes May personally," the young fellow added.

"I suppose, if she had that farm for a bridal portion, he'd not have a word of objection to offer."

Fred nodded.

"But then, you see, Cornelia—Mrs. Brayham—is a firm woman, and your father—well, we won't go into their difficulties."

"The truth is, she wants May to marry that icicle of a Livingstone—old enough to be her father—and May hates him. Her mother never will manage it," shouted Fred, in violent indignation.

"Nor would she wish to, unless May could be happy in such a marriage," said I. "Don't run off with the idea that you have some stony-hearted woman in a novel to deal with. Nothing of the sort: a kinder creature never lived."

"I know it; and she's so young and pretty still: but she doesn't like me," rejoined Fred, the last clause of his sentence being uttered in a very doleful tone.

"She may feel a little savage towards your father's son; but not towards you—if you can understand the difference. She thinks you a very nice fellow: she told me so the other day," I said, consolingly.

Fred brightened at this, and we had a long confidential chat, which cheered him up a good deal, and left me with the comfortable sensation one has when able to feel that one's influence in a friend's behalf is likely to produce results as agreeable personally as to the party most interested.

When I reached the house, the servant told me that Mrs. Brayham was suffering with a headache, and had gone to lie down. So, as I knew that May and Miss Allerton had driven out to pay some visits, I was thrown on my own devices for entertainment.

I went into the garden to smoke; and presently little Harry Pierson, Cornelia's nephew, came rushing along the path in such frantic haste that he bowled full against me before he saw me, and would have fallen backward if I had not caught his arm and held him up.

"Hallo, mischief," said I, "what are you after?"

"Don't stop me, Uncle Geoff," he cried, breathlessly; "I'm looking for Jem Brayham: I'm going to thrash him."

It was so unusual for the children to quarrel, and Harry, though high-tempered, was, as a rule, so much under his cousin's sway, that the announcement caused me considerable surprise.

"What has Jem done?" I asked.

"He's done enough—and more, too," responded Harry, "and I mean to give him a licking."

"Do you remember the story I told you, the other day, about the man who caught a Tartar?" I asked. "You might get licked yourself."

"Well, one of us has got to be," said Harry, clenching his fists. "I ain't going to put up with this, you know."

"But what is it? For I don't know."

"Why, he and Violet have run away," said Harry, "and it was the meanest sort of thing to do, when I was locked up; and he just came and yelled through the key-hole that he'd like to see me stop their marrying, if I could. And if that wasn't taking a dirty advantage of a fellow's misfortunes, I don't know—now, wasn't it?"

"Well, it didn't seem acting just on the square," I replied, very gravely; "but I can't tell how hard he was pushed."

"He'll get pushed when I catch hold of him," cried Harry, venomously. "Just let me go, please, Uncle Geoff: I want to find him. I've looked everywhere about the place. Guess I've hunted about a year; but they ain't round, and I've just thought where 'tis they've gone; and I'm after 'em, you bet."

"Let me go too, Hal," entreated I.

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Harry hesitated for a little.

"You'd want to stop the fight?" he said.

"Not a bit of it," I averred, energetically. "If Jem has done anything mean, he ought to be punished."

"Well, if you don't call it mean to run off with a fellow's sister, when he's shut up, then I don't know," shouted Jem. "And I won't stand it, and so he'll find out—and just you let me go—I know where to look."

"Where do you think they have gone?" I asked, walking on, but still keeping my hold of Harry.

"Up to the wood on the hill. Violet said, the other day, she'd like to live there. And what do you think Jem did? He just threw all the things I gave him on his birthday into my room. Didn't even keep the sword, though he liked it so much—that made me madder than all."

"Why, Harry," I said, "I should have thought you would like Jem for a brother-in-law."

"Well, I wouldn't now: it's all up between us; and he ain't going to have her!" cried Harry. "And Violet behaved as bad as she could—siding with him, this morning—and then, 'cause I missed in my lesson, Miss Allerton shut me up, and never let me out till just as she and Cousin May were ready to start—and Aunt Neely, she scolded me—and, oh, dear! somehow everything's gone wrong, ever since I got up this morning."

Poor Harry stopped in his rapid and not over-clear account, at this, to sigh drearily; but in an instant imitated his elders, under similar circumstances: tried to drown the voice of conscience by getting into a fresh passion. "Anyhow, I'll take it out of that Jem," said he; "they've all been against me all day, and a fellow's got to have a little satisfaction."

"Of course," I said, "and the fullest and best that's to be had. Here's the path to the wood. Now tell me all about it."

Harry was an honest little soul, and told the whole story, which unfolded a succession of misdemeanors on his part, culminating in a quarrel with Violet, which, together with the failure in his lessons, caused Miss Allerton to consign him to solitary imprisonment for several hours.

By the time we reached the wood, he had accepted a compromise which I proposed. So, when Violet and Jem came out to meet us, instead of assaulting the latter, he held up a box of chocolate, which I had bought in the village, and called, in a tone of triumphant magnanimity:

"We've brought you a wedding-present, and we're ready to help you eat it; and, if you don't come home, me and Uncle Geoff are going off to hunt buffaloes and live with the Indians; and then, when you read about our getting gored and scalped and all, you'll be sorry you didn't make up before it was too late."

Tender little Violet was quite heart-broken at the bare thought of such a catastrophe; and Jem was only too glad to be reconciled to his cousin. So, before long, we were all as happy as possible, and sat on the grass, eating more chocolate than was good for us, while I related stories of adventure, which I flatter myself that even Mayne Reid could not have surpassed.

I had determined to speak with Cornelia, in regard to May and Fred, on the first opportunity which offered; and a favorable occasion presented itself the next afternoon.

My cousin was greatly annoyed with her daughter. It seemed that the young lady had encountered her mother and Mr. Livingstone in the grounds; and her manner, and even her words, had not been pleasant. I interrupted the pair, just as Mrs. Brayham was expressing her opinion in severer terms than she often employed towards her daughter.

I had not the slightest intention of retreating; but I made a pretense of it, and Cornelia called:

"Don't go, Geoffry. I would rather you stayed. I have good reason to be displeased with May, and I think you will own I am right, when I say that I cannot allow her to dictate to me, in regard to the choice of my friends."

"I have no wish to do so, mamma," returned May. "I never dreamed of doing it, either; but I don't see why I should be forced to like people, when I can't."

"You have every reason to like Mr. Livingstone, May. He has been kindness itself to us all, ever since we knew him. His courtesy,—his attentions—"

"Mamma, if he doesn't stop them, I shall hate him before long," broke in May.

Cornelia turned quite pale, and sat down in the nearest chair.

"This is very hard," she sighed. "I don't think I deserve that you should treat me like this, May."

"It's not you, mamma. I would do anything for you. We never had a shadow of difference till he came. I wish he would go, and forever."

"But why do you dislike him so much?" asked Cornelia, with another heavy sigh.

"Oh, mamma, I am not blind," May exclaimed, then suddenly burst into tears and rushed out of the room. I was glad to have her go: for I could speak more freely, and I had a good deal to say. But I waited for Cornelia to break the silence, which she did not at once, having also to cry a

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little, and, when she wiped her eyes and looked up, all she said was:

"I am very unhappy, Geoff."

"I am sorry," rejoined I; "but, Cornelia, I cannot blame May. You know, if I talk at all, I must say exactly what I think."

"And even you are against me," she said, drearily.

"Never, in anything that is reasonable," I said. "But you are very wrong to try and persuade May to act against her own feelings—her own heart. She does not like Mr. Livingstone."

"And that is what I complain of—it is so unjust—so hard. You know how I have given up my life to my children. Oh, I think it is cruel that now, when—when—'

And here bitter sobs checked her utterance. But I was too much vexed by her persistency to offer any comfort.

"My dear Neely," I said, "be reasonable."

"My married life was not too happy," she went on, without noticing my exasperating advice. "Nobody knows that better than you, Geoffry. But I tried to do my duty faithfully."

"And you did, Cornelia—nobly—bravely!"

"Then, why should you and May blame me so severely because—because—"

The sobs got the mastery again, and I took advantage of this to say:

"Cornelia, no human being, not even a parent, has any right to try tyrannically to direct another's life."

"Yet you want to direct mine."

"I? Great heavens! Cornelia, what are you talking about?" cried I.

But she only gave me a reproachful glance, and began to sob again. I hurried on to say:

"I only object to your trying to make May like a man in spite of herself. Object? Why, it is unnatural—wicked!"

"Oh, Geoff! that I should live to hear you use such language to me," moaned Cornelia.

I was growing more and more shocked at this exhibition of determined selfishness, so foreign to her character. So I continued, severely:

"I admit that, regarded from a worldly point of view, it might be thought a good thing—"

"Oh, Geoff! Geoff!" she sobbed, interrupting.

"Worldly motives—from you!" I went on, with virtuous severity. "It is horrible, horrible! Hasn't the child a competency? What does she want of more?"

And now Cornelia ceased sobbing, and stared at me in blank surprise.

"For goodness' sake, Geoff, what are *you* talking about?" she said.

"Your trying to bring about a match between May and Mr. Livingstone—what else?" retorted I. "Really, Cornelia, if you mean to try subterfuges and deception with me, I must tell you frankly that they won't succeed."

My cousin burst out laughing, then began to cry, then laughed again—while, in my turn, I stood, a statue of surprise.

"A match between May and—and Mr. Livingstone?" she repeated, hysterically. "And does she think so? Is that what makes her dislike him?"

"Yes; of course. She loves Fred Morton, and he loves her, if you want the truth. Nothing keeps them apart but your quarrel with his pig-headed old father!" cried I.

"I don't want to quarrel," she said, still balancing between smiles and tears. "Mr. Morton might have the farm to-morrow, if he would behave like a Christian. And May cares for Fred? I never dreamed of such a thing."

"Well, she does; so give her the farm, and put Mr. Livingstone out of your mind."

"I can't do that," she answered again, speaking firmly enough.

"Good Lord!" I groaned. "Do you mean to persist, after all?"

"Oh, Geoff! am I never to think of my own happiness?"

"I shouldn't think it would make you happy to see your child wretched—and she would be."

"I say, then, that she is selfish and cruel," cried Cornelia, with energy.

"Are you mad?" I asked, quite in a frenzy.

"I think you and May want to make me so," she replied, with difficulty repressing fresh tears. "She wishes to leave me—to be happy—yet wants to doom me to loneliness, when a good man, whom I honor and love—"

She got no further. A sudden light had broken on me. I jumped up, and, interrupting her, caught her in my arms, crying:

"What an old ass I am! It is you that Livingstone wants to marry, and I thought all the while it was May, and so did she."

When everything was made clear between us, I departed in search of old Mr. Morton, though I pretended to meet him accidentally while he was out for a walk. He and I had always been good friends enough, so I had no difficulty in carrying out my plot.

"Do you know," I observed, almost as soon as we had exchanged salutations, "that the farm you covet is going into other hands?"

The old gentleman, always excitable, and even choleric, came near breaking a blood-vessel.

"What?—what? That cousin of yours has sold it?" he gasped. "Sold it, without even

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letting me have a chance to make an offer? Well, of all the—"

"She hasn't sold it," I interrupted, quietly. "But she has given it to her daughter. What a pity that Fred has been so pointed in his attentions to Miss Grow."

"He shouldn't marry Miss Grow if every hair on her head was strung with diamonds," thundered the irate father.

"There, there: don't be violent," said I. "The truth is," I continued, "our two young people like each other. Now, what if the farm be put among the wedding-presents?"

Morton was as delighted as if he had been going to be married himself. I soon discovered Fred, and informed him of the condition of affairs. Of course, he immediately rushed off in hot haste to see May, and, after giving them a reasonable time to bill and coo, I took the pair in to Cornelia.

"Here is a couple of young people who want a blessing and a farm," said I; and Cornelia kissed them both.

While we were talking, Mr. Livingstone entered; I dashed up to him, and shook his two hands warmly.

"I congratulate you," I said. "You have won a prize."

How May and Fred stared: for, of course, everything became instantly plain to them; and they discovered, as I had done, that, while we thought Cornelia plotting to bestow her daughter on the handsome man, she was wearing her soul out in fear and pain because she supposed us all unwilling that she should keep him for herself.

"You see, you children are not to have all th cakes," I said, putting Cornelia's hand in Mr. Livingstone's, as if I had been the good uncle in an old comedy.

"Mamma," cried May, "I am so pleased!"

The two ladies shed a few happy tears, and the prospective son and father-in-law exchanged hearty congratulations.

Then the young couple went their way, and I mine, and it led me into Miss Allerton's presence. The instant I looked at her, I saw that she had been weeping.

"So Mr. Pierson comes next week?" I said, hastily.

"Yes," she replied. "I leave the week after. Don't talk about it, or I shall make a goose of myself."

"I see a way out," I said, "if you would accept it."

She glanced up eagerly. Something she saw in my face sent the color to hers.

"Could you?—would you?" I stammered. "I'm getting elderly; but I'd be good to you. I— Oh, won't you speak?"

"I—I don't know what you want me to say," she faltered.

"Will you marry me? I love you with all my heart."

So everything and everybody were settled, and, that evening, we all had a hearty laugh over the fact of its having taken us so long to discover that we were "ALL IN THE SAME BOAT."

THE MARTYRS IN THE CATACOMBS.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

THEY lie all round me, countless in their number,
Each martyr with his palm.
No torture now can rack them: safe they slumber,
Hushed in eternal calm!

I read the rude inscriptions, written weeping,
At night, with hurried tears.
Yet what a tale they tell! Their secret keeping
Through all these thousand years.

"*In Pace.*" Yes, at peace. By sword, or fire,
Or cross, or lictor's rod.
Virgin, or matron; youth, or gray-haired sire:
For all, the peace of God.

"*In Christo.*" Died in Christ. Oh, tragic story!
Yet, over shouts, and cries,
And lions' roar, they heard the saints in glory
Singing from Paradise.

"*Ad Deum.*" Went to God. Wide swung the portal;
Dim sank the sands away;
And, chanting "Alleluia," the immortal
Passed to Eternal Day.

Agnes, Cecelia! Names undying ever.
What's Cæsar's gain to this?
He lived for self: they for their high endeavor.
His, fame: theirs, endless bliss.

And Pagan Rome, herself? Her wisest teacher
Could teach but how to die!
Sad, hopeless emp'ror, echoing the Preacher,
"All, all is vanity."

He slew the martyrs. Yet, through ages crying,
This nobler truth they give:
"Life is but birth-throes. Death itself, not dying.
We pass to God—to live."

Oh, blessed hope! Oh, faith that conquers sorrow!
Pain, heart-break, all shall cease.
They are but gateways to a glad to-morrow.
"*In Pace.*" God is Peace.

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THE WILLERTONS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1884, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CHAPTER I.

THE trees in Central Park are very different now from what they were fifteen years ago, much less when it was first laid out. In few places has art been so skillfully applied, making what was originally a wild waste now one of the most beautiful parks in the world.

For not only have the young elms taken more lofty proportions, and the maples put forth a richer leafage, but insignificant plants developed into embankments of flowering shrubbery. Thick vines now drape the naked rocks and overrun unseemly hollows, till nature seems to have defied the skill of man to make the pleasure-grounds of our great city more attractive.

But art has exerted itself with scarcely less effect in the environs. All along the eastern boundaries, so close to the Park that they seem a part of it, mansions of noble proportions and great splendor have been erected, harmonizing with the scenery and taking from its expanse all the appearance of those broad pleasure-grounds which make the glory of palaces in the Old Countries.

Among these houses, and prominent above them all, is one of recent erection, remarkable for the breadth of ground it occupies; for, instead of being hedged in from air and light with other buildings, fine grounds are around it, covered with turf, soft and green as velvet, in which several grand old forest-trees are still rooted, giving it a rare background of foliage.

At the time our narrative begins, this house was just completed, and still remained under the control of its architect and decorator, a young man who, during two years, had given to it the best efforts of a genius that promised to make him famous among artists.

From basement to gable, the mansion was ready for its owner—a lady who had been in Europe many years, traveling extensively in more countries than are usually visited by American women. It was said that she had left New York in consequence of a great shock. A tenement-house, to some of whose inmates she had been a sort of lady-patroness, had been burned down, and her protegées had perished in the flames—or at least had disappeared, lost in the great vortex of this mighty metropolis. In the fresh horror of this awful tragedy, she had fled to Europe, taking with her an only daughter, then quite a child, but now a young lady, grown up to womanhood, perfect in all the accomplishments which the best foreign education could give.

The announcement that this lady was coming, and that a full staff of foreign servants had preceded her, made no insignificant ripple in the various circles, more or less select, that are now and then merged in the great maelstrom known as fashionable society. The lady was not altogether a stranger to many travelers who had moved in the panorama of foreign life, in which she had been a pleasure-seeker, and won prominence by a lavish expenditure of money, with the reckless extravagance so evident in her new dwelling. Still, it is doubtful if anyone in America could have been more anxious regarding her advent than the young man who wandered alone from one apartment to another, reviewing the first great work of his life with all the modest misgiving of real genius, and something of the inspiration that had made his work complete to everyone but himself.

"Fifteen years ago," he was saying to himself, "since she left; and what changes!"

As he examined each room, this young man seemed to become a part of the picture he had created. His finely-cut features were not too regular for strong expression, but classical in repose. His eyes, deep and almost sad in their natural state, changed with each inspiration of feeling, till you could not, from hour to hour, tell what their color would be. In person, slender, somewhat tall, and carrying an aspect of refinement not incompatible with strength—he might have been an aristocrat by birth.

No sculptor, before the unveiling of his first statue, could have felt more nervously anxious than this young man, who was about to submit his most ambitious effort to the judgment of a stranger, whose opinion was more likely to be guided by caprice than real knowledge of the art which was to him like the breath of his life.

Up and down that vista of rooms he walked,

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pausing in each for a last general survey. Not only was his reputation as an artist at stake, but, in carrying out the impulses of his genius, large sums of money had been used, for which he felt a sensitive responsibility. Should the result fail to please the person who had entrusted him so generously, this moneyed obligation might rest on him as a burden forever.

The young man felt all this with a keen feeling of honor, that added much to the anxieties that crowded upon him as the final moment of arrival drew nearer and nearer.

The steamer was expected, but had not yet been announced, when this young man came to the house, anxious that nothing should be omitted that might make his years of work complete. He had passed from the more stately drawing-room and parlors, which all the world might see, and, with a strange kind of interest, ascended the stairs and entered into the more exclusive apartments that had been arranged for Mrs. Willerton and her daughter.

Everything there was new, and to that extent would have been regarded by a critical artist as a defect; but lights and shadows were so deftly arranged that the soft beautiful shading, which time alone can give, was not altogether wanting.

The sound of a carriage stopping at the door and a slight bustle in the lower hall startled him so much that he turned in some dismay, and was hurrying down the broad flight of stairs, when he saw that the servants had ranged themselves on each side of the hall, after the fashion of foreign attendants, and that two strange ladies were standing there, pleasantly receiving their respectful salutations.

Young Weston would gladly have drawn back and made his escape through some other entrance, but saw at once that this thought had come too late. The younger of these ladies stood near the foot of the staircase, and had evidently been surprised at his appearance.

Coloring deeply, as much from vexation as embarrassment, Weston hurried downward, as a nervous man will when called upon to face a disagreeable position, and addressed the elder lady, half apologetically.

CHAPTER II.

"I HAVE been so long in this house, Mrs. Willerton," he said, "that it seems almost like my own. I came up to see that everything was in readiness for your reception, but had no idea that the steamer had reached port so early. Pray excuse my presence here."

Mrs. Willerton reached forth her hand with a cordial smile, as most women would have done after once looking into that strangely handsome face.

"It is not difficult to understand," she said, "that we are indebted to Mr. Weston, of whom we have heard so much from Cromby, who sent over your plans for the house. I am pleased to see how well they have been carried out. The exterior is really surprising. I had no idea that anything so fine as those porphyry columns could be found in this country."

"There is hardly anything beautiful in stone that cannot be found here, if one only has the money to buy it," said Weston, with a smile that seemed to brighten the young lady's eyes, which had been earnestly fixed upon him from the first, though as yet she had not spoken.

"But money cannot often secure the perfect combinations we find here," Mrs. Willerton said, glancing down at the semblance of a Roman chariot-race done in mosaic in the marble pavement of the hall. "We certainly could not have expected anything superior to this. Indeed, it is a pleasure to thank the designer of such a home for being here to welcome us. When once settled, we shall always be glad to welcome him."

Weston bowed low over the hand extended to him, but turned his eyes on the young lady, who half reached forth her hand, but drew it back again, blushing and pretending to arrange the skirts of her dress, as if the cordial movement had no other object; but their eyes met, and into hers came a strange beautiful light that even her mother, who was looking on, had never seen before. Being a worldly woman, always on the alert, she made a little gesture of dismissal, and cast a reproving glance on the young lady.

"You must not adopt the freedom of American manners too readily," she said, in a low voice, as Weston went out of the door. "Remember, he is only an architect. You almost gave him your hand."

"But an architect may be a gentleman; and, in this free country, genius of any kind should give rank above everything else. With these proofs of his great talent all around us, why should I not give him my hand? That is just what I was asking myself as he went out."

There was a touch of sarcasm in Mrs. Willerton's voice as she answered this rather independent speech.

"My dear child, after you have been in your native land awhile, you will perhaps realize that there is no country in the world where the power and grace of genius are so little appreciated as in this free land. To be enormously rich is to be magnificently great, even though the wealth on

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which such greatness is founded has been earned by the industry of men, compared with whom its mere inheritor sinks into absolute insignificance."

The young lady laughed pleasantly as she mounted the stairs.

"There, mamma," she said, waiting for her mother to ascend. "You shall not disenchant me about freedom and all that; at any rate, before I have seen the house. Come, let us find out just what it is like."

Miss Willerton had some opportunity of knowing how far her mother's superior knowledge of republican society would prove correct in what was to her a strange land. There was but little to distinguish them from the crowd of strangers that come to New York from all parts of the world, except the reputation for great wealth that had preceded their coming. In fact, very little was known of them at all, except that the lady was herself a widow, to whom commanding interests in vast mining property had fallen, which ranked her among the bonanza-queens who usually make their headquarters in some capital of Europe. Exactly how these rare possessions had fallen into her hands, no one could say with anything like definite knowledge. But that she held these resources of wealth, and that they must eventually fall to her only daughter, was sufficiently assured to enroll both ladies in the élite inner circles that allowed no one to penetrate them who did not cross on a golden bridge.

That Mrs. Willerton understood all this, and was ready to practice upon it, was evident from the shrewd worldliness of the speech she had delivered to her daughter, in the very hall of her new dwelling. That she had benefited by it already was evident by the pile of cards and crested notes heaped up in the superb Japanese placque mounted on a bronze tripod, now standing on the very place where her shrewd social lecture had been delivered. But Mrs. Willerton was in no haste to seize upon her advantages. She was a woman of no ordinary character, so far as a hard struggle against the circumstances of her youth could prevail over lost time and many things to unlearn. The first craving for unknown luxuries and extravagant display, which surrounds newly-acquired wealth with so much unconscious vulgarity, had been softened somewhat in her, by time and habit, in a more refined degree than is usually found in women of her class. The great ambition for supremacy in wealth, which occupies the whole character of such women, had been so nearly a disappointment, during her sojourn in Europe, that she had begun to look around for other avenues of distinction which might lift her somewhat above the stolid level of mere money, and give to life some scope for a broader ambition.

The great object of her life in Europe had been to obtain rank or position of any kind that would lift her above such of her own country-people as only assert their claim for distinction on lavish expenditure, and pretensions that spring out of it. In spite of herself, the woman had been enrolled with this class: for she had neither the talent, industry, nor strong mental power of the real American, who requires nothing but these qualities to rank himself among the highest and best of any land he may live or travel in.

Mrs. Willerton had obtained her wealth as if by a miracle, and naturally expected wonderful results from it; but she found that its power was not altogether omnipotent in countries where rank is founded in the growth of centuries, and queens, emperors, and princes aspire to a greatness that crowns can never give, and work hard in the field of art, the world of letters, in order to reach the grander renown which is only to be won by human industry, backed by the one great power of intellect which comes from the Almighty alone.

Here the most poverty-stricken man that lives may enter into competition with emperors. But Mrs. Willerton's highest ambition would have been to wear a coronet, and bow before a queen, in a voluminous train, white plumes on her head, and diamonds on her bosom. Mrs. Willerton had failed to reach this distinction, and, in a country where wealth is only auxiliary to real greatness, began to realize that its best results could be realized in her own native land.

Hence came that palatial residence on the Fifth Avenue and the triumphant entrance of Mrs. Willerton into the fashionable circles of New York.

CHAPTER III.

The private apartments arranged for Mrs. Willerton and her daughter were separated by a broad hall on the second story, from which a small but singularly beautiful room had been cut off in front. In this little apartment, Weston had put forth the best efforts of his artistic genius. From the light that came through the stained window to the exquisite tinting of the walls and hangings, nothing could be more perfect.

But Mrs. Willerton, who had never been able to tone down gorgeousness of taste, that had been aroused in her transmission from extreme poverty to almost fabulous riches, found the quiet refinement of a room she proposed to spend much of her leisure time in too subdued for her ideas of the

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sumptuous luxury with which she intended to surround herself. She had gathered many rare objects, during her travels through the East, with which she proceeded at once to kindle up the soft atmosphere of this apartment into a blaze of Oriental splendor. The result was almost a picture of the woman's own character—a commingling of incongruous elements that were only saved from absurdity by the marvelous art by which colors are blended in most Oriental fabrics, which enforces a sort of harmony with everything else.

The room itself, with its exquisitely-paneled walls, its beautiful ceiling, its double window, and floor surrounded by a broad border of precious woods, brought from many lands, laid in mosaic, fine as we sometimes see in pictures, could not be destroyed in its rare effect by any amount of gorgeousness that could be brought into it. For this reason, perhaps—for Mrs. Willerton had learned to mingle something of refinement in her taste for mere show—the artistic work of young Weston was left undisturbed, while a large rug, almost white in the centre, but superbly bordered with rich coloring, that would hardly be out of place on a sultana's shawl, occupied the centre of the floor. The heavy satin fabric of the portière, and other draperies, were so covered by an entanglement of flowers that they seemed absolutely in bloom, and ready to fall to the floor, should a careless hand shake them too roughly. The large, deep, and abundantly-cushioned couch glowed with the same embroidery, from which glimmers of gold shot fitfully. Chairs of irregular form stood about: one of carved ivory, cushioned with scarlet, so covered with bullion embroidery that a network of gold seemed thrown over it; another large easy-chair was of ebony, so covered almost to the completeness of heavy lace-work, through which the scarlet and gold of a single cushion flashed gorgeously.

Over all this fell the light from a window enriched by amber-hued, azure, and carnation-tinted glass, that had been originally intended to light up the quiet harmony of the room as sunlight is thrown on a picture. But the glow that came through it was answered now by a refulgence too overpowering even for the taste of Mrs. Willerton, who had shaded it with a curtain of filmy lace, drawn back on the morning we write of, when this lady lay in indolent luxuriousness on the couch, reading a French novel through a pair of gold eye-glasses, which were never allowed to make their appearance when any person except her own confidential attendant happened to be present. Indeed, the lady rebelled with such persistence against her fifty years, that it was almost considered an impertinence in her daughter to witness this pitiful sign of decadence. In the penury of her early life, which had been full of privation and even rude toil, this woman had deemed the luxury of complete idleness as the one perfect enjoyment of life. To lounge in a Boston rocker, half-dressed and with curl-papers in her hair, reading some fiercely-sensational paper or worn-out song-book, was a sluggish luxury that no after-experience could equal or obliterate from her character.

She was ashamed of this low taste as of her eye-glasses; but still indulged in it in the privacy of her home-life, with innate satisfaction, which no one who saw her in the world, bearing herself with an audacious pretense of elegance, would ever have suspected. On this particular morning, the French novel had been substituted for the newspaper, and she was absorbed by it.

Surrounded by so many beautiful objects, she took no heed of them, but lounged upon the couch, which, from its very splendor, threw out the liberal proportions of a figure that had lost all the subtle grace of youth, with an effect that bespoke more of her original character than less-pronounced surroundings might have done.

It is very difficult to find any woman who knows how to grow old gracefully. Certainly, Mrs. Willerton was not one of these: for she put the very thought of age away from her with resentment and seeming unconsciousness.

As she lay there, holding the glasses to her eyes, with the loose sleeve of her dress falling back to the shoulder, and revealing the change which time had made in a once-shapely arm, the very origin of this woman might have been traced: for, in the attitude she had taken, and the expression of intense enjoyment on her face, she had gone back to the old days, amid all this splendid surrounding. Gertrude had come into the room, and was standing by the window, from which a marble Cupid, half hidden in its folds, was drawing back the lace curtain like a beautiful child playing hide-and-seek.

This young girl had found her new life among strangers dull and even oppressive. She moved languidly, and her fair face was clouded with a look of unrest. To any person in that room, the contrast between this bright young creature and the lady stretched upon the lounge would have been striking. But, just out of her first girlhood, Gertrude had kept all the delicacy of its bloom with a more perfect development of womanly grace, full of that rare vitality that kindles the mind while it gives beauty to the person.

The girl was restless everywhere, that morn-

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ing, and gazed out upon the Park with longing eyes, while her mother was absorbed by her book; and the marble Cupid, the only thing besides these two that bore a semblance of life, seemed to be laughing at her from his hiding-place.

Gertrude turned abruptly from the window, and addressed her mother, who dropped her hand, that held the eye-glass, half-way to the floor, and listened with a suppressed yawn:

"The Park is beautiful this morning, mamma. One sees so little of it in a drive. I long to ramble about it all by myself. You tell me that American girls are free to go and come in the open air as they like, without either servant or chaperone. It must be delightful. I will go into the Park."

Mrs. Willerton indolently arranged her glasses.

"I suppose there is no harm in it," she said. "That handsome young nobleman, who always appeared when I was with you, is not likely to haunt your walk. His devotion really was something romantic. I quite miss him."

"I can only rejoice that the ocean lies between me and his impertinence," answered the girl, with a disdainful lift of the head.

Mrs. Willerton flushed angrily. She had not yet visited her dressing-room that morning for any length of time, and the color that came into her face was genuine.

"What strange ideas you have, my child. Have you already begun to think that such infatuation as led this man to follow us from place to place, half over the Continent, could have been inspired by a school-girl? I really hope you have too much good sense for that. It is in the worst possible form for a girl, not yet introduced, to fancy that every man who glances at her childish face is adoring it."

"Oh, mamma, it was not my fault, if this impudent man ever glanced at my face, and I am only too glad that he is thousands of miles away. He is only a myth now, as the title you were so determined to give him may have been from the first."

"The title? My dear child, how perverse you are, to question that. Was it not registered, with that of his secretary, in every hotel we stopped at in France and Italy? Have I not spent hours and hours in searching it out through the peerage? How can you persist in doubting nobility to this singularly-gifted man, who bears proof of it in his handsome face and the very poise of his head?"

"Very well, mamma, it is easy to convince me of anything you wish regarding this handsome man, now that the insolent poise of his head is not likely to disturb us again," said Gertrude, with a pleasant laugh, as she left the room.

CHAPTER IV.

GERTRUDE WILLERTON was in a high state of exultation when she found herself for the first time alone in the streets of a great city, and at liberty to wander wherever her fancy might suggest. A feeling that amounted to absolute delight was upon her. She was like an uncaged bird in the open air, with unfettered wings. She sought an entrance to the Park near the Lenox Library —that imposing tomb of white marble, where so many thousand volumes are laid at rest, and held a sacred trust from the public.

It was a pleasant morning in the latter part of April, when all the invigorating influences of spring were felt in the cool south wind, in the soft green of the grass, the budding shrubbery, and the song of robins preparing to build their nests. To Gertrude, the scene, the day, and that wild sense of freedom to enjoy them all by herself, were full of delight. She took the first path that presented itself, without caring where it led to, crossed broad patches of sunshine on the grass, and strolled down avenues of elm-trees just budding into leaf, wandering on and on till she found herself on that round hill known as "the circle," hedged in with heavy embankments of shrubbery, and on one side commanding a fine view of the larger lake, with all the beautiful scenery of its environment, and a picturesque bridge in the distance.

To her, this view was full of enchantment; but, in a spirit of restless discovery, she only paused to take a general survey before turning down a side path that led to the banks and the water. Upon the broken shore, to which this path descended, she found a shelf of rock, over which a thrifty growth of Virginia creepers swept in a tangle of budding stems that rippled in the water with a soft, dreamy sound.

A rustic seat had been placed on this rock, and over it rose a clump of silver-birches, more exquisite in their leafless and most delicate network of twigs and branches than they ever can be in the richest summer foliage.

The girl was resting upon this bench, when a pair of swans came sailing down close to the bank and approached her with their necks eagerly curved, but with some shyness: for even the expectation of dainties that may be flung to them fails to make that noble bird familiar with strangers.

Gertrude had nothing better, so she gathered a tuft of grass from the rock, and flung it toward them. The stately creatures, as if resenting the

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imposition, wheeled away, leaving a long ruffle of silver behind them, as they sailed breast to breast up the lake. Directly, they turned and came drifting down again.

Gertrude arose.

"I will not stay to disappoint them," she said. "It is cruel."

"Perhaps you would like a bit of this," said a voice close to her.

Gertrude turned, and saw a young girl holding a bit of cake in her hand.

"You are kind to offer it," said Gertrude, meeting the stranger's smile with one that dimpled her mouth into something better than thanks. "These swans seem to understand that you will not mock them with grass. Here they come, almost as if they knew us."

"I think they do know me," said the girl, "for I have been in the habit of coming here often with two little girls whom I taught in my last situation. They found no happiness in the Park like that of feeding the swans. Now that they are gone, the birds seem to know me."

As the girl spoke, Gertrude stood regarding her with singular attention. She was plainly dressed, but with all the neatness of perfect taste. From the small straw bonnet, that concealed more of her brown hair than was fashionable at the time, to her neatly-fitting boots, everything about her was lady-like, though far from expensive; but, above all, Gertrude was attracted by the grave gentleness of the face, turned with such modest confidence upon her.

"It must be delightful to bring little children here," she said, curious to know more of the girl. "I have never known much of them, being without brother or sister; but I sometimes see them as in a dream, full of fun and enjoyment. How you must love these you speak of."

The girl turned her face away. She could not command her voice for a moment or two. When she did speak, it was mournfully enough.

"The love of such little ones is a great happiness, if it could be always ours; but they outgrow our ability to teach them, or separation comes in some form, and that is heart-rending."

"Separation?" said Gertrude. "Then you are not all of one family?"

The girl shook her head, and tears came into her eyes.

"No: I am only a governess for young children, and the two darlings I speak of were sent to boarding-school."

There was a momentary impulse in Gertrude to draw back from this strange girl, who so quietly announced herself as one of the working-class; but something stronger than pride checked the unworthy feeling, and, instead of the prompt leave-taking which might have been natural to the occasion, she moved to one end of the rustic seat, and motioned the girl to sit by her.

All this did not seem so strange to the girl as it was to the young lady herself, who, following the usages of her class abroad, had, in her attire, either in costliness or ornament, nothing but simple elegance which might denote her rank in life.

"So, having no brothers or sisters of your own, you teach other people's children. That might be pleasant, if it could last."

"Yes, if it could last; but one cannot withdraw love easily as it is given."

A swift flash of sympathy came into Gertrude's eyes, and with it a kind idea that brightened her whole face.

"It is hard," she said, rising as if afraid to trust herself farther; "but tell me what is the meaning of all those pretty boats with streamers that lie moored out yonder? Who owns them, or are they for hire?"

"Oh, they are waiting to be hired. You will see plenty of them on the lake this afternoon."

"We will have one of them on the lake long before that. Come, I will row you up and down like a born sailor. This is the path."

Unconsciously, Gertrude took the leadership, as seemed to become her station, and just as naturally the governess, used to obedience, followed her up the winding path, and, so far as possible, in a straight line, to the stone steps leading down to the fountain and the lake. After a slight parley with one of the boatmen, which Gertrude ended promptly by thrusting a bank-note into his hand without looking at the denomination or waiting for the change, she jumped into the pretty boat, where the governess had been directed to place herself, and, seizing the oars, pushed it out upon the lake.

Bright as a bird, and laughing as one sings, she dashed along the banks, with red streamers dancing in the air and diamonds dropping from her oars, so full of enjoyment that the governess brightened also, and more than once the smile on her lips broke into a pleasant ripple of laughter.

There was no other boat upon the water just then, and but few people to be seen anywhere; but, upon the bridge in the distance, two figures were standing as if interested in the swallow-like movements of this little boat, in which only two females were visible.

After awhile, these persons sauntered down to the eastern bank of the lake, and Gertrude, even from the distance, distinguished one of them as Weston, the young architect. It is possible that

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she did not abate the graceful movement of her oars on this account. Certainly the color came more richly into her cheeks, and, with dangerous audacity, she gave chase to a flock of swans, whose white breasts were cleaving with slow dignity the deep waters through which she was steering. A vigorous dash of the oars shot the boat arrow-like in among them: a shriek, a wild clapping of wings, a crowd of frightened birds scudding for the shore, and nothing could be seen but the half water-logged shallop almost upturned by the weight of a girl leaning over it, with both arms in the water, trying to drag another up from its depths.

The next moment, both were gone. Another moment, and both those young men on the shore sprang into the water.

CHAPTER V.

Blinded by the sunshine, they could not see when one of these girls rose from the depths and fixed a desperate hold on the boat with one hand, while the other grasped at a struggling form which had risen and was sinking again. With a wild dash at the floating hair, the girl who held to the boat dragged the other almost by superhuman strength within reach of it. Then both clung to the rocking craft and to each other in a frantic fight for life, shrieking for help.

These shrieks gave new energy to the young men now fast approaching them.

"Hold on—hold on, for God's sake—another minute!" one of them called out. "Hold on!"

They did hold on, with the small remnant of force left to them; and that strong arm, which lifted the governess out of the water, and almost flung her into the boat, came at the last breath of time: she had lost consciousness, but one hand was still buried with a fierce grip in Gertrude Willerton's hair. Weston steadied the half water-logged craft, and made such slow progress toward the boat-house as its condition permitted.

A group of persons had gathered around the boat-house and on the broad granite steps leading down from the fountain, ready to offer assistance; but the two girls, frightened and weighed down by their wet garments, were almost carried through it by young Weston and his companion, who had, with much forethought, shouted that a carriage should be called.

A policeman had been prompt to obey this order: a hack stood ready, and the two ladies were lifted into it at once.

"Where shall we direct the man to drive, Miss Willerton?" inquired the strange young man, addressing the governess, who had been helped in last.

The girl cast a bewildered look on him, then, gathering up her faculties, said faintly:

"I—I am not—my name is Marsh."

The man remained, with one foot on the carriage-step, looking on that pale wet face so earnestly that the girl closed her eyes.

"I am Miss Willerton," said Gertrude, arousing herself; "drive to my mother's house—Mr. Weston knows where it is."

The stranger entered the carriage; Weston followed, and, after a brief drive through the Park, these four half-drowned people stopped in front of Mrs. Willerton's dwelling.

During the drive, Gertrude had recovered some portion of her strength, and enough of her fine spirits to appreciate the absurdity of her position and shrink from the ignominious picture she must present to her mother's household in this return from her first effort at independence. But this feeling soon gave way to generous anxiety about the governess, who had evidently suffered some strain, while supporting her in the water, which had almost bereft her of life: for she lay back in the carriage so white and still that Weston, who sat opposite, leaned forward and touched her hand, fearing that she was really dead. A look of great relief came to his own pale face, as he felt the hand shiver and saw the girl open her eyes and make a feeble effort to help herself out of the carriage when it stopped.

"Leave us here," said Gertrude, as one of the young men insisted on helping her up the steps, while the other supported her companion. "To-morrow, we shall be in a better state to thank you. Just now, it is as much as your life is worth to remain longer in those wet clothes. Go, I entreat you. It is dangerous to stand shivering here."

The young men saw that she was in earnest, and went back to the carriage, which was driven furiously away.

The foreign servant at the door almost lifted his hands in dismay, when Miss Willerton passed him with her arm around the half-fainting form of a perfectly strange girl, whom she hurried up the hall, leaving wet tracks along the mosaic floor. She only paused to say, with a shiver in her voice:

"Not a word of this to mamma: I will tell her myself."

Eager as she was to mount that broad staircase without further notice, Gertrude was obliged to stop more than once, that her guest might gather breath, which she obtained with difficulty. At last, Gertrude reached the suite of apartments entirely devoted to her own use. There a dainty French maid received them with uplifted hands

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and a world of voluble sympathy, which Gertrude cut short with a few prompt orders.

"Bring a double change of clothing to my dressing-room. My things will fit this lady. You will know what she requires. Make haste, and say nothing to anyone. But, first of all, bring wine—anything that gives strength—and pray, be quick!"

Having given these directions, Gertrude led her new friend into the dressing-room, and there bestowed such tender attendance on her that she made an effort of thanks, and smiled gratefully, though shivering in every nerve, and faint from exhaustion.

When the maid came out from these apartments, with a heap of wet garments in her arms, this gentle girl was lying on a couch in the dressing-room, robed in a dainty morning-dress of some light-blue fabric, with fine old lace at the throat, which fell in waves and fluttering jabots down the skirt, so far as it could be seen—for Gertrude had thrown a soft down quilt over the girl, whose shaken nerves grew more and more tranquil under its genial warmth. While her pale cheek rested on the cushion, and her eyes closed languidly, Gertrude took an ivory brush from the dressing-table, drew a footstool to the couch, softly unwound the wet hair from her head, and began to brush the moisture from it with a gentle monotonous movement that brought a dreamy sense of rest upon her.

With a degree of patience for which the young lady was by no means remarkable, Gertrude went on with her task, smiling as the long silken tresses grew brighter under her hands, sifting them through her fingers with a dreamy sense of their beauty, and never ceasing her task till they floated down the side of the couch in soft wavy masses, beginning to curl at the ends, and brightened into that rare color which was brown in that shadowy room, but would take golden hues in the sunshine.

Under this gentle ministration, the form under the down quilt ceased its trembling. The lace upon her bosom heaved and fell regularly, and the wine that she had drunk flushed her cheeks with a delicate tinge of red. There was something beautiful in the girl's slumberous stillness that fascinated the young creature who gazed upon it, while she kept on smoothing those soft waves of hair tenderly as we touch the plumage of a bird.

At last, Gertrude arose from her seat on the footstool, bent over her strange guest to be certain that she was asleep, gathered the down quilt more closely around her, and went into another room, where the maid was waiting. The task before her was not a pleasant one, and she addressed the servant with a show of excitement, quite unusual to her:

"Where is mamma now? I will go to her."

The maid turned her face away, that her young mistress might not detect the wicked little smile that quivered over it.

"Madame is engaged—very much engaged, I think—for the gentleman has been with her a long time."

"The gentleman? What gentleman?"

"Oh, it was someone she was glad to meet in this dull land. The handsome my lord, who—"

Gertrude broke up the girl's explanation with an impatient gesture.

"That man—that man—you do not dare to tell me that he is here?" she said, stamping her foot on the floor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN OLD LETTER

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

I found an old letter, long lost, to-day;
The ink is faded, the words are few.
But they speak to my empty heart, and say:
"One love in your life was deep and true!"
And far away from this quiet room,
Away from this working-day world of ours,
My soul flies out through the twilight gloom
To a land of temples, and palms, and flowers.

Once more I am watching the minarets shine
In the last rich glow of a tropic sun;
Once more I am clasping his hand in mine,
When the sultry hours of day are done;
The air is full of the balmy scent
Of Orient blossom and shadowy tree,
And I muse and rest in a still content
On the heart that ever was fond to me.

It is but a dream that is far too fair!
The voice is silent, the rich light dies;
I am here in the dim old London square,
He sleeps in peace beneath Indian skies;
And I fold the letter, and meekly pray
For strength to suffer my life-long pain,
Till I come at last to the quiet way
That shall lead me home to my love again.

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BIRCH HOLLOW JUNCTION.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

"A TICKET for New York, please—how long have I to wait?"

"Twenty minutes."

He started at the cultivated tones of the voice, and raised his eyes to the window of the ticket-office. It was a little country station, and he had just time to see the speaker seat herself at the telegraph-apparatus, which occupied one end of the apartment within. The rest of the room appeared to be devoted to books, flowers, an aquarium, and other articles of feminine taste.

"Ticket-agent and telegraph-operator," said Mr. Edward Blanning, discoursing to himself. "Who would have thought it?"

Such a graceful girl, not to say stylish. She wore a simple chintz dress of blue forget-me-nots on a white ground; the slender waist loosely girdled with a wide blue ribbon, knotted at one side. A carelessly-twisted mass of light-brown hair, with golden gleams in it, crowned her shapely head; and her eyes were of that exquisite full brown, so rarely seen; while the delicate complexion had the true peach-tint on the rounded cheeks.

"Did you want anything more?" inquired the young lady, suddenly looking up.

"I—I—" he said, in some embarrassment, hardly knowing what to answer, "I should like to come in for a few moments." And he laid his hand on the door-knob.

"Quite impossible," said mademoiselle, in musical but decided tones; "if you wish to send a telegram, I will take your order."

"Pardon me," stammered the gentleman, in some confusion still, "that is what I want." And then he pondered deeply to whom under the sun he could get up a telegram on the spur of the moment.

"What address did you say?" inquired the lady, and, in sheer desperation, he began:

"Mrs. Howard Blanning, No. 87 West —— Street, New York. Dear Mother: Expect me this morning at 12.30. Edward Blanning."

"I did not know before that I could telegraph from here," he added, as he took out his pocket-book again.

The young lady made no reply; but, having transmitted the telegram, appeared oblivious of his existence.

An hour later, when Mrs. Blanning read the startling communication, she was considerably perplexed, and remarked to her daughters: "I do wish that Ned would have a little more consideration. He knows very well how a telegram upsets me; and it seems so entirely unnecessary, after his letter of yesterday, to send me this one, half an hour before his arrival. From Birch Hollow Junction, too. I never heard of such a place!"

This, however, was not surprising: for her son's frequent journeys, as traveling-partner for the great woolen firm of Hinton, Digby & Co., took him into many strange quarters to visit mills and interview mill-owners.

Meanwhile, Mr. Blanning, on his homeward way, had undertaken the delicate maneuvre of extracting information from the conductor, without letting him suspect that he wanted it.

"Nice little place, Birch Hollow Junction," he said, experimentally, nodding back as the train moved off, "and a very pleasant ticket-agent."

"A very worthy woman is Miss Hatch," responded the conductor, as he punched the speaker's ticket. "Ever see her mother? Not sure? Oh! you'd know, if you had. She sits and nods all day long. Shock of some kind; old man hung himself, they say; queer lot all around." And he nodded, and passed on.

Mr. Blanning drew his traveling-cap comfortably over his eyes, and leaned back to meditate over this communication. Poor, poor girl! no wonder she made her room at the station as tasteful as possible. It was doubtless a relief from her doleful home. How noble of her it was to take this position, for which she seemed so unfitted, that she might support her helpless mother.

When Mr. Blanning reached home, he excused himself to his mother for that unnecessary telegram, on the plea that he had such a wretched little place to wait in for that crawling train, that he just did it to while away the time. And so nothing more was thought of it.

It is astonishing how people manage to accomplish seeming impossibilities, when their hearts are set on them; and, in an incredibly short space of time, the traveling-partner of Hinton, Digby & Co. found himself, through a series of altogether superfluous changes and delays, once more at Birch Hollow Junction.

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Gazing eagerly from the car-window, in advance, he espied a small brown house, close to the station, in which, as the conductor had informed him, Miss Hatch resided; and there, at one of the front windows, sat a little pinched-up old woman, industriously nodding and doing nothing. This was of course the mamma; and it was desirable to see the pretty daughter as soon as possible, to do away with the unpleasant impression.

No vision of beauty greeted him, however, at the ticket-office window, whither he went, foolishly enough, with no apparent business when he got there. A stout woman who nearly filled up the entire space, and who had, moreover, an uncompromising expression, as one with whom life had generally gone hard, confronted him stolidly.

Mr. Blanning feebly inquired when the next train went.

"The next train? Where?" demanded the dragoness, whose stony aspect was becoming metallic.

He was about to reply "Anywhere," but recollected just in time to do the next silliest thing, and said: "To Crowfoot," meaning the next station above.

He did not dare look at the dragoness, as she pointed scornfully to the smoke of the receding train, with the withering words: "The one you have just come up in is going there now;" and closed the window with a bang, evidently considering him a man with bad intentions of some sort.

Through it all, he was dimly conscious of the glimmer of a blue dress in the background, and he fell to wondering why the fat woman was substituted, at this time of all times, for the other. His vanity was considerably hurt by this obdurate treatment, not usually bestowed upon him: for he was a young man of decidedly prepossessing appearance. In fact, his princely air, laughing gray eyes, cleft chin, undisfigured by a beard, and his very eloquent smile, showing white teeth beneath a dark mustache, generally produced a wonderful effect, especially among the mill-girls, who spoke of him among themselves as "the young duke."

But fate was more propitious on his return. An accommodating countryman having driven him within a short distance of the station, he arrived at a time when no trains were due, the hour being close on to twilight. He seated himself in the bare-looking room, tapestried with flaming circus-placards, toned down with Somebody's Bitters and Dr. Cureall's Infallible Ointment, and there quietly waited until the window should be raised.

It was a somewhat lonely place, this rural station. The side-windows looked upon a thicket of sumac-bushes and low trees, while the opposite ones afforded a cheerful view of the car-track. A door opened into the ticket-agent's room on either side. Through the one next to the bushes, a peddler with a decidedly unprepossessing countenance entered, soon after Mr. Blanning took possession of his desolate quarters.

"Soap, stove-polish, furniture-polish, tapes, buttons, miss," said the gruff tones; "what will a pretty young lady buy of a poor man to-day?"

The pretty young lady, in a voice which caused the occupant of the waiting-room to start to his feet, would not buy anything to-day: and requested the unprepossessing vender of small wares to take his departure.

That personage, however, having previously imbibed a stimulating beverage, felt inclined to stay; and replied in such insulting language that Mr. Blanning rushed upon the scene, and just in time to rescue the young lady from the drunken peddler, who was noisily insisting on a kiss. The wretch was assisted to a speedy exit, and his pack flung after him; while the girl, keeping herself from fainting by a powerful effort, sank pale and trembling upon the nearest seat. She was thoroughly frightened; and, as soon as she could regain any show of composure, she thanked the gentleman warmly for his timely interference.

"This is no place for you," was the unexpected reply. "You must not run such risks."

She looked up at him in surprise. But the expression of passionate interest which she encountered brought the warm crimson over her face in a sudden flood.

"Let me explain," he continued, beseechingly. But she rose to her feet, exclaiming hastily:

"No, no—not now. You have been very kind; but we are perfect strangers, and I cannot listen to you. I am going to speak to a friend, who will take my place for the evening."

And, bidding him good-night, but steadily refusing his escort, she quietly locked him out of the room, and disappeared within the shelter of the brown cottage. His train came directly after, and he had the pleasure of buying his ticket of the stout lady with the hostile expression, who apparently regarded him more unfavorably than ever, scowling at him as if he had been a highwayman.

A few days after, his mother said:

"Now, Edward," with some decision, "you must make your arrangements to be at home next week. Melicent Bell is coming on that long-promised visit to her cousin; and, beauty

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and heiress as she is, there will be all sorts of entertainments going on while she is here. So don't go off to any of your dreadful junctions, at that time. What you can possibly find to do, when you get to these places, is more than I can fathom; and you know that we have all set our hearts on your meeting Miss Bell."

He did, indeed, know it, and to his sorrow. He had heard it too often to ignore the fact. But he was not a fortune-hunter, and had set his heart on something entirely different.

"Dearest of mothers," he replied, "I really have no desire to meet Miss Bell, although I should be most happy to gratify you in any possible way. But this is not possible: for, to be quite frank, I have already met my wife, if I am to have a wife of my youth. There is, however, a serious obstacle in the way, at present, as she absolutely refuses to listen to me."

Now Mrs. Blanning, although willing to sacrifice herself for what she believed to be her son's good, and the good of the family in general, was decidedly opposed to daughters-in-law in the abstract; and this sudden communication, therefore, was anything but pleasing to her. She commanded herself sufficiently, however, to inquire who the young lady was; and, gathering all his courage "to have it over," her son proceeded:

"She is a Miss Hatch, whom I met at Birch Hollow Junction: one of the noblest and most lady-like girls I have ever seen. You could not help loving her, if she would only give you the opportunity; and I know that you will not think less of her because she supports a helpless mother, by acting as ticket-agent and telegraph-operator."

Mrs. Blanning fairly screamed.

"Do you mean to tell me—" she began, but the young man interposed:

"I mean to tell you nothing, mother, but that I love this girl, and that, to all intents and purposes, she has refused me. I shall not give her up, though, if there is any virtue in persevering devotion."

Skillfully retreating, as he saw his mother assume the orthodox attitude of sudden grief on the nearest lounge, there was nothing left to Mrs. Blanning but severe and active thought, which culminated in a consultation with her daughters.

"This is horrible," she exclaimed. "Ned is perfectly infatuated with a most objectionable person in a ticket-office, and insists upon marrying her. What in the world is to be done?"

"Oh, mamma," said pretty Belle, in great perplexity, "that is not in the least like Ned—he is so very fastidious."

But Katherine shook her head, with an air of superior wisdom. "Your fastidious men are just the very ones to be caught unexpectedly," she said, "and this Miss Hatch probably has some vulgar sort of attraction about her, which is set off to the best possible advantage by her surroundings. If Ned had met her under other circumstances, he probably would not have noticed her; and I have always thought those constant trips exposed him to great dangers. I have, in my mind's-eye, a picture of our future sister-in-law: stout in figure, and therefore stuffed into her clothes like a pincushion, red cheeks, bold black eyes, and a style of coiffure that reminds you of those African tribes who do their hair only once in six months or so, owing to its very complicated arrangement. Objectless bows and shining ornaments of various kinds adorn this head-gear, as well as her person generally, very much as though she had been caught in a shower of these articles, and they had attached themselves promiscuously. She probably says: 'Is that so?' and calls all the men she knows by their Christian names."

Katherine looked so sternly prophetic that her mother and sister laughed in spite of themselves. But it was not a pleasant picture, and formed a painful contrast to the description given them of Miss Bell, who was said to be thoroughly the lady, and a most attractive girl.

"The best thing for Ned, under the circumstances," observed Mrs. Blanning, after due reflection, "will be distraction of some kind; and I will get him to take us on the trip he promised us, as soon as possible. August is a fashionable month for traveling, and we shall all enjoy it."

The erring son and brother, mindful of the heavy blow that had fallen on his loved ones, was disposed to be unusually accommodating. He actually denied himself another détour to Birch Hollow Junction, which, we may explain, would have been quite as much in the way of his business as a trip from New York to Boston by the way of Philadelphia. He also manfully undertook to convey his three feminine dependents through all the haps and mishaps of the journey to Mount Desert.

It must be mentioned that Miss Bell's visit had been indefinitely postponed, owing to some insignificant illness, the cousin said, on the part of the aunt with whom she lived. Otherwise, we may be sure that Mrs. Blanning would not so easily have abandoned the field, in spite of her son's confession.

Two weeks at Mount Desert is a summer idyl, indeed; and the young people were all supremely happy. Mrs. Blanning, for her part, hoped that

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in every pair of bright eyes that gleamed kindly on her son from beneath the most outré-looking hats—and they were innumerable—there might be found a temporary counter-influence to this dreadful Miss Hatch. She preferred to have the permanent work done by Melicent Bell.

To all appearances, however, the misguided Edward returned as he went.

"I don't like traveling, just after this August storm," said Mrs. Blanning, who had a general impression that the course of nature should be arranged to suit her accommodation; "it seems as if things must be loosened after so much rain and blowing."

They were in the express-train, which always shot, as though propelled from some huge catapult, past Birch Hollow station; and the heavy rain of the night before had not only laid the dust, but had accomplished various pieces of unsuspected mischief, in the most approved fashion of diabolical malice. Meantime the sun had set, and darkness settled over the scene.

A mile or two on this side of the Junction, the road ran between high banks, the tops, here and there, fringed with clumps of pine-trees. Suddenly, through the gloom ahead, the engineer caught sight of a flash, as if from a light held up and waved earnestly to and fro. Down went the brakes, immediately. But only just in time. When the train came to a halt, it was directly in front of a woman, hardly more than a young girl, who was frantically waving a lamp to and fro.

Mrs. Blanning looked up querulously. "What are we stopping for now?" she asked. Unexpected stops always exasperated her, and an express-train certainly had no right to stop, on any pretext whatever.

But everyone was in a state of excitement. Presently, her son, who had hurried out and had recognized that slight well-poised figure, at the first glance, in the person of the girl who had saved all their lives, returned with a face of ashy paleness.

"Mother, we have been saved from a horrible death by the presence of mind of a young girl. She was walking home along the top of the bluff, when she saw a blasted pine-tree, broken by last night's storm, directly across the track. She rushed to a cottage near, seized a lamp, clambered down the bank, and stood waving her light to signal the engineer, at the risk of her own life. Yet, if she had not done it, I tremble to think of our fate."

Mrs. Blanning did not ask the girl's name. She felt sure that she knew it. She closed her eyes and lay back in the seat, stunned.

"Plucky girl, that," said the conductor, admiringly. Engineer and brakemen also were loud in their praises of the heroine. The girl had fainted, when the danger was over, from exertion and excitement, and been carried up into a small house back of the pines, little expecting so eventful a termination to her evening stroll.

Mrs. Blanning declined to proceed any further on her journey without a rest. The shock had disenchanted her, for the time, with railroad-traveling; and the train stopped to put out several of its passengers at Birch Hollow Junction. An excellent boarding-house was found, not far from the station, and here the Blanning party contrived to make themselves very comfortable.

Three days after, our hero and heroine were alone together, having gone out for a walk.

"Surely you will listen to me now?" pleaded the young man, at the feet of the girl, who leaned against a tree, wrapped in a shawl. "You have saved my life—the lives of us all—but it will lose its value, if you do not consent to share it with me." And then, he added, as an additional reason, that she would thus be saved working for her mother. "A noble thing for you to do, Miss Hatch, but no longer necessary in that case."

The pale cheek, pale from recent excitement, flushed vividly, as the girl looked down at him, with a lovely light in the soft brown eyes.

"And you seriously ask this," she replied, "of one so far beneath you—an insignificant girl, who earns her own and her mother's living—a Miss Hatch, a nobody?"

"That is one of your greatest attractions to me," pursued the lover, hopefully. "I doubt if I could love you so well, if you were differently situated."

An arch smile was playing around the lovely mouth; and presently she said:

"But I am differently situated, 'and things are not what they seem' at all."

"What, are you not Miss Hatch?" in great surprise.

"No," laughingly. "Miss Hatch is nearly twice my size, and fully twice my age. I have spent a portion of the summer with my aunt, who is quite an invalid, at the boarding-house where your family is now staying; and my chief amusement has been found in Miss Hatch's little parlor, back of the waiting-room. I think my heart was won by her taking to me at once, as she is not apt to like people; and I learned telegraphing, because I have always been particularly interested in it; and Miss Hatch pronounced me a very creditable pupil. It has been a real pleasure to me to relieve her of her duties for an

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occasional holiday, she is so hard-worked; and it was on one of those occasions that I had the pleasure of selling you a ticket, and sending a message for you over the wires."

"But how is it," asked the gentleman, in great perplexity, "that we have not seen you at Mrs. Ackel's, in all these three days? My mother and sisters would have been so glad to meet you, and thank you for what you have done."

"For the very good reason that I have not been there. My worthy friend, Miss Hatch, kindly took me in, at my request, and auntie, to whom I have related my escapade, as kindly consented to our temporary separation. I do not wish to be met and thanked—no one could have helped doing what I did."

"Then," continued Mr. Blanning, feeling very much as though he had been whirled round by a tornado—and a little disappointed, too, that he was not to be King Cophetua after all—"your aunt is that sweet-looking elderly lady, Miss Adams, I think, whom people at the table are perpetually asking about her niece? Are you Miss Adams, too?"

"No," very demurely; "my friends call me Melicent—my surname is Bell."

The reader may imagine our hero's surprise. When he went to the house, however, to tell of his engagement, he did not inform his mother of this discovery. Perhaps there was a little malice in this.

But Mrs. Blanning, being, after all, a just woman, and having had a narrow escape from a dreadful death, decided that, as soon as she was equal to the interview, it was her duty to see and thank this dreadful person who had bewitched her son; and, possibly, to make up her mind to receive her as her daughter, even though only a nobody, a Miss Hatch, a ticket-agent!

Melicent obeyed the summons of the elder woman and the invalid; and, protected by the man who loved her, presented herself, a lovely vision of smiles and blushes, beside Mrs. Blanning's couch.

"My dear child," exclaimed that lady, startled by so much grace and beauty, where she had expected the reverse, "can it be possible that you are a—"

She was about to say "ticket-agent," but, fortunately for her good-breeding, recollected herself in time. But she rose and kissed her effusively.

"Mother," said her son, to break the embarrassed pause that followed, "after all that has passed, do you really think that you deserve Melicent Bell for a daughter-in-law?"

"Melicent Bell?" repeated Mrs. Blanning. "What do you mean? Is not this sweet girl Miss Hatch, whom I supposed to be a very different person, and who is in the ticket-office here?"

"I have been there a few times," replied Melicent, shyly; "but I am not Miss Hatch, and I shall never forget that you were willing to receive me with all my imaginary drawbacks."

Mrs. Blanning bestowed a fresh embrace upon the daughter of her heart, and now felt very kindly disposed toward Birch Hollow Junction.

As for the sisters, Belle was delighted with the romance of the thing, while Katherine felt thankful that matters had turned out no worse; and both agreed in loving Melicent, as well as it was possible for them to love any woman who had married their only brother.

WRECKED.

BY LUCY M. BLINN.

We did not land together, after all,
Upon the golden shore that lay so nigh,
Dear heart and I;
The walls of pearl and gold shone pure and fair,
And dews from heaven perfumed the twilight air;
I almost fancied that the soft winds tore
The chime of harp-strings from the nearing shore;
When o'er the sky
A cloud, all heavy, like a funeral-pall—
And from the cloud a voice of woe and dread—
And hand that wrung my heart-strings till they bled—
Came like a dream, and went; and now I wait
While storms beat o'er me and the night grows late—
Grows late and dark—and I am here alone:
Drifting so fast from that far heav'nly gate,
All alone—ah, me!

My little bark is wrecked in wildest waves;
Its anchor gone—its sails in tatters fly;
For how can I
Pilot it safe o'er hidden rock and bar,
With night around me—night without a star?
With eyes so full of sorrow's blinding tears,
I cannot see beyond my heart-sick fears;
I can but cry:
"Oh, God—the God that lives, and loves, and saves—
Help! or the harbor I shall never find,
With midnight overhead, and storms behind;
The light that shone beyond I see no more,
My faint heart trembles at the breakers' roar."
Is it a frightful dream? Am I alone,
Drifting so fast from that far heav'nly shore—
All alone? Ah, me!

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a stylish dress, of blue percale. The skirt is of plain China-blue percale, with narrow knife-plaitings around the bottom. It is laid in



No. 1.

alternate wide and narrow box-plaits, and is trimmed with a wide row of white embroidery, which is put on plain, and is trimmed upward on the skirt. The princess overdress is of turquoise-blue percale, figured with China-blue spots. It is gathered high up at the back, has dark-blue velvet collar and cuffs, and a jabot of cream-colored lace down the front of the bodice.



No. 2.

No. 2—Is a home-made toilette, of dark-gray nun's-veiling, trimmed with black velvet. A box-plait forms the centre of the skirt. There are four plaits at the sides, and the back-breadths

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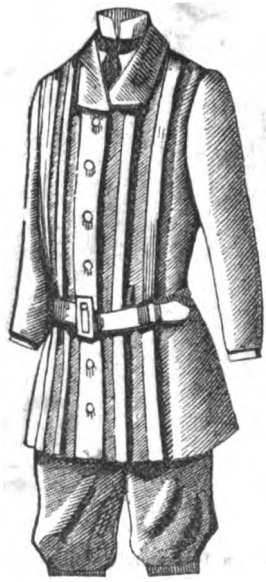
are covered with three velvet-trimmed flounces. The full bodice fastens in front, and the Swiss-



Nos. 3 and 4.

velvet corselet laces at the back. Black velvet collar and cuffs.

Nos. 3 and 4.—The matinée, of figured muslin-de-laine, is one of the newest and prettiest things for morning-wear. It is easily slipped on over a skirt of any color, and looks very jaunty for



No. 5.

the breakfast-table. We give the back and front views. It is slightly loose in front, but plain to the waist at the back, where it falls in plaits over the tournure. It may be either trimmed with the material of which it is made, or with embroidery



No. 6.

or lace. If made of flannel, it is extremely nice for cool mornings.

No. 5.—This suit, for a boy, is made of either tweed or serge. The knickerbockers reach to



No. 7.

just below the knee. The Norfolk jacket is made with plaits back and front, and is fastened with a leather belt. The collar is cut low, to show

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a white collar and tie. Some of these Norfolk jackets are worn without a belt.

No. 6—Is a pretty blouse, which can be made of serge, flannel, etc., worked in colors. A band above the hem, the belt, collar, cuffs, and the ornaments in front are all embroidered. The blouse fastens at the back, but the belt in front.

No. 7.—This simple and pretty dress, for a little girl, can be made of either flannel, cashmere, or muslin. The bodice is long, and the skirt quite short. The sleeves are rather full. If made of flannel or any woolen material, the trimming around the bottom of the skirt, sleeves, neck, etc., should be of torchon, or some other suitable lace. If made of muslin, the trimming should be of Hamburg embroidery.

No. 8—Is a dress for a little one, made of pink percale, Mother-Hubbard style. It is put full on a plaited yoke, and confined around the waist by a broad sash of the pink percale. The ends of the sash and the bottom of the skirt are finished with simple white embroidery.



No. 8.

DESIGN FOR FAN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give here a very pretty design for a decorated fan, the decoration to be on a common palm-leaf one. It is quite fashionable now to use a fan thus decorated by the lady carrying it, or by one of her friends, whichever has a taste or faculty for painting. Any design may be used, but those having a Japanese feeling, like the one we give, are the most artistic for the cheap palm-leaf material. From this engraving, and the hints it supplies, any quantity of fans can be decorated.

DESIGNS ON THE SUPPLEMENT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the SUPPLEMENT in addition to the dress-pattern, three new and beautiful designs in embroidery, furnished by the Art School.

1.—CORNER FOR A TABLE-COVER, the design a narcissus, to be done in Kensington-stitch or outline-embroidery. Crewels or filoselle can be used. The petals of the flower in white, the circle of the flower in yellow, and the leaves in green.

2.—DESIGN FOR A CUSHION. To be worked as the above, and with the same materials. The flowers to be in dark-crimson, and the leaves in grayish-green.

3.—END FOR SIDEBOARD SCARF OR LUNCH-TABLE CLOTH. To be worked in the same stitches and with the same materials as the others. The cherry to be in either light or dark red, and the leaves in green.

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SPANISH VEST: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



The purpose of this department is to furnish, every month, as our old subscribers know, the most recent and stylish novelty of its kind—a waist, wrap, polonaise, child's-dress, etc.—and also a full-size paper pattern, from which any lady can cut out the article for herself, without the aid of a mantua-maker. In this way, the subscriber gets, during the year, the twelve most stylish affairs that appear; and so is kept abreast of the progress of fashion, having always the very latest novelty at her command. To tell what is really the most fashionable costume, at Paris and other centres of fashion, is the mission, so to speak, of "Peterson," and is one that is not fulfilled by any other magazine: the rest giving only second-rate affairs, got up in New York and Philadelphia.

For this month, we give what is called the Spanish Vest: especially suitable for summer, simple in its character, easily made, and yet particularly stylish. Short vests like this, in either the Zouave or Spanish manner, are all the rage in Paris, this season. They are made of rich

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materials, fasten at the throat, and fly open to display a waistcoat, which is either of lace or is embroidered or braided. The vest we give is of the Spanish pattern, and has four pieces, viz:

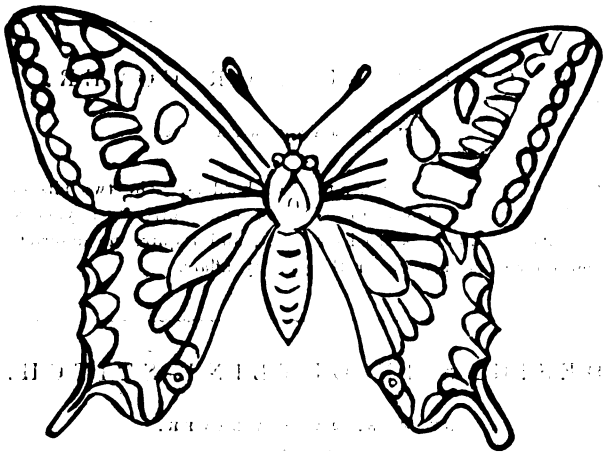
1.—HALF OF FRONT.
2.—HALF OF BACK.
3.—FOUNDATION OF VEST.
4.—EPAULETTE.

The letters and notches on the SUPPLEMENT show how the several pieces are joined together. The epaulette may be used or not, at choice. If not used, the edge of the arm-hole should be ornamented, to correspond with the rest of the decoration of the vest. If used, the oval-shaped edge of the epaulette should be sewed to the armhole.

We give, also, on the SUPPLEMENT, three new and beautiful designs in embroidery, etc., furnished by the Art School, for descriptions of which see elsewhere.

DESIGN FOR BUTTERFLY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This beautiful design for a butterfly can be done either in outline-work, in washing-silk, crewels, or embroidery-cotton, or it can be done in embroidery. The body is dark-green colors on the ground portion of the wings, the stripes across it, and the lines of the head and antennæ of a lighter green. The spots at the edge of the wings of cobalt-blue silk. Those on the inner portions are of crimson, pale-green, cobalt-blue, and yellow. The leaf-like portions are of pale-green. The three spots on the top part of each wing, of a bright scarlet, outlined with brown. For this work, common sewing-silk is the best. For embroidery, the spots and dark-green ground should be filoselle. The same butterfly looks remarkably well if painted on rice-paper, and mounted on the finest brass or silver wire, a little twisted. The butterfly, thus finished, and stuck through a group of flowers, resembles the real insect hovering over them.

DESSERT-SERVIETTE. EMBROIDERED BORDERS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give two designs for embroidered borders. The first is to be worked on linen of a yellowish tint, with reddish-brown split floss-silk in filling up, and Holbein stitches; while, for the second, fast-colored red floss-silk is used, and the embroidery executed in satin-stitch on cream-colored linen.

We also give, on the same page, a very picturesque design, Japanese in character, for a dessert-serviette.

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OUR COLORED PLATE: CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give, printed in colors, a very beautiful design for chrysanthemums, for embroidering in crewels—on the four corners of a tea-table cloth, for a small round table to hold a tea-tray. The pretty and inexpensive round tables, that have supports made to fold back against the table, which can then be placed out of the way, are the kind best adapted for these embroidered cloths. The tracing is done with tracing-paper on to the linen or oatmeal-cloth, which is embroidered with crewels. The leaves, instead of being silks, the color shown in the colored supplement, may, if thought more effective, be made of a darker and yellower tint, and the centres of the chrysanthemums of a yellower green. This is a matter of taste, however.

The table-cloth may be fringed with tufts of crewels, sewed in, or else bordered with macramé lace.

CROCHET RUG, OR COVER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a new and very pretty design for a rug or cover, to be worked in crochet. Dark-red should be used for the centre-strip, and olive-colored wool for the two borders. The two bits of detail show the work sufficiently for anyone accustomed to crochet, and require no description. This a very pretty affair.

DESIGNS IN OUTLINE-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



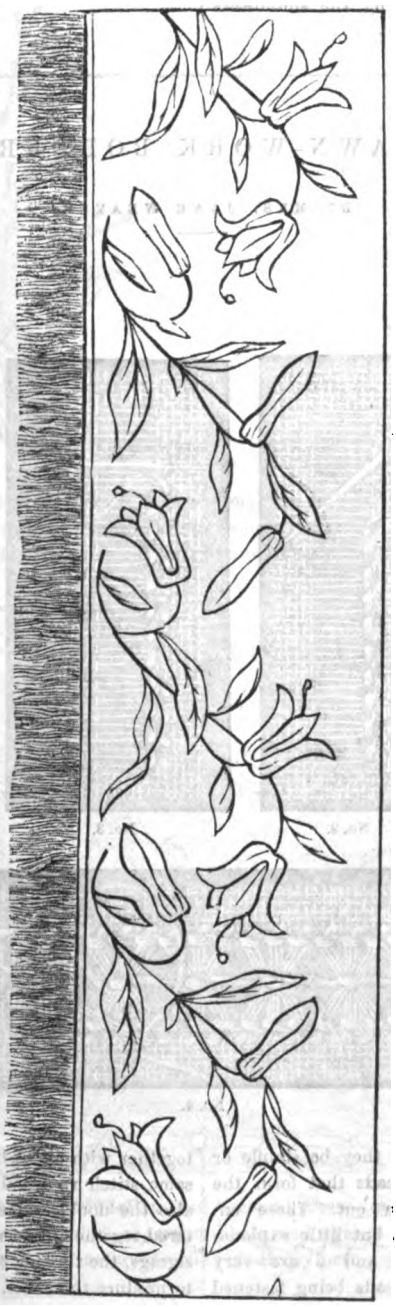
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DESIGNS IN ART-EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We gave, last year, several designs in art embroidery, in a higher style than is usually followed, from designs prepared at the art-embroidery school. We give two here now: One is for a mantel-valance, the other for a fender-stool.

The first, for the mantel-valance, in a lily-pattern, is strictly conventional. It can be done in the hand, unless you are going to work it on plush or velvet, which almost always requires a frame. It would do on cloth or velveteen, worked in crewel and silk mixed: the leaves in feather-stitch, and the flowers in stem-stitch—with silk, if you like—the border-lines just above the fringe being worked in rather light colors; or it might be worked in stem-stitch throughout, if you want it to be only a simple and inexpensive outline on cloth. If on Roman satin or velveteen, the former mode will be preferable, and make it look more important; but, if you are going to work it on rich material, then outline it with Japanese gold, and fill in with filoselle. Nothing, however, is really better than crewel-work for such flowers, as it brings their grace and shape out in the shading: this would look very handsome worked in white crewel, shaded down well with greenish-grays, and perhaps a few touches of silk in the high lights.





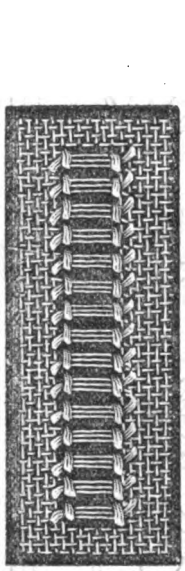
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You have no idea how effective such coarse crewel-work is, and serge would be quite good enough to show it up.

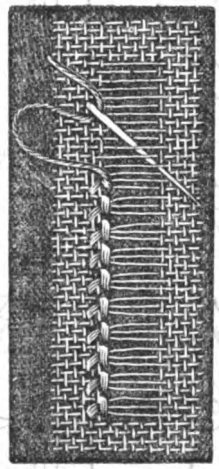
The second is for a fender-stool, and is an arrangement in sunflowers. It need not, however, be restricted to this one purpose. An entire set—valance, curtains, and fender-stool—might be done in this pattern: the sunflowers being worked on dark diagonal, in crewel alone. Remember, however, that a fender-stool is likely to become quickly soiled, and so should be made of serviceable material, and not too delicate in color. It is a good plan to make the centres of the sunflowers in appliqué, which is durable; a soft dark plush gives the effect very well.

DRAWN-WORK BORDERS.

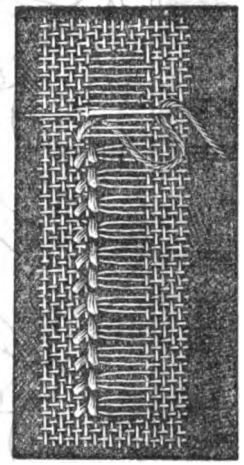
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



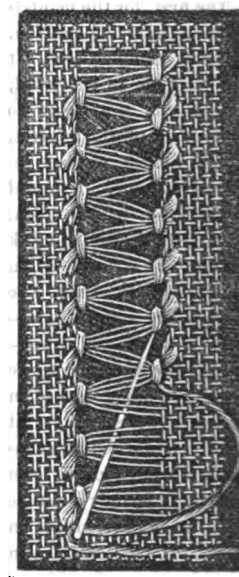
No. 1.



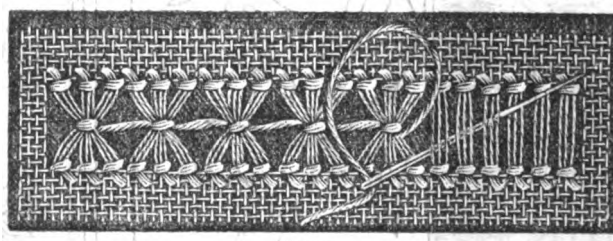
No. 2.



No. 3.



No. 5.



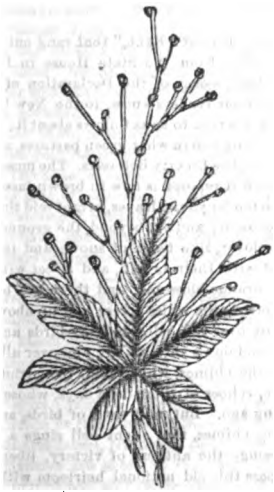
No. 4.

All open borders, whether they be simple or complicated, require the threads that form the weft or woof to be drawn out. These engravings are so clear that but little explanation is necessary. Nos. 2 and 3 are very simple, clusters of three threads being fastened together with an ordinary stitch. No. 1 has the same stitch repeated on each side. No. 4 has also the double edge, nine threads being clustered together to form the pattern. No. 5 forms zigzags, the threads being separated on one side to produce the effect.

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BRANCHES OF FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

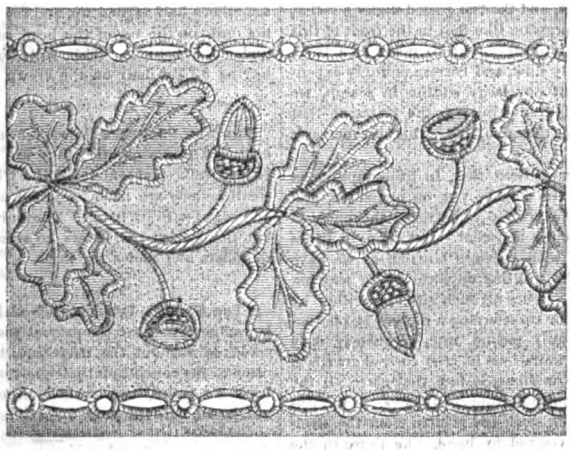




These little branches are suitable for ornamenting the centres of table-covers, pincushions, sofa-pillows—in fact, any article where a small spray may be desired. They can be done in either silks or crewels. They are exceptionally pretty, and of very late design.

TRIMMING FOR PINAFORES, FROCKS, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Turkey-red twill may be the foundation, and the embroidery be worked in blue or cream thread; or the coloring may be reversed—the ground cream and the work red. Rope, button-hole, and eyelets are used in the work. An exceedingly pretty pattern.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

How Steel-Plates Are Engraved And Printed.—A new subscriber asks us "how steel-plates are engraved and printed." She adds: "I see the greater delicacy of your engravings, as compared with those in other magazines, and I am curious to know how all this is brought about."

A steel-engraving, we answer, is produced by taking a polished plate of hard steel, and cutting into it, with a graver, the lines which are to come out black in the printing. This is the reverse of the wood-engraving process: for there the lines that come out black are the result of cutting away the wood from around them. It is both easier and cheaper to engrave on wood than on steel. But the great saving in wood-engraving is in the printing. Wood-engravings are printed on a power-press; and thousands, in consequence, can be thrown off in an hour. Lithographic printing is also comparatively cheap, as lithographs are also printed on a rapid press. To produce a lithograph, either a drawing is made on a flat soft stone, or the engraving to be reproduced is photographed on to it, and from this the impressions are taken. In all cases, in lithographing, however, the lines, no matter how fine at first, fill up with the ink, and become coarse: and hence the rough blurred impressions, of which our subscriber speaks. Very often lithographs, thus photographed, are passed off for real steel-engravings; but of this sort of questionable conduct "Peterson" has never been guilty. It is only necessary, in order to detect such "shams," to compare them with one of our steel-engravings. The difference is perceptible at once.

Printing from a steel-engraving is very expensive: for no "labor-saving" process has yet been invented for such printing. It all has to be hand-work. The plate is first covered with ink, and then the surface polished clean, leaving ink only in the parts which have been cut away by the graver. A piece of paper, a little larger than the picture, is then laid on the plate, and the two passed under a roller, the result being an impression like that in the front of this number. As only one impression can be taken at a time, the process is necessarily slow, and correspondingly expensive. In order to print our large edition in season, we have to duplicate, and even triplicate, the plates, so that several can be printed at the same time. This also increases the expense.

Now, when it is remembered that, in lithographing, a dozen copies of a picture may be put on one stone, and all printed at once, and printed rapidly, the cheapness of the latter method becomes apparent. But then, in lithographing, the picture soon becomes blurred, as we have already said, the fine lines filling up with ink, or wearing down and broadening. Hence all such attempts, either by drawings on the stone, or transferring a picture by photography, are, at best, only second rate, frequently only fourth and fifth rate, imitations of true steel-engravings.

This magazine is the only one, in fact, that gives, all the time, steel-engravings printed from steel-plates. Our fashions are also engraved on steel, and printed from the steel-plate, and afterwards colored by hand, like those in the higher class of Parisian fashion-magazines. Other magazines use either wood-cuts, colored, or coarse colored lithographs. Our steel-plates and steel-fashions cost as much as others spend on a whole number. That is why "Peterson" has such a success.

The Old "Liberty Bell," that rang out, on the Fourth of July, 1776, from the State House in Philadelphia, to proclaim the passage of the Declaration of Independence, was sent, as our readers know, to the New Orleans Exposition. A lady writes to us as follows about it: "I cannot close without telling you in what green pastures, and among what soft shadows, the Liberty Bell rests. The moss-hung live-oak, under which it reposes, is now in brown-tasseled bloom, and filled with tender young leaves, bright mid the darker foliage of older growth; and out beyond, the grounds spread, white with tall clover, like fields of snow; and the river-breezes are sweet with their breath, and sweet with fragrance of some late orange-blossoms; and there are beds of brilliant flowers dotting the white acres; and up above, in the dense arches just over the bell, mocking-birds and thrushes are singing; and down through all, and over all, floats the soft music of the chimes, whispering, in patriot-notes, to that dumb one, echoes of those dead days, whose music it made in the long ago. But, mid song of birds, and mid melody of floating chimes, that silent bell sings a grander and a sweeter song—the anthem of victory, liberty, and peace. I never pass this old national heirloom without sending a silent heart-greeting to the City of Brotherly Love."

Combs in The Hair are becoming popular again. Those worn some years ago, with large balls, are reappearing, and are placed at the top of the plaits of hair, on a level with the top of the head, and serve, in the daytime, to keep the short bonnets in their place. The tortoise-shell Spanish combs are also worn, with the hair dressed a little lower. With these plaits of hair, gilded hairpins are much used, and sometimes they all stand out a little. As many as thirty are sometimes to be seen, studded all over the plaits or coils. Very large horseshoe-pins in cut jet are also popular, three being usually seen. The hair is sometimes half turned up, and the plaits or coils arranged not quite on the top of the head, so that they partly show under the bonnets. This suits some heads better than having all the hair on the crown of the head.

The New Shoulder-Capes, for young ladies, have fronts extended like a mantle; they are made of ottoman silk, beaded embroidery, and chenille fringe. For indoor-wear, small jackets are made of jetted net over a satin lining, and edged with jet fringe. The lining is fitted to the figure, but the beaded net shows no seams except those on the shoulders and under the arms.

"For Twenty-Two Years."—A lady, recently renewing her subscription for the present year, says: "I thought we could do without the magazine, this year; but we have come to the conclusion that we cannot: we have taken the book for twenty-two years." Another writes: "Home is not home, without your magazine."

The Colored Fashion-Plate, this month, is devoted to evening-dresses. The summer brings with it constant parties, at watering-places and at home, when a knowledge of the styles for such dresses becomes a prime necessity. Some, it will be seen, are more elaborate than others.

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Our Premiums for Getting Up Clubs, as will be seen from the Prospectus on the second page of the cover, are three in number. The first is an extra copy of the magazine for one year. The second is the "Pearl of Price," a beautiful volume of American poetry, with steel-engravings, bound in morocco cloth, and with gilt edges. The third is a large-size steel-plate, size twenty-seven by twenty inches, entitled "The Lion in Love." We recapitulate the prices of three of our principal clubs, with the premiums.

Three copies for $4.50, with the "Pearl of Price" or "The Lion in Love" for premium.

Four copies for $6.50, with an extra copy of the magazine for one year for premium.

Five copies for $8.00, with both an extra copy of the magazine for one year for premium, and either the "Pearl of Price" or "The Lion in Love," in addition.

Now is a good time to subscribe. Those who do not wish back numbers can begin with this, the July one; but back numbers to January, inclusive, can always be supplied, if desired. *Specimens sent gratis*, if written for in good faith.

The Newest Fashionable Mantles are small, and more often colored than black. They are made of frisé velvet, figured camel's-hair, or Sicilienne. The lining is glacé silk, shot, checked, or striped; and the trimmings gathered frills of lace, either French imitation thread lace or the newer wool, Angora. Chenille fringes are again worn with jet drops or tinsel among the strands; galloons, with both beads and tinsel, trimming the colored mantles. In form, the mantles are short at the back, and may be either long, or extend half-way to the knees in front. They are high in the neck, where they are finished with a full lace frill, which is gathered instead of being plaited.

"Can't Afford To Do Without It."—A lady who tried another magazine, last year, comes back to us this year, and says: "I have received the back numbers of your magazine, and am perfectly delighted with them. I can never again afford to do without 'Peterson.' Your magazine should be in every family. Everyone of the club is well pleased with it. Many thanks for the 'Pearl of Price,' which I appreciate ever so much. It is a great deal nicer than I expected it to be. I think it has one engraving in it worth five dollars, entitled 'Look Out Upon the Stars.' I do not see how you can afford to give such literature and fashions for so little money."

Cotton And Wool are so mixed together, in fabrics pretending to be all wool, that purchasers should be on their guard. A good test is to separate the warp and woof, and hold them to a flame; the pure wool becomes a shapeless mass before it is consumed, leaves a shapeless ash, and becomes extinguished directly it is removed from the flame. Cotton or linen thread, however, burns after removal from the flame, and its form is plainly distinguishable in the ash. Threads made of a mixture of wool and cotton burn irregularly. Before purchasing so-called woolen materials, it is well to obtain patterns on which to experiment.

Clothes Can Hardly Be Changed Too Often, especially in summer; and, if they are made of white materials, we are constantly reminded of that fact. Moreover, dyes bring new dangers, as poisonous matters are often employed.

"Better Than Any Other."—A lady writes to us of our magazine. "I like it better than any other. I have seen quite a number of different ones, but yours surpasses them all." It surpasses all because it gives the best of everything.

Brilliant Colors in dresses are becoming more and more popular. In this particular, fashion is returning, in a great degree, to what it was a dozen years ago.

Additions To Clubs May Be Made at any time during the year, and at the same price as paid by the rest of the club. Back numbers to January, inclusive, can always be furnished. It is never too late to get up clubs, or to make additions to clubs, and so earn additional premiums.

"Was Foolish Enough."—A lady sends us two dollars for her subscription, and writes. "I was an old subscriber, but was foolish enough to try another book, for a time; and now I am more than willing to return to my first love." We have had hundreds of such letters.

Mrs. Stephens's New Novelet, begun in this number, is a sequel to "The Motherless Girl"; but will be complete in itself; requiring no more allusion to its predecessor than what is found in the first chapter. This will please such new subscribers as begin with the July number.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Dr. Sevier. By G. W. Cable. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.*—No American writer, since Bret Harte, has achieved greater popularity, in a certain way, than Mr. Cable. He began with some silhouette sketches, if we may use such a phrase, of the Creole society of Louisiana, and has since, more ambitiously, worked up the same subject into several novels, of which "Dr. Sevier" is one. As very few people knew anything about the Creoles of Louisiana, his portraitures were accepted, at first, as faithful ones; and, as they were racy and original, and emphasized by a peculiar dialect, which he called that of the Creoles, his books leaped into a sudden and wide-spread popularity. It has since been shown, by Judge Gayarre, as well as others, that the dialect was an imposture: in other words, that the Louisiana Creoles do not talk, and never did talk, as Mr. Cable makes them. The dialect he uses, in fact, is a jargon, more than half African, and such as is only heard, if heard at all, in the very dregs of society. Now this ignorance does not detract, in the least, from Mr. Cable's ability as a story-teller; but it does seriously affect the local color of his sketches, and impugn his fidelity as a realist. This is the same as if Sir Walter Scott, in his Scotch novels, had made his characters talk Dorsetshire, or Lancashire, or other dialect. This story might, therefore, if these charges are true, have been located in any other section of the United States, and been just as correct. It ceases to be, in any legitimate sense, a story of the Louisiana Creoles. Unfortunately, strangers, ignorant of the true Creole dialect, were for a time deceived. But they now learn that Mr. Cable's characters talk no more like the real Creoles than the traditional Yankee on the British stage talks like a Beacon-Street New-Englander.

The Sub Rosa Papers. By Adair Welcker. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is one of the most mirth-moving books that we have read for many a day. The author is a citizen of Sacramento, California, and has something of the humor, freshness and originality, which Bret Harte was the first to localize there. The story, moreover, is full of interest. It has also a most excellent moral, for it depicts the hopeless struggle of that insufferable creature, "the snob," to get into really good society.

Samuel Adams. By James K. Hosmer. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*—An exceedingly appreciative biography of a Revolutionary patriot, who has been overshadowed, more or less, by his cotemporary townsman, John Adams, and sometimes has even been confounded with him.

Worth: The Wooing. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a love-story, located in England, and dealing principally with the aristocracy there. It is just the novel for a sultry summer afternoon.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST OF ALL.—The newspapers, with one voice, say that "Peterson's Magazine" is the best of the lady's-books and cheapest of all, because it really gives most for the money. We have hundreds of notices to this effect, all received within the last month. Says the Dahlonega (Ga.) Signal: "More than twice its cost is returned to its subscriber every year in patterns, not only for ladies' and children's clothing, but the most beautiful designs for fancy-work of all kinds." Says the Fishkill (N. Y.) Standard: "Only the best stories are given." Says the Arkadelphia (Ark.) Standard: "The best and most popular magazine published, and no wife should rest until she makes her husband subscribe for it." Says the Mount Victory (Ohio) Independent: "Each number seems to outshine its predecessor in literary merit. 'Peterson' is par excellence in the magazine line, and no household is complete without it." Says the Paris (Ill.) Republican: "Brighter and more interesting than ever. The fashion-plates are always first-class, and the directions for fashionable attire indispensable to the lady not otherwise provided with. If you have not a copy of 'Peterson,' get it." The Mifflintown (Pa.) Register says: "The number is so excellent a one that it is hard to imagine anything better. Its illustrations are fine, its stories bewitching, its fashions reliable, and everything about it first-class. If you wish a good home magazine, subscribe for it." The Woburn (Mass.) Journal says: "As a fashion magazine, it is regarded as authority by all ladies of correct taste and judgment. The stories in each number are the best." Says the Lexington (S. C.) Despatch: "More beautiful than ever. Its engravings, cuts, and other illustrations, with the excellent reading-matter, make it more than ever the favorite of the ladies." The Denver (Ind.) Sun says: "'Peterson' has no equal." The Summerville (Ga.) Gazette says: "The stories are superb; bright, sparkling: if anyone can read 'Pamelia Spicer at the Beach' without laughing, we don't envy him." The Lexington (Tenn.) Progress says: "The stories are of an especially attractive character. This old-established magazine seems determined to excel itself, if possible; but we can see no room for improvement in the character of its contents. We honestly recommend 'Peterson' to ladies. It is offered at a most reasonable price." Says the Rochester (Mich.) Era: "The general favorite with the ladies." "The fashion-plates are simply beautiful," is the enthusiastic comment of the Le Boeuville (Pa.) Advertiser. "No lady should be without it; it attains the highest standard of excellence," says the Whitestown (N. Y.) Herald. Can we add anything to this? Do not be deceived into taking "bogus" magazines. Send for "Peterson," and get the worth of your money.

A BAKING-POWDER TRICK.—All kinds of schemes and tricks are resorted to by unprincipled persons to obtain unfair advantages over their neighbors. The latest and most dishonest of these, that has come to our notice, is one by which certain manufacturers of baking-powder have sought to prejudice consumers against the use of other brands, that have an established reputation as the best and purest in the market, for the purpose of introducing their own. Their method, we are informed, is to heat a can of baking-powder of a well-known brand over a lamp or stove, when, if there is a gas given off having the odor of ammonia, the powder is condemned as being made of ammonia and unfit for use. The prejudices of the unsuspecting are thus excited against the baking-powder submitted to the so-called test, and the grocer who has a quantity of it on hand suffers a serious loss in consequence.

If the intelligent consumer will stop a moment to think, she will readily perceive that this "test," if successful, proves nothing but the superiority of the baking-powder tested. The aim of all baking-powder makers is to produce an article that shall most readily, under use, give off its leavening gas. The powder that does this with a moderate heat, at the same time evolving the largest quantity, is scientifically the best.

There is probably not an article prepared for food that cannot be manipulated to prove that something is wrong about it; and when a person goes into a kitchen, or before a housekeeper, who is not to be presumed to understand chemical relations, and performs an experiment of even the simplest character, it is not difficult to impress one that something awful is the matter. As to baking-powders, we could suggest a dozen tests that would be as ridiculous, in giving a fair idea of their relative merits to an uninstructed mind, as the one here mentioned.

The true domestic value of a baking-powder consists in its purity, wholesomeness, and leavening power. It is only the chemist, with his chemical appliances, who can determine these qualities scientifically and exactly. Aside from this, the best test for a baking-powder is to try it in making bread, and see which makes the most and the best. To this practical test all the established brands have been put, and housekeepers have very generally made up their minds which they prefer, and the tricksters will find, ultimately, that a brand that has been a household favorite for years will not be displaced by reason of any tricks which they may show.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

PRESERVES AND JELLIES.

To Preserve Blackberries.—Pick the fruit nicely, and to each pound of fruit put three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Let it cook slowly, stirring it constantly, until the scum stops rising to the surface; then take it off, and put it in glass jars or tumblers; seal them tightly, and keep them in a dry place. Let the fruit and sugar stand for several hours before putting them on the fire, as the juice will then be extracted from the fruit, and make the syrup richer.

Blackberry Jelly.—Put the fruit in a stone jar; set the jar in a pot of cold water; put a few small sticks on the bottom of the pot, to keep the jar from breaking; when the water boils around the jar, and the fruit is soft, take it out and squeeze out the juice by putting the berries in a bag. To each pint of juice put one pound of sugar; put it in a skillet; and, when it comes to a boil, watch it that it does not burn; let it boil until it jellies. It takes about twenty minutes.

SUMMER-DRINKS.

Lemonade.—One ounce of tartaric acid, one pound of loaf-sugar, one pint of boiling water, and twenty or thirty drops of essence of lemon. To be kept in a bottle, and mixed with cold water as desired. Or, boil the rinds of two lemons in two quarts of water for ten minutes, add two ounces of citric acid, the juice of the lemons, and two and one-half pounds of sugar. This also is to be mixed with water, and will keep, though not so long as the preceding. Slice the whole of a lemon into a jug, taking away all the pips and all the pith. Add sugar to taste, and pour boiling water over. Let it stand at least twenty-four hours, to extract all the flavor of the fruit, and fill up with cold water if needed. Some persons like the juice of an orange and a very small piece of peel added to each six or eight lemons; it gives a slightly bitter flavor.

A Lump of Ice improves most summer-drinks, and, where ice is not to be had, the jugs or bottles should be set in a large pail of salt and water in the cellar: for salt and water is colder than water alone. The Indian plan of cooling water by keeping it in porous earthenware, from the surface of which evaporation continually goes on, is

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not made reasonable use of it this country. Porous earthenware is very easy to get, and the water in such a vessel, set in the basement in a draught, will soon be lowered several degrees of temperature. Perhaps it is not superfluous to add a warning against making these drinks too sweet. The sugar only excites thirst instead of quenching it, and though, of course, individual taste varies immensely, it is a very common fault.

Ginger-Beer.—Pour three gallons of boiling water on two and one-half pounds of preserving-sugar, three ounces of bruised ginger, and four lemons, cut in very thin slices. Let it stand till nearly cold, then add a dessertspoonful of brewer's-yeast spread on toast. Let it stand all night, then strain and bottle. Another way is to take one pound of sugar, one ounce of ginger, one-half ounce of carbonate of soda, one-half ounce of tartaric acid, and one-quarter ounce of cream-tartar. Well pound the ginger, put all into an earthen vessel, add a gallon of water not quite boiling, let it stand till cold, then put a tablespoonful of barm on toast, and let it stand till the next day. Bottle it, and lay it down for two days, when it will be ready for use.

Raspberry-Acid.—Take any quantity of raspberries, put them into a jug, cover them with water previously acidulated with tartaric acid to the sharpness of lemon-juice; let them remain twenty-four hours, then run the liquor through a sieve, taking care not to bruise the fruit. To each pint of the clear liquor add one and one-half pounds of pounded loaf-sugar; stir it frequently. When the sugar is quite dissolved, the syrup must be bottled. The whole process must be cold. The proportions are twelve pounds of raspberries, five ounces of acid, two quarts of water.

Currant-Vinegar.—Put into a large basin two quarts of black currants, well bruised, and one pint of the best vinegar. Let it stand three or four days, and then strain it into an earthen jar; add one and one-half pounds of lump-sugar; set the jar in a saucepan of cold water, and boil for an hour. When cold, bottle. It is better if kept for a year. Raspberry-vinegar may be made in the same way, but double the quantity of fruit is added, the second two quarts at the end of the first three days.

Oatmeal-Drink.—Mix one-half pound of oatmeal with five gallons of cold water, boil it for half an hour, and strain it through a rather coarse gravy-strainer; add brown sugar to taste while hot. It is very much improved by the addition of half an ounce of citric acid or one ounce of tartaric acid. The thinly-cut rind of two or three lemons or oranges may be boiled in it, or a still cheaper flavoring is to add, before boiling, a bit of cinnamon-stick or a few cloves. To be served cold.

Rice or Barley Drink.—Make as above, using broken rice or pot-barley in the place of oatmeal.

Currant-Water.—Put one quart of red currants and half a pint of raspberries, with two quarts of water, over a very slow fire, to draw the juice, for half an hour. They must not boil. Strain through a hair-sieve, and add another quart of water, in which about three-fourths of a pound of sugar has been boiled to a syrup. Other fruit may be used in the same way.

Apple-Water.—Slice some well-flavored apples in a large jug. They need be neither peeled nor cored. Add three or four cloves and a strip of lemon-peel, and pour boiling water over. Let it stand twenty-four hours. It will be drinkable in twelve hours or less.

Fox-Grape Shrub.—One gallon of grapes, put them in a skillet over a slow fire until soft; press them through a hair-sieve, until all the juice is extracted; to this quantity, put one pound of white sugar, one pint of French brandy, and, when it is cold, bottle it.

Grape-Wine.—Take the small wild black grapes; press them to extract the juice. To one gallon of juice, put two pounds of white sugar; put it into a cask in the cellar until spring, when it will be ready to bottle.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

DO YOU DREAD WRINKLES?—The death-blow to youthful looks, and a sure warning that age is creeping on, are those same dreaded wrinkles. To defy them, to remove them, and also to prevent their coming, use *Palm Kosmeo*. It keeps the skin smooth and free from chimps and pimples.

Palm Kosmeo used in combination with Palm Pendre, nothing can be finer as a complexion-cosmetic. My own personal use is proof, and I am justified in saying to my thousands of customers try it, and be convinced of its merits. Also Extract of Turkish Rose-Leaves, a very fine indelible tint for the cheeks and lips.

Prices, Palm Kosmeo, $1.00 and $2.00 a box. Kosmeo Poudre, 50 cents and $1.00 a box—can be sent by mail. Turkish Rose-Leaves, 50 cents and $1.00 a bottle—cannot be sent by mail. These goods are only sold by me. Send for catalogue of Hair Goods. Mrs. C. Thompson, 32 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

MRS. STEPHENS'S POPULAR BOOKS, ETC., ETC.—Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., have just made a large reduction in the retail price of all their popular duodecimo publications, including the well-known and popular books written by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, Mrs. Catharine A. Warfield, Miss Eliza A. Dupuy, Alexander Dumas, and their several well-known and standard Cook-Books by Miss Leslie, Mrs. Hale, and others. These popular books will be found for sale by all booksellers, and they will now get a fresh impetus by the large reduction made in their retail price. The Messrs. Peterson will send their new catalogue to any address, if written for, with the new and reduced retail prices annexed.

WE are very cautious in recommending anything to our readers, unless absolutely certain that we are on the right side. Practical experience proves that James Pyle's Pearline will do all that he claims for it, and, claiming much, Pearline is the more valuable. We take pleasure in advising everyone not acquainted with this article to get a package at once, and give it a fair trial—for by reducing the toil and drudgery of wash-day and house-cleaning it promotes health and happiness, both so desirable.

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PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Lock Box 409, Marblehead, Mass.

No. 269.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My first is a substance to write on,
My second is a ponderous mass.
My whole is a second used for keeping my first in place.

Boston, Mass. ZANITA.

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No. 270.—CHARADE.

My 11, 8, 2, 14 is swimming takes delight.
My 12, 10, 4, 15 we get from sheep with coat so white.
My 9, 7, 3, 5 attains at times a very great height.
My 6, 13, 1, 9 helped Ullin's daughter in her flight.
My whole is fifteen letters, if I'm right,
And names a celebrated poet, quite.

Ypsilanti, Mo. YPSILANTI.

Answers Next Month.

HINTS UPON GARDENING.

JULY.

Stocks to be sown in July, and also in August, for planting out as bed or pot plants. Placed where they will have shelter through the winter, they will bloom well through the summer.

Tree carnations to be potted, using a stiff soil, and pressing well into it.

Roses in pots to be plunged in the ground, and roses to be potted in a mixture of loam, manure, bones, charcoal, and sand. Rose trees and bushes to be well fed with manure-water, and be kept free from aphides; rather hotter than tepid water, syringed or poured over the buds with the rose of a water-pot, will dislodge and destroy them.

Bedding-plants to be kept in neat form, and pegged when required. Hydrangeas, scarlet geraniums, myrtles, and cytisus-cuttings to be planted. Choose the small shoots which are without bloom.

Chrysanthemums to be topped to make them shoot for bloom. Liquid manure to be freely used.

Sweet-williams, Canterbury bells, columbines, *delphiniums*, the young plants of these to be planted out. The spots intended for these plants to be well forked up, adding well-decayed manure or fresh soil. In dry weather, water them twice a week thoroughly.

Pansies from seed to be planted out. The best soil is a rich loam, with small addition of leaf-mold or old manure.

Carnations and pinks, either pipings or cuttings, should have a soil of fresh turfy loam mixed with sharp sand, to encourage the formation of roots. A warm sunny situation is best for them.

Polyanthus, primroses, and oxlips.—To increase these, take up the roots, divide them, shorten the tap-roots, and replant at about a foot distance each way. These do best in a soil of loam, leaf-mold, and cow-dung.

Seed-pods from herbaceous plants. The old flower-spikes should be cut off directly the lower seed-pods begin to ripen; these spikes should be stuck in a small pot of wet sand, with a sheet of paper under the pot, on which the seed will fall as it fully ripens.

Evergreens to be pruned and cut into shape this month. Cut back ivy on walls when it overgrows windows.

Auriculas raised from seeds, also polyanthus, to be transplanted.

The bulbs of autumnal narcissus, amaryllis, and others to be planted.

Roses to be budded, always in the evening, never in the middle of a hot day.

The third week in July, sow seeds of ten-week stocks, phlox, lobelias, rodanthes, etc.

Violets.—Well-established plants of violets are now throwing out strong runners; place a stone on each, and press them into the soil, when in a short space of time good plants will be found rooted. As soon as they have formed roots, they should be lifted and planted in well-prepared ground, when they will blossom early in the autumn and spring.

Dianthus or Indian pink, both single and double. This is an annual; the seeds to be sown in the open ground, and the plants thinned out to the requisite distance when the seedlings are large enough to be handled.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. I.—HOUSE-DRESS. The skirt is formed of many ruffles of white lace. The tunic and bodice are of peach-colored foulard, studded with flowers. The skirt is fully draped, and trimmed with bows of black velvet ribbon. A white lace plastron forms a vest. Elbow-sleeves, trimmed with a bow of black velvet. The same at the throat.

FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS, OF WHITE SUEAN. The skirt is formed of one deep and three narrow side-plaited ruffles. The tunic forms full paniers, and is draped at the back. Wreath of roses and bows of blue ribbon on the skirt. The plain long-pointed bodice is low on the neck, and is trimmed with a wreath of pink roses and blue ribbon. Bows of blue ribbon at the shoulders. Pink roses and blue bow in the hair.

FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS, OF GOLD-COLORED SATIN. The side of the skirt and the train are trimmed with white lace. There is no drapery about the skirt. The plain bodice is made with points back and front, and is also cut V-shape back and front. Very narrow edge of lace on the sleeves and neck. Pearl comb in the hair.

FIG. IV.—EVENING-DRESS, OF WHITE MUSLIN. The skirt is made with two deep plaited flounces. The tunic is draped with cherry-colored satin ribbon. The bodice is made V-shape back and front, and is made surplice-fashion, the folds reaching to the waist. Cherry-colored satin bows on the shoulder, above the puffed sleeves. Red roses in the hair.

FIG. V.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLUE NUN'S-VEILING. The underskirt is of salmon-colored surah, over which falls a deep flounce of white lace. The tunic is laid in three broad tucks; above them the short princess dress is looped with black velvet ribbon. The bodice is buttoned on one side. Fichu of white tulle, edged with lace.

FIG. VI.—DINNER OR EVENING DRESS, OF WHITE SPOTTED MUSLIN. The skirt is bordered with a deep hem. Bodice is folded fichu-fashion, terminating with a bow below the waist. The collar, vest, sash, and bows are of dark-green velvet. The velvet scarf is draped to the Empire, and arranged as a waterfall at the back.

FIG. VII.—APRON, made of very gay chintz or of a large Madras handkerchief. It is made shawl-shape in front, and a small corner forms the bib part. This is called the Creole apron.

FIG. VIII.—STRAW HAT, bound with poppy-red satin, and trimmed with bows of poppy-colored satin ribbon, fastened with many small gilt pins.

FIG. IX.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF PEARL-GRAY NUN'S-VEILING. The skirt is figured, and is bordered with gray and claret plaits, headed with ribbon loops. The tunic opens in front, is caught back with claret-colored bows at the sides—farther back and higher up on the left side than on the right—and is draped at the back. The bodice is slightly gathered at the waist, and is worn with a claret-colored belt. Broad lace collar. Claret-colored bows at the neck and wrists.

FIG. X.—PRINCESS DRESS, OF BLACK AND GRAY STRIPED GAUZE. The skirt is short, and is of black satin. The gauze dress opens in front, is looped high on the hips, and falls in unlooped drapery at the back. The full quillings around the neck, down the front of the bodice, and around the sleeves, are of black gauze ribbon, and the rosettes are of pearl-colored satin.

FIG. XI.—BONNET, OF COARSE STRAW, trimmed with cream-colored lace.

FIG. XII.—SEASIDE-COSTUME, OF DARK-BLUE SERGE. The lower part of the skirt is of cream-colored serge, edged with a plaiting of dark-blue serge, and is striped with blue braid of two different widths. The tunic is of blue serge. The

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bodice of blue serge, edged with cream-colored serge, and there is a narrow vest of the same, crossed with blue braid. The folds on either side of the vest are of soft twilled silk. Large cream serge collar, with standing ruffle, around the neck. Coarse straw hat, trimmed with cream-colored surah and poppies.

FIG. XIII.—BATHING-SUIT, OF DARK-BLUE FLANNEL. The front and edge of the tunic, the collar, sleeves, belt, and trousers are all trimmed with red worsted braid. Hat trimmed and bound with red worsted.

FIG. XIV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF MYRTLE-GREEN DE-LAINE. There is a plaiting at the bottom, and the skirt is formed of several wide tucks. The tunic is plaited at the waist, is very full, and draped under a waterfall back. The jacket opens in front over a cream-colored vest, spotted with dark-green. Dark-green velvet collar and cuffs. Green straw hat, trimmed with green velvet and dark-red poppies.

FIG. XV.—MORNING BODICE, OF SOFT STRIPED SILK. It is rather full from the neck down, is also rather full at the back, and is ganged to fit the waist, over which is worn a belt and bows of ribbon. Bows of ribbon at the neck. This garment is extremely pretty in some of the beautiful striped summer flannels.

FIG. XVI.—BONNET, OF BLACK BASKET-STRAW, and trimmed with primrose satin ribbon.

FIG. XVII.—PARASOL, OF GRAY SATIN, ornamented with hand-painted birds and flowers, trimmed with blonde lace.

FIG. XVIII.—PARASOL, OF ÉCRU PRINTED SATIN, edged with écru lace, and trimmed with a bow of ribbon.

FIG. XIX.—WALKING-DRESS, OF MUSHROOM-COLORED BATISTE, SPOTTED WITH BROWN. A knife-plaiting of plain batiste edges the skirt, which falls in straight plaits at the back. The tunic is plain, looped high on the hips, and is undraped at the back. The bodice is cut with a point in front, and with a basque, and has a full vest of soft brown silk. Brown straw hat and feathers.

FIG. XX.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF WHITE GRENADINE, STUDDED WITH CARNATIONS. There is one ruffle on the bottom, falling over a narrow plaiting of plain white grenadine. The tunic is draped with a small panier on the right side, and a much deeper one on the left side, and falls in long folds at the back, where it is slightly draped in the middle. The bodice has a basque, which is much deeper at the back than on the sides, and is trimmed with blonde lace, which forms a collar, passes down the front of the bodice and around the basque. Dark-carnation velvet ribbon is put in battlement shape on the basque, and, with white satin ribbon, forms long loops-and-ends on the right side of the waist.

GENERAL REMARKS.—In make, skirts may be divided into two distinct styles. The first is the round full skirt, gathered or plaited equally all round the waist, and with this a second skirt, longer in the front than at the back, where it forms a full but straight puff; no paniers, no trimmings, to this skirt. The second style is flat in front and over the hips, and has an apron of a different material in front, and panels at the sides. At the back, this skirt is very full and draped; very little trimming, only a little plaiting at the bottom, and a "balayeuse" underneath, but barely perceptible.

Bodices are made in full blouse-fashion, and in princess shape—when different to the skirt—and also with a tight waistcoat, which should always correspond with the front-apron-width of the dress. Waistcoats continue to remain in fashion, and are not only useful adjuncts to a toilette, but are also very becoming, especially to stout persons, for whom full chemisettes and blouses are too thick-looking. White waistcoats, braided with narrow gold cord, are remarkably pretty and elegant for visiting, and all dresses intended for society-wear, whether for day or evening. In fact, bodices of all styles are worn. Nothing in their make is more fashionable than another style. Round waists, long waists with sharp points back and front, or pointed in front with coat-basque at the back, Louis XIV coats, are all equally worn.

A novel way of trimming the bodice with velvet is to lay on a circle round each armhole, on the shoulder and bust, and insert a point of velvet back and front, graduated into a fine point at the waist. Double revers of velvet, the upper ones much larger than the lower, are also fashionable. Collars of dresses are straight and high, and usually of velvet, even if there is no velvet on the skirt. A narrow fold of color appears above, next to the skin. A flat collar turned back on to the neck is to be seen on some dresses, with a broad ribbon coming out from each side, tied loosely, and then carried down to the waist, where it ends in another bow. The collar is of embroidery or velvet. Other bodices have the front arranged with a deep Swiss band of any fancy material that happens to be used as trimming, and a fichu of black lace is drawn down from the throat and shoulders, over any color that contrasts well with the costume. This is particularly becoming to a slight figure. Ribbon is greatly used. A pretty way of brightening up a skirt is to make three clusters of bows, connect them by ends, and attach them to one side of the skirt, placing the uppermost cluster at the edge of the basque. The ends of the lowest cluster reach to within a short distance of the edge of the skirt. There are usually four loops and two ends to each bow. Terry velvet ribbon, ottoman or plain velvet, are all used, and also the gauze ribbons that are so fashionable. These gauze ribbons are made from narrow to sash widths, and are in plain and fancy varieties. If the skirt is plaited, one broad plait is arranged at the side, on which these bows are placed. The arrangement is suitable for both day and evening dresses.

Plain velvet dresses, looped up on one side over a satin or beaded underskirt, is the last thing in elegance for evening-dress.

All evening-dresses are cut low in the neck, some in points back and front, and some falling off the shoulders. Rows of pearls are worn round the neck, even when a dog-collar is worn. Dog-collars are made of plain, or jetted, or beaded velvet, and beaded chenille. Some are also fringed with jet or beads, and thus form necklet or dog-collar.

Jet is worn more than ever. Jet, and beads of every color and shade, are seen in fringes, clasps, lace, and passementeries. They are used not only for dog-collars, but also to trim hats, bonnets, mantles, and entire costumes. They are mixed with ribbons, feathers, lace, flowers, and birds; birds and flowers, indeed, are made entirely of jet and colored beads, and are worn on hats and bonnets, and also in the hair.

Jetted black tulle is very pretty for bodices and sleeves, to be worn over low-necked black silk or satin dresses. These bodices are quite tight, in order to show the pattern of the jet beading on the tulle.

Lace was never so much worn as at present. It is especially pretty for house-wear, and most beautiful imitation of the real Chantilly black lace, which costs from fifty to seventy-five dollars a yard, can be bought for from two and one-half dollars upward. White laces and the new embroidered laces are equally cheap. These laces make beautiful trimmings for evening or summer dresses.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The lighter materials of the season are extremely pretty, and lend themselves to very tasteful combinations. The newest, and perhaps the most attractive, is the summer guipure—a heavy-meshed worsted net, figured with dots or with small squares. This comes in all the fashionable colors for street-wear, and is combined with faille, or satin, or cashmere, usually in the same hues, but sometimes in

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contrasting colors. It is made up over taffeta, the skirt being made straight and full, and not attached in any way to the silk underskirt, but hanging loose in a very graceful fashion. The overdress is bordered with a narrow lace, and the underskirt is finished with a small plaited flounce. Cream lace and dark-green silk form a favorite combination. Mantles in this summer-guipure, of the dolman-shape with long ends, are shown, lined throughout with silk, and trimmed with lace or moss fringes. Black wraps are very much worn, even with costumes of the most delicate hues. The prettiest are shaped like a cape, in jet-beaded silk gauze, and have long scarf-ends in black lace in front. These are lined throughout with colored silks, blue and gold changeable taffetas being often employed for the linings. For traveling or undress wear, rough black cashmeres, lined with silk and trimmed with lace, are very popular, as are also loose paletots and dolmans in pale-gray or beige cloth, trimmed with pinked quillings of the material. Embroidered wraps, with a black ground, worked with dead-steel or gay-colored beads, are very dressy and stylish. For seaside-wear, short velvet mantles, trimmed with elaborate jet beadings and fringes and passementeries, are shown, lined with changeable silk or bright-colored satin. Light-hued velvets in the new vivid-green or pale-beige color are sometimes employed for these mantles. Jet passementerie and black lace are used for trimming the green velvet, and gold passementerie and silk fringes for the beige color.

Worth has introduced as his new color par excellence for the present summer the delicate bright-green before mentioned. It is called "young-leaf" or "new-shoot" color, and is a beautiful yellow-green, some shades deeper than linden-color, which is also worn this season. This new tint harmonizes well with black lace and black velvet, or, in fact, with any rich black material. One very handsome dress that Worth has just completed is in heavy black silk brocaded gauze, with an underskirt of young-leaf green velvet. The soft cream-white of Sicilienne or crêpe-de-Chine goes well with the golden-yellow green called linden-color. In fact, a dress made with an underskirt of linden faille, cut in deep scallops around the edge, and an overdress of cream-white crêpe-de-Chine, bordered with dull-gold gauze ribbon and looped at one side and held in place by a series of loops in wide salmon-pink watered ribbon, was really artistic in its blending of color.

Worth has introduced, this season, a series of very beautiful silk gauzes in Watteau styles and colors, which he combines with delicate colors in faille for full-dress summer toilettes. Some of these have stripes of pink or olive-green satin alternating with stripes of very small figured white brocade. Others have stripes of forget-me-nots on a cream ground, and another pattern shows bands of tiny flowers in their natural hues running transversely on a ground of pale beige-color. A very beautiful material is a peachstone-colored satin, figured all over with a fine and delicate lace-like pattern in white velvet; this beautiful fabric is to be blended with plain peachstone faille. For summer evening-dresses, he is employing tulle, both white and colored, some of the former being sprinkled with tiny silver dots. Even for very young girls, Worth now makes up very small patterned white brocaded faille, figured either in a fish-scale pattern or with small satin dots. These dresses have the corsage and short train of the silk, the skirt-front being either in plain tulle or in the silver-spotted material. A very lovely dress is composed of four wide flounces of tulle, put on in large close plaits. Over the skirt thus composed falls a perfectly plain overdress of silver-spotted tulle, made very full. The effect of this extremely simple dress is most charming. Another tasteful and simple ball-toilette has the wide-flounced underskirt in tucked maize tulle, over which is lightly draped an overdress in real black lace. Long garlands of nasturtiums in shaded velvet are placed at either side of the skirt. Another very effective dress is in black Spanish lace, made up over a white-grounded brocade figured with large bright-colored flowers, panels of the brocade being set at either side of the skirt.

For walking-dresses, silk and cashmere, or velvet and cashmere, are combined with good effect. The cashmere skirt is made with flat plaits, opening at each breadth one-third of the way up. In each of these openings are set folds of the silk or velvet, giving the effect of an inner skirt. Another style has a loose full skirt of cashmere, bordered with jet ball-fringe and falling over a plain underskirt of velvet. The waist is made with a sleeveless Zouave jacket of velvet, bordered with fringe, over a short pointed corsage of the cashmere. The cashmere sleeves have deep cuffs of velvet. The cashmere and velvet must be of the same shade. In gray, with steel fringe, this costume is very pretty. Embroideries and fringes, in dead or bright steel, are very much in favor. Sashes of very wide watered ribbon are a good deal worn, the hue of the ribbon contrasting with that of the dress. A very handsome toilette is in black satin-striped gauze and black lace over pale-yellow silk, the sash being in brilliant gold-yellow ribbon. Worth also makes dresses of black brocaded silk gauze, with draped fronts in white lace, the sash being in scarlet watered ribbon. These sashes fasten behind, and have long ends that fall to the top of the skirt-hem.

Bonnets and hats are no longer worn of such exaggerated height as at the beginning of the season. Fine English straws, in the neutral tints, trimmed with white gauze and white ostrich-tips, are probably the prettiest novelties. Then there are hats in coarse straws in mixed colors, the brims lined with dark velvet, and the crowns ornamented with folds of dark-blue, dark-red, or brown gauze, interwoven with gold, and held in place with gilt pen-feathers. These are durable and useful articles for seaside or country wear. Flowers are much less worn than in the spring, except on very dressy hats or bonnets.

A very pretty new style for ball-dress slippers consists in ornamenting them with a tiny cluster of artificial flowers set amongst lace, the flowers corresponding with those upon the dress or worn in the hair.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SAILOR-SUIT, OF DARK-BLUE FLANNEL. The knickerbockers are striped at the side with cream-colored braid. The blouse-waist has a large square collar, trimmed with the braid, and also has a ship embroidered in each corner. An anchor looks very well in the corners. The cuffs and front of the blouse are trimmed with cream braid. Straw sailor-hat, trimmed with blue ribbon.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF CREAM-COLORED SERGE. The skirt is laid in kilt-plaits. The blouse-bodice has a long rolling collar, which is large and square at the back, and is tied with cream-colored satin ribbon. The white vest, around the neck, as well as the collar, is trimmed with narrow braid. The sleeves are loose, with a cuff trimmed with braid. Straw hat, bound with blue, and trimmed with blue ribbon.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S COSTUME, OF ZEPHYR-CLOTH, NUN'S-VEILING, OR MUSLIN-DE-LAINE. The box-plaited skirt is mushroom-color, and is trimmed with five rows of brown velvet ribbon. The polonaise is of a lighter shade of mushroom-color, studded with flowers. The bodice is plain, and the material forms paniers at the side, and is draped at the back. The cuffs, collar, waistband, and bow are all of brown velvet. Hat of mushroom-colored straw, trimmed with feathers of the same color, daisies, and brown velvet.

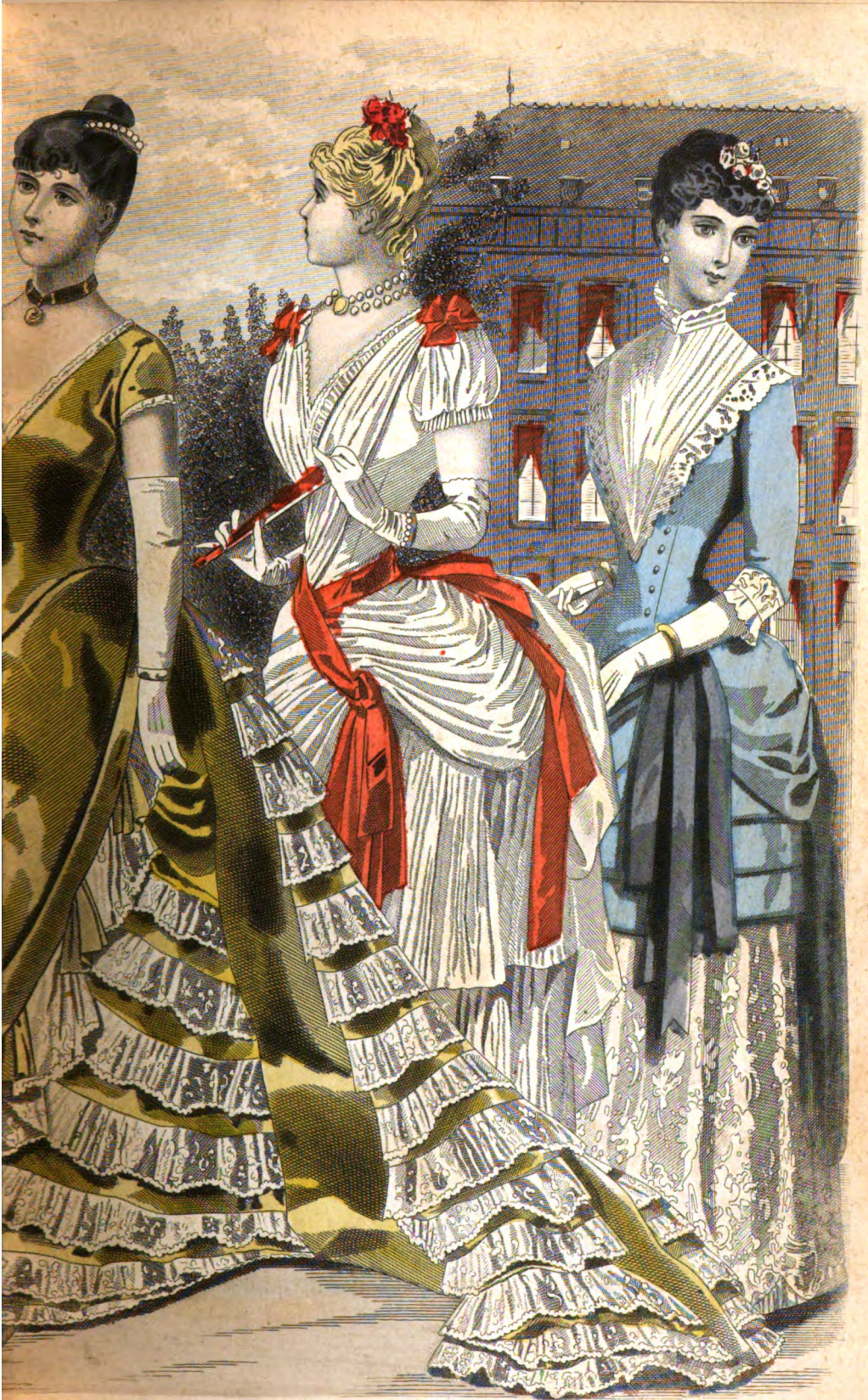
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JULY. 188

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

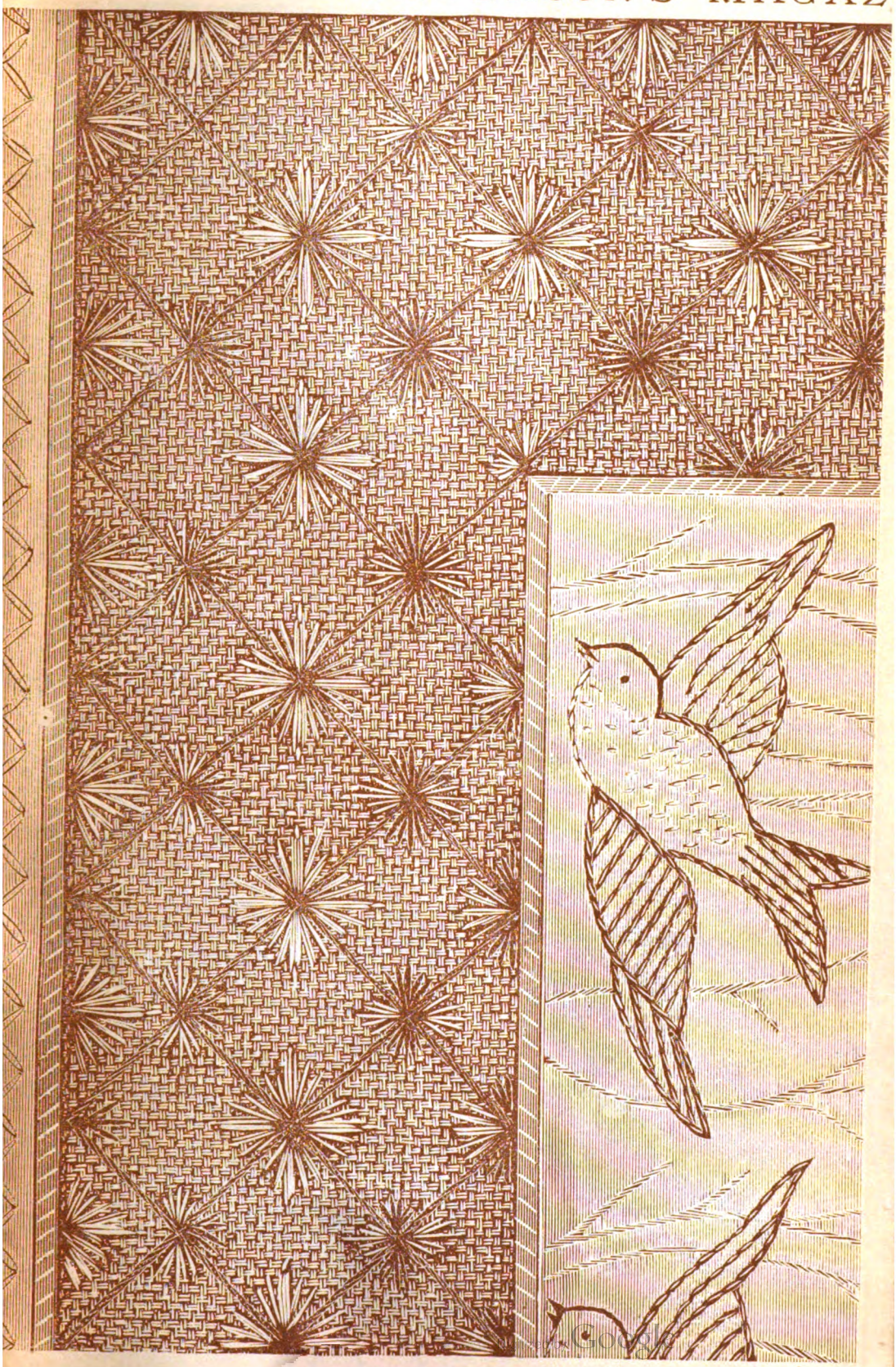
FULL MOON.

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TEA CLOTH.





A LETTER FROM HOME. [*See the Story.*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

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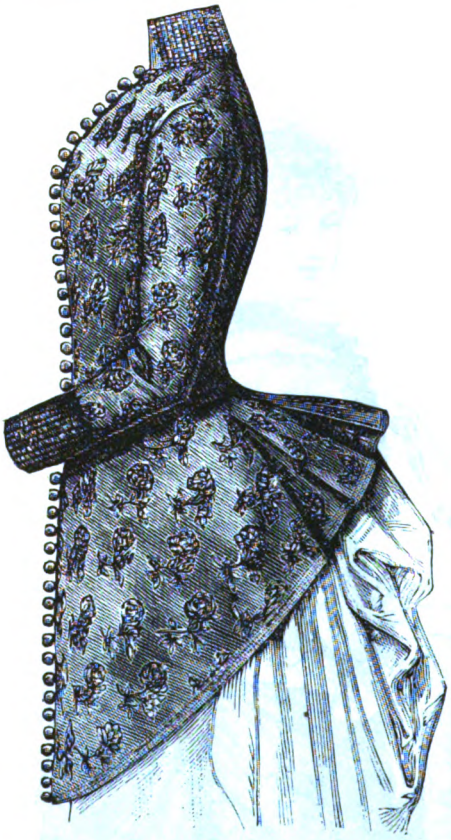
NEWEST STYLES FOR WALKING-DRESSES.

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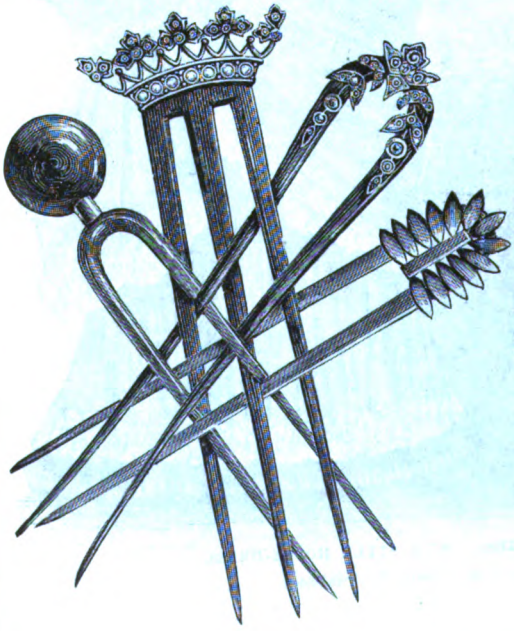


NEW STYLE WALKING-DRESS. NEW STYLE HOUSE-DRESS.

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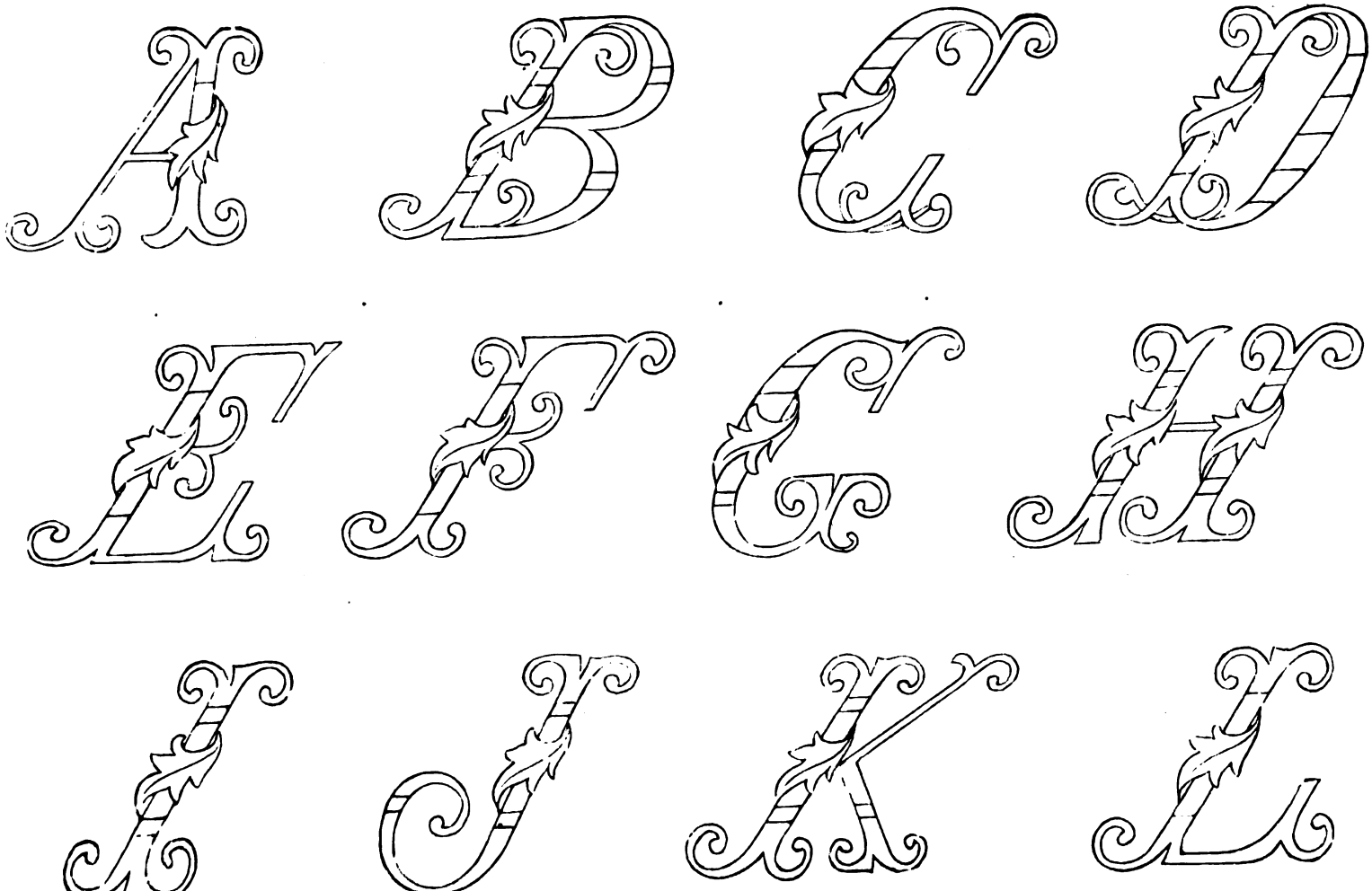
LATEST STYLES: JACKET, HAT, HAIR-PINS, WRAP.

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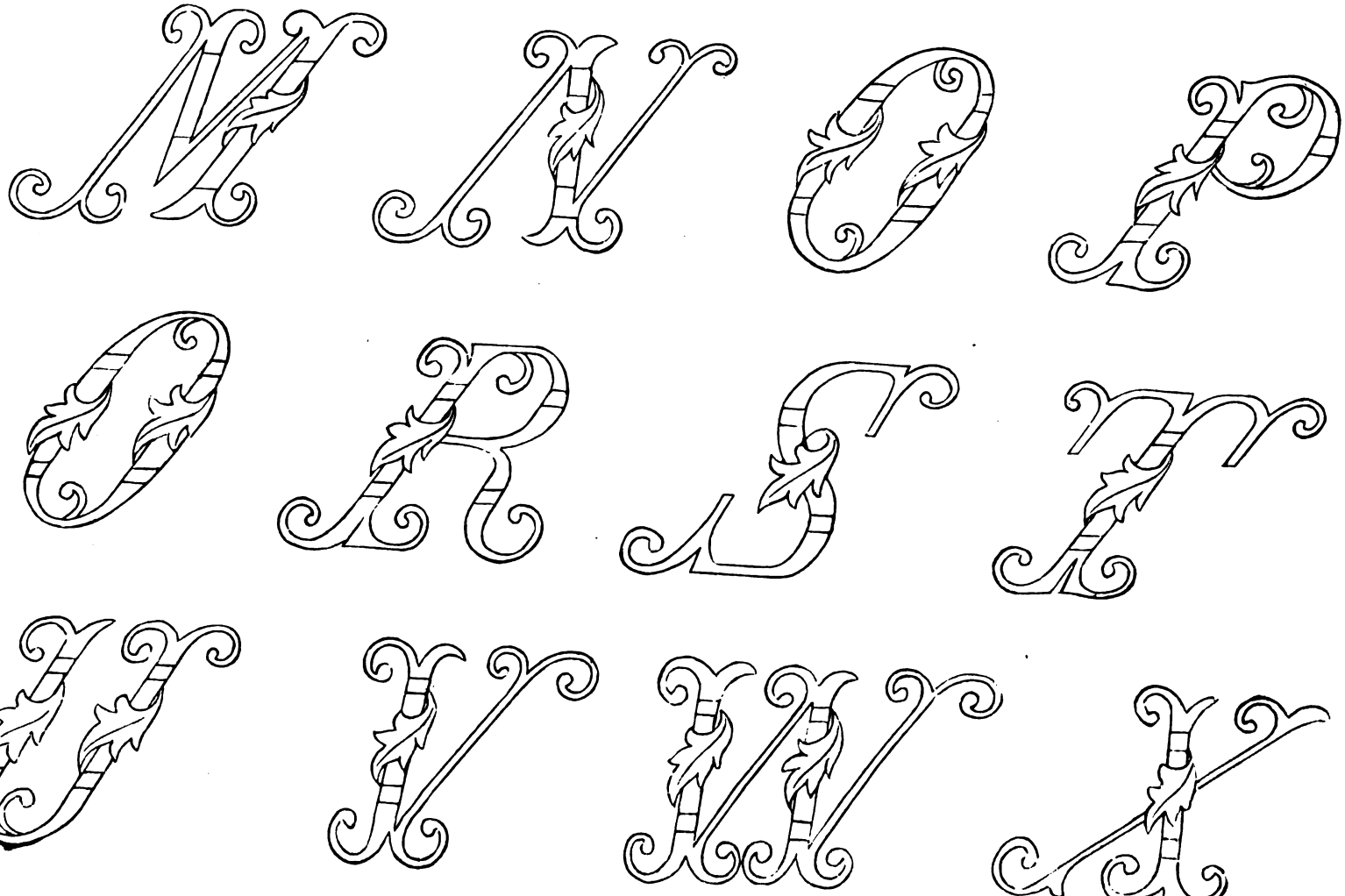
NEWEST STYLES: HAT, SLEEVES, BODICE, MANTELET.

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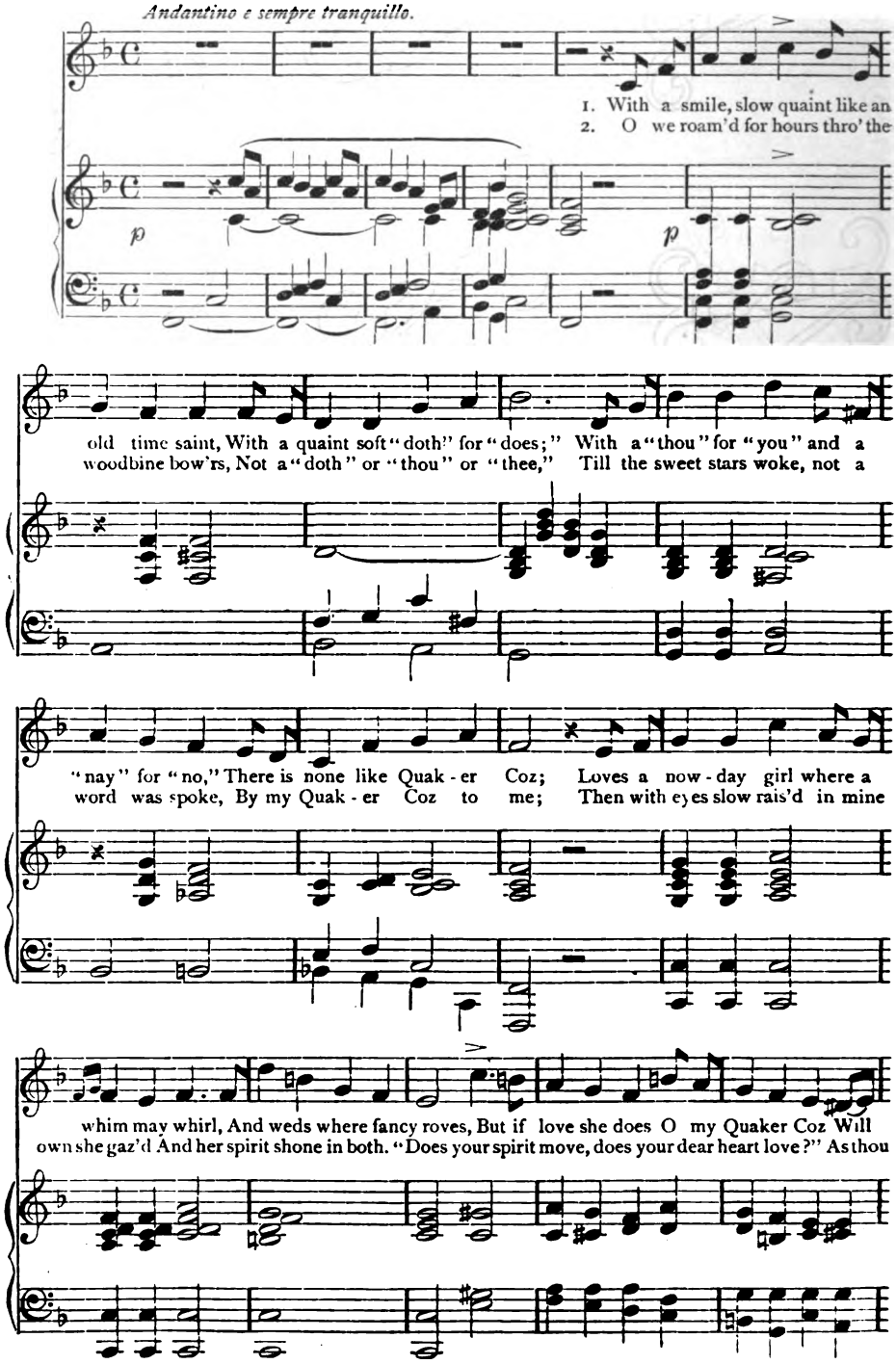
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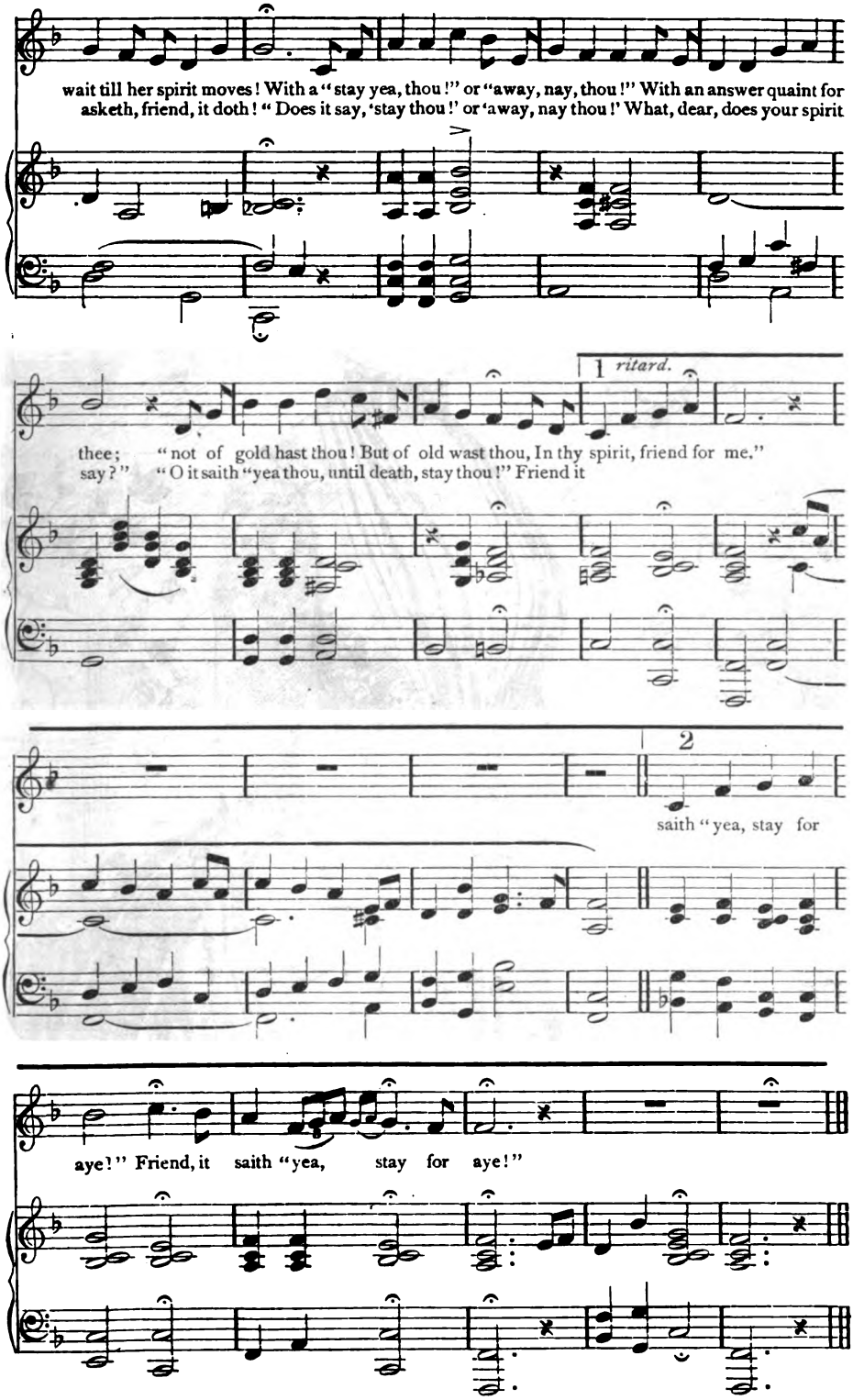
As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

Words by SAMUEL K. COWAN, M. A. **Music by J. L. MOLLOY.**

Andantino e sempre tranquillo.



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GARDEN-PARTY DRESS.

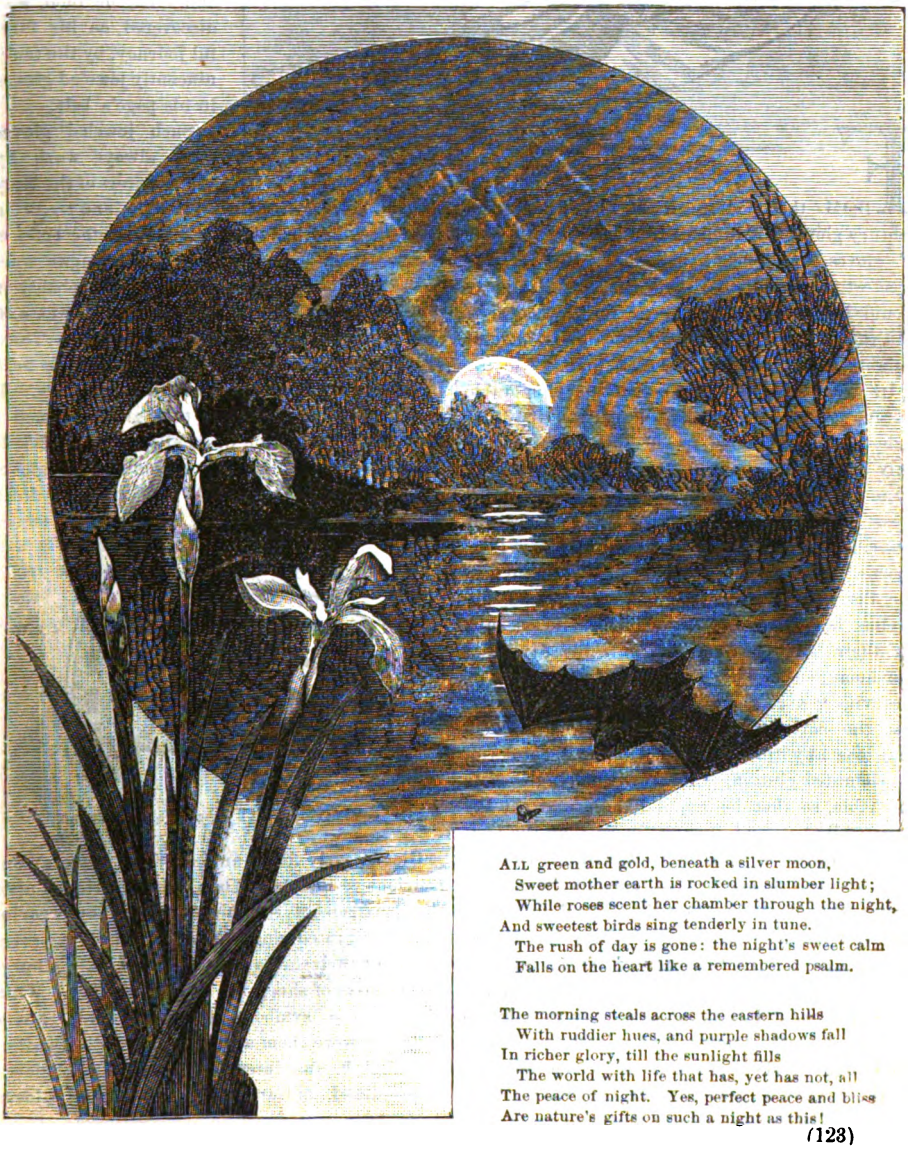
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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1885. No. 2.

THE SILVER MOON.

BY J. WOLLASTON.



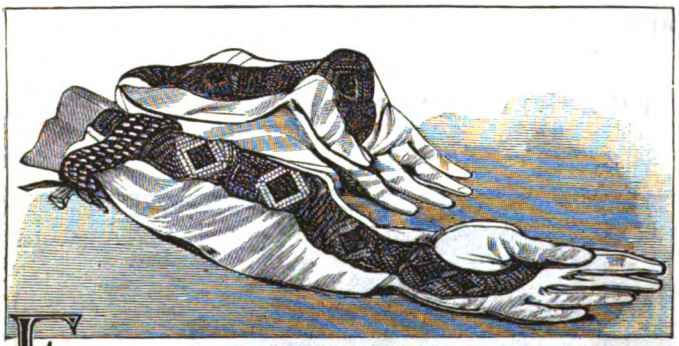
ALL green and gold, beneath a silver moon,
Sweet mother earth is rocked in slumber light;
While roses scent her chamber through the night,
And sweetest birds sing tenderly in tune.
The rush of day is gone: the night's sweet calm
Falls on the heart like a remembered psalm.

The morning steals across the eastern hills
With ruddier hues, and purple shadows fall
In richer glory, till the sunlight fills
The world with life that has, yet has not, all
The peace of night. Yes, perfect peace and bliss
Are nature's gifts on such a night as this!

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A GOSSIP ABOUT GLOVES.

BY A. M. TURNER.



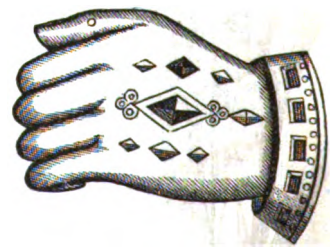
GLOVES OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

FROM the modest air of the nineteenth-century glove, it is difficult to imagine that a pair of gloves was once a present worthy of the greatest monarch; that the possession of a glove would insure safety in a most hostile country; and that, for the preservation of a glove, gallant knights joyfully risked life and limb.

In their zeal for the ancient and honorable lineage of gloves, scholars have asserted that "shoe," as mentioned in the Old Testament, is only another word for "glove." This certainly quite changes the expression: "Over Edom will I cast out my shoe." In the Odyssey, Laërtes is described as wearing gloves for protection from thorns. Xenophon complains of the luxury of the Persians, because they not only carried umbrellas, but also wore "coverings made of hair, for their hands and fingers." Pliny says that the amanuensis who accompanied his uncle to Vesuvius "wore gloves upon his hands in winter, lest the severity of the weather should make him lose any time." And Athenæus speaks of a celebrated glutton, who always wore gloves to the table, so that he might handle and eat the meat while hot, and thus get more than the rest.

A moralist of the first Christian century thought it "shameful that persons in perfect health should clothe their hands and feet with soft and hairy coverings." Perhaps the Anglo-Saxons agreed with this opinion; since, although gloves are mentioned in "Beowulf" and in the laws of Æthelred the Unready, they were by no means generally known in England until after the Conquest. For some time, only men indulged in the luxury of gloves, while the women kept themselves warm by loading their fingers with rings and wrapping their hands in their long sleeves. Gloves were carried in the hand or worn in the girdle, and Cœur de Lion was discovered, on his fateful journey, by the magnificently jeweled gloves in his page's belt.

Such jeweled gloves were always worn by the emperors of the Holy German Empire at their coronations, and tradition says that they had been worn from the time of Charlemagne down. But if Charlemagne wore gloves at his coronation, they were probably in the style of his buskins and sandals, still extant, and preserved at St. Denis, near Paris. These sandals were elaborately embroidered in a half-Byzantine style, and sown with seed-pearls. It is not probable, however, that gloves formed a part of the coronation dress at so early a period: for, if they had, there is no reason why the gloves of the great emperor should not have come down to us as well as his sandals, his dalmatica, etc.

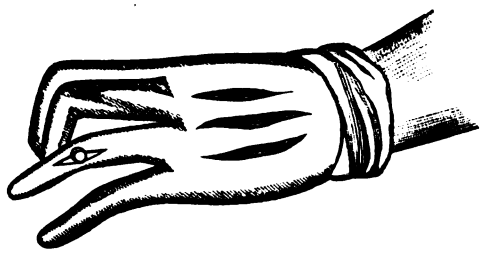


CORONATION GLOVE OF GERMAN EMPERORS.

Gloves early found an important place among religious vestments. When monks infringed upon the privilege of the higher clergy by wearing richly-decorated gloves, Mother Church reproved them for their extravagance, but kindly allowed them gloves of sheepskin in cold weather. White gloves were symbols of purity, and Thomas à Becket wore them at his burial, while Boniface the Eighth was interred in white silk gloves, embroidered and trimmed with pearls. Gloves,

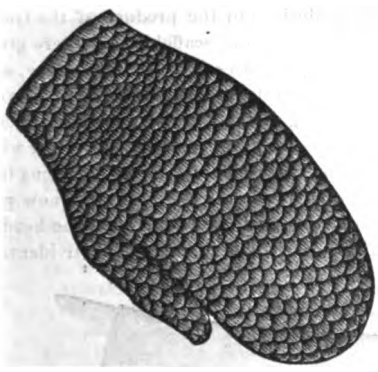
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sometimes of purple, were placed on a French king's hands during his coronation, and he sent a pair to his successor from his death-bed. The glove was the king's ambassador, and under its protection fairs were held. English kings were buried in white linen gloves, with golden lilies on the back, and the gloves of the Black Prince still hang over his tomb in Canterbury Cathedral.



GLOVE, CUT TO SHOW RING.

Harvest-gloves were given to farm-laborers, and, later, "glove-silver" was substituted for "gift-gloves." A pair of gloves often contained a valuable present, and any bribe came to be known as a "pair of gloves." A lady, who had won her suit before Sir Thomas More, offered him, on New-Year's Day, according to custom, a pair of gloves, with a "lining" of forty angels. "Mistress," wrote the upright judge, in reply, "since it were against good manners to refuse your New-Year's gift, I am content to take your gloves; but, as for the 'lining,' I utterly refuse it." The use of white gloves at a maiden assize is the last trace of the ancient symbolical use of gloves. In 1856, when Lord Campbell held at Lincoln his third maiden assize in six years, he received a pair of white gloves, beautifully laced and embroidered, with the city arms embossed in silver on the back. If gloves can move the stern hearts of judges, why might they not influence the less tangible but more dreaded power of the witches? So argued Joan and Philip Flower, when they used Lord Henry's gloves to stroke the



CHAIN-ARMOR GLOVE.

cat, Rutter, saying at the same time: "Mount, Rutter, and fly." It is not surprising, after this cabalistic ceremony, that, although Rutter mewed and did not mount, still Lord Henry fell sick unto death. In a tournament of the time of Henry VIII. we read that one of the gallants "wore on his head-piece his lady's sleeve, another the glove of his dear-lyng." In the time of the first Napoleon—and earlier in the days of the Directory—ladies wore long gloves, reaching far above the elbow, and the fashion has been revived in our day. These gloves were then, as now, usually made of Swedish leather, which is more pliable even than kid. We engrave one, further on.

We must not omit to mention, in this connection, the gloves worn by combatants at tournaments or in battle. They were of steel, and constituted part of every knight's defensive armor. At first, they were made of fine chains linked together, like the shirt and sleeves that formed the chain-armor of the period. It is in gloves of this kind that William the Conqueror is represented on the Bayeux tapestry. The mailed warriors of Turkestan to this day wear such armor and such gloves, exactly like the European knights wore in the first Crusade. Afterwards,

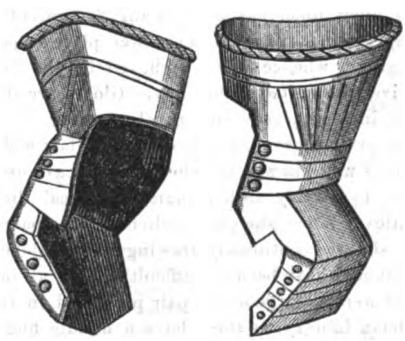


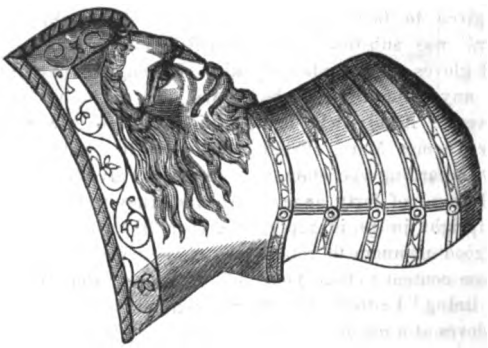
PLATE-ARMOR GLOVES.

when plate-armor succeeded chain-armor, the plate-glove—or gauntlet, as it now came to be called—took the place of the other. Sometimes it was made quite plain, and at other times was richly ornamented, like the steel gauntlet represented in the engraving, on the next page, which has a lion's head in relief.

Both Leigh Hunt and Browning have put into modern verse the story of the lady who threw her glove among the fierce beasts of the arena, where it was sought by her lover; it seems but fitting that the knight should leave his lady-love

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for her cruelty. This glove was probably like that seen in a picture of St. Agnes, painted early in the sixteenth century, where an opening is cut in one finger, in order to show the jeweled ring beneath. Such gloves were worn by ladies all through the Middle Ages. At a betrothal, a lover generally gave his mistress a bent sixpence or a pair of gloves; and one young prodigal, who was betrothed the same year in which Shakespeare was engaged to Anne Hathaway, lavished upon his "deare," besides the gloves, "two oranges, two handkerchiefs, and a girdle of broad red silk." Dekker alludes to "the innocent white wedding-gloves," and, when Sir Philip Harbet and the Lady Susan were married, "the charges of the Gloves and Garters geiven esteemed to amount to well neare a thousand poundes." At a rural wedding, in 1785, in Flintshire, the near neighbors placed before their doors forest-branches, all adorned with whitest paper gloves and ribbons. Similar gloves and ribbons, inscribed with verses from the Bible, were hung upon garlands at the funeral of a young girl. A pair of gloves was placed upon the grave, whence it was removed by the first relative who visited it that day. Gloves are still given, in some places, on funeral-occasions.



ARTISTIC PLATE-ARMOR GLOVE.

The pride Queen Bess took in her fair white hands is well known, and she seems to have used gloves to display rather than to conceal their beauties. When she gave audience to ambassadors, she was continually drawing off her gloves. This should have been no difficult task, if all her gloves were as large as the pair preserved in the Bodleian Library, as these have a middle finger four and three-fourths inches long, a thumb five inches long, and the width of the palm three and one-half inches! When the Earl of Oxford came from Italy, he brought Queen Elizabeth her first pair of perfumed gloves, and the Queen was so delighted with them that the "Mistress of the Sweet Coffers" henceforth had a regular place in the royal household, and scented gloves became fashionable all over England. So well known was the Queen's fondness for fine gloves, that her loyal subjects kept her well supplied, as, in the minute accounts of her wardrobe-expenses, no mention is made of gloves. Among the gifts to Elizabeth is noted: "By Lady Mary Sidney, one peir of perfumed gloves, with XXIII small buttons of gold, in every one of them a small diamond." It may have been one of these very gloves which the Earl of Cumberland picked up and returned to her coquettish Majesty, whereupon she presented it to him, and he afterward wore it, set round with diamonds, in his hat. The royal flirt was less successful with the great Shakespeare, to whom she dropped her glove as he was playing the part of a king before her. The poet affected to regard it as an accident, and returned the glove to her, saying calmly:

"Although now bent on this high embassy,
Yet stoop we to pick up our cousin's glove."

A pair of Shakespeare's own gloves was presented to Garrick by the mayor of Stratford-on-Avon. They are real workaday gloves, and have seen some wear. They are now in the possession of Horace Furness, Esq., of Philadelphia, the celebrated commentator on Shakespeare. Shakespeare's father was a glover, and many of his plays have allusions to the produce of the trade. The gloves worn to the scaffold, and there given to retainers, by Charles I, Lady Jane Grey, and Mary, Queen of Scots, are still carefully preserved. Those belonging to the unfortunate Mary Stuart are very handsomely embroidered with silver wire, blue and crimson roses, and a bird with a long tail. The gloves currently attributed to her, now preserved at Abbottsford, are engraved at the head of this article. Scott had no doubt of their identity.



GLOVE OF FRENCH DIRECTORY.

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Some gloves belonging to James I, were in the possession of Horace Walpole, at Strawberry Hill: they were of strong brown leather, lined with a soft white skin, and embroidered with gold and silver on crimson satin. In 1661, Mlle. de la Vallière attracted attention at a fête at Vaux, by appearing in gloves of cream-colored Brussels lace. Catherine de Medicis is believed to have known the use of poisoned gloves, and it is certain that the Queen Dowager of Navarre received from René, the court-perfumer, a pair of fateful gloves on the eve of St. Bartholomew. Evelyn, of diary-fame, in "Mundus Muliebris," places among the gloves necessary for a belle:

"Some of chicken-skin for night,
To keep her hands plump, soft, and white."

These famous chicken-gloves were made at Limerick, and were so fine that a pair could be enclosed in a walnut-shell. Knitted gloves were at one time worn in France and England. Otter was often used, which old Izaak Walton recommends as "the best fortification for your hands that can be thought on against wet weather." The finest scented gloves came from Spain, although the French invented both frangipan gloves and gloves "à la Neroli." The Chevrelli gloves were much like the kid gloves of the present day. Antiseptic gloves are made for doctors; asbestos gloves can be cleaned in the fire; gloves have been made of whale-skin, of the byssus of the molluscous pinna, of the fibre of nettles, and even of spiders' webs. Russia-leather gloves have been made for their peculiar odor, and pocket-gloves containing a purse, which shut when the hand was open and opened when the hand shut, were calculated to make pickpockets bankrupt. Most so-called kid gloves are made of lambskin; but the finest gloves are made of the skin of kids kept in coops and fed on milk. It has been said that three countries must have part in the making of a fine glove: Spain must dress the leather, France cut the shape, England sew the seams. But, at the present day, the best gloves are made in France, and, although as simple as possible, they are dainty enough to suit the most fastidious.

A REVERIE.

BY ELLA JANET RANDALL.

"They are singing an old-time ballad
Of a maiden, young and fair,
And the words that were sung by her lover
Rise soft on the evening air,
Till I fancy I see the vision:
The beautiful summer night,
The garden, the roses, the lovers,
The cottage half-hidden from sight,
And all enhanced by the glory
Of a fair moon's mystic light.
'Love, I will love you ever,
Love, I will leave you never.'
Over and over the sweet refrain,
Till I live in the days of the past again.

"'Love, I will love you ever.'
Edith, those words were true.
Wed though I am to another,
Ne'er have I loved but you.
False to my vows I have proven;
But well I have paid the debt.
Would you triumph o'er me, or pity,
If you knew of my vain regret,
The bitter pangs of a hopeless love?
Ah! that I could forget—
Forget the love and the longing vain,
Or call back the days of the past again.
Yours the sorrow, but mine the shame—
I—I alone—am the one to blame.

"'Love, I will leave you never.'
Oh, the life that might have been!
Three years have passed since we parted.
If I had been faithful then,
I would not sit here in the shadow,
Heart-sick and tired of life,
With a love that was and duty that is
Engaged in a weary strife.
And that proud beauty there, with her regal air,
Would never have been my wife.
A sweet face, Edith, your only dower,
So I slighted you in an evil hour.
It was love of gold and my foolish pride.
Else you, not the heiress, had been my bride.

"Edith, do you remember,
Or have you learned to forget?
Do memories of that happy past
Arise to haunt you yet?
You were winsome, and weak, and loving,
Three years have we been apart;
Your sweet fair face and hazel eyes
Made havoc with my heart.
No doubt another usurps my place
To play the lover's part.
Perhaps, a worthier man's true wife,
You are leading your happy humble life,
And I—well, strange is the turn of fate:
Repentance is vain when it comes too late."

How could he know of that summer morn,
When a fair young girl from her home was borne,
And the bells in the tower chimed low and sweet,
And voices were hushed in that village street?
Take up the burden of life again:
'Tis the living alone who must bear the pain.

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THE PASSWAY OF PERIL.

BY MRS. M. SHEFFEY PETERS.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48.

CHAPTER V.

We must not betray the lover-like secrets whispered for the next two hours. At the end of that time, Claymour exclaimed suddenly:

"How cold it has grown! Ah, a storm is coming up. We may have snow or sleet yet."

"Mercy help us!" cried Lottie; "that will be dreadful."

"Oh, no," he said, "if we could but reach our camp before those clouds break; and there may be time for that, if Kate will only hurry up. I wonder she has not already sounded the whistle."

"Dear me," cried Lottie, "how careless of me: I've got Kate's whistle. No doubt she has been wanting it."

"Give it to me. I will sound the recall," said Paxton; and he sounded a shrill blast—several, indeed.

"I see they have taken the alarm," he cried. "Tarleton has set off on his mule, the 'captain' is running wildly about, evidently calling the party together, and yonder, across the field, come three or four of the girls, running—positively running at their best speed. They must have been really alarmed by the approaching storm."

"I am not tall enough to see them, over that next group of Lashorns," lamented Lottie, trying to tiptoe, but careening against Claymour, who felt nothing averse, truth to tell, to it; and all the more for her frantic blushes. The contretemps delayed the descent awhile, as it naturally reminded the newly-betrothed lover that he would probably enjoy but few more such chances for stolen interviews with his lady-love: so he made the most of this one; and, by the time they had descended and reached the place of rendezvous, most of the party had mounted, and were going down the mountain at a brisk pace.

To bring up the horses, that were still tethered in various parts, took Claymour and Thornleigh some time; but, there being no further delay, the four remaining tourists were soon in the saddle, and were off on a trot, following rapidly in the wake of the others.

"There has been no roll-call," suggested Thornleigh to Claymour, as he and Julia Mays rode briskly on, just ahead of Lottie and her escort; "but I suppose there can be no doubt that we are all mounted and 'en route' for the encampment."

Paxton turned in his saddle, even as he pressed forward, scanning anxiously the portion of the plateau open to their view. There was absolutely nothing living in sight. "The roll-call should not have been omitted," he said. "Still, I think none of the party would be straggling out of sound of the recall-whistle, and all must have seen the storm approaching."

"Don't you think we had better ride back?" suggested Julia. "What if some member of the party is left up there on the cliff all night?"

"By the time we could ride back there now," said Paxton, decidedly, "nothing would be visible ten feet off. As you see, the clouds have not only spread over the cliff, but are bound to catch us in the race, if we do not get on as fast as possible."

"Dear, dear!" lamented Miss Mays, in a really anxious tone, "I wish we had been more careful. Do you know, those girls, who went down the other side of the cone to gather rhododendrons and wild gooseberries, came running back, just as we were ready to start, and reported, in the greatest state of excitement, that they had seen bear-tracks around a pool in the gorge."

Thornleigh laughed.

"I think that fact may give us the assurance that all the young ladies, at least, have made tracks themselves into a place of safety. No doubt the tracks they saw about the pool were those of the mythical Bruin which Miss Lottie tried to interview last night."

Had Thornleigh glanced back, he would have seen that Miss Saunders and Paxton both received this sally with ominous gravity.

"Ride on faster, Miss Julia, you and Thornleigh, please," Claymour called, making himself heard with difficulty above the increasing roar of the tempest. "We ought to overtake the others, and settle this matter. I am like Miss Julia: I would not fancy leaving even a gentleman of our party to spend a night in this storm, and with bears all about." This last, however, was addressed in a lower tone to Lottie.

"Hush!" suddenly cried Miss Saunders, bringing her horse to a halt, a few minutes later.

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"What is it, Lottie?" her lover asked, anxiously.

"It was a foolish fancy, maybe; but I was certain that I heard a cry—a loud call or shriek; and, if it was, it could not have been far from here."

"It was only the wind in the pine-tops, dear. Don't stop. Let's hurry on. We can do no more than take care of ourselves, now."

They were hardly able, in truth, to do even the last: for the tempest was thickening down the mountain-sides, ahead of them; and the obscurity was such, that Thornleigh and Julia, at less than thirty paces distant, were almost lost to sight.

Of the other members of their company, they had seen nothing, meantime. Two of the worst dangers they had to contend with was the murkiness, in which the ill-defined path was likely to be lost, and the driving sleet, with which the air was full, and which would speedily render the rugged way more slippery and dangerous than ever.

CHAPTER VI.

Mrs. Chantrey herself had led the van of her flying forces. But, to do her justice, it must be explained that, in taking the lead, she had but yielded to the anxious entreaties of her husband, who knew enough of the swiftness and raging violence of such storms to be certain that her surest chance for safety, as well as for the safety of those who were ready to accompany her, was in an immediate flight from the exposed summit to the more sheltered plateau where their camp was.

She had waited, therefore, only long enough to see her party reassemble, and to be assured that the last stragglers were in sight. Leaving word for these to follow as fast as possible, she had then started off, accompanied by her husband and four or five others, including timid little Lavlette Gratz, under the special care of Lansing Saunders. This advanced guard had regained the camp, and were safely housed in their tents, before the storm swooped upon them. One by one, the rest, bedraggled and wayworn, arrived, with the exception of three couples.

"There are only Judith, Julia, Lottie, Mark Slidell, Claymour, and Dwyer Thornleigh to come in now," said Mistress Kate, "and the last three have been through these dreadful mountain-passes before. Has anyone seen Miss Yodell?"

Renwick and Campbell, who had just arrived, with Melicent and Isobel, exchanged glances of significance, but discreetly said nothing. A few minutes afterwards, however, they went out to see if the tardy stragglers were yet in sight.

"Wasn't she under Slidell's charge?"

"Yes; but she and Lansing Saunders, when they all got to the Lashorns, went off to one of them, and Slidell took offense, and said he would ride down the mountain to old Waters's ranche. I did my best to dissuade him, but I think he expected to get back in time to come with her to camp."

"And, when Saunders and she came down from the Lashorns, he joined Lavlette Gratz?"

"Yes; but the girls were all together, and went off for rhododendrons. It is inexplicable how she got separated from them. But everyone ran for herself, I suppose, when the storm came up so suddenly."

"He will feel badly when he hears that she was obliged to make her way back, without any special escort, through this storm."

"Yes, for it's no child's-play: especially now, with night coming on."

"Perhaps Miss Yodell waited, expecting Slidell; and so has had to come on with Miss Lottie and Claymour, or with Miss Julia and Thornleigh."

"Well, I can't help but feel troubled, though I don't see that we can mend matters by standing out here. The sleet, changing to this fine driving snow, obscures the mountain so much that we could not see an army approaching. Let us go in. We shall only excite Mrs. Chantrey's suspicions."

To them, and to the rest of the party, the hours that followed were a prolonged suspense. Crouched together underneath the quivering canvas, they thought but little of their own discomfort. The arrival of Miss Mays and Thornleigh gave them, for awhile, a gleam of hope. Miss Mays's description of the perils they had encountered, however, reawakened the anxiety of all, especially when she asked if anybody had seen or heard of Miss Yodell.

"Judith?" cried Mistress Kate. "Is she not behind, with Mr. Claymour and Lottie?"

What was her dismay to hear the truth! Nor did it require much investigation to reveal the significant and terribly suggestive fact, that nobody else had seen Miss Yodell since the girls who had been gathering flowers with her, down the ridge, had fled back to the summit, frightened by the fresh trackings of a bear about a cascade pool. "We left her there," said Miss Lavlette, "and, now I think of it, none of us has seen her since." Whilst the horror of this discovery was at its height, it was intensified by the arrival of Lottie and Claymour without the missing girl, or without the least knowledge of her fate.

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There now remained not the shadow of a hope that she would, for that night at least, be able to make her way back to the camp. The storm had only slightly abated; the roads were simply impassable. The darkness was so Cimmerian that any party sent in search of her would have small chance to find its way, and would itself risk being lost. But, in spite of the folly of the enterprise, Saunders, Paxton, and Thornleigh immediately declared their intention of working their way back to the summit, and down to the cliff where she had last been seen. The venture, as all realized, was full of danger, yet none had the heart, not even Lottie, to offer a word of protest.

Equipped with lanterns and guns, the three set forth. The blackness soon swallowed them up. The others were left, forlorn enough, to watch and wait, through hours of agonized suspense, for their return, or for tidings from them.

But what really had become of Miss Yodell? Was she still alive, or had she already fallen a prey to the tempest? Let us explain.

On the ascent to the Lashorn summit, in the morning, Mark Slidell had spoken to her of the wonderfully beautiful varieties of the rhododendron on the cliffs and ridges there, and had promised to show her where she could secure some fine specimens of the foliage, though, at that late season, there was small chance, he said, of finding any blossoms. It was, unluckily, quite late in the afternoon, when Miss Yodell descended from her chat with Saunders in the Lashorn, to inquire for Mark, and claim from him the fulfillment of his promise. But Slidell had departed, by this time, in a fit of chagrin, as we already know: he would certainly be back in time, however, to go with them to camp, Lettie Mays told Judith. At the same time, she offered to take Mark's place, to show where the rhododendrons grew. Melicent, Lavlette, and Minnie agreed to accompany them. So the five girls had slipped away, laughingly refusing to have any gentlemen with them, "to criticize any awkward climbing," they said, "they might be guilty of." This much, as we have seen, Campbell knew, and had already told the others. What he did not know was what had followed.

Had the girls been content with culling what they found on the open cliff, all would have been well. But, unfortunately, Lettie Mays remembered that, in a densely-grown and shaded gorge, through which the mountain-stream flowed downward to the valley of the Laurel, there were oftimes beautiful rhododendrons and tiger-lilies to be found, even as late in the season as this. They had reached the gorge, and were gathering the tiger-lilies, when Lavlette uttered a sharp cry, pointing at the moist loamy soil of the ledge about the pool.

About this pool, huge tracks, as of some wild animal, were deeply imprinted.

"Heaven's mercy! they are bear-tracks, and fresh at that," cried Lettie Mays, giving a single glance, and bounding off up the cliff. "Come, girls," she cried, not even glancing back, "it must be close by. Don't stop for anything."

There was no idle tarrying on the part of the bravest, as may be believed. There was no time even for speech. With tired limbs, scratched hands, and panting breath, the fugitives had just regained the ridge, when the shrill repeated whistle, which Claymour had so tardily sounded, came ringing across the distance. Seeing, at the same time, the advancing storm, and instantly realizing their peril, the girls had hurried to the place of rendezvous, and, in the confusion of mounting, had no time or opportunity to notice that one of their number was missing.

Miss Yodell had been as prompt as any, however, in starting to re-climb the rugged cliffs; but she was lower down than the others, and she had retreated but a step or two when the wind caught in the folds of her veil and tossed it aside into a clump of tiger-lilies. The veil hung fluttering in full view. Miss Yodell, with the prospect of the exposed ride down the mountain, did not fancy losing the veil. It would take but a moment, she thought, for its recovery. She was in the very act of seizing it when a second gust of wind, heralding the rising storm, whirled the gauze a bit further on, landing it now in a cluster of mammoth ferns growing out upon a ledge of moss-cushioned rock — which was, in truth, a shelf-like projection of the precipitous wall that bordered one side of the cascade gorge. Again she was tempted to regain it. As she stepped upon the ledge, she could hear, from the depths below, the hoarse hollow roar of the waters, falling ever into the dense shadows, into which she dared not look. She was, however, more successful, this second time, in recovering her property. She turned about now to retrace her steps, and was in the act of regaining the broader ledge which formed the cascade basin, when, to her horror, she saw, on the hither side of the pool, and reflected in its densely-shadowed waters, a great shaggy black and red-brown bear, his small gleaming eyes fastened full upon her.

Huge as he was, ferocious as he would no doubt prove himself to be when occasion served, he was, for a moment, as much surprised at seeing Miss Yodell as Miss Yodell was at seeing him. He had been, from his earliest recollec-

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tion, a denizen of these savage solitudes, and had never before happened upon a young lady of the nineteenth century—handsome, stylish, with white hands and richly-jeweled fingers—unless, indeed, as was more than likely, he was the one who had inquisitively looked down upon Miss Saunders, the night before. Certain it was, that, if Miss Yodell at that moment had braved him with a defiant shout, he might have fled, demoralized. But, though she uttered a cry, it was not one of defiance; and, worse and worse, she showed her fear, not only by her tone, but by retreating along the ledge. Circling clumsily, yet quickly enough, about the further edge of the pool, the bear advanced as she retreated, swinging his ponderous bulk along from side to side, his deliberate pace quickening as he saw her moving still further back along the ledge.

CHAPTER VII.

EVIDENTLY the instinct of hunger was now suggesting to the sluggish brain of the brute that here was a sweet and delicate morsel to roll under his tongue. Miss Yodell realized this, and her only hope was that he would not venture much further: for the shelving rock was narrowing perceptibly, and would soon be too narrow to traverse. Not many paces distant, it made an abrupt bend. Uncertain whether, beyond this curve, she would find a blank wall of rock, or a still narrower support for her feet, or a sheer descent into space, she nevertheless fled on. The bear lumbered after her, with his lolling tongue, yet nimble enough, sniffing at her small footprints in the moss carpeting. And now—great heavens!—she could almost feel his hot breath.

"Oh, if the shelf would only narrow," she thought, "until I could find no more than a support for my toes." The bear could not reach her then; and so she could manage to cling to the rocks and roots until help should come. Even if her strength should fail—if she should lose her grasp, and drop down, down!—why, even that would be preferable to the rending and tearing of those great teeth and claws. But, though the path grew more shelving, it kept as wide as ever, and the now excited beast pursued as rapidly as she fled.

At last she reached the point where the wall of rock jutted sharply out. Here the path narrowed, sloping abruptly downward in a treacherous, because crumbling, intermixture of slate, loam, and other untenable supports. Her only chance of escape lay in this direction. Fortunately, there were pine-shrubs and rocks to cling to, if she slipped and fell. Still, she could but pause for a moment before trusting herself to the chances of what might befall her when she left the solid foothold for the uncertainties of the other side. Yet the venture must be made. Her pursuer was but a few feet behind. She fixed her eyes steadfastly upon the swaying pines and sparse growths ahead, and, reaching forward to grasp whatever root or shrub might promise to afford her support, she dragged herself along to the bend of the jagged projection. Here, gripping a tenacious clump of pine-shoots, she clung to it as with the energy of despair. The shrub shook under her weight; but suddenly, out from its clustering boughs, leaped a small striped squirrel, which had possibly sought shelter there from the gathering tempest.

The startled creature dropped to the ledge almost at her feet, and, in a twinkling, had darted from sight along the very course she had been afraid to try.

The sight filled her bosom with a divine hope.

"Surely," she thought, "the hand of heaven is in this; a way of escape has opened for me."

With sudden faith, a prayer on her lips, and renewed strength in her grasp, she swung herself around the bend, feeling, with both foot and hand, for the supports she must secure.

To her surprise, she found them both at once: for this sharp corner formed an acute angle, and there was a path—and, fortunately, a narrow one—beyond.

Glancing back over her shoulder, she could see that the bear had stopped, finding the path too narrow for himself, and had risen on his haunches, showing his teeth in an angry growl. Shutting her eyes tightly, and commending herself again to the watchful care of Him who had guided the squirrel in his flight, she rested her weight on the hither side of the bend, and, with a mighty effort, drew herself forward, and, a moment later, was on a wider path and on solid ground. It was impossible for the bear to follow.

She did not, however, stop a moment. From around the corner, behind, she could hear the savage growlings of the brute, whose pursuit of her, though interrupted for a time, was liable to be resumed any instant. Once, she caught sight of a huge black foot, with extended claws, thrust around the bend, and of a black nose also protruded beyond the jutting rock. What if, after all, the brute should succeed in getting around the corner? She gave a quick cry of renewed terror at this thought, and began her hurried descent: taking small care, as may be imagined, by what slidings or tumblings she gained the bottom. Sharp stones cut her feet, even through the substantial kids of her riding-

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boots; her riding-habit was torn by thorns and briers; the brim of her hat was frayed by the branches of the pines, dogwood, and wild-cucumber trees through which she pushed her way; her hands were cut and bleeding; and her long hair had come unbound, and was hanging in tangled waves and curls, every pin and comb being gone; and all this long before the descent was finished.

The storm, meantime, increased in violence, dense clouds enveloping and obscuring every object; the half-frozen dashes of rain blinded her with their furious assaults; she was driven, now here, now there; she was bruised, buffeted, almost worn out. Yet, realizing that her rescue must depend upon her own efforts entirely, and that there could be no search for her whilst that tempest was abroad in the mountains, she pushed on, regardless of all these discomforts and obstacles, and so at last reached the foot of the declivity. For a single second, after she stood on the firm ground below, she looked up and back. "Oh," she cried, clasping her hands, "will anyone ever dream that I dared that impassable gulf?" Would it not be concluded that she had become the prey either of the bear or of the yawning gulf?

She now made an effort to shape her course in the direction of the camp. She could do no more, however, than to turn always to the left, having no means of determining the points of the compass, or the distance she had traversed. The way still led downward again, though not so steeply, and, after a long time, she was forced to believe that she had got below where her party had encamped. But, in the face of the driving sleet and the wild winds, she could not think of attempting to return. The ravine into which she was descending seemed to be somewhat sheltered from the force of the storm; but the jungles of laurel were beginning to hedge her descent with new difficulties. Besides, as she well knew, in addition to being the haunts of rattlesnakes, these thickets afforded lairs for the bears, wolves, and catamounts still left in this portion of the Appalachian range. Had she escaped one raging beast only to fall a prey to another? Or what if, in these jungles, she lost her way? She had heard more than one legend of hunters who had done it, only to circle about, in the mazes of foliage, for days and days, till released by some happy chance, or starved to death.

Suddenly she remembered that Mark had told her that the wildernesses of laurel grew thicker near the base of the mountain. Judging by these indications, she felt convinced that she must be there, or nearly there, now. Cautiously, and now with something of hope, she worked her way on, when, on turning a corner, to her great amazement, she came upon what appeared to be a clearing, extending across the ravine into which she had entered.

As well as she could judge, in the gathering darkness, the clearing was neither small nor barren, showing that, at last, she was approaching civilization.

A short distance further, she came upon a bold beautiful spring, and near by was a small and rude, but substantially-constructed, spring-house.

Surely, a palace of magic could not have appeared fairer in the eyes of Miss Yodell, accustomed though she had been always to the refinements and luxuries of life. It was a sure sign of human help and of a human habitation somewhere nigh at hand.

Tottering, not only from fatigue, but also from nervous exhaustion, as she had been a moment before, she felt suddenly inspired now by a new vigor, and pressed on as eagerly as her really exhausted physical strength would allow. Pretty soon, she came upon a high palisade fence, evidently enclosing a considerable plot of cultivated ground. Doubtless, also, within it, was the habitation she hoped to find.

The fence was close as well as high, and the palisades were pointed sabre-like, as if to protect from the incursions of wild beasts; but a brief search discovered a gate, with its latch-string hospitably fluttering within her reach, and, yielding to the pull, the gate swung round upon its stout wooden pivot. Miss Yodell slipped in, turned the gate quickly into place, and, catching her breath with an aspiration of thanksgiving, looked around for the house.

Certainly, the palace of the Russian Czarina had never appeared the abode of such peace or safety as the rudely-constructed cabin of logs, which she now dimly saw rising out of the murkiness in front. As she approached the building, she beheld, through the chinks of its heavy windows and door, the glow of the fire-light within, while from the low chimney of stones and logs a volume of smoke was issuing, suggestive of warmth and cosiness—oh, in such contrast to the night without.

Miss Yodell had to knock upon the door twice or thrice, however, before she attracted attention. The blasts, still sweeping by, seemed to mock her feeble strokes. Evidently she was unheard by the occupant or occupants of the cabin. In the darkness, she felt about, therefore, for the latch-string, feeling confident she would find one, and remembering gratefully Mark Slidell's

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reference that very day to the latch-string of the mountaineer, which he had affirmed was as inevitable a testimony of the squatter's hospitality as was the bed of bear-skins he was always ready to spread for one, in front of his fire.

Yes, here was the latch-string. Therefore, this mountaineer must be a hospitable man. She pulled the string with a quick nervous jerk. The wind, at this crisis, too, aided her. It pushed open the door, as it were, for her, and, rushing ahead, roared up the chimney, swirling the flames, and dancing about in the great open fireplace, where a glorious log-heap was sending forth its cheery heat, lighting the rough walls of the cabin, the smoked ceiling, the hunter's implements, and all the rude furnishings of a squatter's home.

It lighted up, too, the individual who was the solitary inmate of the dwelling, and who was at that moment engaged in the important duty of frying savory bits of meat, and baking ash-cakes, for his supper.

A more appetizing fragrance than that diffused through the cabin from this primitive cooking, Miss Yodell had certainly never inhaled. At a glance, she saw that this person, who was to be her host, was of goodly proportions, and was habited in the rough garb suited to the mountains. Just then, she could tell nothing further about him: for, at the moment of her entrance, he was stooping to rake open a bed of coals, for the purpose of depositing within the rosy hollow the flattened cake of corn-dough which he held on his hand. On one side, the meat was cooking and sputtering in its own fat in the frying-pan.

"Hello!" cried our engrossed cook, without glancing around. "Come in, quick, and shut the door. It's high time, I think, that you fellows were coming back. I waited till my appetite would hold out no longer. No doubt you'll be thankful enough for the hot supper I'm getting for you. But shut the door, I say. The ashes are blowing in my eyes, as well as in the meat."

Judith pushed the door to, as she was bidden. The heavy boards clicked into their fastenings. She had battled against the force of the wind with fictitious strength: for her pulses had almost stopped at the sound of the speaker's voice. What was there in the tones, which woke in her bosom a thousand conflicting emotions and memories?

"Whew!" cried the voice again, while its owner performed some queer antics on the broad hearth of stone. "Ghost of Farinata! if these flames are not baking and broiling me! Come here, Chisholm, and help me with this confounded ash-cake. It's all in a lump. No, here goes. There: she's all straight and covered up, snug enough. Chis, you must be frozen, tongue and all; why don't you speak? I suppose you didn't get that wretched beast of a bear, after all, and are cross about it. And, Chisholm," turning around at last, from heaping ashes over his buried treasure, and addressing the supposed Chisholm, in a tone of peculiar earnestness, "what about those people at the encampment? Did you see—hello! where's old man Waters? Heavens! are you hurt, man?"

For, in the flickering of the firelight, he had but an imperfect view of the figure that now leaned heavily against the lintel of the door. Besides, standing as he was, on the hearthstone, his own shadow was falling darkly upon Judith, who had shrunk back from the sound of his voice. He advanced, his quick strides showing his alarm. As he left the hearth, the firelight flashed upon her, and she lifted herself proudly, standing before him, with her arms dropped at her sides, a jaded, forlorn, tattered semblance of the stylish Miss Yodell, of Kentucky, yet with an air of proud reserve, of resolute hauteur, in the carriage of her head and shoulders, and in the rain-washed face, which he recognized in a flash.

"Judith—Miss Yodell!" he cried, in amazement, rooted to the spot.

"Hart Branthwaite," she said, "I did not—did not know—I did not dream—"

CHAPTER VIII.

Miss Yodell's voice was the first to break the spell that, for a moment or two, now held them both in thrall.

"Again I say," were her words, "that I did not know you were here. I have been lost on the mountain."

But he had not needed this to see what her face had already betrayed: that his presence was as unwelcome as it was unexpected.

"I understand, Judith," he answered, promptly, yet looking as despairingly miserable as if the flame of Eblis had been kindled in his breast, instead of the warmth and glow of love and pity that had pervaded his whole being at sight of the graceful form and fair face, which had haunted his waking and sleeping dreams since last he had seen her, twelve months before; "it must be, I feel, only a miserable mischance that thrusts you into my presence like this; but, child, child," the yearning of his heart finding expression in the pitying tenderness of his tone, "how did you happen here at this hour, and in this plight? You are worn—spent as though there were no strength even for the repugnance with which you shrink from this momentary encounter with me.

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You are so broken in body that you feel neither the bitterness of resentment nor the pain there is in remembrance. Let me shelter and care for you this time, though on the morrow our paths again divide."

He had moved closer to her: for he saw, while her hand rested against the lintel for support, that her form was swaying like a reed broken by the wind. The next instant she fell, half senseless, into his outstretched arms.

"Judith! Great heavens! has she come to me only to die?" he cried, in tones of agony.

In her utter exhaustion, Miss Yodell could only lie passive in his arms, as he lifted and carried her to the rug of wolf-skins, spread in front of the glowing fire. Laying her down, he began a vigorous application of every restorative within his reach: chafing her hands and face, and her white, white—but, alas! feebly pulsating—throat; even pouring a stimulant through the colorless lips, over which the breath was passing in broken gasps, that terrified Branthwaite more than any other indication of her prostration. She was not at any time unconscious, but just too tired, too exhausted in strength, to do more than second his efforts by a passive endurance. Luckily, in a moment of inspiration, he bethought him to empty the jug of stimulant over the cuirass of Miss Yodell's habit, thus converting the saturated cloth into a genuine steam-bath, as he folded closely about her one or more of the wolf-robes, heated before the fire to a degree that, sooner or later, was bound to warm the chilled heart of his patient.

As he resorted to this novel expedient, Miss Yodell smiled up at him.

That little smile—ending, though it did, in a weary broken sigh and a closing of her dark eyes, which had been following his every movement with a strained anxious look—went to his heart. She did not, then, utterly reject his care, he said to himself. And now, on his knees beside her, he bent over till his mustached lips almost touched the pallid forehead.

"Judith," he whispered—and, if she had felt anything, she must have felt his eager breath upon her wan cheek and brow—"dear, speak to me once, if but to tell me that you will live! Oh, my darling, I can hear you, if you but *think* you can care to live, because I wish for it so."

But she did not speak. She did not hear. She did not think, one way or the other. The fact was, exhausted nature had overcome her: she had fallen asleep.

Man-like, Branthwaite felt chagrined, when he realized that he had been pouring his ardent entreaties into unhearing ears. He got up from his knees, and threw himself into a rude arm-chair, but cushioned with fox and 'coon skins, and so a luxury not to be despised. Here he sat for awhile, resolutely fixing his eyes upon the flames in the fireplace, and as resolutely avoiding a sight of the white peaceful face, which, sleeping or waking, would, he believed, mock all his entreaties, all his love, with its indifferent calm.

"I thought she might possibly have cared for me still," he soliloquized; "but no. The wolf-skin, that has restored warmth and comfort to her half-frozen body, is more to her than I, her still abject slave. Her judgment of me is unjust, and will always be unjust, because it has in it nothing of the charity which is of love."

He champed the ends of his mustache viciously, and for awhile sat gloomily regarding her. But she slept so long that he began at last to fear she might not wake before the return of his companions. Was he, then, to miss this opportunity—for which he had been so long craving—for a few words of explanation? Yet, after all, what would it avail him? She was unforgiving. She had condemned him without a hearing. She had refused to see him—to read his letters, even. She judged him, without a knowledge of either his actions or his motives. Would she be apt to put a kindlier interpretation now upon his conduct? Would not discussing it seem like forcing upon her a hearing of his cause, when she was powerless to resist? Would that be chivalrous? Would it be even manly?

But how death-like was that sleep! Poor storm-beaten child! Creeping almost stealthily to her side, he bent down to look at her. Not a quiver was there of eyelash or eyelid. Not a tremor of the sweet mouth, that had now a down-droop that was the more pitiful from being unfamiliar to him. His own pulses seemed to stand still as he looked. What if that blue weary circle about the closed eyes was the shadow of death? What if the vital forces were giving way? What if this sleep was but the beginning of the end? By what ill-chance had she been left astray, to be done to death after this pitiless fashion?

The storm without had lulled, but the winds were still howling like wild beasts defrauded of their prey. Within, the fire was sending its blaze roaring up the chimney, and emitting sharp crackling sounds at intervals, that made the silence of the room at other times all the more profound.

Stooping lower, to hear the faint breathing of the sleeper, Branthwaite could perceive the steam arising from the soaked clothing.

"Ah," he said, joyfully, "it is not death. She

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will be all right: it is only the steam-bath that is affecting her thus." And, exulting in this new conviction, he added: "But her face is scorching."

He looked around, to find something out of which to construct a screen. One corner of the cabin was partitioned off, to make a closet. Hoping here to discover something suitable for his purpose, he opened it. To his surprise, he found it chiefly filled with feminine garments, depending from rude wooden pegs driven into the logs. The sight both astonished and perplexed Branthwaite.

"They cannot be the clothes of Waters's wife or daughter," he said, puzzled: "for he told Chisholm and myself, last night, that he had never been married."

All at once, there flashed upon him that he had heard a story, which the kindly-hearted half-breed had told them, how that his Huguenot father had loved a beautiful Indian girl, and, in spite of his culture and fine French breeding, had cherished his lovely—if half-civilized—bride, till death had robbed him of her, and then had fled back to Europe, leaving his motherless boy to the charities of the fast-diminishing tribe of red-men whom his mother had deserted for the love she bore the paleface.

"So these are her treasured garments, which the son has kept?" murmured Branthwaite, touching reverently one of the bright-hued dresses. "Illiterate as he is, and rude as his mode of living may be, Wilburn Waters is faithful to this pure memory. But, sacredly as he cherishes these relics, I feel sure the old man will approve when he learns how a helpless girl found, not only shelter and food, but clothing, under his roof."

Delicately leaving to Miss Yodell a further inspection of his opportune discovery, he took some papers from a file against the wall, and, in a brief while, had improvised an efficient screen for her face. Evidently this was done none too soon: for the pale cheeks, under the fervent heat of the fire, were beginning to take a tinge of feverish red. Once or twice, too, Judith had stirred, and tried instinctively to turn her face away. In fact, while Branthwaite was arranging the screen for her, she gave a short quick sigh, as of relief, and settled her graceful head back, whilst a glimmering smile raised the drooped corners of her mouth and parted the lips, into which a healthy color was beginning to steal once more.

The sight of this smile brought more kindly thoughts to him. He began to think of the past and of their last meeting. Before his memory, in kaleidoscopic alternations of shadow and brightness, passed the brilliant scenes of the ball-room in Kentucky, in which he had experienced the keenest pangs of jealousy and of despair—where he had been raised from depths of misery to supremest bliss—and from which he had gone forth, never, he had once thought, never to see her again.

"But she is here now," he said. "I see the hand of Providence in it. Oh, if she will only give me a chance to speak."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE LAND OF BY-AND-BYE.

BY HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

We are kindred all, and brothers,
All the whole wide world, we say,
Yet our hands clasp not each other's
As we meet upon life's way;
For our blind eyes see not clearly,
And, while mists obscure our sight,
Hearts that might have loved so dearly
Miss each other in the night.
Noble souls—yet in the fetter
Of their pride of place they lie;
They will know their kindred better
In the land of "by-and-bye."

Here our sympathies are bounded
By the cold world's narrow range;
By its barriers surrounded,
We are sport for chance and change.
Here life's sands are ever shifting,
Shadows fall 'twixt heart and heart,
And we watch our loved ones drifting
Slowly, surely, far apart.
Yet our hands will clasp each other's
'Neath a clear and sunny sky,
When we dwell indeed as brothers
In the land of "by-and-bye."

FOR THE ENVIOUS.

If ev'ry man's internal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share
Who raise our envy now?

The fatal secret, when revealed,
Of ev'ry aching breast,
Would prove that only while concealed
Their lot appeared the best.

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A LETTER FROM HOME.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

"Don't write to my mother. She's had so much trouble already. Don't write to her. I shall be better soon."

This had been her cry from the very first hour of her illness. But two weeks had gone by, and, although the best medical advice had been called in, there was no perceptible improvement in her condition.

Mrs. Dalrymple began to grow uneasy. She waylaid the family-physician, one morning, as he came downstairs.

"I want you to tell me about Miss Ballard, doctor," she said. "Do you find her any better, this morning?"

The physician shook his head.

"I see no improvement, alas!" he said. "Her case seems beyond the reach of medical skill."

"Why, doctor, you alarm me," cried the lady. "I had no idea it was as bad as that. Poor dear little girl."

Major Lennox, Mrs. Dalrymple's brother, was sitting in the hall, engaged in the arrangement of some fishing-tackle; but he dropped his hooks and lines, and listened with intense interest, while the conversation went on.

"Surely, doctor," continued the lady, "you don't think there's danger?"

"It is hard to tell, Mrs. Dalrymple. But I don't like these low fevers, that stand at one point so long, as this does. Tell me something about the young person."

"Come in here and sit down, doctor, and I'll tell you everything. She's been with us just two months; 'Charlie's governess,' we call her," nodding towards her brother. "I'll tell you why. I advertised for a nursery-governess, and, immediately after, was called away to the wedding of a friend. On my return, to my great surprise, I found Flossie and Ted settled down at their books, and Miss Ballard acting as governess. Charlie had engaged her without waiting to consult me. He couldn't help it, he said: she looked so young and friendless; and he was in a terrible flurry for fear she might not suit us. But she did. We found her a perfect treasure—the sweetest most obliging little soul; and the children just adore her."

"Yes, yes; I dare say," interrupted the doctor, the least bit impatiently. "But about the girl herself? Has she had trouble?"

"She is very reticent, poor little thing. But Mr. Dalrymple knows something about her."

"Ah?" said the doctor, interrogatively.

"Yes. Her father was sent out to Canton, some time ago, by the firm of Briggs and Bonifant, and perished on his homeward voyage, when the steamer Halifax was burned. His family was left unprovided for, and the daughter was forced to do what she could."

"Yes," said the physician. "I understand now. She's homesick, poor thing. You should have sent for her mother a week ago."

"I wanted to, doctor. But 'don't write to mother; I shall be better soon,' has been her cry from the first."

"Well, I'm afraid you'll have to write, in spite of her."

"I'll write this very day, if you think best," said Mrs. Dalrymple.

The physician went his way, and the kind-hearted lady, greatly distressed at what she had heard, went in search of her husband, to ask his advice.

In the meantime, in her hushed and darkened chamber, the young governess lay, her slender hands clasped, her eyes closed, her pretty golden hair falling about her pale face. Her past life all seemed to come back to her. The happy day, when news came that her father was on his way home; he had already sailed, and would soon be with them once more. Her mother's grateful joy; little Janie's delight; and her own happiness. The glad busy days of preparation, when their beautiful home was made ready to receive and welcome their loved one; the joyful hope and expectation; and then, in the very midst of their sunshine and happiness, that awful, awful news. The Halifax had been burned at sea, and all on board had perished!

Everything had seemed like night after that. There had been no more brightness or sunshine; no more hope, no gladness, no comfort. A mortgage had swept away their beautiful home; and her mother, left poor and broken-hearted, had gone, with little Janie and herself, to live in two comfortless rooms; and even then they had found it almost impossible to make both ends meet. Such work as they could do was scarce, and paid for but poorly; and, through the dreary winter days and stormy nights, the widow and her children—

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accustomed, in days gone by, to affluence and even luxury—were insufficiently clad, and even scantily fed.

Rosalie could not stand this. So, when the spring opened, she went out as nursery-governess, leaving her mother and little Janie alone in their comfortless lodgings.

"I'll earn enough, mamma dear, to put us a little ahead, and then I'll come back to you," she had said, at parting.

But, before her first quarter was over, she had fallen ill.

The days and nights were very tedious, as she lay there in that darkened room; and her head and heart both ached with a cruel ceaseless pain. Oh, for a sight of her mother's dear loving face—for just one touch of her tender hand!

The poor girl's very soul went out in weary longing. But she would not yield.

"No, no; they shall not write to her," she said. "Dear mother has had trouble enough. I shall be better soon."

She knew, poor child, that her mother's resources all told were not sufficient to pay the expenses of the journey. Yet she was too proud to tell her employers so.

"I shall be better soon," she had said, from day to day.

But this last morning found her weaker than ever, and the pain in both heart and head so cruel.

"What if I should die, and never see mamma and Janie again?" she thought.

The mere suggestion brought the tears to her eyes, in a hot blinding rush. But there was a tap at the door, and she winked them away.

The housemaid entered with a letter.

"Please, miss, a letter," she said.

"Oh, a letter from home!" cried the invalid, recognizing the handwriting of the address.

She put forth her weak trembling hand, as she spoke, and took the precious missive. She pressed it to her lips. If she could not have mother herself, this was the next best thing. She tore open the envelope with quivering fingers.

"Oh, Rosie," the letter began, "how shall I tell you, darling? God has been good to us, my dear. He has changed the night of our sorrow into the morning of gladness and rejoicing."

The letter fluttered from Rosalie's trembling hand. She could read no more.

"Oh, thank heaven," she cried, "my father lives! My father lives!"

With the cry on her lips, she fainted away; and, when Mrs. Dalrymple came running up, followed by her anxious brother, the letter was on the carpet, and the nursery-governess lay white and still, as if dead.

"It was a letter from home, madam," began the housemaid.

"And it has killed her," cried the lady.

But she was wrong. It was the letter from home, and the blessed news it brought, that saved Rosalie's life.

In a little while she recovered consciousness, to find that it was not all a dream, but a blessed reality. Her father had escaped from the burning steamer, and was safe at home with her mother. More than that. He was possessed of means sufficient to buy back their beautiful home.

"What's up?" demanded the doctor, when he entered his patient's room, the next morning. "You look like another person."

"I'm happy, doctor: that's all," answered Rosalie, simply.

"And happiness is better than medicine, my dear," he replied. "You'll be on your feet in a week."

And so she was. At the end of the next week, Mr. Ballard came for her, and she went home, leaving Flossie and Ted inconsolable.

Major Lennox, in the meantime, had been called to join his command, while his governess was yet in the early stages of convalescence. The hardest trial of his life, perhaps, was being obliged to leave her without bidding her good-bye. There was no help for it, however.

He put a little cluster of sweet white violets and purple heliotrope in his sister's hand, and said:

"Give these to my little governess, and say good-bye for me."

He had been ordered on frontier service, and two years elapsed before he returned. But he had not been under his sister's roof an hour, before he asked concerning his governess.

"Oh, yes, indeed; we hear from her every now and then," answered Mrs. Dalrymple, brightly. "She came down to see the children once. But there's no need of her being a nursery-governess now, you know. Mr. Ballard is a partner with Briggs and Bonifant, and bids fair to become a millionaire."

"Where do they live?" inquired the impatient soldier.

"Oh, they've got their old home back: a lovely place, down at White Plains."

The very next morning, bright and early, down to White Plains went Major Lennox.

"I'm afraid you have quite forgotten me, Miss Ballard," he began, when Rosalie entered the handsome parlor, where he sat waiting.

"Oh, no indeed, I haven't," she cried, her

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eyes brightening and a lovely color blooming in her cheeks. "My friends were not so numerous, in my adversity, that I should forget a single one."

The major took her hand.

"I'm a plain man, as all soldiers are," he said. "Let me tell you at once, Miss Ballard, that I fell in love with you the first time we ever met. But I was suddenly called away. I know, of course, that you care nothing for me now. But—but do you think you can learn? Knowing that I have loved you more and more every day and hour since we parted, don't you think you can, in time, give me something in return?"

He stood, the brave soldier, trembling before her. She looked up at him, her eyes brimming.

"You befriended me when I came to you in my trouble," she said, softly. "I have never forgotten that; and—and—"

Her voice broke and faltered. She took from her bosom a little perfumed silk sachet.

"Do you remember these?" she said, opening it and exhibiting a cluster of pressed flowers: white violets and purple heliotrope.

For a moment he was puzzled. Then his eyes suddenly lit up.

"Can they be my poor flowers?" he cried.

"I have kept them ever since that morning," she replied.

The next day, Mrs. Dalrymple, entering the nursery, said:

"Flossie, Ted: come here, my darlings. You never could guess what I have to tell you. It is such wonderful news! Listen now, my dears. Uncle Charlie is going to marry his governess, and make her your aunt. What do you think of that?"

OCTAVIA'S PRAYER.

BY LEO M. KOHN.

"Postman, mamma! Here's a letter.
Baby now go out to play."
Tells me he is doing better;
Will be home at some near day.

Left his friends, familiar faces,
Blessings, glories, all behind;
And the many vivid traces
Bearing record in my mind.

Now, ye gods, that proved so loving—
Loving in the days of old:
Always with the righteous moving,
Adding goodness manifold—

On my knees, I put a query
To ye, gods that ruled the past:
Do ye hearken to the weary
As the prophets that did fast?

As the souls devout and lowly,
Living lonely in their cave,
Where abode thy presence holy,
And thy angels counsel gave?

Be as loving to my dearest;
He hath left me lonely here.
When in danger, be thou nearest,
As the prophets thou wast near.

Now, ye gods, my query ended,
Hear him, if he faintly call;
Hanging from a web suspended,
Lift him up, if down he fall.

Let no Cleopatra's beauty
Keep this Ant'ny from his Reme!
Poor Octavia lacks not duty;
Lead him, gods, I beg you, home!

'ONE SOWETH AND ANOTHER REAPETH.''

BY JAMES STRANG.

Oh, I have sown with lavish hand,
Increasing in the world's wide fields,
And yet the hard and barren land
No rich response of harvest yields.

And I am weary with the pain
Of patient watching, and I fear
My scattered store of golden grain
Will never spring to blade and ear.

And yet who knows? At last, though late,
The kindly rain and sun may bring
To other eyes that watch and wait
Sweet tokens of a blessed spring.

When we who toiled no longer keep
Our mortal watch on fields below,
Glad hearts and joyous hands may reap
The fruit of seed they did not sow.

Oh, weary sister, who hast sown
Thy seed with daily tears and toil,
And dreamest that no grain has grown,
But died in darkness in the soil:

My sister, still at morning sow,
Nor in the evening stay thy hand;
Thou dost thy Father's work, and lo!
Hereafter thou shalt understand.

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GOOD INTENTIONS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

AMONG the numerous admirable qualities which, being human, she flattered herself she possessed, Mrs. Lovatt ranked as very prominent her tact and capability for managing the affairs of her relatives and friends.

The fact that she had never yet meddled, without causing irreparable mischief, did not in the least shake her faith. She firmly believed that the blunders had been perpetrated by her victims, and wondered how, in the face of her counsels and her efforts, they could possibly have gone so far astray.

She found plenty of time to attend to the concerns of others, as she had been a childless widow for years. To do her justice, a kinder-hearted creature never breathed. Her intentions, at least, as everyone conceded, were well-meaning. When she made mistakes, her friends called them her "eccentricities." They would say: "The Throckmortons were always like that," or "Oh, yes, it's the old Judge all over again."

Mrs. Lovatt lived in a pleasant neighborhood, in one of the Middle States. She was an important personage in this little town. Outsiders declared that the fact of her being the richest woman in the county had much to do with her social status; but, as this idea never occurred to her, and the whole set would have gone to the stake in refutation of the slander, I, as a person easy of credence, suppose there could not be a shadow of truth therein.

Mrs. Lovatt usually went to New York and Washington, for some weeks, each winter; and was well known at summer resorts, from Newport to the White Sulphur Springs. So when, in accordance with what had been a habit in her family and that of her deceased General since colonial days, she annually opened her house to guests during the months of September and October, she had no difficulty in filling the stately mansion with visitors well worth meeting.

She had an especially pleasant party gathered together, the autumn of which we write. Amusements of some sort were going on constantly indoors or out. One morning, she appeared at breakfast even more beamingly amiable than usual.

"Miss Nesmyth is coming to-day," she said. "She will be here in time for dinner."

She addressed herself to Mr. Townley, who sat next to her, though her voice was audible to the whole table. A certain amount of excitement was aroused among the guests, both male and female, as was natural enough, because Miss Nesmyth was not only handsome, but was also one of the richest unmarried women in America.

"Yes, Miss Nesmyth is coming," she went on, beaming all round. "I was afraid she could not, for her aunt has been ill; but she's quite well again now, and so Alicia is coming."

"Ah," said Mr. Townley, rather indifferently. More than one dandy present glanced up at him quite relieved: for he was so wealthy himself that his rivalry might have been dangerous; and this answer, and especially his tone, seemed to imply that he had no idea of entering the lists.

But everybody did not take the same view of his conduct.

"Townley is jealous because another child of Plutus is coming," laughed Pierce Donaldson, a favorite nephew of Mrs. Lovatt's, and as charming a young fellow of seven and twenty as one could easily find. "She can wear diamond necklaces, and he can't, so she'll outshine him—hates her, I'm sure."

"I know the lady so little that I can't well feel any very active animosity towards her," rejoined Mr. Townley, pleasantly, when the general laughter died away enough for him to make his voice heard, after this sally.

"I was mistaken," cried Pierce, in a whisper like an east wind. "He means to make a dead set at her diamonds—oh, isn't he greedy?"

"Indeed, Pierce," said his aunt, with more eagerness than seemed called for, "Miss Nesmyth is not at all the sort of person Mr. Townley would fancy in that way."

"What way? I only spoke of her jewels," said Pierce.

"Oh, we know what you meant—don't we, Mr. Townley?" returned the old lady, with a sage nod. "But they would never be more than friends—would they, Ida?"

The young lady whom she addressed—the loveliest girl present, and that is saying a great deal—blushed so charmingly at this brusque appeal, that she looked lovelier than ever. But she answered laughingly:

"Really, Mrs. Lovatt, I don't know Mr. Townley well enough to give an opinion—"

"Oh," interrupted the good soul, with her

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usual bluntness, which would have been considered bad taste, even vulgar, in a woman of less exalted birth and station, "you will, very soon—that's why I like country-house parties—people so soon get intimate."

It was useless to be confused or annoyed, so Miss Norman joined in the general laugh. No, there was one exception. Mr. Pierce Donaldson frowned, and cut himself a bit of cold "paté," as venomously as if he had been carving an enemy. Of course, meantime, Mr. Townley had to say:

"I owe you my best thanks, Mrs. Lovatt, for the promise you make, in Miss Norman's name." Then he smiled amiably at the young lady, and added: "I don't propose to like Miss Nesmyth, though. I was prejudiced against her in advance."

Everybody now began to talk at once, Mrs. Lovatt louder than the others. They chanted the heiress's praises—true, she was brusque, impatient, rather imperious—yes, her mouth was too large—but she was so stylish—well, perhaps her taste in dress was too pronounced—

"Heaven deliver me from the verdict of my friends," broke in Pierce Donaldson. "Eh, Miss Norman?"

"I think Miss Nesmyth one of the most genuine sterling women I ever met," replied that young lady. "To me, her frankness is charming."

"Oh, she does pitch into one dreadfully," broke in Pierce.

"Probably one deserves it," retorted Miss Norman, and, as the eyes of the two young people met, they exchanged a smile, which fortunately Mrs. Lovatt was too eager to notice.

"You know you admire her, Pierce," she cried.

"Of course I do," rejoined that impudent youth. "I wish she would adopt me."

Another laugh, and above it rang Mrs. Lovatt's voice, saying:

"Aren't you ashamed? She's no older than you."

When breakfast was over, and the party rose, Mrs. Lovatt took Ida Norman's arm, just as Donaldson was approaching, and led her to a window.

"Pierce may say what he likes," she whispered. "I know he admires Miss Nesmyth hugely."

"I am sure he must," returned Ida, with an indifference so elaborate that an acute observer might have thought it studied. But Mrs. Lovatt, who prided herself on her discernment, kissed her and said:

"You are such a sensible darling. I am so glad to have you here, Ida. You know, I look on you as one of my children."

"You are always only too good, dear Mrs. Lovatt."

"Nobody could be too good to you. And don't you think Mr. Townley delightful? So quiet—so self-centred—such a contrast to frivolous young fellows. I assure you, my love, that my wide experience has proved to me that no man is fit to become a husband under forty. I'm sure you agree with me, dear."

"Really, I have no experience in the matter, and my observation has been limited," rejoined Ida, laughing. "But I am willing to trust to yours."

"You certainly are the most sensible darling in the world," cried Mrs. Lovatt, enthusiastically. "Yes, yes, my dear, I know men. What is it, Pierce?" Then, as that gentleman approached, she whispered: "A dear boy—but he makes me anxious—and such a flirt. I gave him a good scolding yesterday, for flattering that silly little Fanny Dana till she was pink as a poppy, taking all his nonsense for downright earnest—such a fool."

"Oh, indeed," said Miss Norman, with renewed indifference. "I must run away and finish unpacking. I was so tired last night, from my journey, that I could not put my things in order."

"Foster will help you. Just call her. Foster dotes on you," said Mrs. Lovatt, and the young lady escaped to her room.

Later, the whole party went, in carriages or on horseback, through the gorgeous late September afternoon, to visit some wonderful view that was the pride of the neighborhood. But somehow to neither Miss Norman nor Pierce Donaldson was this opening-day of the lady's stay at the house, which both had so eagerly anticipated, as delightful as they had expected. The young people had made acquaintance during the preceding winter, when Pierce came on to New York from his Washington home; and, though no love-making had occurred, the young man was quite ready for earnest efforts in that line, and Ida Norman's heart had fluttered at the thought of meeting him again; and yet here, to-day, how flat it all seemed.

Somehow, they disagreed on a variety of subjects, and finally Pierce took to flattering poor little Miss Dana again; and Mr. Townley rode beside Ida: and the irate young man thought it was by the girl's wish and will, not having heard his aunt say, with what she considered perfectly fathomless artifice: "Oh, Mr. Townley, please take care of Ida—that horse of hers seems restive—she shan't ride him again."

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Miss Nesmyth arrived, and appeared at dinner, gorgeous in a lemon-colored silk dress, which certainly set off her dark complexion and great black eyes to fine advantage; and she was in her highest spirits, and renewed her acquaintance with Mr. Townley—whom Mrs. Lovatt had chosen to lead her in to the table—by arguing and combating every opinion he enunciated: for of course some busybody had already informed her of his careless speech, and she was prepared to do her utmost to tease and shock him.

After dinner, he took refuge in Miss Norman's society, and Mrs. Lovatt's contentment was perfected by seeing Pierce hovering about the heiress, satisfied that the plans on which she had set her heart were already in a fair way towards fulfillment.

In less than two days, though she supposed her projects a profound mystery to all, everybody in the house, with the exception of the four people whom they concerned, knew what the plans were. Mrs. Lovatt meant to make a match between her beloved Ida Norman, whose beauty was her only dowry, and Mr. Townley: and bestow the heiress on her nephew, whose talent in his profession had not yet done more than procure him a little praise and a moderate income.

But Pierce was called away for a fortnight, and during that time Miss Nesmyth and Mr. Townley got better acquainted. Woman-like, she wanted to interest him, because she knew he was prejudiced against her; and he discovered that she was very different from what he had supposed: that she was sensitive, warm-hearted, and generous to excess, though she hid these qualities under a veil of cynicism from the world at large. When they grew intimate enough, so that he could venture on such a speech, he reproached her with this.

"It is the only way, if one wants peace," she said. "Let the world discover that you have feelings, and it will delight in hurting them. Be known as warm-hearted, and it will impose upon you. Have a reputation for generosity, and friends and foes will alike take advantage of it."

"That is as cynical as it is untrue. You don't believe it," said Mr. Townley.

"Well, I suppose, unless I want you to think me a monster, I must own that I don't, exactly," she said, laughing, though speaking with a certain bitterness. "But sometimes I'm half inclined to. I declare, Mr. Townley, often I wish that I was as poor as Job. Don't you?"

"I shall wait till I can emulate him in patience, before I indulge in the desire," he said, with a grave smile, which faded in the earnestness of his added words: "Believe me, Miss Nesmyth, you only make yourself unhappy by allowing the hollowness and greed of a few sycophants to render you suspicious of human nature in general. I honestly believe that people at large are much better than we usually give them credit for. Anyway, one is happier to think well of one's kind; and one ought no more to be a cynic than one ought to be blindly trusting and gullible."

"I'm always in extremes," sighed Miss Nesmyth; "and, oh dear, I'm always indulging in spasms of remorse over my own faults. But that don't make me try to cure them."

"Remorse is always useless, unless accompanied by atonement," said he.

"So I remember to have read in my copy-book when I was a child," she retorted, with a good-naturedly satirical laugh.

"That speech did sound awfully sententious," he said, laughing too. "But really, I spoke as if speaking to a friend—very frankly and quite sincerely."

"Don't tell fibs. You never liked me."

"I never knew you till lately. Since you have deigned to let me have glimpses of your real self—"

"No compliments. You did dislike me?"

"Certainly not. The word is—"

"Oh, I can't stop for shades of meaning. You disapproved of me—I was unsympathetic—choose any pretty term you like—I insist on your being honest."

"Well—"

"Don't hesitate—you disliked me?"

"I did not. I thought we should not agree. But I find that the real you and I do, in many things."

"Though you still disapprove?"

"Oh, very well—if you will force me to be rude. You say things often I wish you would not. You try to make yourself appear hard. You do yourself injustice. I don't like anpbody to do my friends injustice. There, will you pardon my bluntness?" He looked at her rather anxiously.

"I thank you," said she. "Now I begin to believe that we are friends. Oh, dear, there comes that blessed old Mrs. Lovatt—as usual, in a great excitement over something."

Mr. Townley had chanced to enter the library, and found Miss Nesmyth sitting there alone; and their tête-à-tête had endured nearly an hour.

But this did not suit Mrs. Lovatt, so she interrupted them.

"Oh, there you are, Mr. Townley," cried their hostess, bustling in, dressed for a drive. "I want you to do me a favor. I have to go into

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Winterton, to see my agent. I want your advice about the letting of those farms we were talking of. Will you take me?"

Of course, Mr. Townley was delighted to be of service, and Mrs. Lovatt seized an opportunity to whisper to Miss Nesmyth:

"I knew you were wishing him in Jericho. You two never will like each other—that's the only fault I can find in either. Oh, I've had a telegram from Pierce. He will be back this afternoon. He says he's wild to find himself here once more. Can you guess why? Well, well, he's the dearest cleverest fellow in the world. If I can only live to see him happily married, I shall die content."

Then she bustled out in search of Mr. Townley, and, when alone, Miss Nesmyth indulged in a fit of hearty laughter.

"That blessed old ostrich," she thought. "She actually wants to tie poor Pierce fast to me, when he's crazy over Ida Norman, and wants to give Ida to Mr. Townley. I'm not sure she won't succeed there, however. Ida behaved oddly. I thought, last winter, she liked Pierce—and was honest. Oh, dear, I'm afraid the money may tempt her, and men are all fools, so I dare say Mr. Townley will yield, if she exerts her fascinations."

Mr. Townley's good advice had evidently not taken the root it ought. She had indulged too long in cynicism easily to have it eradicated. She went off to her own room, feeling suddenly cross with the world at large, and sorry that she had given Mr. Townley even a glimpse of the better side of her character.

Meantime, Mrs. Lovatt and that gentleman were speeding away towards Winterton, and Mrs. Lovatt took advantage to drive in what she firmly believed would be the last nail needed to clinch firmly the scaffold of her plans. She began at once to talk of Ida Norman, convinced that she had led up to her name in the most artful manner possible. She insisted on Mr. Townley's praising Ida, which he was quite ready to do, for he admired the young lady's beauty and winning manners, and thoroughly appreciated her numerous fine qualities of head and heart.

"But don't you notice a change in her lately?" cried Mrs. Lovatt, feeling that she had adroitly reached the point she was aiming at.

"A change? She looks very well."

"Ah, in body, perhaps. But she is nervous—melancholy. You must have observed it—I know you have—I always say that nothing ever escapes your quick eyes."

"I think she doesn't seem quite in her usual spirits lately—"

"Ah, and I know the reason," interrupted Mrs. Lovatt, laying her hand on his arm, and speaking in an unearthly whisper. "My lips are sealed, however—regard for her feminine delicacy forbids me to speak—nor has she confided her secret to me openly; but I have read it—yes, yes, like a printed book!"

She quite startled him. His first thought, knowing that the Normans were far from rich, was that some pecuniary disaster had overtaken the family; and, with his usual kind-heartedness, he immediately began to wonder if there was not some manner in which he could aid them; and, like most people when excited, he began by uttering the middle of his thought:

"If I could assist—if there is any way—she is such a dear sweet girl—her mother, too, is very charming."

Mrs. Lovatt clapped her hands till she frightened the ponies; but, when she spoke, her words had a worse effect on Mr. Townley.

"I knew you would be ready," she cried. "I knew you would understand. Yes, yes: and, though you are not a marrying man, I knew your fancy for her. It was natural enough she should like you. She can appreciate talent. Oh, you will not wreck her dream—you will not?"

"Good heavens, Mrs. Lovatt," he exclaimed, "what do you mean?"

"Yes—just that, of course! Oh, I am so glad, so happy. It is you—so gifted, so good—whom she has made the object of her pretty dream."

"I assure you, Mrs. Lovatt, you are utterly mistaken!" he groaned. "Why, to tell you the truth, I thought she and your nephew liked each other."

"Mercy on us!" shrieked Mrs. Lovatt. "Why, Pierce is over ears in love with another woman—Ida never thought of him—looks on him as a boy."

She had made her plunge. On she dashed, mixing up fact and fancy, firmly believing that every word she spoke was gospel truth, and especially pluming herself on the idea that she was managing matters beautifully. Mr. Townley, man-like, had not reflected; but, now that she had opened his eyes, he would discover that he wanted a wife, and that lovely youthful Ida was the very one he craved. She lost herself in long intricate sentences. She talked in dashes. But she made her meaning horribly clear to her listener, in spite of his bewilderment and confusion.

"You wouldn't break her heart," she urged. "Your attentions have been so pointed. Everybody has noticed them. Think of her mortification. She would die—"

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"Good heavens!"

"Yes, yes—I know you would not. You are so good—so honorable—and you must be fond of her."

"I tell you I think her charming, but—"

"As everybody must. Ah, how happy you will be! How glad I am you discovered my thought. You are so quick—so sensitive—so unlike men in general."

They reached the town. With such use of his brains as he could command, Mr. Townley gave his hostess assistance in her business. But all the while he was wondering how he could escape from driving back with her. Mercifully, at last, a hostler from the hotel came up, to say that one of the ponies had been taken sick. Some neighbors were fortunately in the village, and they offered to take Mrs. Lovatt home.

Mr. Townley insisted that he wanted a walk—and he did; and, during his solitary tramp, he drove himself nearly mad by wondering if it could be true that he had unintentionally won Ida's fancy. In that case, his duty seemed clear, though facing the fact showed him plainly a secret of his own, which he had not before suspected.

Pierce reached the house that evening, and, during the next few days, Mrs. Lovatt made a beautiful jumble for her four friends, which rendered them all miserable enough, with the exception of Miss Nesmyth, whose quick wits got at the truth, and who waited quietly to set matters right when the denouement should arrive.

And it came, on the third morning, when Pierce for the first time found an opportunity to see Ida alone. He began upbraiding her for her cruel treatment of him, and indulging in passionate love-making, which, to her ears, sounded like open mockery and insolence: for Mrs. Lovatt had just before informed her that at last she was the happiest woman in the world. She must tell somebody—she could trust her beloved Ida. Pierce and Miss Nesmyth were as good as engaged—they had not told her yet—but she had seen—had discovered—oh, was it not delightful?

The man had sold himself. He had duped Alicia Nesmyth, keen-sighted as that lady was; and now he dared to come to her, Ida Norman, and use such language! He was that basest of creatures, a male coquet. Just to gratify his fiendish vanity, he wanted to lure her on into some admission that his open devotedness in the past winter had touched her heart, and then indulge in a dramatic outburst against the cruel fate which forced him to leave her for another.

And, half mad with suffering and outraged pride, she turned on him, and struck him momentarily dumb in the midst of his rhodomontade by bursting into a laugh, and saying:

"It sounds very pretty. But I've seen it better done, in the original French, a score of times."

He stood, white as a sheet, staring at her.

"You mean—you—"

"I mean that I am not an idiot," she broke in, as he paused, so choked that he could not finish his sentence. "I mean that I do not know whether I am most amused at this exhibition of the boundlessness of your vanity, or indignant that you should have dared to believe that I was silly enough to be deceived by it."

She spoke these words, and left him; and he went mad for a while. Then the prominent emotion in his mind was a desire to prove to the heartless flirt that she had not hurt him. He could almost have engaged himself to Hecate, for the satisfaction of showing his temptress how indifferent he was.

And, as he was thinking this, Alicia Nesmyth entered the arbor where he stood, and all his aunt's assertions in regard to her weakness flashed over him.

"Good gracious! Pierce Donaldson," she cried, "what are you contemplating? A murder, at least, I should think!"

"Shall I tell you?" he asked.

"By all means," said she, sitting down. "Don't scowl. Speak up like a good boy."

"What would you say, if I asked you to marry me?" he cried.

"I should reply: 'Pierce, you want a wife, not a grandmother,'" and, with a ripple of gay laughter, she ran away.

She was not much surprised. She had seen Ida, as the latter rushed away through the shrubberies, and had a pretty clear idea of what had happened.

Passing up the central path, Miss Nesmyth encountered Mr. Townley, looking nearly as pale and wretched as the young fellow she had just left.

"I wish," he cried, "that a man were as free to speak about certain things as a woman. I've been wanting for days to tell you something—to ask your advice."

"No time like the present," said she. "I feel in an advice-giving humor."

"Ah, Miss Nesmyth, it is serious enough," he exclaimed. "I don't know how to speak, either. You will think me the vainest, most conceited ass that ever lived."

"No, I shan't. I may think you blind as a bat—but then, men always are—to be deluded

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and worried by the insanities of such a dear old ostrich as Auntie Lovatt!"

"You know? She has told you?"

"I know. But she hasn't told me," returned Miss Nesmyth. "She has tried to convince you that Ida Norman has been making you the hero of a romance."

"It can't be. But, if it were—"

"Well, it easily might. There's nothing preposterous in the idea," interrupted Miss Nesmyth. "And, being a man, the flattery ought to please you."

"I should be the most wretched one alive."

"Oh!"

"Do say you don't believe it. Don't torment me."

His distress was too genuine for Alicia to do that.

"I believe it," she said, "about as much as I do the dear old lady's tale that Pierce Donaldson loves me. My dear friend, those two young people love each other; the aunt has made a sweet imbroglio with our unintentional aid, and the pair is wretched enough."

"Good gracious!"

"So I say. Look, there goes Pierce. Well, in a moment, he will stumble on Ida—she's behind that thicket. I have an idea: We'll act a charade. Come with me."

She took Townley's arm, and hurried him away. The two reached the thicket just after Pierce. Ida had started up at the young man's approach.

"Stand still, both of you," cried Miss Nesmyth. "Pierce Donaldson," pointing to Ida, "you love that girl, and you can't deny it."

"I don't want to," from Pierce.

"Shame on you—shame!" broke in Ida.

Miss Nesmyth went on, heedless of interruptions. This time she pointed at Pierce, and addressed the young lady:

"Ida Norman, you like that young man, and there's no use in denying it. You dear geese, to be deluded by that best, blindest, and most blundering of old women! Now I have said my say, I'll go. Mr. Townley—"

He seized her hand, and cried:

"Loves this woman, and is proud to own it."

"Caught in your own trap," said Pierce, and hurried Ida away.

"Mayn't I?—will you?" stammered Townley.

"Here comes Mrs. Lovatt—go!"

He retreated, and their hostess appeared, crying:

"Oh, Alicia! I'm sure it's settled. I shall write to Mrs. Norman at once."

"Write what?" Miss Nesmyth asked, quietly.

"That Ida is, or will be, engaged to Mr. Townley."

"Really? I am sorry to disarrange your plans, my dear friend," returned Alicia, coolly; "but the truth is, Mr. Townley is engaged to me."

Mrs. Lovatt stared at her for an instant, then burst into tears, exclaiming:

"Oh, you wicked, wicked woman. To break Pierce's heart, after leading him on as you have. And to ruin Ida: for what will people say? Why, I've told everybody, over and over, that she was as good as engaged to Mr. Townley!"

"Then you must go now and say that she is wholly, entirely, and irrevocably engaged to Mr. Donaldson, you blessed blunderer," rejoined Miss Nesmyth. "There is nothing else for it, my dear. If you will try to take fate's duties on your hands, you must bear the consequences."

Then she kissed and petted the bewildered old lady into a reasonable degree of composure; and you will admit that Mrs. Lovatt must have had a great deal that was good in her composition: for she actually forgave the four who had so sorely disappointed her.

A CHAPTER TWICE READ.

BY FLORENCE B. BACON.

Only the words of a chapter
Read once before, long ago,
With a strange and mystical rhythm,
And measure pleasing and slow.

Read by a girl in glad summer,
With its sunshine kissing her hair,
And birds singing all around her,
And summer-flow'rs scenting the air.

Culling the words that best please her,
Carelessly passing the rest:
Thinking she'd learned the whole story
Whose meaning she'd scarcely guessed.

'Twas a woman to-night that read them,
In womanly knowledge and pride
That scorned to pass all unstudied
What the girl threw lightly aside.

Read with the eyes of a woman,
That tears have opened, at last,
To see a mystical meaning
In the words the girl had passed.

And the words the girl deemed so pleasing,
To the woman to-night who read
Were fraught with a double meaning—
"Would I knew but the cue," she said.

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THE OLD MAN FROM GLOUCESTER.

BY PATIENCE THORNTON.

To think that once I was ashamed of him! Yes, I was. All the past comes back, as I write these words, sitting in the humble little room where I was born and where I shall die.

Out in the kitchen, I hear Mary bustling about, and the merry voices of the children. She chirps and sings to the toddling babies. Yet, less than a year ago, her man—I use the tongue of our coast-town—was drowned on his second voyage in the new schooner, the "Merry May," named for her. Yet she sings now, and she loved him.

He was a big handsome man, and at last he loved her; while he fairly worshiped his twin babies. It must be terrible for her to think of him and the future: to miss his presence, and to know he will never come. I sorrow for him, but he was unpitying, unforgiving. And yet he laid down his life for me.

Mary, you never blame me. You kiss his children, and you let me kiss them—me, who ruined your life. From that dark moment when I came here with the story of the tragedy, you have never been otherwise than kind.

I am happy, Mary, writing this. I look at my wasted hand, at my shrunken frame, my hollow cheeks. Soon I will have a resting-place on the wind-blown hill—alas! so few men are buried there from this seafaring town.

You know I am near the end: that may make you tender. I am going to write all the story out, and, when I am gone, you may read it. Some day, when your twin babies are women grown, show them the yellow paper, written with faint faded ink, that it may teach them a lesson from my fate. You could not understand my sin—you, with your girlish face and innocent eyes; it never seems possible that you have been wife, mother, and widow. Here is the story:

Less than ten years ago, I was eighteen, and the prettiest girl in Gloucester. Mother was alive, and father owned the "Kitty West," named for me. We lived happily in this cottage; you, the oldest by seven years, helped mother about the work; I played on the melodeon—I thought it grand then—and flirted about the village in idle gayety.

But, thank God, there comes back this remembrance—I went always to the wharf. I was the first there, to greet the "Kitty West," when, with white wings spread, she skimmed the blue waters of the harbor, and dropped anchor near the wharves. How his face used to light up—that dear brown wrinkled old face, with the bushy gray hair and beard, and the kind eyes, that never looked coldly on me—my dear, dear father. He was so short: I, though only a girl, was a head taller. But he was broad-shouldered and strong, with hands as hard as iron. No line or net could hurt his palms, be it ever so heavy-laden. I see him yet, in his chunky blue coat, a pea-jacket, his wide sailor-trousers tucked into his boots, and the tarpaulin back on his head. He never stopped even to change his hat after a "v'yage"; he jumped ashore, to hug me with a "God bless ye; mother'n Mary, be they well?" They always were, and we raced up to the cottage.

I will not speak of Welsh Carpenter. He was mate then on the "Kitty West." But even your gentle heart, dear Mary, might be stirred to anger: for no woman wishes to know of, or to see, a woman whom her husband once loved and lost; to whom he gave the love of his manhood, his first love—for whom he died. This sounds as if I wrote to vex you. But, Mary, you know how I fell. Stern, unforgiving in his last hours, he had no pity for me. And I never cared for Welsh; nor, Mary, do I truly think he ever gave his highest best love to me. Believe me in this. We were happy, in the old days, till the strange yacht came to Gloucester, and the stranger-owner loved me. You remember our courtship. How he would not sail away. How, all the long summer, he stayed at my side. He was twice my age; he believed in nothing good or true; he ridiculed you all. But, oh, he was rich. I could have beautiful things, I said to myself; he was a gentleman. He dressed handsomely; his hands were white and soft; his clothes never smelled of tar or fish; he was never loud or clumsy; and, ah me, I grew ashamed, even of my dearest. He loved me, and I—I wanted to be rich.

He coaxed and pleaded. You all guessed, and thought he meant harm, and forbade him to the house. What but could be the result? You angered me. You watched me. Welsh dogged my steps. You were all spies. I was hunted, suspected, degraded. You were cruel to me. What harm had I done, save a silly flirtation? Yet you treated me like an outcast. I was good, at least, then; but you thought me bad. God

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forgive me; but I grew to hate you all. I envied the sea-gulls in their joyous flight over the waves. I envied the white sails far on the horizon. They were free, I a prisoner. So, one night, I left Gloucester.

How well I remember that night. I slept in a back room; its window opened on a low shed. I slept alone; but you, Mary, were in the next room. Every night, mother or you came, as you said, to see if I were covered: but I knew that it was to see if I were there. I sat up in bed that night, and listened to your heavy breathing. You were asleep. I crept to mother's room: they, too, were slumbering. I was nearly dressed, and quickly finished; and then, without a word of farewell, I fixed a figure in the bed, dressed in my clothes, to deceive you. This done, I stepped from the open window to the roof, then down to the ground.

He was waiting. He had my shoes in his hand; they were little and shabby—country-made—and he laughed at them. We went through the quiet lanes and streets to the wharf. The tide was down. How salt and rank the air! How slippery the steps at the landing! Even now, when it is so long past, I feel the thrill of fear—half joy at freedom, all delight at adventure—that came over me that night. The smell of the flats, the oozing seaweed, the taint of drying fish, the damp odor of dripping planks, the plash, slush, of the water falling from the wharves—I remember them all: and oh! how they, even yet, bring back that star-lit night. A tiny boat was waiting at the steps. The sailor held a lantern nearer me than was necessary, a bold curiosity in his face—but admiration, too, which pleased me. I remember, in Richard's face, there was more triumph than love. We sat in the stern. The sailor rowed. Richard drew me close, and covered my head with a rug, as we passed the "Kitty West," anchored in the glassy water; but I saw, in the glare of the signal-light, a man's figure, noble and massive, and I shrank back: for I knew who it was.

"Curse him! Can he suspect?" Richard said, and put out the lantern at our feet.

In an instant more, we were alongside Richard's yacht. All the lights were out. Kind hands helped me on board, and led me down into the cabin. It was densely dark. I heard whispering and laughing. I did not know who had helped me.

Then there was a rattling overhead, short and hurried; then quick nervous orders in Richard's voice. From this, I knew that he had not yet come below. Then I heard the anchor-chain rattle and clink, and the xylophone melody of the wooden rings of the mainsail going up the mast; then the yacht moved. Pretty soon, Richard came down, closing the hatchway, and lit a match, and, with it, the lamps.

I looked around, and was introduced to the others. There was Mr. Waters, a clergyman, and Irving Jewett, both friends of Richard. As we stood there talking, I glanced at one of the long mirrors that lined the cabin, and, for the first time, I fully realized how beautiful I was. The sky-blue of my dress was pale, beside the deep-violet of my eyes. I remembered, for an instant, who had bought, from a scanty purse, that blue dress for "Kitten." My hair, in a braid as thick as your arm, and over a yard long, was yellow as gold. My cheeks were pink-tinted, like a sea-shell, my lips red as a rose. Strangest of all, with my golden hair, were the arching black eyebrows and long curling lashes that were almost your only beauty, Mary. They saw me look, and laughed.

"You did not realize you were so beautiful," said Richard.

"Ah, no," I said, simply, whereat they laughed the more.

"I thought Dick a fool," said Mr. Jewett; "but, now that I see you, I don't blame him—I envy him."

By-and-bye, the minister—he was graver than the rest—got out a book. I began to tremble, though I knew this was to come. Richard and I had settled it—and only last Sunday this minister had preached in the church at home.

"It is only from my friendship for you, Dick," he said, "that I consent to do this."

So we were married. The clergyman read the service, while the yacht plunged madly ahead. I could hear—even above his voice, even above the solemn words of the service—the waves splashing over the deck, the wind roaring, the cordage rattling, while the yacht creaked and strained. We were plunging against a head sea, almost in the teeth of the wind.

We went to Boston. There Richard and I left the yacht, and took rooms in a grand hotel. But first we visited a big store, where he bought for me lovely dresses, and afterwards beautiful diamonds, rings, earrings, and bracelets. Ah, the fine clothes, after all, did make a difference. I can't help it. Even after all the woe of the past—oh, I can't help remembering how people looked after me in the streets and in the corridors at the hotel.

The next day after I got there, Mr. Waters and Mr. Jewett came to see me. Richard had gone out, and I was alone. They were astonished at the change in me. I had a train—my first

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one; the dress of a deep rich violet velvet; and I wore real lace and diamonds. Of course, they praised me, and of course I blushed and stammered; but I was feeling gradually more at ease.

"I was afraid I had done wrong," said Mr. Waters; "but you look happy."

"Oh, I am," I cried. "I would be happy with anybody, if they were good and kind, and did not watch me, and be cruel, as they did at home."

"How could anybody be cruel to you?" said Mr. Jewett. And then I felt, for the first time, that he looked like the hero of the "make-believe" stories of my future, that I used to tell Mary on the rocks at Gloucester.

"Do you feel no regret?" said Mr. Waters, soberly. "Your mother is old: she will take this very hard; and your—"

Just then there came a rap. Mr. Jewett opened the door. I caught the servant's last words.

"Country people, sir—fishermen: insist on seein' the leddy. Won't take 'no' for answer. Here they are."

I heard hurried steps. Mr. Jewett, with frightened face, strove to close the door. But he was flung aside, and Welsh Carpenter and he—oh, that look on my father's face—came into the room.

Welsh was pale with anger, his brown eyes blazing; he—shame that I should note it—looked so clumsy and loutish, his clothes so cheap. Father had on his Sunday clothes, of a fashion long gone by, and the old tall hat, too small for his head—it never would stay straight—and the high collar that always hurt his neck. He did not look angry, only older and grayer, and seemed a very, very old man.

I shrank behind Mr. Jewett.

"It's my da'ter, ain't it?" said father, in a choked kind of voice, looking dazed and frightened.

Mr. Waters, in the meantime, had dismissed the servant, and closed the door.

"Yes, sir," Mr. Waters answered, respectfully.

"Thankee. I only come—me'n Welsh—up in the keers, thinkin' ter find her here; ter find aout ef—ef—wal, sir, you be the parsen as preached to the harbor; you kin tell me: Iz my gal rightfully, legally," with a pause on the unusual word, "legally merried—all fair'n square?"

"She is, sir. She is Mrs. Richard Howard now. Forgive me for my part," said Mr. Waters. "I performed the ceremony, and I am a clergyman. Her husband is a gentleman of wealth and position. She will have everything money can buy."

"Thankee, thankee," father said, in the same dazed way. "Welsh, we'd better go; we're aout o' place here naow."

"Lemme see the papers first," Welsh said, angrily. "I want to see't writ, in black'n white. I've read o' merriges ez warn't merriges, an' of gals as could deceive their honest parents, 'n that got their pay by bein' disgraced."

Jewett sprang towards the speaker. But Mr. Waters held him back. I got the paper from a drawer, and threw it at Welsh. Even now, I can see father's hand. My eyes went no further, yet I was sensible that he drew out his spectacles from the old tin case, that shut with such a snap, and read the paper, Welsh looking over his shoulder. My eyes rested on the brown wrinkled old hands, with the big veins. How those old hands shook! I saw, as he laid the paper carefully on the table, a big tear-drop on it, soaking through the folds, and blotting a word or two.

He turned to me directly.

"I want to say good-bye, dear," he said. "I mean Mrs. Howard, that was my pet da'ter, Kitty. Kitten, we used to call her: for she was so playful like. I'll tell yer mother'n Mary that you're happy'n prosperin'—prosperin'. Come, Welsh. I'll not shake han's with the leddy, parsen, thankee. I'm a plain old seafarin' man, 'n she's 'n fine silks 'n satins. I wuddent be a-presumin'. Oh, Welsh!" he cried, suddenly, "I've seemed ter lost my leetle gal, ez—ez ef she wa' dead'n berried."

I started forward to kiss him—to tell him I did love him, in spite of all. I would have begged his forgiveness. But, on the threshold of the door, stood Richard, his eyes blazing, his face aflame.

"How came you here?" he said, angrily.

"To find ef she wa' merried; ef she warn't, to shoot you," cried Welsh, bitterly. Father held Welsh's arm, and drew him back, but tried in vain to speak.

"To shoot me? You—you lout, you fisherman," answered Richard, haughtily, "if it wasn't for the scandal, I'd have you two arrested. Out—out of my sight. Old man, if I married your daughter, I didn't marry your family. If you darken my doors again, or use her to extort money from me, I'll have you jailed as an impostor, a beggar. Do you hear? Out!"

Welsh would have replied. But father trembled so, leaning heavily on his arm, that Mr. Waters helped them both away.

"Oh, let me speak—only one word," I cried. "Let me, Richard. Only to say good-bye—to my poor—old father."

"Not one," he said, pushing me sternly from

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the door. Then all seemed black. I heard a roaring like the sea. The excitement and sorrow of the past few days overcame me, and I fainted in Mr. Jewett's arms. But I heard him in the whirl—I remembered it afterwards—I heard him say: "Oh, that I had the right to help her!"

Two years passed, and I, in my grand home in New York, was a miserable woman. My husband had been jilted by a beautiful girl, and in revenge he had married me, who was more beautiful. I was the toast, the beauty, the talk of society. That woman's husband died, and she, in envy of me, won my husband back to her side: for he had always loved her. I hate him. He seemed to me now only a coarse man, with bloated features, small evil eyes, and reddish hair. He was loathsome to me. I used to hate ugly things so. I had one friend—Irving Jewett. He was careful, I careless; but it was a long time before we were talked about. His favorite position, when we were alone in my boudoir, was on an ottoman at my feet. One day, while we were sitting in this wise, the door was flung open, and Welsh Carpenter strode in. I sprang up in terror.

"How did you get in?" I cried.

"Your servant was gossipin' with a woman at the door. I slipped in. I heard voices, and followed them here. I've watched this house till I had the chance to enter. I wanted to speak with you, Mrs. Howard." Then, suddenly and sullenly: "This man—the same one—how's he here? Isn't your husband alive?"

"He is almost my only friend," I said, restraining Jewett's outstretched menacing arm. My pale sad face calmed Welsh. He said stiffly:

"Sorry, sir, ter offend yer: but, down our way, a woman's friend is the man she's merried ter. I've only—only come, Kitty, ter tell that yer mother's dyin'. She wants yer: she says she carn't die in peace till yer tell her yer forgive her for watchin' yer that—that summer. Kitty, it 'ud break yer heart ter hear her call for yer."

"Oh, I will go," I cried, and all the tenderness in that one word, "mother," came over me. What gratitude had I given her for love, and care, and pain—bitter pain? Then I remembered. I heard Richard's step. He came in. I saw his face darken and Welsh clench his fists. Those two men were bitter enemies.

"The man has come to tell her that her mother is dying," said Jewett, seeing I could not speak.

"Oh," said Richard, mollified: for Jewett always influenced him.

"Yes," I said, "my poor old mother, whom I used to love, whom I treated so cruelly. Let me go to her: she begs for me. She cannot die in peace till I come. Gloucester is not so far away. I can go with Welsh. Oh, Richard—" And I took hold of his arm in my anxiety.

He pushed my hand off—not rudely, only coldly—then he turned to Welsh.

"Mrs. Howard has been singularly forgetful of this mother since our marriage; so, to disappoint her now cannot be very crushing. I am sorry for the woman—her—Mrs. West; but you can tell her Mrs. Howard is not able to travel in this severe weather, or to be exposed to the inconveniences of the hut at Gloucester. I regret it: we both send regrets. You may go."

Welsh went without a word, and from that moment I hated Richard Howard.

Two years later, Irving and I were in that same room, on a dreary winter day, the snow falling fast in the cheerless streets. A servant brought me a card. Carefully written, in clumsy ill-fashioned letters, in a dear remembered hand, were the ambiguous words:

"The old man from Gloucester."

Father had written them. Not for untold gold would he have disclosed that he was my father.

"Show him up," I said; and I heard the dear lumbering steps. I was calm till the door closed on the servant, then I flung my arms around my father's neck. The dear faithful heart! He had come all the way to get one glimpse of me. He had waited patiently around my doors, till at last he could bear suspense no longer: he had to venture. He kissed me as solemnly as if I were dead; then he looked at me, holding me at arm's-length.

"There's shadders in your eyes, dear. Hez trouble found yer even here?"

I made him sit down. Mr. Jewett would have gone, but I bade him stay, and he understood that he only could protect me from Richard's wrath. Father did not shake hands with Jewett; he eyed him keenly, then kindly. Finally he thawed from his frozen awe and the bashfulness created by my splendor, and told me about home. There is an old proverb, that says: "As cold water to a thirsting soul, so is good news from a far country." Home news, it should be. He was unchanged—the same kind wrinkled face, the loving smile, the bushy hair and beard, but snow-white now.

"Mother parst away werry peaceful," he said, gravely, "wishin' yer well, dear. her larst words bein' love for you. She lays up on the hill, 'n, please Providence, I hope my old bones'll find rest 'side o' hers. Maybe not: most o' us men o' Glo'ster lies in the sea; but I'm old—nigh seventy. I dunno; 't enny rate, 'tis the Lord's

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will. But I've come ter tell yer good news: Thar's goin' ter be a weddin' ter home. Ef yer could come down, dear—pr'aps not, pr'aps not. The old 'postle sez: 'Wives, mind yer husbands.' And 'tis the best plan, sure."

"Who's going to be married?" Jewett asked, to save me. He always shielded—but ah, there came a time: but not that yet, and that was my fault.

"Why, Mary, my oldest gal, 'bove thirty naow—gentle 'n lovin', but not harnsum ez Kitten. Thar, that word seems nateral."

"Call me Kitten: like you used to, father," and I knelt down, and put my arms around his neck. But I saw, in a moment, this distressed him before a stranger, so I rose again.

"Wal, wal: she's ter merry Welsh Carpenter"

"I'm so glad," I said; and oh, Mary, I was really happy for you.

"And I, too, Kitten. She's allus been fond o' him, I think; but he onct, 'n pr'aps at times now, is fond o' you: for, when folks say yer name, he gits white, 'n 't seems if he must groan right out loud. He's a faithful feller, Welsh is. He's got a new schooner, too. The 'Kitty West' ain't seawo'thy no more—'n I'm goin' with him; his is the 'Merry May,' named arter Mary, 'cause she is allus cheerful 'n keeps us up when we're sad 'n outer sorts. Lord grant he allus come home from the v'yage he sets out—that's the wimmen's prayer down our way, sir."

So we talked till dark and late, and at last father went away. He stopped at the door and shook hands with Jewett, looking him steadily in the face.

"You're young 'n harnsum, she's young 'n harnsum. She's onhappy; you're her fren'; Satan will work in yer heart, unbeknownst to yer. Don't git offended o' me—I'm old 'n weather-worn, 'n carn't but speak right out. Yer look at her ez no man should ter another man's woman. My gal is good; but wimmen gits desp'rate when they're onhappy 'n lone-like. It's fer yer ter keep the straight path: yer kin. Don't yer lead my gal inter trouble."

I ran after my father to kiss him once more. I felt like a lost drowning wretch, that had found a spar in a wild stormy sea. He kissed me, smoothing my hair with his rough hand, and, with a happy smile, he left us. He had seen his daughter; she was not dead to him. Oh, had I left the house that night, and gone back to Gloucester! It is torture to look back on such moments, and to think fate lets us go blindly on.

"A fine hero, 'the old man from Gloucester,'" said Jewett, sadly, looking out into the thick-falling snow. "I fancy his heart is as big as his body is small; both are true metal."

We were silent, he and I, struggling with the good and bad, the temptation to love each other and the resolve to part: for his honest noble soul had left its influence upon us.

Less than a year later, Richard Howard struck me, one night. Society had begun openly to link my name with Jewett's; and, too cowardly to go to him, my husband had come to me, poured forth vile epithets and abuse, and then struck me down. The next night, I left his house, with a cruel mark on my forehead. I went to Jewett's rooms. He was alone. Thank God, I went of my own accord. Since my old father talked to him, he had tried to keep away from me; but he strove in vain. Whatever sin there was in weakness, failure, yet there was his good intention to plead for him.

"Where shall we go?" he asked me.

"Where we can't be found—be known. May I have my wish?"

"I would go to the world's end with you," he cried. "But first let me pay him for that scar. It shall take his life."

"To make you a murderer? No," I said; "this is our revenge. Can you take your yacht? Let us sail to the Provinces, to Halifax, and St. John, and up—up North—to the North Pole, if we dare. You think me mad. Irving, can you not suspect? You must know: I want to go to the banks of Newfoundland, the fishing-grounds of our home-vessels. We can flit in among them, unknown, and see, ourselves unseen, the 'Merry May': then we can go our way."

Of course, we went. The skipper told us the danger. But that pleased Irving, and filled me with a vague gladness. I would like to see the "Merry May" and one dear old face. Then, oh, might the sea take Irving and me, and let the world, that made us criminals, forget us, and we forget its censure in death.

I did not know Richard Howard. He tracked us. He wrote this to my father—I have the letter now:

"David West, of Gloucester.

Sir: Your daughter has disgraced me. She left my house, to live with Irving Jewett. She is no longer my wife. They are now in a yacht, the 'Kitty,' hailing from New York, and are sailing along the coast. I have been informed, by Jewett's valet, that they expect to visit the banks of Newfoundland. You and the fisherman who wished to shoot me for making your daughter a decent woman can find material in the man who has ruined her.

Richard Howard."

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That is the letter, lying before me. He was unfaithful to every vow he made when he married me. The world forgave him—condemned me. He was a man—I, a woman.

I was happy with Irving when I forgot. We sailed along, flitting hither and thither, in an ideal charmed life. At last, one day, we fell in with a fleet of white sails—fishing-schooners from Gloucester, apparently. I watched eagerly through the glass for one name: the "Merry May." Night shutting in, we anchored among the fleet: for we were now on the banks of Newfoundland. Our yacht, the "Kitty," was a large schooner with trim sharp lines; she had, yacht-like, the whitest spread of canvas and the brightest brass-work. On every side, among the fishermen, there were loud-spoken praises of her: she was to most of their craft what a racer is to a cart-horse.

"What is that?" I asked, suddenly, forgetting for the time my old weather-lore, as I saw a mist gathering, to the eastward, and drifting down upon us.

"A fog-bank," said Irving, close at my side, wrapping my scarlet cloak about me. "It will make things dangerous for us, I fear. Look at the fleet—the schooners around us: they seem, somehow, to be drawing all together against their will. It is curious, but they all do it in a calm, as if by a sort of unexplained gravitation. We shall have a collision, unless we take care."

"Oh, I have been foolhardy, reckless. Why did we come?" I said. "Ah, yes, I know now what that fog-bank means."

Thicker, denser than darkness, the wet chill gray shut us in. The wind, now and then, began to blow in fitful gusts, that lifted a few feet the thick veil; then all shut in as shadowy as before.

Irving felt me shudder.

"Darling," he whispered, "why fear anything? After all, it is a picturesque sight. See that schooner close by us. How gracefully she lifts her bow, and dips again, riding the wave. See how skillfully she is handled, though there is hardly steerage-way on her, the breeze is so light. How those sails go down. A practiced crew. And see that old man on the bowsprit, furling the jib. Ah, come away, quick. Kitty, he is your—"

But I had recognized him also, and was as ready to leave the deck as Irving: we were hidden in the cabin, in an instant.

"Strange they anchored so near," Irving said. "I wonder if they could know."

I felt the shame then. Oh, the degradation, the bitterness of it! I knew I could not, would not, see my father's face.

While we had been watching the "Merry May," we had forgot the fog; and now it was upon us, thick, impalpable, on every side; except when, for a moment, occasionally, it lifted.

After awhile, secure in its thick veil, we went on deck again. Through the mists, gleamed yellow lights, sickly and faint in the gray. Strange sounds of unnatural voices floated toward us, unearthly in the damp thick wet.

Suddenly, voices grew near: we heard creak of cordage, rattle of sails. Quick, a blast from our skipper's fog-horn; and, crashing, tossing, splashing white foam over our deck, the bow of a big schooner had just missed us. We only heard the noise and saw the hull, with ghostly shadows of men and faint suggestions of masts and rigging. We had escaped death as by a miracle.

The rest of the night was quieter. The only sounds, for a long while, were the plashing of the waves and the hollow clank of the fretted anchor-chains. In the morning, however, the fog was thicker, and the ground-swell frightful.

"There's been a gale out at sea," said the skipper. "This is the swell from it."

Tremendous waves came on, rolling, frothing, leaping over one another in the blankness of earth and sky. Fog-horns sounded all about us.

"We'd a visitor this mornin', sir," said the skipper, directly.

"What, in this fog?" Irving asked.

"Old party, sir; reg'lar old barnacle; rowed up in a small dory, by hisself; arsked the name o' the yacht'n owner. I told him, an' arsked him ter stay; but he went off suddint, inter the fog, like a man gone daft, a-talkin' an' mumblin' ter hisself. They was blowin' horns purty stiddy in one direction, 'n he went in that, which I calkerlate he got off all right."

"It was he," I whispered, and, though the steward announced breakfast just then, and Irving and I went below, we could not taste the food. My only thought was to escape. But there was no possibility of doing this; hemmed in, as we were, by vessels, our getting away before the fog lifted was impossible.

By and by there came a creak, a snap, a crash, evidently a collision. The yacht rolled wildly; the hatchway shut with a bang. Then we heard the stamping of hurrying feet on deck, the splash of a boat launched in the water, the rattle of oars; after that, all was still.

We could not endure the suspense. Irving burst open the hatchway, and we rushed on deck. It was deserted: the boats gone, the crew in them; and both anchor-chains had

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parted; the yacht rolling at the mercy of wind and wave.

"The scoundrelly crew," cried Irving; "they think we are sinking, and have deserted us."

But we were not afraid. Irving clasped me in his arms, and we waited silently for the end. Without a boat, we could not escape. We could only stay there and die.

Just then, out of the fog, rang the words:

"Boat ahoy!"

Irving answered. He knew the voice. Splash, splash, rattle of row-lock, and dip of oars. I recognized one of the two rowing: it was Welsh; the steersman was father. It was quite a small boat—a dory—that would hold only three, safely. As it touched the side of the yacht, Welsh jumped aboard, and father followed, leaving the other oarsman, a common sailor, to fend the dory off from our side.

We four stood on the deck of the drifting half-sinking yacht, that plunged and tossed aimlessly, madly, on the great waves. Oh, that I had died that moment! I still stood with Irving's arm around me. Father did not look up. Welsh gazed at us in unforgiving scorn.

"Has God sent you?" I cried, at last, remembering our peril.

"You—you—dare say God?" cried Welsh. "You?"

"Don't, lad," said father, brokenly. "It's fur me ter talk, not you, Welsh." And, turning to us, he said: "The yacht's adrift, yer boat's gone, 'n crew, 'n adrift 'mongst this fleet; and p'r'ps foundering from being run into. Kitty, Kitty, my girl, God did send us!"

Then that old man, who ought to have come to condemn me—to overwhelm me with reproaches, to tear me from my lover—rushed to my side, the old sweet kindly light in his eyes, the tender smile about his trembling lips. I clung to him, while he kissed my forehead, my hair, his tears falling on my face.

Welsh came back to us from the bow.

"The anchor-chains have both parted," he said, soberly, "and she is making water fast."

"We knew it," Irving answered, coldly. "Your coming was opportune. You have a boat. Horns are blowing from your schooner, to guide you. You doubtless came for Kitty: take her now. I will not trouble you: I will remain with my yacht."

I did not realize, at first, exactly what he meant; my senses were fast leaving me. I faintly heard them argue; then father said sharply:

"Time's too precious ter waste in talk. Yer, mister, take her—Kitty. Row in the sound o' the horn: you carn't miss it. Welsh'll steer the boat. There'll be room for him and you, but no more; the dory's too small. I'll stan' by this tidy craft. Welsh, he's a wife 'n two babbies. I'm a old hulk—'most a wreck. I kin be spared: he carn't."

Welsh still argued.

"The dory won't carry but three safely in this ground-swell," he said. "If we had known yer yacht was sinkin', we'd have brought a bigger boat. But it's too late now."

The boat was fretting now and chafing against the yacht. Irving jumped in, to help hold it steady.

"Get in," Welsh said to me, sternly, almost roughly.

I turned once more to father. Ah, why did they save me, who prayed for death? He led me to the yacht's side, held me till the boat rose on a wave, then dropped me in.

I still recall his kiss—that forgiving kiss. Before father could prevent, Welsh gave the boat a fierce shove and sent us far from the yacht. The fog had now settled down thicker than ever, and, in a moment more, we could not even see the yacht, though it was probably not fifty feet off.

"Row to the sound o' the horn," shouted father. "To come back is death to us all. Send back a bigger boat and full crew from the 'Merry May.' They will find us."

Faintly I heard some message to you and the babies, Mary; but alas, I could not distinguish the words.

Ah, I can still see, as I did then, peering through the fog, as it lifted again for a moment every now and then, with dim tear-filled eyes, the great broad-shouldered man, standing like a statue: a face that looked only unforgiveness, hatred, scorn. But the other at his side gave me hope, courage—kept me from plunging into the sea: that short unpretentious humble little man, with his wide shoulders and big strong arms, the bushy white hair and beard, the kind keen eyes under the shaggy brows, the mouth that spoke only tender words, the wronged father who only said: "God bless yer, dear, 'n forgive yer, ez yer eld father do, 'n bring yer safe to the schooner."

Then only the wet gray fog, that wrapped about those two figures like a shroud, and the great dark waves rolling on, on, one after the other—one after the other!

I waked from a half-unconscious state to find myself being lifted out of the dory. We were alongside the high black hull of the "Merry May." Irving held me up to a man who was reaching down for me.

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"Try to stand," my lover whispered, gently. "So. Now, put your foot on the step."

For a moment he held me close, looking into my eyes.

"I love you," he whispered, quickly, "as man never loved woman before; but I kiss you good-bye: for I owe a duty to your father, whom we have wronged, the noble soul—'the old man from Gloucester.' I must go back, myself, for him, with the larger boat."

Unconsciously, he used the quaint words that had been a familiar quotation between us.

Then the sailor lifted me up to the deck, following, himself, immediately after.

"What?" cried Irving, in surprise. "Are you not going back with me? Or, rather, are you not going to order out a larger boat?"

The man shook his head.

"It would be madness," he said. "We would never find them, in this fog—and the sea and wind getting up, too."

For, all at once, a wild wind had begun to blow, that, as it moaned through the rigging, seemed a wail as of doom. I shuddered merely at the sound.

In vain Irving appealed to him again, and then to the others.

"The yacht is sunk, by this time," said the chief officer, after hearing the man's story. "To seek her would be to go to certain death."

"Then I go alone," said Irving, pushing off. "Darling, good-bye forever."

A moment more, and he was rowing away into the fog. No one ever saw him again—him, or Welsh, or father. The gale grew fierce; the fleet was scattered; a dozen schooners foundered; and the yacht was never heard of, from that day to this.

BESIDE THE BROOK.

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

Rippling streamlet, swiftly flowing
Over moss and pebbles bright;
Where the zephyrs, gently blowing,
Fill my soul with sweet delight.
Lull me, streamlet, with your singing,
Into rest so calm and sweet;
In my ears your low song ringing,
While your waters lave my feet.

Here upon your bank I'm sitting,
List'ning to your rippling song:
While the bird and bee are flitting,
O'er my head, the whole day long.
Gurgling water, sweetly flowing,
Music make unto my ear,
Swiftly to the river going—
Running water, cool and clear.

With your ripple, bird-songs blending,
Making harmony divine;
Sweetest music, ever sending
Joy unto this soul of mine.
Summer air, so warm and hazy,
Air from heaven's azure dome;
Leafy woodland, thick and mazy,
Through which happy lovers roam.

So I sit, till far and faintly
Sounds the rippling streamlet's song;
And I think, from regions saintly,
I can hear a heav'nly throng,
With their sweet angelic voices,
Joining in the cadence sweet;
And my dreaming mind rejoices,
While the streamlet laves my feet.

IN BERKELEY SQUARE.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

The lindens murmured in Berkeley Square,
When summer was sweet and young;
And, high at her window, a lady fair
Was touched by the song they sung.

"Oh, beauty, honor, and high estate,
Your triumph is swift and brief;
The sigh of the summer foretells your fate—
We all do fade as a leaf!

"A summer life is the life ye lead,
A season of smiles and flow'rs;
But the autumn comes to blossom and weed,
And your day shall end as ours."

The lindens murmured in Berkeley Square,
When summer was sweet and young;
And a working-girl, who was walking there,
Was cheered by the song they sung

"Oh, truth, and patience, and trust in God,
Your triumph is sure, but slow!
If the roots strike deep in the trampled sod,
They spread, and flourish, and grow.

"Though the tree stand bare through winter days,
Does the sap forsake the bough?
The Father ye love is a God to praise
If He sends you winter now."

The lindens murmured in Berkeley Square,
And the maidens heard their song;
Then one girl's spirit grew heavy with care,
And the other brave and strong.

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BETSEY HAWKINS IN THE CITY.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Last summer, my niece—Elizy Ann Martin—cum to our 'us, to stay a spell, and recooperate her digestive cistern. She'd been a-teachin' the pianny-forty, and it had kinder struck to her stummick, and the doctor ordered her into the country. After she got settled, and helped me with the housework, so she'd got the hang of it, I got an idee into my head, and says I to Eben—which is the pardner of my joys and sorrers, and which is as good a man as ever lived, except that he chaws terbacker, and ain't at all careful about his expectoratin'—says I: "Eben, I hain't never took no vacation sense I was married, and, now that Lizy Ann is here, and can get along, I'm a-goin' to the city, to see Almiry Bunker—she that was a Scriggins. Bunker, you know, was a second-handed man, havin' got divvosed from his first wife because she had the incompatibility."

"What in thunder do you want of a vacation?" says Eben, expectoratin' at the stove and hittin' the cat square in the face. "You ain't a-keepin' no school."

"Everybody takes vacations, nowadays. It's the style," says I.

"Fiddlesticks!" says he. "You'd better stay to hum and reseat them gray trousers of mine," says he.

"Eben," says I, "I've got a soul that sometimes soars above the 'settin'-down part of a pair of panterloons, and I'm a-goin' to have a vacation."

He didn't say any more; but he put on his hat, and went out to hoein' cabbages.

I went right about my preparations to once. I got me a new black alpacey gownd, and a carpet-bag to put my things into; and I had, besides, an ambrill, and a perrysol, and a waterproof, and a pair of rubbers tied up in a red silk hankercher, and six cowcumbers along with 'em. Then I took a two-quart pail full of huckleberries for Almiry's children, and a few airly apples packed into my pocket, and some gooseberry wine of my own makin', and a box of Jenkins's pills, to take if my liver should git into a tantrum, ez it is li'ble to do. Then I had four balls of butter in a paper box, with a wet towel round it, and a bowkay, that Elizy Ann sent to Almiry's oldest darter.

The cars was pritty full, but I managed to git a seat by myself. I wanted to set alone, for fear some of these 'ere Boston drummers, that goes about spoonin' on the wimmen-folks and sellin' goods on samples, would git into the seat with me. We'd read about 'em in the papers, and Eben's last words to me at partin' was these: "Betsey," says he, "look out for your pocket-book, and keep clear of them drummers."

More'n a dozen men asked if that seat was ingaged, and I told 'em it was. And so it was: for I had my ambrill, and my carpet-bag, and my waterproof, and my rubbers, and that pail of huckleberries, and box of butter, all there.

I bought a newspaper, and got so took up lookin' at a picter of a man that was a-tryin' to stuff another man, head fust, into a small-sized trunk, that I didn't notice nothin'. I wanted to see if he made out or not, and I didn't mind that a man had cum and sot down in that seat beside me.

He had put most of my things onto the floor; but he had sot right down onto that box of butter, and the huckleberries had upsot, and he'd sot into them, and, bein' a hefty man, he had scrunched right through. And—my goodness!—the melted butter was a-runnin' down his trousers'-legs, and the huckleberry-juice was a-bilin' out at every pore.

"Bust a blood-vessel, hain't ye?" says a nigh-sighted man, comin' along: for his panterloons was white, and everything showed plain on 'em.

"Lordy mighty!" yelled the man, gettin' onto his feet like lightnin', and scatterin' the huckleberries and the butter and the tin pail round promisc'us. And then he fell to swearin' at me, jist ez if I was to blame.

When I got to the city, I was kinder at a loss. I didn't know jist where Ben Bunker lived, and I asked everybody I met. Nobody knowed. I told 'em that he was a man with considerable of a large stummick, and a nose that stuck out like a cow-catcher on a railroad-ingine.

But nobody knowed him. At last, a young feller in a store looked in a book, and said that Mr. Bunker lived at No. 9550 Turner Street, and he put on his hat, and took his cane and his eye-glass, and showed me onto the street. I give him two cowcumbers, and invited him up to our house to Thanksgivin'.

No. 9550 was a nice-looking house, with a lamp

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in front of it, so that Bunker could find the key-hole on dark nights.

I sot down my baggage, and rung the bell. No answer. I rung agin and agin, but still no answer. Then I went round to the back door; but there didn't seem to be nobody to hum.

I knowed Almiry would be dreadful disapp'inted if she didn't see me: for she's allus tellin' me how delighted she should be to have me visit her, when she comes to our house to stay through the strawberry-season. So I camped onto the front door-step. I spread my ambrill, put my waterproof over my feet to keep off the east wind, and begun to eat one of them cowcumbers, to kinder stay my stummick.

A man in blue clothes come along, and says he:

"See here, old leddy, you'd better move on!"

"Move on yourself, and see how you like it," says I, takin' another bite of cowcumber. "I ain't a-goin' to be bossed round by no Boston drummer."

He laughed.

"I am a policeman," says he, "and I shall have to give you in charge, if you don't go."

"You can charge what you like," says I, "but I'd like to see myself paying it. This house is Ben Bunker's, and his wife was Almiry Scriggins, one of my pertickeler friends; and, if I want to set onto their door-step and eat a cowcumber, peaceable, who's to hender?"

We had made considerable noise in our talk, and, in a minnit, the front door flew open, and Almiry Bunker come out, and grabbed me by the hand, and drawed me inside, and shot the door right in the perliceman's face.

"For the land's sake, Almiry," says I, "be you to home? Have you lost yer hearin's, that you didn't hear that bell, which I rung nineteen times, sartin?"

She looked red, and said she was taking a sighesty.

Just then, Ben come home to dinner. He 'peared glad to see me, and asked how all our folks were. But, somehow, Almiry didn't seem exactly so cordyal ez she did when she come to our house, to spend her summers. I know, jest ez well ez I want to, that she heard me ring that bell—and she sot out to play not to home; but, when I camped onto her door-step, right in broad daylight, she couldn't stand it.

I went to bed airly that night. Almiry said she knowed I must be dreadful tuckered out; and she lighted me up three flights of stairs, into a room where you could look down into all the neighbors' chimblies.

I hadn't laid more'n half an hour, when I heard the meetin'-house bell ring, and somebody yelled "fire." I out of bed in a jiffy, and slipped into my petticoat and yaller flannel sack, and I filled that huckleberry tin pail with the water in my wash-pitcher, and rushed downstairs.

And, my soul and body! Bunker's folks was having a party, and I not invited.

A man, with his hair ez long ez Lizy Ann's, was poundin' the pianny like mad, and bobbin' his head every time he pounded it, till his nose nigh about touched the keys; and Almiry's two gals was dancin', with no clothes on to speak of; and Almiry herself was bouncin' round in the arms of a feller with a red mustache and an eye-glass, jest like a sixteen-year-old gal. And she's fifty-five, if she's a day, and fat as ever you see.

"Come out," says I, "and help put out the fire. Git yer water-pails, and mebby we can save some of the furniture," says I, and I waved my hands to 'em to git up their enthusiasm. But they didn't enthuse wo'th a cent. Contrarywise, they looked astoundered.

And Ben Bunker, he come out, smellin' of peppermint-essence and somethin' stronger, and says he:

"Look here, Mrs. Hawkins, you'd better go to bed, or else put on your hair. You'll git cold in your brains. And let the fire alone. It's four or five miles off, and the department will see to it."

You may guess I went back to the country the next day, by the first train, and, when Almiry Bunker comes to see me—if she ever does, after the way I gave her a piece of my mind—I shan't be to home, you may depend on it.

It was hot ez hot could be, when I come up to the house, and I was nigh givin' out, with the walk from the station. It was a little after the time for Eben's dinner, but I s'posed there'd be su'thin' left, and I was pesky hungry, as you may guess.

But what did I see, ez I come up the walk? I had left Lizy Ann to look after things, ez I've told: but she'd gone off to the village, leavin' Eben to eat his dinner alone; and he, poor soul, fagged out with his work and the heat, had fallen asleep; and the hens and chickens had come in and eaten everything up, or most everything.

I declare, if I'd been mad at Almiry, I was madder at Lizy Ann. One thing is sartin: I'll never go to the city again, no matter how bad I want a vacation. And Eben was a'most ez aggravatin' ez the rest.

"Oh, you're there, are you?" he said, wakin' up and rubbin' his eyes. "Cum to hum all right?" Then, seein' what had happened to the vittals, he cried: "But, dash dang it, what's gone with the dinner? That cums," with a snarl, "of your bein' away IN THE CITY."

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THE WILLERTONS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1884, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER VI.

When Gertrude Willerton went into the Park, that morning, she left her mother in the boudoir on the second floor, reading her French novel in luxurious ease, so occupied with its pages that the rather independent course her daughter had taken failed to make much impression upon her. Besides, she was quite ready to accept all the free-and-easy privileges allowed to her sex in this country on her own behalf, and looked upon the assured wealth that she possessed as a safe guard against all censure, should she find herself disposed to transgress even the liberal allowances made for less-favored women.

In fact, Mrs. Willerton had arrived at an age when a thirst for admiration glides into gentle love of pleasing, or becomes an absolute disease that nothing can satisfy which is not romantic to extravagance. In her intense self-esteem, she was capable of identifying herself with the heroine of every feverish novel that she read, and absolutely felt young and beautiful as the ideal character which genius finds it so easy to create and endow.

Thus she was ready at any moment to drift away from her book into dreams of her own, in which some splendid young adorer was always at her feet: won, not by her wealth—she scorned the idea—but by the fascinations that, in some women, grow more and more perfect from the gathered grace and experience of years.

Certainly, such women have existed in the world, and possibly owed to the pens of their admirers more than commonplace observation would have bestowed on them living; but such radiant creatures are on the records of history, and why should not any woman fancy that she may become one of the number?

At any rate, Mrs. Willerton had vague, and even glowing, ideas, that completely discounted her close approach to fifty, in her own estimation, especially as she had doubled like a hunted fox even before her widowhood, and had cut off at least fifteen years by counting backward, making several leap-years at a time, till she ranged herself within two years of thirty-five either way, and really fancied that she could remain there forever.

When left alone, as she was that morning, the widow was liable to fall away from her story into long reveries, in which she was the leading figure, with some princely gentleman in attendance, ready to hold his part in a new and exciting drama which would dazzle the peculiar phases of republican life which she had re-entered with its splendor.

Perhaps there was something in the few words that had passed between herself and Gertrude, that morning, which centred her imagination around one particular person. Certain it is, that she had not been alone many minutes when the hand which held her book dropped languidly downward, the other arm curved over her head and rested on the pillow, and she fell into a day-dream such as girls of sixteen love to indulge in, when a tuft of violets or a spray of apple-blossoms is under their pillows, that some favorite has gathered for them.

She was thinking of a young nobleman introduced to her over and over again in the registers of many first-class hotels, that she had visited during a season of desultory travel through the various countries of Europe: a man who had offered many little attentions to herself and daughter in the most natural way possible, till, without any absolute introduction, he had ranked himself almost as a sort of traveling-companion whenever they chanced to meet in the little excursions that throw travelers together.

That this handsome and most fascinating young nobleman had bestowed his attentions upon them for any reason but a marked preference for their society, even a less credulous person than the widow might readily have believed. There had been nothing but a decided preference to bring them together. The young nobleman was traveling quietly, like themselves, with a servant or two, and accompanied only by his secretary—a quiet, rather handsome, but retiring person—who never intruded himself upon them, but in one or two instances had bestowed trifling civilities on Gertrude, which the girl had accepted

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with even more cordiality than she had vouchsafed to the master.

"'Whom she left to me,' was her saucy answer when I remarked it," thought the widow, with a sluggish curl of the lips. "As if that man was likely to have any other thought— Still, I wonder—I wonder—"

Here, the lady's reverie was cut short by a knock at the door. The servant brought in a card, which the lady took languidly, without changing her position; but, the moment the name caught her eye, she sprang up, pushed the rather disordered hair back from her face, and cast a troubled look on her morning-dress.

"Is it possible? Can it be possible?" she exclaimed, examining a coronet engraved on a corner of the card, glancing up at the foreign servant, who stood, mute and impassive, awaiting her orders.

"It is certainly his lordship, madame," he said; "and looking more like what he is than ever."

"No doubt—no doubt. Whom did he inquire for?"

"Madame."

"And no one else?"

"'Is Madame Willerton at home, and does she receive to-day?' That was the only question his lordship put to me," answered the servant.

Mrs. Willerton seized the little hand-bell of oxidized silver, that stood on a table near her couch, and rang for her maid so impatiently that the dainty Frenchwoman who acted in that capacity appeared before her fellow-servant had received his message, which was given in a flurry of excitement.

"Say to his lordship that I am not quite well, this morning, but will make an effort to see him in a few minutes. Now, Clemence, make my toilette at once, and let it be perfect."

Mrs. Willerton thrust her foot into the rather loose satin slipper, that she had allowed to drop to the carpet in her first restless movement of surprise, and pushed the half-gray hair back from her temples, as if to hide them even from herself, as she trailed her loose morning-dress into the small room held sacred to the mysterious operations of her toilette, which might have belonged to some famous danseuse, if one might judge of its owner by the variety and magnificence of its appointments.

Meantime, the foreign servant lost something of his composure, as he descended the staircase and presented himself, with a faint smile on his lips, before the young man who was waiting his appearance in a general reception-room, one side of the lower hall.

"Well?" he said, as the servant presented himself. "Well?"

"Madame is somewhat deranged—that is, disordered."

The young man smiled, and a gleam of humor came into his eyes.

"But she will recover herself soon. You will see," continued the servant, presuming to answer the smile, as if it had been a spoken observation.

"Perhaps," he continued, very respectfully, but with the air of a man who was confident that his suggestions would be well received, "perhaps it would be as well to wait in a less-frequented room."

"There is one back of the large drawing-room, looking out upon the grounds, reserved especially for madame's own use and particular friends."

"Where I may perhaps meet the young lady," said the young man, rising.

"No. Miss Willerton has gone for a stroll in the Park."

"In the Park? Who accompanies her?"

"She is quite alone."

"Quite alone?"

The young man opened his eyes widely, and gave the dainty rattan which he carried an impatient little switch. "Do such things exist in this country?"

"Being a free country, the people make their own laws, and under them young ladies have the broadest liberty."

"I ought to have known this before," muttered the young man, under his breath; "but no matter, so long as mother and daughter are apart. Well, my good fellow, let us find our way to the solitude of the pretty room you speak of, if it will secure one from intrusion."

"Ah, my lord, I will take care of that."

Quite satisfied with this assurance, the young man walked across the hall, and passed down the large drawing-room, pausing now and then in his slow progress to take a survey of the general effect.

On entering the little room beyond, he broke into a languid sentence of approval.

"Well, do you know, my good fellow, this isn't half bad for a commercial centre? Some of these things are really in good form. I have seen worse in our drawing-rooms at home, you know. The house, too, is quite wonderful. There must be an enormous amount of money back of it all."

"No doubt on that subject, my lord. I have taken the liberty of informing myself."

The young nobleman nodded his head, and smiled approvingly.

"I expected as much—but how—there should be no mistake in your authorities."

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"There is no mistake. One finds some inconvenience in getting at the exact value of their strange lands and securities, as the people here call them; but they are learned, like everything else, by patient study."

The young man put the glass that dangled from his neck to one eye, and took a survey of the room, saying, in a soft undertone, quite as if he were only criticising the rare objects that crowded it to confusion:

"Very fine—quite unobjectionable; but this is no place for serious business: all these draperies are too convenient for listeners, though they are superbly arranged. I did not give your lady credit for so much taste."

"Ah, it is not her arrangement. She has only crowded in the gems, as she calls them, gathered up in curiosity-shops and odd places during our travels."

"Ah, I might have known as much; but she has not quite destroyed the general effect, which is, I must say, beyond anything I expected to find in this trading country, where art must be almost unknown. Real genius has been at work here."

"It is that of the architect, Weston, who designed both the building and its decorations—a very young man, who has made himself a great favorite with the ladies."

"Ha, indeed!"

The glass dropped from the young man's eye as this abrupt exclamation came from his lips.

"And this young genius—what sort of a person is he?"

"Quiet, gentle, but capable of great enthusiasm of soul, as spirituelle ladies say—"

"Handsome?"

"As the Adonis—soft large eyes, gray or black, as the spirit mounts, a mouth sensitive as that of a tender-hearted girl. In short, one of those quiet insidious persons who steal into a woman's heart before she knows it."

"And this Adonis has free access to the house?"

"For a time he was almost master of it. He was here to receive us when we came. Madame was greatly struck with him, I could see that."

"And the young lady?"

"Quite as much as madame, but differently. The color came and went in her face when she first saw him, and, when he comes now, she seems troubled by his presence like a little wild bird fascinated."

"But who employed this man? How came he to hold a position like this, in Mrs. Willerton's household?"

"Madame's lawyer and man-of-business employed him. They had full authority, and used it in his interest. He is, I think, a personal friend of Stewart, the junior member of the firm."

A heavy impotent cloud came over the young nobleman's face; he walked up and down the room, swinging his eye-glass to and fro with an angry movement.

"Young, handsome, and a genius, and she a woman of—of thirty-five," he muttered, with a faint sneering laugh as his thoughts lingered a moment on the lady's acknowledged age: "a promising combination to face one."

These words were spoken with more scornful emphasis than seemed prudent to the servant, who subdued his own voice cautiously, and bowed low as he spoke.

"My lord, you forget the draperies: madame is coming."

Walking gently backward, the man placed himself by the door, and held back the portière for the mistress of the house to pass through and meet her guest with becoming state.

CHAPTER VII.

Mrs. Willerton was not a woman to lose any opportunity for the display of her surroundings. She was an artist in her own rather crude way, and could throw dashing effects into a living picture with considerable skill. To this end, she approached the little room where Lord Oakford was waiting, through the whole length of the drawing-room, with a leisurely step, sweeping the pale-blue silk of her train over the Persian rugs so noiselessly that she seemed like some grand figure in a picture. This effect was increased sensibly by the genius of that French maid, whose subtile touches had harmonized the woman with the rich twilight through which she moved.

Lord Oakford stood up with an air of intense expectation as he saw the lady approach, and, advancing toward the door, held out his hands, as if from an unconscious impulse.

As the hands of these two persons met, the portière behind them dropped, and they were left alone.

"Ah, this welcome is a sweet reward for my rough passage across the Atlantic," he said, bending before her as courtiers salute their sovereigns. "Surely, you have been expecting me?"

Without releasing the hand she had given him, he led her to a couch, and sank with graceful humility on his knees before her.

"It is only your eyes that speak: you will not confess that my visit has been expected."

A spirit of natural coquetry, somewhat out of practice, seized upon the lady in the midst of her delight.

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"How could I presume to expect that you would cross the ocean, in search of us? Gertrude herself will be surprised."

"Gertrude? Miss Willerton? Oh, I had forgotten to inquire. She is well, I hope?"

"Forgotten her? What, then, has drawn you so far from home?"

This enticing question almost brought a smile to the young man's lips.

"My queen—my empress—can you ask?"

His head drooped, and his lips touched the hand that was making a coquettish effort to escape his clasp.

"A mother must be careful, especially when her child has no other protector," she said, with a demure smile. "It may be good policy to address compliments to the mother first; but—"

"You are determined not to comprehend my wishes."

The lady, who had managed to withdraw her hand, allowed it to flutter back into his clasp.

"Pray, stand up, Lord Oakford; you have taken me by surprise. Gertrude will scarcely understand it more than I do."

"So long as I have the happiness of feeling that I am understood, all other things are of little consequence."

The lady cast down her eyes, smiling in spite of herself, but not altogether satisfied. Was it, in truth, her charms that had brought this handsome man across the Atlantic, or the more youthful fascinations of her daughter? Were all these adroit compliments intended to precede a request for permission to bestow himself on Gertrude after the approved Continental fashion, in which the parent must first be propitiated? Or did he really intend all this devotion for herself? She had once or twice been deceived in such matters, and uncertainty here was becoming painful. Oakford saw this, and took a little pleasure in increasing the doubt.

"To-morrow, perhaps, I may have the pleasure of meeting Miss Willerton, when you will have recovered from this very kind surprise. Till then, believe me, I had but one object in coming to this strange land: an object that would have sent me to the ends of the earth, had that pilgrimage been necessary. I hope you believe this?"

Mrs. Willerton was slowly turning pale. There was doubt, anxiety, and faint gleams of reproach in her eyes, as she lifted them to the young man's face. He enjoyed the look, and seized upon that moment to take his leave.

Lost in a strange bewilderment of doubt, surprise and aroused vanity, and still feeling the light kiss that he had left upon her hand, the lady watched his fine figure as it moved grandly down through the twilight of the apartment beyond and entered the general reception-room, where his hat and cane had been left. There he found the servant who had announced him busying himself with the furniture. This man did not speak: the habit of his class forbade that; but there was keen questioning in his glance.

"Well, my man, you have lived in Scotland long enough to know something of salmon-fishing. I am an old hand at it, and give my fish plenty of line. The best part of the game is while you are coquetting with the creature, knowing that your hook is secure in its mouth."

The man did not answer, but softly brushed his lordship's hat with the palm of his hand, before he gave it to its owner.

The sound of a carriage, stopping suddenly in front of the house, suspended the gentleman's hand, as he was lifting the hat to his head, and, walking across the room, he looked through the transparent curtains, and saw a rather shabby carriage, out of which two men stepped hurriedly, followed first by one female, then another, in dripping wet garments that left trails of water on the pavement, as they were hurried over it and up the steps by these two men, both wet and disordered as themselves.

"It is our young lady," exclaimed the servant, hurrying to open the door; "something has happened."

Oakford stood by the window, lost in surprise and somewhat disposed to a burst of laughter: for the two young men, darting back to their carriage, the forlorn picture those females made, as they struggled along the hall and dragged themselves up the grand staircase, had an element of humor in it that amused him.

"It is our young lady: there has been an accident on the water, which I am ordered to conceal from the madame."

"But the other young lady—there is but one in the family, I have been told—a girl with a face like that of a cherub wet with holy water: in the name of heaven, where did she come from?"

"That lady? Oh, I have no knowledge of her. The young mistress went out alone, she comes back with this strange person, both wet through and through, that is all I know—ah, only this: the gentlemen who went away in the carriage—one of them was our young architect, the other was Lawyer Stewart, who belongs to the law-firm which transacts business for madame. It is only a short time since that he brought her papers to the safe in yonder."

"To the safe in yonder?"

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"Yes; Mr. Weston recommended it as the most secure place in which valuables could be kept. The idea took madame's fancy at once, especially as the safe is both burglar and fire proof, besides being an ornament to the drawing-room."

"To the drawing-room?"

"You would not believe it, but the fine china cabinet, that forms a magnificent ornament, is but the outer door of a safe, so buried in the thickness of the wall that no one but the architect himself and this young lawyer knows of its existence."

"Except one other person," said Oakford, with a subtle smile.

"Ah, it is my duty to watch and learn."

"And what does this wonderful safe contain?"

"How am I to know? Madame alone, of the household, has access to it."

Oakford laughed very softly.

"This much I can say: I was moving about when many valuable things were brought in from the law-office and trust-companies, and got a look at some of them—deeds, wills, and so on. Then I happen to know that madame never sends to the bank when she wants her jewels."

"But her maid?"

"Madame is an American, remember, and keeps a close watch over her own valuables. It is only your newly-rich people who are careless. They look upon prodigality as refinement."

Oakford drew close to the man, and spoke almost in a whisper:

"I must see those papers—read them for myself."

The man looked frightened; indeed, turned quite pale.

"But how? Impossible!"

"Nothing is impossible to a man like you. I must see those papers. You understand?"

Oakford spoke peremptorily, though in a very low voice, which had tones in it that made the servant cringe.

"I shall do my best, if time is given," he said.

"There is no time to be given here. When one treads uncertain ground, one must know where to plant his foot next. If you have seen the contents of that curious safe once, it can be managed again, and must be to night."

"To-night?"

"Yes, to-night. Who closes the house?"

"I am the last person up."

"Expect me at one."

"But, my lord—"

"Oh, I had forgotten. For the present, drop the title. I am traveling incognito. Madame must be made to understand that."

"There must be some wonderful power of fascination upon her, if she consents to bury the title in her own bosom during twenty-four hours," muttered the servant, with faint sarcasm in his smile. "I would rather engage to open the safe than promise a miracle like that."

"You will manage to accomplish both one and the other. With so much at stake, your genius will not fail. At one, remember. By that time you will perhaps be able to tell me something of the angel-face that flitted by me just now."

"Possibly Clemence will have found out something by that time. I shall inform myself."

Oakford put on his hat, took up his slender cane, and the servant, who had been at once so subservient and so familiar, attended him respectfully to the door.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mrs. Willerton still remained in the little parlor where she had in one hour seemed to realize the wildest dream of her life. At first, no shadow of doubt was permitted to disturb the panorama of romantic greatness that unfolded itself before her. A nobleman—a veritable nobleman—had been kneeling at her feet. The touch of his lips seemed to flutter like a rose-leaf over her hand. His eyes, his bearing, and every expression of his handsome face had been eloquent of love—nay, more: of such homage as he might have bestowed on a queen. She thought of this, and kissed the hand he had touched, with a sort of new-born appreciation of its value. Was it the hope of gaining that hand which had lured this matchless creature across the Atlantic? Not because of the wealth it might bring—no, no: envious people might say that, but she knew better. Was there not, in herself, charm enough to work a miracle like that?

But had this great man really asked for her hand? With all his ardor, had there not been a trail of crafty reserve? A faint shadow fell upon the rosy cloud on which the woman floated as this thought presented itself, and vague spasms of jealousy came back upon her. Could it be possible that he had been thinking of her daughter—pleading for favor in her behalf? No, no, no. If looks from the most expressive eyes that ever gave back love for love ever had truth in them, she, not Gertrude, was the object of his adoration.

So the woman thrust her jealousy aside, and once more reveled in a love-dream far more ardent than a girl of sixteen ever knew. In

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the dim light that came stealing through the draperies, she saw her image in an opposite mirror, and gave it a triumphant smile—nay, she laughed aloud, thinking of the log cabin in which she was born and the corn-cakes those hands had rounded for baking on the cabin-hearth. If fortune had done so much for her already, might she not expect marvels now?

While these dreams possessed the woman with their sweet insanity, Gertrude came eagerly into the room.

"They told me that you were shut up with that horrid man who haunted us so continually abroad. I am glad it is not true: for oh, mamma, I do want to have a talk with you. I have been out in the Park, and met with such strange things. But for a girl—one of the dearest creatures you ever saw—I should have been in the bottom of the lake, and she too; only that young architect and another man dragged us out and brought us home, wet through, and such figures. She is upstairs now, and what I want of you is that she may always stay there and be like a sister."

Mrs. Willerton was hardly yet aroused from the sweet bewilderment of her love-dream, and the impetuous eloquence of her daughter disturbed it unpleasantly.

"What is the meaning of all this? Everything was so quiet. You quite startle me, Gertrude."

"Well, well—I am so impetuous, you never understand me at first," said the girl, subduing her emotions and sitting down by her mother. "You see, I am lonesome in this new country, and you have sometimes spoken of giving me a companion. I want this young lady—for she is a lady. She has been a governess, and is so nice, besides having saved my life. May I ask her to remain here? That is what I came to beg of you."

"A strange girl, picked up in the Park, a companion for my daughter? What is the meaning of all this, Gertrude?"

The girl could be caressing as a pet bird when her feelings were wrought upon, and she was full of generous excitement now. With one arm around her mother's neck, and part of the time resting a flushed cheek upon her shoulder in a way that made the future countess anxious about her toilette, Gertrude went over the events of the morning with more detail than had accompanied her first appeal, and at last made the condition of things upstairs understood.

"So you have managed to get into danger, pick up a perfectly strange girl, and bring her home—without knowing even her name, I suppose?" said the mother, with some reasonable impatience, pushing the girl's arm from her neck, where it was crushing the rich old lace.

"Her name? I know that, anyway: it is Marsh."

"Marsh?" repeated the lady, with a still more impatient gesture. "Marsh? That is a common name here, I suppose—common among the poor, I mean. Have you ever heard it before?"

The girl shook her head doubtfully.

"No. How should I? We have never been much among poor people. If they are low and ignorant, she isn't at all like that. Anyway, you will let me keep her?"

Mrs. Willerton was disturbed by this persistence, and, as a worldly-wise woman, quite unprepared, too, for any definite conclusion of this really singular request. It had come in upon her reverie with unpleasant force, and she grew more and more restive under it.

"You will wait for my answer till something more is known of this young person than has yet been possible. I do not in the least object to a proper companion—in fact, your escapade to-day proves that something of the kind is quite necessary. When the young lady is well enough to give a history of herself, it will be time enough for a decision. At any rate, she must be well cared for, and properly compensated for the service she has done us. The rest must wait till we know more of her."

"But then, mamma?"

"There, there. I have much more important things to think of, Gertrude. Keep the girl at present; there is no need of haste. You cannot understand how inopportune all this is. Your entrance into this room was like the rush of a tempest: it startled me out of the—the—"

"But it was so important, mamma. Then Henry said something that quite excited me—something about that hateful man beyond sea—as if he had been here."

"Hush, Gertrude, hush! You are speaking of one of the first noblemen in Europe. Really, it is important that you should have a companion to teach you a little manners."

CHAPTER IX.

GERTRUDE went up to the room where she had left her strangely-made guest, and found that young person still resting on the couch, but awake, and evidently anxious to depart from the hospitality that she felt had been enforced by circumstances, on a family that must feel her presence an encumbrance.

"I wish—oh, how much I wish—that you could stay here always," Gertrude said, seating herself on the edge of the couch and dropping

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one arm over the gentle girl, who lay so white and helpless upon it.

"I have just been thinking how wrong it was that I permitted your kindness to bring me here at all. You cannot understand how much I feel out of place with all these beautiful things about me. You did not realize how far my life was removed from yours. In other houses, I am but one degree removed from the basement."

"One is not the less a lady for that: a little trumpery furniture, more or less, makes no change in the character. Besides, in this country, all men and women are born equal."

The girl shook her head, and a faint gleam of irony gave meaning to her smile.

"I sometimes think there is no such thing as equality in the world," she said; "for two persons were never exactly alike, and, if that were possible, the environment would be different. It is superiority in one thing or another that all who live are struggling for."

The soft low tones in which this was said gave feminine sweetness to this truth, that would have seemed strange on those young lips without it.

"How pretty, how young, and yet how wise you are, to think of such things. I never think of them ten minutes together. What a nice wise mother you must have had. Tell me all about it."

"I can only just remember my mother: my father—I can never forget him; but I was only a little girl when he died."

"And left you all alone in the world?" said Gertrude, closing her eyes a moment: for she felt tears coming into them.

"Alone? Oh, no. I had a brother and a little sister then, and no one really to take care of them but me, and I was so little."

"But people leave their money and things behind them when they die. Guardians, too," said Gertrude, deeply interested.

"We had no money nor guardian but an old grandmother: poor, like us, and almost as helpless. There was no one to care for us; but we all tried to do something, and it is wonderful how we got along, and how happy we were sometimes."

"But how?"

"I do not know; in taking care of each other, I suppose We had a home high up in a big dark tenement-house, with crowds of poor people all around us: so poor—you can never imagine how poor—but it seems full of happiness to me when I think of it: for then we were all together."

The girl seemed greatly distressed: her face was not only white, but quivering with emotion.

"This is cruel," said Gertrude. "I should not let you talk of things that distress you so much. I did not think that poverty could make one feel like that. How terrible it must be, to hurt you so, years after. It never seemed to me half as bad as that. Do you know, I took a fancy to some poor people once. It was when I was a little mite of a child. Mamma was taking me from California to Europe, because I was such a feeble little thing that the doctors ordered it, so mamma tells me: for I only remember anything about it in scraps and fancies, mixing things up terribly, she says. Well, we stopped in New York awhile, and had everything one could want about us: for I suppose mamma enjoyed her riches once immensely, being new to them. I remember, or think I remember, horses and carriages and people waiting around us, at some hotel, when we went in and out—all kinds of people; but I remember only one or two of them. One was a boy: a tall slender queer sort of a fellow, with blue eyes and soft curly hair. He was always about the carriages, helping folks in and out. So bright and kind; but ragged and—well, I suppose he was poor: but, for all that, he was awful good to me, and used to slip sticks of candy into my hand—not such as came to us done up in silver-paper, but white sticks with streaks of red twisted round them like ribbons. Do you know, I never see a barber's-pole in out-of-the-way places without thinking of that boy and his candy-sticks."

Here Gertrude gave a merry little laugh, and, seeing that her dreamy remembrances were interesting her guest, went on almost as if she were making up a story for that purpose.

"Then, standing by that boy—how she came there, I have no idea, only as people do come and go in dreams—was a little girl with red in her hood or bonnet—I do not know which it was—and such clothes as poor people wear, but clean and nice. She came again and again, with the crowds of people, and that boy was always near by, and watching over her. She always carried a basket on her arm, and sold things out of it. I never see our maids in the laundry lifting their irons, with those square folds of cloth between them and their hands, that this little girl does not stand before me, plainly as I can see my own white dress with all those soft fleecy furs fluttering over it: for of course mamma thought nothing good enough for me, and would have kept me from speaking to this other one in the street, only the doctors had told her that I must be contradicted in nothing; so I got acquainted with this poor girl who sold things, and gave her a doll—or she gave me one, I am not sure which; and that boy would throw a handful of peanuts into her basket, and run off

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as if ashamed of himself, and was so kind to her, just as he was to me; but differently, as if he had been her own brother, but he was not that either; she told me so, or mamma did afterward. She had a brother who sold things, like herself, just her size, and the dearest little fellow that ever lived. She had a sister, too, and lived in a house swarming with people—poor people, every one of them.

"This is the only chance I ever had of knowing anything about what is called 'the poor.' Perhaps that is the reason I seem to remember them so well, and made me think that little girl, the tall boy, and all the rest of them must have had better times than we knew of. Poverty must have something in it worth living for, or street-children would not seem to enjoy themselves as these did; but then they come to me like things out of a dream, and I cannot make out how much I know and what has been told to me. I feel sure that I had long talks with the little girl, and knew about her brother, or else mamma must have told me a great deal about them. She is so kind-hearted, and took great interest in this family—the little girl's, particularly."

"Did your mother know what became of her?"

This question came from the girl with such an effort of pain that it chilled Gertrude in her effort to win her guest into something like cheerfulness. She hesitated a moment, and her face took a piteous expression.

"I did not mean to tell you that; but mamma kept an old newspaper for a long, long time—I think she has it yet—which will tell you all about the great fire in a tenement-house, where so many poor women and children were burned to death. This little girl, with her brother and sister, lived in that house, and have never been heard of since the fire. I have read the account over and over again. I will ask mamma for the paper, and you can read it for yourself. Only it makes one sad to think of that poor child dying so."

"No, no, no: I could not bear it."

The girl upon the couch was shaking from head to foot, and a moan broke from her.

Gertrude was startled.

"What is the matter? What have I said to hurt you so?" she asked, in dismay.

The girl could not answer. She had thrown herself forward on the couch, and covered her face with both hands, sobbing out:

"I was there! I was there! It was my sister—my poor little sister Olive—who was burned to death that night."

Gertrude was struck dumb. She sat upon the edge of the couch, pale as death, watching the anguish she had so innocently occasioned; and thus, during many long minutes, the two remained, one suffering terribly, the other speechless. At last, Gertrude spoke:

"And your brother?"

"Gone! gone! also. In all these years, I have heard nothing out of that fire—I came alone."

"But that you shall never be again—never."

As Gertrude said this, her voice was solemn as a prayer, and, removing the clasped hands from the girl's face, she kissed it tenderly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PARTED.

BY FANNIE ISABELLE SHERRICK.

You have kissed my lips, and yet we are parted—
And the world, love, lies between;
Those lips are dumb, yet my heart still quivers
With the pain so swift and so keen.

My hands you have clasped, with love's dear thrilling,
In the circle of joy complete;
And oh, for one of your dear caresses
I could die, love, at your feet.

You have put me out of your life forever,
And you called me, love, your queen;
You have doomed our lives to a bitter silence,
And the world, love, lies between.

For us there will never be a meeting,
We walk in the shadows apart;
Did we dream we could live and yet be parted
When we stood, love, heart to heart?

But I know, one night, you will hear me calling,
In your dreams, love, far away,
And will start then, love, and hearken and listen
To the words that I will say.

You will feel my breath on your dear lips falling,
You will open your eyes and start,
You will clasp my hand with the old love thrilling,
You will hold me, love, to your heart.

On my dusky hair you will press your kisses,
You will look in my eyes and smile;
We will live again in the old sweet heaven,
Oh, love, for a little while!

Our lips will forget their bitter silence
And the dead days, love, between;
You will kiss from my eyes their tears of sorrow
And the pain, love, swift and keen.

You have doomed our lives to the pain unending,
With my words, love, all unsaid;
But I know, one night, you will hear me calling
Like a voice, love, from the dead.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a dress composed of étamine—a kind of canvas material—albatross, or any other soft woolen fabric. Or it may be made of gingham, sateen, or percale. In the former case, it can be trimmed with the new woolen guipure lace, of the same color as the material; in the latter case, white or cream-colored lace should be used. The skirt is bordered with a deep kilting. The overdress is polonaise-style, with the bodice rather full both back and front, and is trimmed with a jabot of lace.

No. 2—Is a new and simple style for making



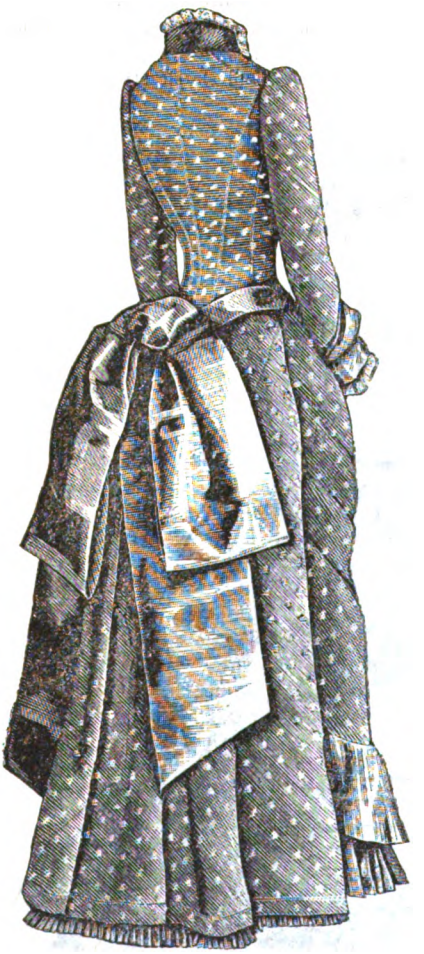
No. 1.



No. 2.

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a bridal dress. It may be made of either white silk, nun's-veiling, or India crèpe. The skirt is tucked and trimmed on the bottom in front with a wide lace or an embroidered lace. The back is laid in lengthwise plaits. The train is untrimmed at the bottom; but the tunic in front is finished with the lace, which is turned up, and the vest and front are also composed of the same lace. The belt, collar, and bows on the sleeves are of white satin ribbon. The long veil of tulle reaches nearly down to the bottom of the train.



No. 3.

No. 3—Is a dress of dark-blue sateen, spotted with red. It falls in full box-plaits at the back to the bottom of the skirt, which is edged with a very narrow knife-plaiting of plain red sateen. The front of the dress has a long tunic, which falls over a side-plaited flounce of plain dark-red sateen, and is draped scarf-wise under the straight widths at the back. Our model has the tunic edged with a ruffle of dark-red sateen; but a cream-colored lace would be very pretty for this purpose. The bodice is made long, with points both front and back, and a broad sash, of wide dark-red satin ribbon, follows the shape of the bodice, and is tied in long loops at the back. The collar and cuffs are of the red sateen.

No. 4.—This beautiful and simple style of dress, for a young girl, can be made in either a colored sateen, or a nun's-veiling, or a muslin. The skirt is quite plain and round, with three or more wide tucks at the edge. The full bodice is confined at the waist by a sash, tied in a bow at the back, and having narrow ends of the same color hanging at one side. This sash, with the



No. 4.

ribbons, would be very pretty of the new grass-green shade, of turquoise-blue, lemon-yellow, or salmon-pink; or, if an all-white toilette is preferred, let it be of white. The wide open collar, with its frilled edging, is a pretty and picturesque finish to this little gown, and has the advantage of being extremely cool in hot summer weather. The large round hat is simply trimmed with a bow of white satin ribbon.

No. 5—Is a new and simple style for making a girl's dress. The skirt, waistband, and trim-

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mings are of striped percale. The tunic is of dark percale, with small figures over it, and is of the washerwoman-style: turned up in front, and caught back, low behind, with a ribbon bow. The bodice is full, back and front. This costume is very pretty made of soft woolen materials, and has the great advantage of being child-like, which is rather unusual at present.



No. 5.

No. 6.—This entirely new style of dress, for a little girl, may be made in white, if preferred. It was suggested by an old picture. The little gown might be made of red cashmere or any other soft woolen material, with black velvet bands running from the square-cut bodice down to the bottom of the skirt. A sash at the back finishes off the skirt; but it is in the upper part of the bodice that the chief charm of this costume lies, braces of the woolen material crossing the shoulders, which are outlined at each side by velvet which matches that on the skirt, and there is also a full chemisette of soft muslin, finished off with a downward frill at the throat. The plain long sleeves have turned-up cuffs of lace. A great many colors are suitable for this costume. If it were made in pale-blue cashmere, camel's-hair, or veiling, it would be trimmed



No. 6.

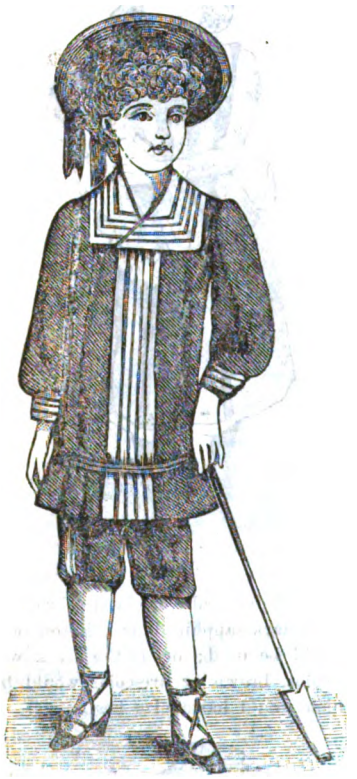
with bands of deep-ruby or claret-colored velvet. If in white, dark sapphire-blue, crimson, or olive-green could be used; or, if the frock were of biscuit-color, brown or fire-color would be the tint which would harmonize best.



No. 7.

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No. 7—Is a bathing-suit, suitable for a child. It can be made of dark-blue flannel, trimmed with red or cream-colored worsted braid. It fastens at the back, and has an anchor embroidered on the front. A striped woolen sash is tied where the plain waist is put on to the full skirt.



No. 8.

No. 8—Is a new model for a boy's suit. The fashion of boys wearing costumes suggestive of the sea is a sensible one, as they are nearly all made loose and comfortable for the hot summer months. This model is made of dark-blue flannel. The knickerbockers have stripes of cream-colored cloth, with two rows of dark-blue braid at the outside seams. The long loose blouse has a large collar and a piece down the front, of cream-colored cloth striped with dark-blue braid. The cuffs of the loose sleeves correspond, as well as the narrow waistband.



No. 9.

No. 9—Is a pretty style of dress for a little girl. The skirt is of nainsook, and is not much more than a wide ruffle edged with a narrow ruffle of embroidery. The long bodice is loose back and front, and has a ribbon sash where it joins the skirt. The large linen collar and cuffs are untrimmed.

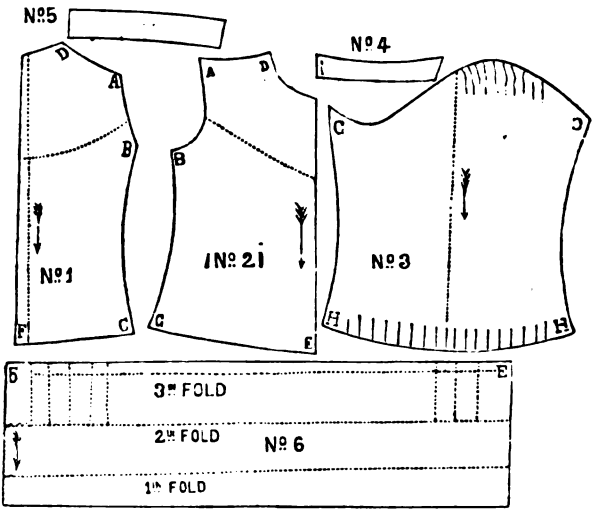
CHILD'S CASHMERE DRESS: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, this month, in this department, the latest novelty for a little girl's dress—a Pelisse made of cashmere—and accompany it with full-size patterns from which to cut it out. These will be found on the SUPPLEMENT, folded in with this number. The dress consists, as will be seen, of six pieces, viz:

1.—HALF OF FRONT.
2.—HALF OF BACK OF BODICE.
3.—SLEEVE.
4.—COLLAR.
5.—BAND OF SLEEVE.
6.—HALF OF SKIRT.

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For the benefit of new subscribers, who are not yet familiar with reproducing these patterns, we add an engraving here, giving the pieces in reduced size; but, even without this, the various pieces could be recognized on the Supplement. In the smaller engraving, both sides of the sleeve are given: on the Supplement, they are folded across. We would advise that Nos. 1 and 2, at least, should be cut out, from the diagrams, in old newspapers or other appropriate paper, and fitted on to the child, before cutting into the stuff. If they are spoiled in this process, then a second set can be cut, till a fit is effected. The advantage of these diagrams over an ordinary cut paper pattern is that, if the latter is spoiled, there is no remedy: the pattern is ruined irretrievably. With these diagrams, however, new patterns can constantly be cut, until a satisfactory fit is obtained.

The letters show how the parts are joined. The dress buttons in the back. The dotted lines on the bodice show where the berthe is put on. The sleeve is gathered into the band at the hand, and slightly fulled in at the top of the shoulder. The skirt is ornamented with three knife-plaited flounces; the bottom one is the narrowest, the second half as wide again, and the upper one is the deepest, and goes into the waist, where a sash-ribbon is adjusted, with a bow in front, and ties in the back with long loops-and-ends. A knife-plaited ruffle forms the berthe, and below it is a trimming of either lace or guipure embroidery. A bit of lace trims the collar and finishes the sleeve. The collar is tied with a bit of ribbon like the sash, only narrower. Embroidery or lace is placed under the skirt as a finish, the same as is used for the berthe. This costume

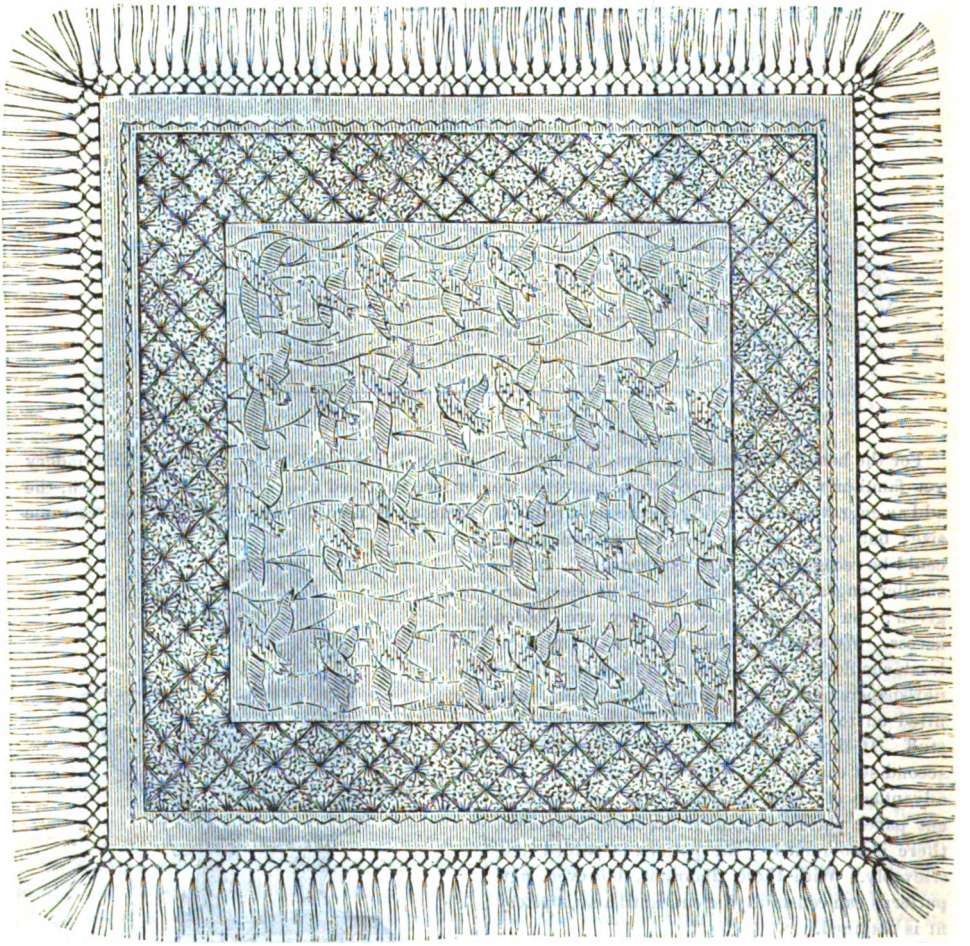


should be made of either cashmere or surah silk, and is appropriate for a girl of five years or more, according to her size.

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TEA-CLOTH, ON JAVA CANVAS, Etc.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give here a pattern—a new and very artistic one—for a tea-cloth. In the front of the number, we give a section of it, full size, from which it may be copied with ease. The border is done on Java canvas, the centre on butcher's-linen. The narrow outside border is also of the linen, and enough of it is allowed for the fringe.

Begin with the border, and, as we give the full working-size, proceed to lay out the squares in Kensington-stitch with Havana-brown filoselle. The inside border and the outside border are done in gold thread or gold-colored filoselle. After the squares are laid out, begin to fill in the star-shaped patterns. The first row is crimson. In the exterior angle, work in light-brown. The third, dark-brown in the interior angle, and on either side two shades of gray. Fourth row, brick-dust red. Fifth row, dark-brown and two shades of gray. Sixth row, crimson. The birds are done in outline, all the body in light-blue, the dots are some in light-blue and some in dark-blue, the head in brown, and with a few stitches in gold thread. The wings and tails are alternate light and dark blue. The branches are done in brown filoselle. Fringe out the edge of the cloth, and tie in two rows of knots.

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LAMP-SHADE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The shade consists of two layers. One made of red silk, arranged and draped round a ring of wire, and trimmed with three bows of red satin ribbon.

The other layer of white lace, joined to a ruche of plain tulle on the top, and gathered together with a small red ribbon, the ends of which are tied in loops.

DESIGNS ON THE SUPPLEMENT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the SUPPLEMENT, two new and beautiful designs for the work-table, viz:

No. 1.—HOLLY DESIGN FOR CORNER OF PIANO-COVER, TABLE-COVER, ETC. This can be done in Kensington-stitch, outline-stitch, or satin-stitch: crewels or filoselle to be used for the work. The leaves to be in green, the berries in bright-red, and the stems in dark-gray.

No. 2.—SPRAY OF CLEMATIS, for work-basket, screen, embroidery on flannel, or other purposes. This can be done in Kensington-stitch or satin-stitch. The flowers can be done in white, shaded with purple; or in light-purple, shaded; or in dark-purple, shaded; or in a reddish-purple: all being natural colors of the clematis. The leaves and stems in green. If embroidered on flannel, it should all be done in white. Crewels or filoselle may be used, at choice.

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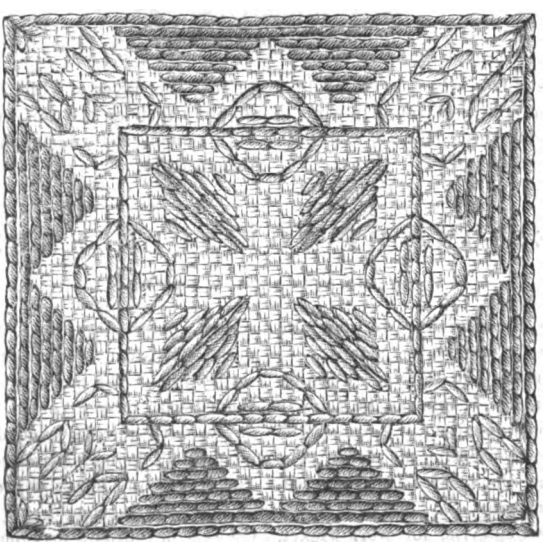
WALL-TIDY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is an ornamental article for the reception of threads and scraps of paper. Take a circle of stiff card or mill-board, cover it on one side with a layer of old flannel, and over that one of silk, cut large enough to turn over the edge of card-board, then run it round and draw the cotton tight. This forms the back. Cut another piece, round one side, square on the other—see the engraving—but it must be slightly larger than the back piece, and sewed on a trifle fuller. This is lined with stiff cambric and satin. Sew a gold band around the edge, above a row of balls or tassels. The handle is made of a piece of cane cut flat on both sides, and with holes drilled for a needle and thread to pass through, is sewed on to the card-board, etc., piece of linen glued across it, and this before the card-board is covered at all. The handle is trimmed, and a piece of cambric is sewed at the back.

EMBROIDERY ON JAVA CANVAS.



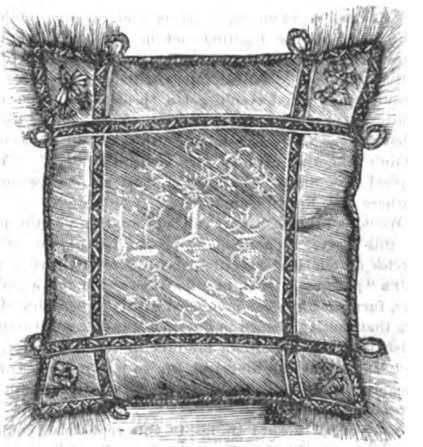
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SQUARE CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

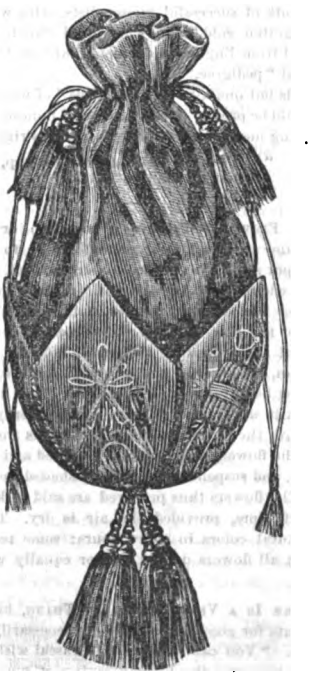
We give here a new and very pretty design for a Square Cushion, which is easily made, and will be alike useful and ornamental.

The centre consists in a square of some antique brocade, surrounded by a broad band of satin, the joins being hidden by a galloon, either fancy or embroidered. Each corner is ornamented with a different spray of flowers, either worked on the material itself or appliqué, and edged with a fringe. A thick cord completes the cushion, and forms two distant loops on each side to allow of suspension.



RETICULE OR TOBACCO-POUCH.

The embroidered part is made of brown leather, and lined with wash-leather. The designs are worked in outline with two shades of brown silk and gold thread. The upper portion consists of brown satin, and the tassels of brown silk.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"BUYING A PEDIGREE."—It is told of some children who were playing together—let us call them the little Browns and the little Smiths—that the former said to the latter, one day: "We can't play with you any more: for mamma says you haven't got a 'pedigree.'" The little Smiths went home in great distress. They had no idea of what was meant by a "pedigree," so they said innocently: "Can't you, dear mamma, buy us a 'pedigree'?" "Yes," replied Mrs. Smith, "but first I must ask," sarcastically, "where Mrs. Brown bought hers"

We do not know that we can add anything to the point of this story. A good many people, in the "snobbish" circles of our Eastern cities, pretend to have what they call a "pedigree." It is, in nine cases out of ten, a garbled one, furnished by some pretended expert in heraldry, showing that the Mr Brown in question was descended from an Irish king, or a Norman follower of the Conqueror, the fact being that the ancestral Brown was really a cotton-broker, or stock-speculator, or perhaps something still less aristocratic, so called.

Now, of all absurd things, in this republican country, the most absurd is to talk of "pedigree"—at least, in this sense. It is what one is, and not what one's ancestors were, much less what one pretends they were, of which one should be proud. Our really great men never talked of "pedigree." Neither Adams nor Jefferson, neither Jackson nor Lincoln, neither Webster, Clay, nor Calhoun, none of our distinguished generals, none of our eminent authors, boasted of their "pedigree." It is only, as a rule, the descendants of successful monopolists, who wish to "gild their ill-gotten gold," and who would like to be thought descended from English noblemen, that talk this silly jargon about "pedigree."

There is but one kind of "pedigree" of which an American should be proud. It is to have had honest, industrious, God-fearing men for ancestors. Burns was right, after all:

> "The rank is but the guinea-stamp,
> A man's a man for a' that."

DRIED FLOWERS.—Procure a box two or three feet square, and place an arrangement inside to hold a few coals, or put some live charcoal in an iron pan, and set it in the box, which must be air-tight, or made so by pasting paper over the cracks. Drop an ounce of roll-sulphur in lumps on the live charcoal. The box must be instantly closed, but there must be two small holes in it, one near the bottom, the other at the top, with corks to fit. These holes must be left open to let air in for about ten minutes, then cork it up tight, and leave it for twenty-four hours closed, with the flowers suspended on sticks inside. When opened, the flowers will be found bleached and white; take them out, and suspend them in a dry shaded well-ventilated room. The flowers thus prepared are said to keep for any length of time, provided the air is dry. They assume their natural colors in a few hours; some require a few days, but all flowers do not answer equally well.

CULTURE IS A VERY DESIRABLE THING, but it is not a substitute for goodness, nor does it necessarily conduce to goodness. "You can whitewash a rascal with it, but not change him," was the homely saying of someone.

ARTISTIC USES FOR SEAWEED.—Seaweed, arranged as a frame, looks very well around a photograph of a place or person. It should be tastefully sorted and arranged in a square, oval, or circle. Small shells added are effective. Round a cabinet-photograph this frame looks remarkably well. The whole should have a wooden or gilt frame, with glass, to preserve it. The common large foreign leaf hand-screens look very well ornamented with seaweed. Paper lamp-shades can be made pretty with seaweed gummed on. If the shade is made in divisions, which is the best way, a different seaweed should be in each division, unless uniformity is desired. Pages of an album can be thus ornamented, sewing a button to the corners to prevent the opposite page pressing too much on it. White net or jean d'oyleys could have seaweed laid delicately on. The net should be double-folded, and rather coarse. We once saw the divisions of a white painted cupboard decorated with seaweed, which looked very pretty indeed. A white varnish covered the whole, and kept the delicate weeds intact. Each panel had a sort of bouquet on it, the thicker kinds being arranged towards the centre, and the feathery kinds at the top. One or two strayed downwards from the centre, with the roots put upwards. The work had been done by girls, during a winter at the seaside, in their own school-room.

HOW TO FINISH CREWEL EMBROIDERY, ETC.—A new subscriber asks us how to finish crewel or silk embroidery. We answer, in the first place, that it should never be ironed. If worked in a frame, make, before taking it out, some strong boiled starch; let this get quite cold, when it should be a thick jelly; take some of it in the fingers, and rub it well on to the back of the needlework; remove any surplus starch with a piece of soft paper, and leave in the frame until perfectly dry. Of course, the starch is only to be put on the work, not on the material. If the work, however, has been done on the hand, it must either be put in a frame or nailed out as tightly and evenly as possible on a cloth on the floor. Mantel-borders and other large pieces of work must always be done in this way. If you starch your work, it is quite unnecessary ever to finish off the ends of your silk or wool, as the starch will keep them in place. Japanese embroiderers only draw their silk through when they have finished a needleful. Work finished this way stands out well and wears much better, but it must be thoroughly dry always before it is taken out of the frame, etc., etc.

BACK NUMBERS CAN ALWAYS BE HAD by writing to us and enclosing the price, viz: eighteen cents for each number. "I have tried repeatedly at the news-agents'," writes a lady, "for back numbers; but they say they cannot get them." Now this is not correct. They can always be had, but news-agents often will not take the trouble to order them, and hence reply that they cannot be had. In such cases, write to us.

IF YOU HAVE SO MANY PHOTOGRAPHS that they outgrow the size even of your largest album, then a good plan is to make a box, with a division down the centre; this will keep them from dirt and dust; and, if you wish, a lock can be added.

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OUR PREMIUMS FOR GETTING UP CLUBS, as will be seen from the Prospectus on the second page of the cover, are three in number. The first is an extra copy of the magazine for one year. The second is the "Pearl of Price," a beautiful volume of American poetry, with steel-engravings, bound in morocco cloth, and with gilt edges. The third is a large-size steel-plate, size twenty-seven by twenty inches, entitled "The Lion in Love." We recapitulate the prices of three of our principal clubs, with the premiums

Three copies for $4.50, with the "Pearl of Price" or "The Lion in Love" for premium.

Four copies for $6.50, with an extra copy of the magazine for one year for premium.

Five copies for $8.00, with both an extra copy of the magazine for one year for premium, and either the "Pearl of Price" or "The Lion in Love," in addition.

Now is a good time to subscribe. Those who do not wish back numbers can commence with the July one; but back numbers to January, inclusive, can always be supplied, if desired. *Specimens sent gratis*, if written for in good faith.

ONLY ONE "PETERSON."—The Gorham (N. H.) Mountaineer says: "There are many magazines, but only one 'Peterson,' and there are some people who believe the world may as well come to an end, if this magazine should cease to be published. The fact is, its publisher knows the exact wants of his subscribers, and uses his best efforts to cater to them. The last number has articles from Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Frank Lee Benedict, and others equally as noted. Then there is the lovely steel-engraving; a beautiful double-size steel colored fashion-plate; and half a hundred other illustrations for stories, work-table, fashions, etc., etc."

THE ORDINARY PAIL that is used for scrubbing in the kitchen does not look very ornamental; but, if it is painted black or any other color, with bands of gold on the hoops, and wreaths of flowers painted between them, the tub lined with satin of a contrasting shade, with a drawn bag-top, it makes a capital receptacle for scraps of work; or, as a tub without any lining, it makes a pretty stand for a large plant.

EASY TO EARN A FREE COPY.—Nothing is easier, we reply to Sophia, than to earn a free copy of "Peterson." Get four subscribers, at $1.62½ each, or six at $1.50, and you will receive the magazine for yourself, *gratis*, for a year. Think of it. Every month, nearly one hundred pages of reading, besides the beautiful steel-engravings, colored fashions, work-table patterns, etc., etc.

A WORD TO YOUNG GIRLS.—Do all your work in as pure an atmosphere as possible, and in as upright a position. Never sit or stand in a bent or uncomfortable pose: for as you stand, so you will grow. If you wish to be straight—"like an arrow," as the saying is—stand up; if you prefer to be crooked and round-shouldered, bend over your work and at your studies.

OUR STEEL-ENGRAVING, this month, is after an original painting by E. L. Henry, Esq., so celebrated for his realistic pictures of American life. To the last spring exhibition at New York, he sent several paintings, and we understand all were sold almost as soon as they appeared on the walls. There can be no better proof of merit than success like this.

"LIKE IT BETTER."—A lady writes: "I like your magazine better than the one I am taking now, and, as soon as my time is out, will subscribe for yours again." This is the experience of all who leave "Peterson," to try other magazines.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS MAY BE MADE at any time during the year, and at the same price as paid by the rest of the club. Back numbers to January, inclusive, can always be furnished. It is never too late to get up clubs, or to make additions to clubs, and so earn additional premiums. No magazine gives value in return for its cost like "Peterson."

IN ORNAMENTING WALLS WITH WREATHS, for festive occasions, make the wreaths flat, instead of round like a rope. They should be fastened on to a strip of any bright-red material which shows on either side; this not only enhances the effect of the garland, but preserves the wall from being scratched or discolored by the stalks.

THE PROOF OF REFINEMENT, thirty years ago, was a centre-table covered with the latest new books, magazines, etc., etc. Now it is to have the walls loaded down with bric-a-brac. For one, we think the old fashion best.

WE ARE ASKED CONTINUALLY for patterns for alphabets for marking. Accordingly, we give one in the front of this number. By combining any two or three of these letters, you can get your initials.

NEVER GO TO BED leaving anything undone that ought to have been done that day.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Ten Laws Of Health. By J. R. Black, M.D. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.*—We have here one of the best books of its kind that we have ever been called on to criticize. It is really a medical treatise. But it is written in popular style, so as to be within the comprehension of everybody, and therefore is a work that ought to be in every family. It shows, not only how diseases are produced, often by ignorance, but also points out the prevention. It will be found especially valuable in what it says about epidemic diseases and other dangerous infections. The Philadelphia Medical Times says that, if books like this could be more widely disseminated and read, the welfare of families, and the general health, would be greatly promoted. In this verdict we cordially concur.

Zoroaster. By F. Marion Crawford. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: McMillan & Co.*—In this new novel, that fertile writer, the author of "Mr. Isaacs," returns to the mystical element, with which he first achieved popularity. This element, while an objection to extremely practical intellects, has an extraordinary attraction for many minds, especially highly imaginative ones. "Zoroaster," in addition, is full of glowing descriptions of ancient Oriental life. There are but few characters, so that the canvas is not overcrowded. The story itself is full of vigor.

Luck Of a Wandering Dane. By Hans Lykkelaeger. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: P. O. Box* 754.—This is an autobiography, published, as well as written and illustrated, by the subject of the memoir. The narrative is racy and original. The author was born in Denmark, but came to America to seek his fortune, where he seems to have met with adventures that rival those of Gil Blas.

In The Dark Hours. By Mrs S. A. Dorsey. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a charming novel of Southern life, written by a native of Louisiana, a lady who, from childhood, saw the best society there. Apart from its interest as a story, therefore, "In The Dark Hours" has a value, we are told, as a faithful picture of Creole life and its surroundings.

A Second Life. By Mrs. Alexander. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Henry Holt & Co.*—This lady has written two of the very best love-stories of the day—"Her Dearest Foe" and "The Wooing O't." The present story is not quite so good as those, but it is superior to any of her others.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"PETERSON'S" PROMISES ARE ALWAYS KEPT.—A lady writes to us that, earlier in the year, she subscribed for a magazine that, to quote her words, "made all sorts of promises. But," she adds, "they have not been kept, and so I come back to 'Peterson,' which always keeps its promises." Yes; we never make a promise that we do not keep. There are other magazines, however, that will promise anything, in order to get money from subscribers; making promises that, in the very nature of things, cannot honestly be carried out: as, before long, the deluded subscribers discover, to their cost. Of course, such periodicals have no permanent popularity. They are soon found out, and either die at once or drag on a miserable existence. Naturally, such things frighten people. But the public must not confound "Peterson" with such magazines. Whoever subscribes to it is sure to get, not only what was promised, but even more: the best engravings, the best colored fashions, the best stories, the best patterns, etc., etc. "It is a proof of refinement," says an editor, writing to us, "when 'Peterson' is seen on the centre-table." We may add that it is a proof of "Peterson's" superiority, that it has a circulation exceeding that of all the other lady's-books combined, and has had this exceptional circulation for a whole generation.

BAKING-POWDER TRAMPS.—The danger to the public health from the indiscriminate use of the many lime and alum baking-powders of commerce has been so fully exposed that everybody desires to avoid them. As "forewarned is forearmed," housekeepers will thank us for apprising them of the special efforts at present being made to dispose of such powders in this vicinity.

The proprietors of some of the worst of these powders are now going from house to house, trying, by means of a trick or so-called test, with heat and water, to show that their article is as good as the Royal Baking-Powder, making the comparison with this brand because everybody recognizes it to be absolutely pure and wholesome, the object, of course, being to supply their own goods in place of the Royal, which housekeepers have for so many years relied upon to puff up the morning biscuit, and to make the light, palatable, and wholesome roll, cake, and pastry, for which it is famous.

The housekeeper will do well to be on her guard against these baking-powder tramps. Every intelligent person knows that any goods peddled from house to house in this manner, or that are given away in samples, or sought to be introduced by secretly traducing the character of other goods, well known to be pure and reliable, have no merits of their own, and have failed to find purchasers through legitimate means.

We are informed, as a matter of fact, that one of these tramps is trying to introduce a powder that has been found by the Government chemist to be 11.85 per cent. lime, while the other peddles a powder that is 20 per cent. alum—one a powerful caustic, the other a corrosive poison.

No such tricks or jugglery will be apt to deceive any intelligent person. The housekeeper who has used her Royal Baking-Powder ever since she discarded cream-tartar and soda knows more about its qualities than all the tramps in the country can teach her. The crucial test to which she has put the Royal Baking-Powder—the test of actual and successful work in the preparation of pure and wholesome food, under which it has never failed—is entirely satisfactory to her. She has always had "good-luck" with it in making light, sweet, and delicious bread, biscuit, and cake, and has placed it, to stay, at the head of her housekeeping-favorites. She knows that it has been officially approved by the Government chemists as the best, and we imagine that the baking-powder tramp who attempts to supplant its place in her confidence will find this a bad year for his business.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

PRESERVES.

Citron Preserve.—Cut off the outside, and shape the pieces to fancy. To one pound of fruit, put one pound of sugar; put the fruit in strong alum and water, and boil for one hour; whilst boiling, take it out and throw into cold water, and then return it to the boiling alum-water; this will crisp it. Then put it into cold water, and let boil for one hour, to extract the alum, taking it out two or three times, and dipping it in cold water; make a syrup of the sugar; put the fruit in it, and some green ginger; keep closely covered whilst boiling, and the preserve will be of a beautiful green color. Boil until clear; add the lemon-peel, cut fine and thin, and the juice of several lemons; scrape off the green rind.

Peach-Butter.—Pare ripe peaches, and put them in a preserving-kettle, with sufficient water to boil them soft; then mash them through a colander, removing the stones. To each quart of the peach, put one and one-half pounds of sugar, and boil very slowly for one hour; stir often and keep it from burning; put in stone or glass jars; seal tightly, and keep in a cool place. Grape-butter is also excellent. Grapes can be used that do not ripen.

TRIFLES, OF FRESH FRUIT.

Apple-Trifle.—For this, peel, core, and quarter some very good cooking-apples, of nice flavor, and stew them with a strip or two of lemon-peel, sufficient water to cover the bottom of the stewpan, and sugar in the proportion of one-half to one pound of fruit. When the apples are quite tender, press them through a fine wire sieve, and, when cool enough, put the pulp in a trifle-dish. A slice or two of quince may be stewed with the apples, if liked. For a pint of fruit-pulp, have ready a pint of rich thick cream, and mix with it a small teaspoonful of essence of vanilla and powdered sugar, according to taste; whisk these to a froth, and, as it rises, skim it off with a cream-skimmer, and cover the apple-pulp with it until the whole looks white and frothy, and the dish is heaped high with it. A layer of sponge-cake, soaked in a mixture of sherry, may be put in the bottom of the trifle-dish.

Quince-Trifle, the same as apple-trifle.

Strawberry-Trifle.—This is best made with the fresh fruit, but a substitute may be made by using some good preserve mixed with some sharp apples, stewed without sugar, and pulped. Cover with whipped cream, flavored with sherry.

Raspberry-Trifle.—Exactly as strawberry.

All these trifles may be served with the addition of the sponge-cake, etc., mentioned for apple-trifle, for a variety.

Wafer or some other delicate biscuit should be eaten with this dish.

PICKLES.

To Make Pickles.—As far as possible, it is well to boil the vinegar for pickles in stoneware jars, rather than in metal vessels. The hot vinegar dissolves the tin from the iron pans, and a portion of the substance from brass and copper ones, which is unwholesome. Stoneware jars or glass bottles should always be used for keeping pickles, and never red glazed earthen jars. These latter are glazed with lead, and this, when dissolved by the acid of the vinegar, is poisonous. It is essential that green pickles be well closed. Bottles are best corked and closed with wax, and, for tying down jars, bladder; wash-leather and gutta-percha tissue are good. Green-pickle jars should be examined occasionally, and, if mold is found to have accumulated, and the vinegar to have become insipid to the taste, it should be poured away, and new vinegar, which has been well boiled with a little spice, and allowed to cool, poured in. By attending to these directions, pickles may be kept

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good for many years, and will rather become better than worse. Walnuts especially always improve after several years' keeping, and, to be tasted in perfection, should never be eaten new. It is important to keep pickles in a light dry place. Only the best cider-vinegar ought to be used in making pickles. Yellow pickles and mango pickles are better for being kept several years.

Sweet-Pickled Cantelopes.—Pare and slice six large cantelopes, not too ripe; add one gallon of strong vinegar, the evening previous to pickling. Next morning, strain off the vinegar, and add to it four pounds of brown sugar, some mace, cloves, and cinnamon. When it boils, skim it, and then put in the fruit; let it boil until it can be pierced with a straw. It is better-flavored when not cooked very much.

Sweet-Pickled Pears.—Pare the fruit nicely; take out the specks, and then preserve it in the same manner as sweet-pickled damsons, using the same proportions. The blossom and stem can be made with cloves and spices.

German Sweet-Pickled Peaches.—To one quart of vinegar, put one pound of brown sugar, down weight, and cinnamon to taste. Boil the sugar, vinegar, and cinnamon together, and skim. Throw in the peaches, and let them scald for five minutes, when they are done. Put them in a jar, and tie them down.

To Pickle Walnuts.—Put the walnuts in salt and water for ten days, stopping the jar close with a linen cloth, so that the walnuts cannot rise above the water; then put them in vinegar for ten days. If the walnuts are exposed to the air, they will lose their color. To one hundred walnuts, put one-half ounce of mace, one-quarter ounce of cloves, one-quarter ounce of nutmegs, one hundred cloves of garlic, one and one-half pints of mustard-seed, a handful of horse-radish, sliced, some bay-salt, and one gallon of good cider-vinegar. The vinegar should not be scalded. The walnuts should be young enough as to be easily pierced with a pin.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

Do You Dread Wrinkles?—The death-blow to youthful looks, and a sure warning that age is creeping on, are those same *dreaded wrinkles*. To defy them, to remove them, and also to prevent their coming, *use Palm Kosmeo*. It keeps the skin smooth and free from chaps and pimples.

Palm Kosmeo used in combination with Palm Poudre, nothing can be finer as a complexion-cosmetic. My own personal use is proof, and I am justified in saying to my thousands of customers: Try it, and be convinced of its merits. Also Extract of Turkish Rose-Leaves, a very fine indelible tint for the cheeks and lips.

Prices, Palm Kosmeo, $1.00 and $2.00 a box. Kosmeo Poudre, 50 cents and $1.00 a box—can be sent by mail. Turkish Rose-Leaves, 50 cents and $1.00 a bottle—cannot be sent by mail. These goods are only sold by me. Send for catalogue of Hair Goods. Mrs. C. Thompson, 32 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

"Mark Maynard's Wife."—T. B. Peterson & Brothers have just published a new American novel from the pen of Frankie Failing King, of Indiana, which is an exceptionally fine one, possessing wonderful power, rare originality, and a degree of absorbing interest seldom attained. Marked vividness and naturalness characterize the entire narrative. Thoroughly American—brilliant and dashing—the romance is also sentimental without trenching upon the morbid or mawkish. "Mark Maynard's Wife" will delight everybody, and should be read by all, young and old: for it is one of the best and most attractive novels of the day. Copies of it will be sent promptly, to anyone, post-paid, on remitting seventy-five cents in a letter to the publishers, T. B Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Southworth's Famous Novels.—T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, have just published an entire new, complete, and uniform edition of all the celebrated works written by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, the popular American authoress. There is no American author now living, indeed, whose writings secure more immediate and general circulation. In all her works there is intense interest. She has great originality of character, fine descriptive powers, stirring adventures, scenes of pathos, and pages that quicken the pulse and thrill the heart with interest. There is also great ingenuity in the construction of her plots. This edition of Mrs. Southworth's books is complete in forty-three volumes, bound in morocco cloth, black and gold, with a full gilt back, and is sold at the low price of one dollar and fifty cents a volume, or sixty-four dollars and fifty cents for a full and complete set. They will be found for sale by all first-class booksellers everywhere, or copies of any one, or more, or all of them, will be sent to anyone or any place, promptly, by mail, post-paid, or by express, freight prepaid, on remitting one dollar and fifty cents for each one wanted, in a letter to the publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa. A catalogue of them will be sent to any address on application.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate A Refreshing Drink.—Dr. A. L. Hall, Fairhaven, N. Y., says: "It forms an excellent substitute for lemon-juice, and will furnish a refreshing drink for the sick."

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[Medical Botany—Of the Garden, Field, and Forest.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A. M., M. D.

No. XI.—Tobacco.

Tobacco—*Nicotiana Tabacum*. Called after Jean Nicot, French Ambassador at the Court of Lisbon, who was active in extending its cultivation. "Tobacco" probably from the town of Tobasco, where the Spaniards first smoked it. The various edicts and anathemas against its use, and the famous counterblast of King James, are well known; but all have failed to arrest its rapidly-increasing use. And, notwithstanding the first repugnance to its odor and taste, it has surmounted them and has become the ruling passion of millions in every country on the globe.

The composition of tobacco-smoke consists of free carbon, some ammonias in a state of vapor, carbonic acid and carbonic oxide, each in a state of gas, and a product, crude nicotine, condensed into an oily-like substance from a state of vapor. The ammonia bites the tongue of a novice; the carbons produce drowsiness, and, with the nicotine, unsteady action of the heart, tremulousness, nausea, and vomiting. In one "learning to smoke," the effects are painful to witness: the stomach is the first to suffer; the heart's action becomes feeble and tremulous; a ghastly paleness ensues; and there is often a sensation of impending death.

The system, however, with a few exceptions, soon becomes accustomed to tobacco, as it does to the use of antimony, opium, arsenic, etc.—a tolerance is established, and the user flatters himself that it doesn't hurt him; but the dire mischief goes quietly and slowly onward, notwithstanding the products of the tobacco are largely thrown out by the lungs, skin, and kidneys. The saliva is wasted or vitiated; the blood is thinner than natural; the glands of the throat are injuriously influenced by the smoke; the heart is enfeebled, and digestion and innervation as a whole are impaired.

I warn mothers against using snuff-ointment—snuff mixed with lard—to the heads of children affected with

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scald-head: vomiting, fainting, profuse sweats, apoplexy, and death have resulted. Pain and cramps of the stomach, water-brash, palpitation of the heart, and a sense of faintness at the pit of the stomach are common symptoms in users of tobacco. Strangulated hernia, obstinate constipation from spasm of the bowels, retention of urine from like causes, have been relieved by injections of infusions of tobacco. But lobelia, used in the same manner, is far safer and equally efficacious. So also in spasm of the glottis, tetanus, spasmodic croup and asthma, dislocations, etc., where tobacco has been used in some form, lobelia will prove equally curative, without danger from its local use or internal administration, which cannot be affirmed of tobacco cataplasms even. In fine, tobacco should not only be excluded from our therapeutics, but the cultivation or introduction of it should be made a penal offense: for its use has become so general and so immoderate as to lay the foundation of serious nervous disorders in our youth everywhere throughout the land.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

How To Keep Well.—Two-thirds of the sickness that prevails—at least, until old-age comes on—is the result of a violation of the laws of health. We think it may be of service if we state, as briefly as possible, what ought to be done to keep healthy.

1. Perfect Ablution.—What does this mean? It means the retention of the skin in that state of perfect purity which alone is compatible with the maintenance of health. No one whose skin does not act as nature intended it should can be really and truly well. You may neglect your bath, and may feel no evil results from this at present; but, depend upon it, you are weakening your system. If the skin does not, or rather, we should say, is prevented from performing its duties as a great emunctory, greater stress and more work is thrown upon the internal organs, especially upon the liver; and although, while you are young and strong, this organ may not complain, the day will surely come when it will.

Independent of its uses as an organ of touch and a covering for the whole body, the skin regulates the animal heat. When, and only when, it is in perfect order, it carries off heat from the body by means of the insensible perspiration in hot weather, thus cooling the blood and obviating danger from internal congestion; and, in cold weather, it maintains the heat of the system. But a more important duty still has the skin to perform, in carrying off from the body and the blood, by means of the sweat-glands, an immense amount of effete or used-up material, which, if retained, would tend to poison the blood and produce disease of many different kinds.

2. Exercise.—How many thousands of women there are who scarcely know the meaning of this word. Exercise must be quite independent of any labor you may have undergone during the day. Exercise should be taken with regularity day after day; it should not be fatiguing, but very nearly so: one sleeps better at night after returning from a long walk that has rendered her pleasantly tired. Exercise must be pleasant, to be of use. If walking is indulged in, remember you must either traverse roads or streets slowly and leisurely, where you find something to amuse and instruct, or you must be going somewhere, and have some object in view. A meaningless march along an uninteresting highway is merely depressing, and, if it does any good at all, it is only because you are breathing fresh air. Exercise is best taken an hour or two after a meal, and neither immediately before nor immediately after. During exercise, wear light clothing, and beware of perspiring too much, lest you weaken the body and make it subject to a chill whenever you sit down.

3. Eating and Drinking.—Temperance in both must be observed. Eat slowly—very slowly. No heavy suppers; very little meat at any time; plenty of vegetables, including bread. Of this last, those who are inclined to embonpoint should eat but very little. Obesity is unhealthful, even in grown-up people, it is worse in the young. One's own taste should be consulted as to what is beneficial; but even things that are liked should be partaken of but sparingly. It is a bad thing for a young girl to go for too long a time without food. The stomach preys on itself, and the whole system gets weak from long fasting. There are times, of course, when a girl cannot get food at the time she would need it, and, on such occasions, when coming to table, she is apt to be hungry indeed. Let her beware of over-eating, or eating too hastily, at such a time.

4. Sleep.—This must be obtained, else the nerves will fail and debility will ensue and open the door to any ailment that may choose to walk in and take possession of the system. But, if you have been employed well all day, if you have eaten temperately and taken a bath and plenty of exercise, sleep will come. Take care that the room is well ventilated, however, and neither too hot nor too cold, and that the pillows are soft, the mattress firm and smooth, and the bed-clothing not heavy.

5. The Mind.—This has much to do with bodily health. Control your temper, never get angry, if possible; if you are so and cannot help it, struggle to take time to talk. At such a moment, silence is indeed golden; pray maintain it, if you cannot speak without exciting yourself and saying that for which you may afterwards be sorry.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," Peterson's Magazine, Lock Box 409, Marblehead, Mass.

Answers to Puzzles in July Number.

No. 269.
Paper-weight.

No. 270.
A celebrated poet.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

Fig. I.—Visiting-Dress, of Black Lace. Three flounces of black lace are on the skirt, which is edged with poppy-red satin. The tunic and body are made of lace by the piece. The front is rather loose, and is drawn to the right side, where it is gathered up with long loops of poppy-red ribbon. The back of the bodice is gathered under a red satin belt, and the skirt, sleeves, shoulder, etc., are trimmed with poppy-red satin loops and bows.

Fig. II.—Garden-Party Dress, of Pink Batiste. There is a narrow plaiting of the batiste around the bottom of the skirt; above this are two ruffles of white lace on the front of the skirt. The skirt at the back is full and undraped, it is turned under at the bottom at the back. Two jabots of white lace are on each side of the skirt, where they terminate under the back fullness. The white lace trims the edge of the cuirass bodice and sleeves. Large white lace collar. Large hat of coarse black straw, lined with poppy-red, and trimmed with poppy-red satin, daisies, and poppies.

Fig. III.—Walking-Dress, of Buff-Colored Sateen. The skirt is of plain buff sateen, trimmed with two tucked ruffles. The overdress is of the sand-colored figured sateen, made princess-shape, with a bodice-drapery reaching from the right shoulder to the left side of the waist. The skirt is draped from left to right, and is very full at the back, where it falls over the underskirt. Yellow straw hat, trimmed with blue surah silk and ragged robbins.

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FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLACK NUN'S-VEILING. The underskirt is of black and white striped canvas-cloth, an imitation of a second skirt being at the bottom. The overdress is polonaise, and falls in long straight lines at the back. It is draped to the hip in front. Fichu and cuffs of Spanish lace. Straw hat, trimmed with black velvet and white feathers.

FIG. V.—GARDEN-PARTY DRESS, OF WHITE FIGURED SILK AND SURAH. The skirt is of white silk, brocaded in blue; it is trimmed down the sides and around the front with imitation Malines lace. The overdress has paniers at the side, and falls at the back in loose draperies. The bodice has plaits reaching from the shoulders to the waist. Cuffs of the brocaded silk on the sleeves. Hat of yellow straw, trimmed with surah and blue feathers.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF THIN BROWN WOOLEN MATERIAL. The skirt is of plain goods, tucked; the polonaise is of a lighter shade of brown, studded with tufts of frisé chenille. The polonaise fastens slant-wise with a silver ornament, and is draped to form points. The bodice has plaited revers. Collar of dark-brown velvet. Hat of brown straw, trimmed with brown velvet and brown feathers.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE BUNTING. The underskirt has one deep kilt-plaiting. The tunic is draped shawl-fashion in front, and falls plain at the back. The jacket fits closely, and opens in front over a cream-colored cloth vest. Collar, cuffs, and pockets on the jacket of dark-blue velvet. Cream-colored felt hat, trimmed with blue velvet and cock's-plume.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GRAY ZEPHYR-CLOTH. The skirt has a long kilting at the side. The lower part of the draped front is tucked, as well as the full breadth at the back. The pointed bodice has a broché waistcoat, gray and red, and the latter is crossed by pointed bands of the gray zephyr-cloth.

FIG. IX.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF MIGNONETTE-GREEN CAMBRIC. The skirt has a deep gathered flounce, edged with bége-colored lace, falling over a knife-plaiting of the cambric. The round tunic, with wide sash-ends at the back, is trimmed with bége lace, and forms a full puff at the top. The edge of the bodice, velvet cuffs, and collar of dark-green velvet are trimmed with the lace.

FIG. X.—JACKET, OF BLACK BROCHÉ GRENADINE, MADE OVER DARK-RED SILK. It is much longer in front than at the back, where there are three box-plaits. The collar and cuffs are of guipure. Black crochet ball-buttons trim the front. This jacket is also very stylish made of black silk damask or broché velvet.

FIG. XI.—NEW-STYLE BLACK STRAW HAT, bound with black velvet, and trimmed with black velvet loops and feathers.

FIG. XII.—HAIR-PINS, OF TORTOISE-SHELL, with tortoise-shell and Rhine-stone or paste tops.

FIG. XIII.—WRAP FOR SUMMER, OF MOSS-GREEN PLUSH, OF A LIGHT QUALITY. The ends are longer than the back, and the pretty hood is lined with pale primrose-colored satin.

FIG. XIV.—HAT, OF BLACK LACE, trimmed with black ribbon and pink roses.

FIG. XV.—SLEEVE, OF SILK, with a very deep cuff of velvet, which buttons on the outside.

FIG. XVI.—SLEEVE, FOR MOURNING-DRESS, trimmed with black crape.

FIG. XVII.—BODICE, OF CREAM-COLORED SURAH. The bodice is plaited, back and front. The basque and sleeves are edged with lace, and there is a jabot of lace down the front. Bows and band of brown velvet.

FIG. XVIII.—MANTELET, OF LIGHT SUMMER CLOTH. The basque and long ends have a full flounce of woolen lace. The front has a full jabot of lace, and the ends are gathered, and finished by jet ornaments. This style of mantle is very beautiful in black Ottoman silk, trimmed with black Chantilly or Spanish lace.

FIG. XIX.—GARDEN-PARTY DRESS, OF LIGHT-BROWN SATEEN, STUDDED WITH PINK ROSES. The underskirt is laid in large box-plaits. The tunic is full at the waist, and draped high at the back, where it forms a puff. Just below the waist is a full puffing of the material. The bodice is laid in plaits, and opens in front over a cream-colored lace chemisette. The waistband, collar, and trimmings are of brown velvet ribbon. Hat of light-brown straw, trimmed with velvet of a darker shade and pink roses.

FIG. XX.—GIRL'S HAT, OF DARK-BLUE STRAW, trimmed with loops of ribbon of the same color.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Belted dresses are much worn by young people, especially for cambric, sateen, and other wash-dresses. Piqués are made almost like the tailor-made dresses. The material is so heavy that much drapery is burdensome.

The changes in dressmaking and draping, this summer, are seen more in small details than in any general outlines of absolutely new creations. The full effect of the back-drapery is increased, but no dress-improvers or crinolettes are worn by well-dressed people, and the full appearance seems only the clever effect of the drapery much bunched up. But, where this effect is not liked, it seems equally good style to allow the tunic to hang straight and bag-like, in the same way that it did last year. The basques are short and cut quite round, about two inches below the waist, with no back-trimmings or folds in many cases. The edges of the whole bodice, when cut in this way, are often edged with bead passementerie, or a kind of silk bead, which is a Parisian novelty this year. The front darts are now cut very high indeed.

Flounces are still used; most of them have four or five tucks run in at the edge, and they are kilted in various ways in wide and narrow plaits, and these are fastened down flatly, so as to prevent their giving the least bouffant or full effect. In dresses made for young people, flounces are less used, and all kinds of flat trimmings are in vogue—folds, tucks, braiding, and also the new woolen yak lace, which are so plentifully used for every description of dress. These laces will form one of the very distinguishing marks of all the year's fashions. They appear to wear very well, when used with care, and they are not more expensive than the different kinds of imitation laces that have been so much employed during the last two or three years.

All skirts of dresses, costumes, etc., follow the same styles, having plain foundations, over which the tunics and draperies are arranged in long folds, the puffy ones being reserved for the back. Young ladies' summer dresses are made with narrow flounces to the waist, with perhaps small panier-like overskirts, or only back-drapery.

Two or even more materials continue to be used for all dresses to be worn on all occasions. In an ordinary gown, the bodice and tunic are of the same material, and the cuffs, collar, and front plastron would match the skirt. If there be a jacket, it would match the upper skirt, while a waistcoat would be like the lower. Tunics are worn very long, and nearly all are arranged so as to hang on one side of the dress. A very generally-used model has a shawl-point in front.

The fronts of bodices and the hips of skirts are increased in size, in order, it is said, to make the waist appear smaller. Not only are the dresses themselves full over the hips, but false hips are being manufactured, as well as false busts.

Notwithstanding these full hips, however, many skirts are still made with box-plaitings from waist to foot. Accordeon-plaiting has already disappeared from Paris fashions.

Other skirts are gathered into the waist at the hips and at the back. The front, however, is often quite plain, without even an apron or a drapery to relieve its plainness. Some-

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times, again, the entire skirt is quite plain—whilst the bodice alone, which is of a different material, has the back lengthened to form a train, or double skirt, at the back. A bodice or coat of this kind can be worn with several skirts, and thus greatly vary the costume. These bodice-coats are made of brocade, velvet, silk, satin, and plush, and may be trimmed with lace of the same color.

In general, however, dresses are less trimmed than they were. Ornaments of beaded passementeries are the most fashionable, and are placed on the shoulders as epaulettes, and on the hips, to loop up draperies, and also at the back. The newest thing is lead beads, or porcelain beads to imitate lead. Other beads are always the same color as the dress.

In trimmings, woolen braid, also, about a quarter of a yard in width, is fashionable, to trim elegant dresses. This braid is either completely covered with velvet appliqués and gold, or silver or steel beads. Gold-thread braid, however, is no longer seen on elegant dresses.

Bands of velvet or plush, plain or striped, may also trim walking-dresses, when trimming is desired. Then come beaded chenille trimmings, feather-trimmings, and lace.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

Dresses are becoming plainer and plainer, till I actually think there is a good chance of our returning to the straight full skirts and untrimmed corsages of some forty years ago. It must be confessed that the new styles exact perfection in the fit and cut of every dress. As to the materials, their name is Legion. No one article appears to be more really fashionable than another, the vogue depending entirely as it does upon individual caprice. Striped soft cloths, blended with plain ones the color of the groundwork of the striped material, or with colored worsted lace, are immensely popular for street-wear. I have seen costumes whereof the polonaise was composed of the plain cloth, and having a long V-shaped vest of the striped material. The underskirt was in the striped cloth, and the polonaise, which was slightly draped at the back, opened over it up the front and at the sides. The prevailing color of this toilette was a very dark-blue with the stripes in dull-red and gold-yellow. Bonnet of dark-blue surah, trimmed with dark-red velvet and with a cluster of red and yellow tulips.

Worth is making up some beautiful soft beige-colored cloths for seaside and autumnal wear, the jackets of the costumes being bordered with a fine and elaborate braiding in the same tint. The high-draped overskirt is finished in the same way. The jacket is lined throughout with pale-blue twilled surah. Other and more dressy costumes are in velvet, or in faille and velvet, with wraps of minute dimensions composed of passementerie in colored beads to match the dress in hue. These short wraps are amongst the prettiest novelties of the season. They are lined with satin in some delicate hue contrasting with that of the beadwork, and are made of the short dolman-shape, without ends in front and with self-formed sleeves.

Even for the very youngest girls, Worth is now employing watered silks and very small-patterned brocades for evening-dress wear, when the toilette is to be made in the severely simple style. One ball-dress that was recently sent out from his establishment was in white faille, brocaded with small white satin spots. The short train was caught up in two butterfly-wing shaped puffs just below the corsage, the back point of which came just between the puffs, the whole arrangement being as pretty and coquettish as can well be imagined. Just above the hem of the train was set a wide thick ruching of plain white tulle. The skirt-front was covered with three tucked flounces of white tulle, over which fell a single thickness of white tulle, showered all over with minute silver dots, and caught up in graceful drapery at one side. Also very beautiful was an evening-dress in watered silk, in wide stripes of tea-rose and pale-blue, the train and skirt-front bordered with a single full puff of pale-blue satin, caught at intervals with small pearl ornaments. The skirt-front was composed of draperies of white figured lace net over pale-blue satin. The corsage was cut square, full curves of white lace being set around the opening and ornamenting the half-long sleeves. The skirt-fronts described on the last two toilettes are much narrower than they have heretofore been worn, and, in fact, seem to be adopted chiefly to facilitate the backward sweep of the train. I regret to say that the becoming and convenient transparent sleeve is entirely out of vogue, being seen no more, either in lace or passementerie.

On the other hand, I am happy to be able to state that the shapes and trimmings of hats and bonnets are much less exaggerated than they were last spring. The small tasteful close-fitting capote is no longer piled high with ornaments that seem aspiring to reach the clouds, and the high crowns of the hats are diminished by at least one-third. Clusters of small birds form a favorite trimming, and so too do high cockades of ribbon in which several colors are blended with the unerring good taste of the Parisian milliner. Large clusters of flowers are also much worn, tulips and marigolds being much liked for the relief that their vivid hues afford to the dark colors of the street-suits of the season. Roses and even peonies are also popular. Metallic-frosted pen-feathers are also still used for decorating the fronts of hat-crowns, but they are now seldom seen in gold or silver, dead-steel and jet being more in vogue. A pretty mossy felt is shown as amongst the first of the novelties. A new rich shade of yellow, between tea-rose and gold-color, is called apricot-color. It blends well with the ever-popular moss-green. The prettiest dress-bonnets for evening-wear are in Valenciennes lace, finished around the edge with a narrow full-drawn puff of black velvet, set with cut jet beads as large as cherries. On the front of the crown is placed a full cockade of apricot velvet ribbon, intermixed with jet pen-feathers. The lace is held down on the frame of the bonnet with small pins of cut jet.

Bracelets are much worn, even in demi-toilette, being clasped over the long glove. Bangles and the porte-bonheurs have been replaced by flat gold chain-bracelets, or by a narrow gold bar curving around the arm, and with a jeweled horse-shoe or a flower in gold and diamonds set at one side. It is in good taste now to wear a bracelet on each wrist.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—LITTLE BOY'S DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE SERGE. The frock is plain in front to the waist, and is cut to fit the figure at the back. The skirt is laid in box-plaits, back and front. A narrow kilt-plaiting edges the skirt. White leather belt, with cuffs and large collar of linen.

FIG. II.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS, OF WHITE NAINSOOK. It is high and gathered back and front at the waist, and falls in a full puffing, below the gathering, over the two embroidered ruffles. A colored ribbon forms the draw-string, and is finished at the back as a sash. The cuffs and large collar are finished with embroidery.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF WHITE ALBATROSS. The skirt is composed of three plaited flounces, edged with blue velvet ribbon. The scarf, tunic, and drapery at the back are finished in the same way. The bodice is cut to come below the waist, but is almost round, and the small vest, and large collar, and the trimming of the sleeves are of brown velvet. The sleeves are slightly full at the top, and are gathered into a plain piece below the elbow. White straw hat, trimmed with brown velvet and feathers.

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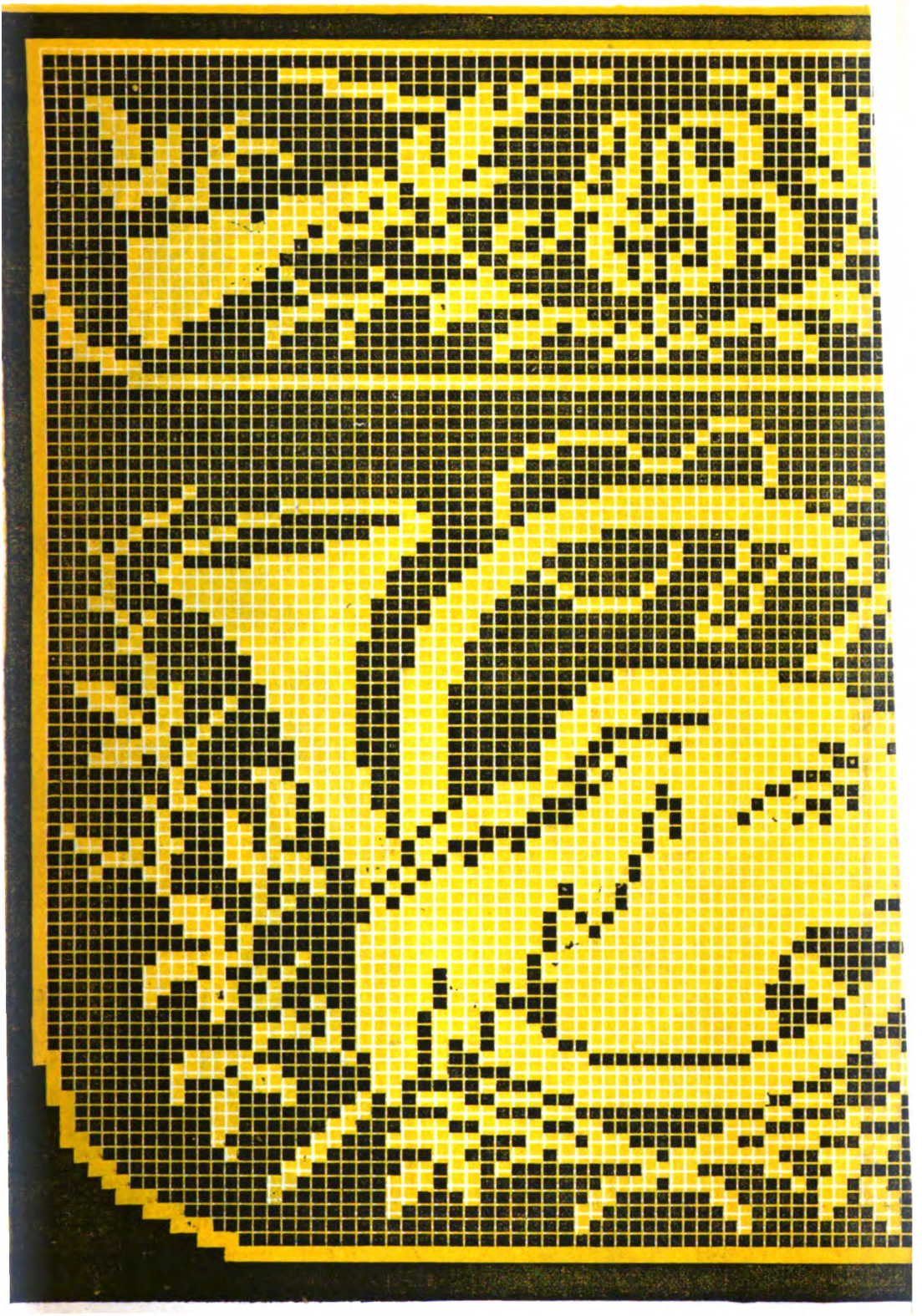


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THE DRINK FROM THE SPRING.

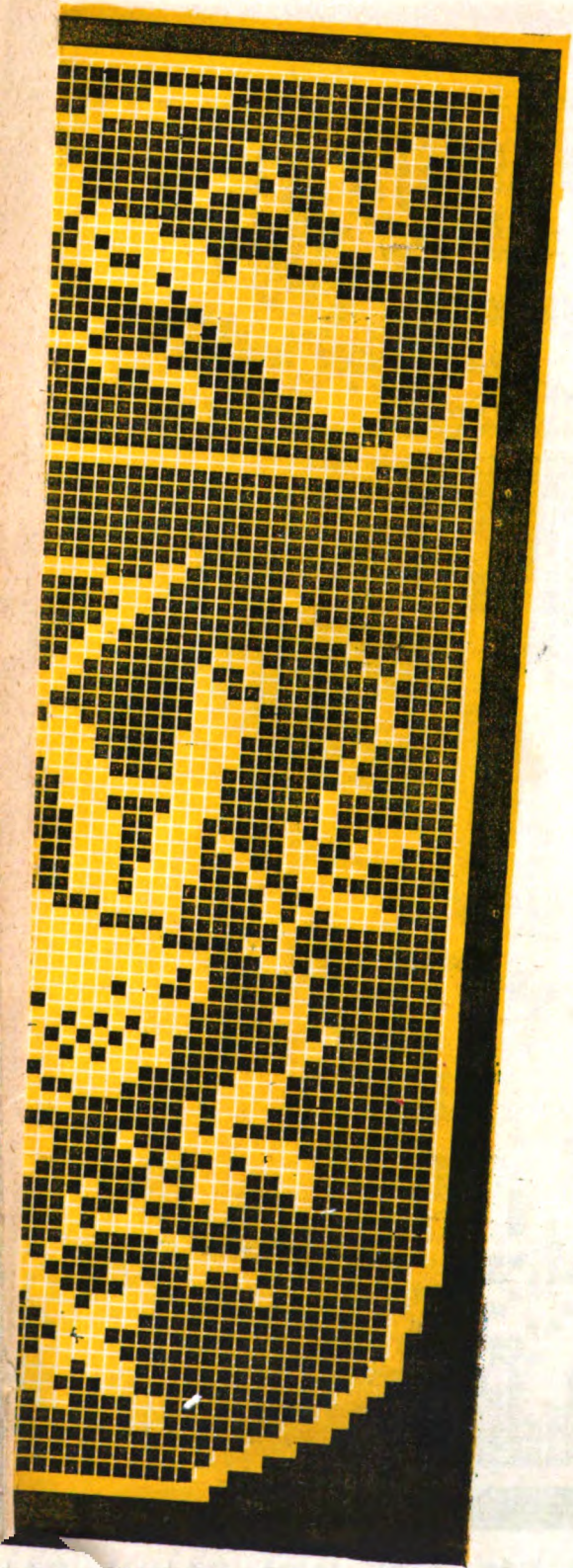
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TIDY: ON JAVA CANVAS

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ON THE ROCKS BY THE SEA.

[*See the Story, "Not Uncommon."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

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LATEST STYLES FOR HOUSE-DRESSES.

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LATEST STYLE WALKING-DRESS. VISITING-DRESS.

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WATER-PROOF CLOAK. JACKET. MANTLE.

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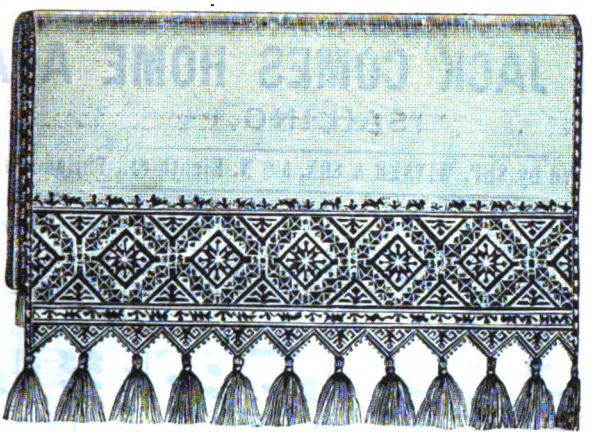
HOUSE-DRESS. JERSEY BODICE. PLASTRON. SLEEVE.

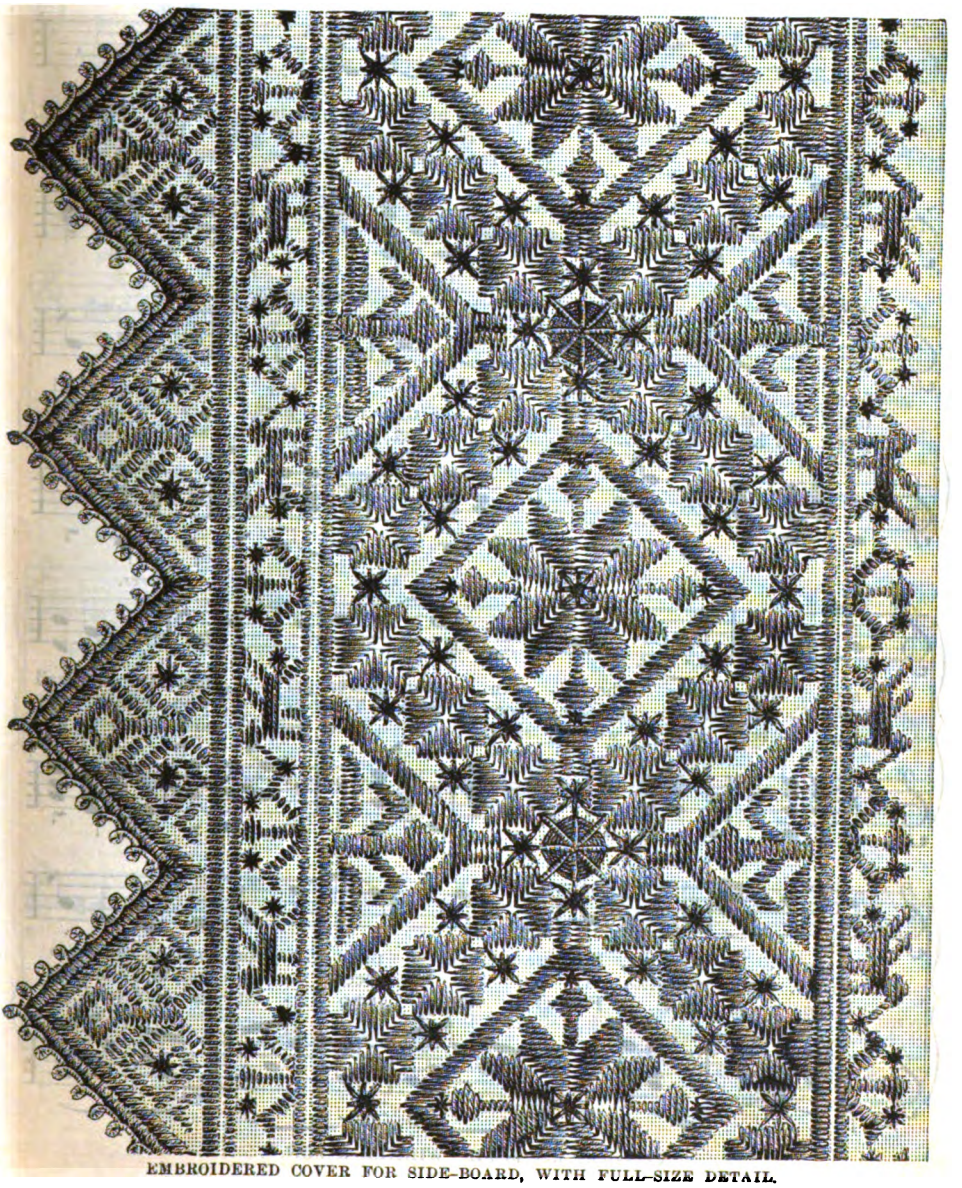
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DESIGN IN EMBROIDERY FOR INFANT'S NAPKIN, ETC., ETC.

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EMBROIDERED COVER FOR SIDE-BOARD, WITH FULL-SIZE DETAIL.
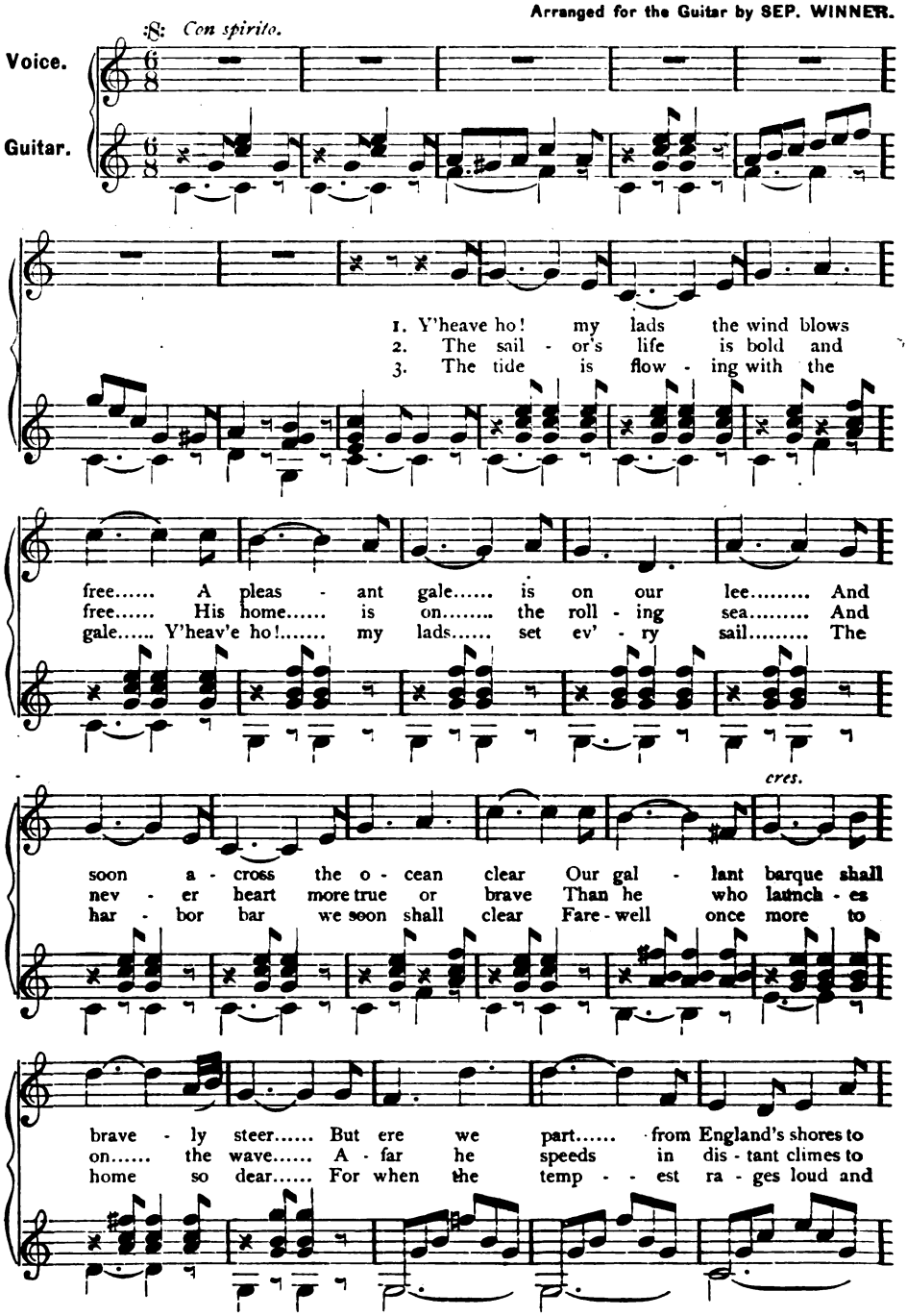
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"WHEN JACK COMES HOME AGAIN."

(SAILING.)
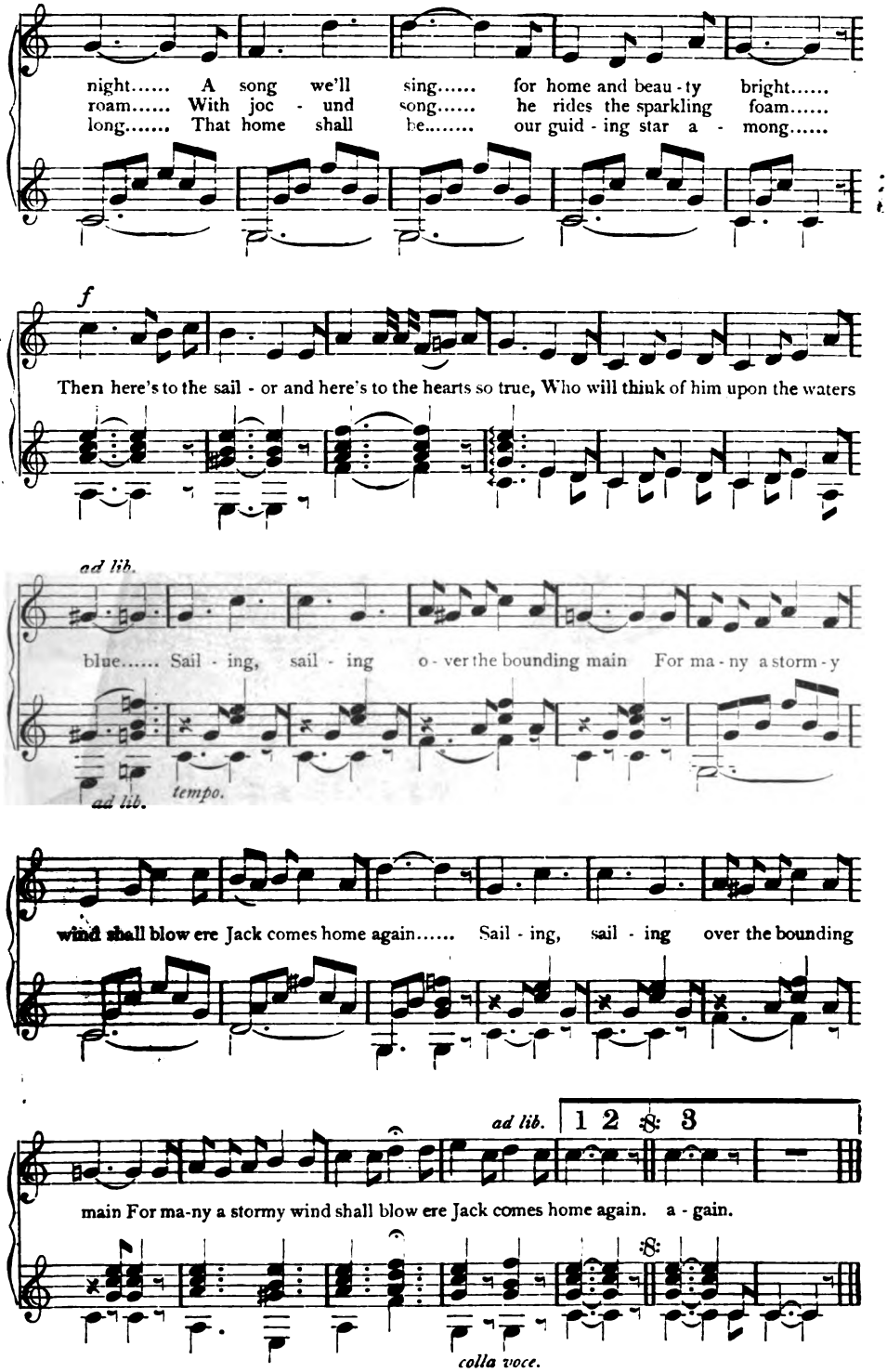
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LATEST STYLES FOR HAT, MANTLE, BONNET, DOG-COLLAR.

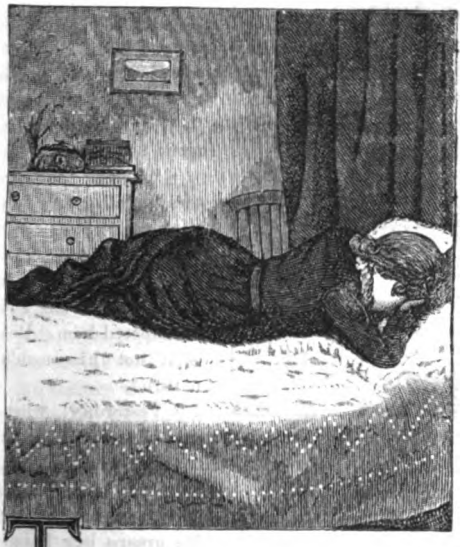
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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1885. NO. 3.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

BY ROSAMOND PATY.



THE voice came from the bed.

"Do you promise?" it asked, faintly.

"I cannot!" The speaker turns his eyes to the open window, through which are visible the broad Ashhart acres, rich with the wealth of the golden harvest, and with here and there a tinge of decaying summer; then back to the face, turning restlessly among the pillows, upon which a woman, somewhat past the middle age, is half reclining.

Such a rare face as it must have been in the years gone by! But now there rests upon it the stamp of death and a look of the deepest remorse.

She has followed his glance, and her eyes are riveted on his face, as she speaks again, with an effort:

"Yes, these broad acres are yours; but there rests upon them a curse that has haunted me by day and by night; a curse that will follow you, unless the great wrong is expiated. Find his daughter, who is alone and friendless; marry her; and then—but not until then—can my soul meet his in eternity."

There is a pause. The dying woman's voice sinks almost to a whisper. Great beads of perspiration stand on her son's brow.

"Mother, you know not what you ask," he says. "Can two wrongs ever make a right? Listen to me."

"I will not," she cries, vehemently. "Philip, hear my story. I loved Ralph Desmond, a poor artist, with a devotion that amounted almost to idolatry; yet, in a fatal hour, tempted by this paltry gilt and tinsel, I sold myself to a man old enough to be my father. I believe I was mad for months afterwards. Oh, can I ever forget his curse, when Ralph came and found me the bride of another? Pity me! Remember the devotion I have given you. Make the last few hours of my life happy. Do not let me die with this curse upon me."

"But I cannot undo the past."

"You can lift the curse. Hear me. In a fit of revenge, Ralph Desmond married a girl as poor as himself. For years I heard of their struggles with poverty; then they went abroad; and shortly after came the news of the death of both, a few months apart. But there was a daughter, and it is she for whom I have sought in vain. Promise me to find her. Marry her, and expiate your mother's wrong-doing."

There is a mighty struggle for awhile, in the young man's heart; but the wistful eyes and pleading voice of his mother triumph at last. Bending his face close to hers, he kisses her lips, in a slow sacred way, and says:

"I promise."

The words act like magic. His mother sinks back upon her couch, and clasps her hands across.

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her breast. Her eyes rest, for a moment, on the distant landscape—the broad domain she must so soon relinquish—and then they close as if in sleep, forever.

An hour later, Philip leaves the darkened room, and walks out into the fast-gathering darkness. He seeks a favorite meadow, where great century-old elms, in groups or singly, throw deep shadows on the grass even at midday. The chill in the air corresponds with the icy feeling in his heart. He is utterly alone. He is master, indeed, of the rich acres before him. But what avails it all? He has given up his love. Was the promise right? Just now, his dimmed eyes seek the sky, and find there a faint star struggling through the darkness, and he tries to fancy it is his mother's smile. "Yes, I was right," he says. "Poor mother, I made her last hours peaceful." The star dimples and twinkles, as if it hears him, and he watches it with a strange awe, through the gloom.

"Philip!" cries a voice, suddenly.

A soft hand is laid on his shoulder, bringing him back to earth—back to the keen pain he must ever after know: for before him stands the only woman he can ever love; and he has just sworn his troth away from her.

"I have heard it all," she says, with emotion; "your mother is dead."

"Yes," he answers, in a vague tone.

"And you gave your promise?"

"I gave it," he replies.

"And I, too, made the same promise," she goes on. "I promised that I would never stand between you and Ralph Desmond's daughter."

"When?" he utters, turning and facing her. "How came you to make such a vow?" Somehow, he is angry that she has anticipated him. But is it not his man's nature?

"Yesterday, when you were away for the physician, your mother sent for me, and told me all," she says.

"And you promised, though it may break your heart, as it has mine?" He grasps her hands rudely, and gazes at her with hungry wistful eyes.

"Could I refuse?" Her voice trembles. "It was a dying woman."

There is a silence. The dew falls. A cricket, out in a clover-patch, chirps in a loud monotonous tone. They have no word to speak, these two. What shall they say, with the cold silent figure lying in the house yonder, upon whose face rests a smile born of this very sacrifice?

"I shall be going away soon," he says, brokenly, at last. "Have you no word for me?"

"Yes; that you may be happy, and that I may learn to forget you."

"True love can never forget," he says, half angrily.

"But when it is one's duty—"

He pushes her away. Then, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, he catches her in his arms and kisses her again and again, passionately—so passionately that her hat falls off, and her beau-

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tiful hair tumbles in great masses down her back.

She extricates herself, with a look of reproach.

"Oh! how can you?" she cries, and crouches against a tree, as if for protection, and bursts into violent sobbing.

"Forgive me," he says. "I will go. Give me one look—only one. I was mad. You are right. We must part."

He lays his hand on her, appealingly. She looks up—oh, with what a look! Reproach, wonder, love, despair, all unite in it.

"I—I forgive you," she sobs. "God help us both."

"God help us," he answers, and, fearing to trust himself longer, he turns and strikes off across the fields, leaving her standing mutely leaning against the tree for support, straining her eyes through the darkness after him. Then she steals home, and, hurrying up to her chamber, flings herself on her bed, and bursts into a passion of sobs, that shake her whole frame.

The day subsequent to that of the funeral, he went away. Five years passed. It is again September. Bright and mellow falls the late afternoon sunlight over the Ashhart estate, yet its master is still absent from his boyhood's home.

Some day, the place may know him again. But the spring grass and the spring buds start, and the summers deepen into autumn, and the winter snows come and go, and still he is away. To one, this long waiting seems a lifetime. Never, since that last meeting in the meadow, has she seen or heard from him. She said she would try to forget his love; but she has not been able to do so. Where is he now? He may be married. She has never heard. Even though he be single, he is lost to her. Perhaps his love is dead. Five years' time brings many changes, and it may have wrought its work with Philip Ashhart.

Yet, what is he to her, and why can she not forget him? Why is it that a woman still remembers, when even hope is dead?

It is two years since the old man, who adopted her and raised her as his own, died, leaving her the bulk of his fortune. She is an heiress now. There is much in life she could enjoy, and yet she lives quietly on, in the old home, where, at every twilight, she steals out, and over the fields, down to the meadow-path. Standing there alone, she wonders if life is to go on, forever, thus.

A lawyer, who is settling some business pertaining to the estate, has asked for some papers of her guardian. This afternoon, in quest of them, she opens a private drawer in the great writing-desk, that she never looked into before. It contains many faded and yellow papers. Some are old letters, dating back many years. She remembers it well. It was here that her adopted father used to sit, transacting business. Sometimes he would leave his papers about, if hurriedly called away. She recalls particularly one morning, when the careless housemaid had swept



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out a letter that must have fallen on the floor, and which would have been lost irrecoverably if she had not discovered it. She recalls, too, his look of surprise, almost of consternation, when she carried it in to him. "Yes, yes," he cried, hurriedly, after scanning it, "it is one of my papers. But you haven't read it? You haven't read it? No? That is right. I know you never read my letters, but I thought you might have looked over it, to see if it were really mine," hastily thrusting it into a drawer, as he spoke. She remembers all this the more vividly, because she has come upon a faded letter, which she is sure is the same. Mechanically she opens it, thinking it may be the one the lawyer wants. But it is only an acknowledgment of payment for a painting. What? She is about to put it down, when a name stops her. Can it be possible? It is signed "Ralph Desmond."

Involuntarily she draws back. It is the name that has stood between her and her lover. The paper drops from her hands. For it flashes on her that her foster-father has seen and known this man. It must have been when he was abroad, and when she was but a child.

She picks up the paper, and examines the date. She finds the receipt must have been written when she was two years old. As she sits, vainly striving to overcome the bitter memories called up by that name, she notices another paper, with the same handwriting. It is but a scrap, and has evidently been torn from some book in haste; and the writing is a scrawl:

"I am dying. You have been kind to me and bought my pictures. I am without friends and penniless, but I cannot leave my child alone. In pity for the poor artist, care for her. You have wealth, and will never miss what you give her. But never overshadow her young life with an account of her father's struggles and disappointments. Do this, and receive a dying man's blessing. RALPH DESMOND."

For a moment the room swims before her bewildered gaze. Then she drops her head upon her clasped hands, and bursts into tears.

She has known, for years, that she was an adopted child; but, owing to her guardian's reticence, she has never found a clue to her birth until now. A deep yearning for the father she has never known fills her heart. Oh, that he could have lived, that his child might have cheered his saddened life! The daughter of Ralph Desmond! The knowledge opens all the flood-gates of the love so long stifled and pent up.

If she could but fly to the arms of Philip, and tell him who she is! No: for, in another moment, she remembers that five years have passed since she has seen him—a long time for the truest love even to keep silent. Why has he never written to her? Ah! she remembers that she forbade it. Duty, duty—she talked to him of duty; and all the while her heart has been breaking over this cruel separation.

Perhaps, after all, he has persuaded himself that his promise was unjust. Perhaps he has found one who can fill the place of his first love. Her hands tremble, as she pushes the papers back into the drawer, and locks it. She is filled with so many deep emotions, over this newly-found chapter of her life, that, putting on her hat and throwing a shawl around her shoulders, she

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hurries out of the house, through the back garden, and down to the meadow. Even there she does not pause, but passes on until she reaches the little church-yard, where Philip Ashhart's mother sleeps. She has never visited the grave before. She has felt an aversion to it, whenever she has looked towards it, as she went to church. But now, in her excited state of mind, it seems a link to the past. She flings herself on the mound, and, with her head resting on her hands, clasps the headstone.

How deeply the woman, sleeping so silently here, loved Ralph Desmond, the poor painter! How much she, who now kneels on the grave, loves this dead woman's son! How strange a world it is! Are she and her lover—living—any nearer together than these two lovers—dead?

"Oh!" she cries, "take back your promise; even from your grave, speak."

She does not notice, in her despair, that twilight is closing around her. The chirp of the cricket, and the twinkling stars, bring back vividly to her mind that night five years before, when she parted from her lover.

There is a step close behind her. A man, tall and sunburned, as if from many wanderings, stands beside her. The steps arrest her attention. She turns suddenly.

"Philip!" she gasps, as she recognizes, even in the twilight, even though so altered, the well-remembered features.

"You?" he ejaculates.

Then, as if trying to keep down some strong emotion, he draws back. In another moment, he seizes her hands, and exclaims passionately:

"You! at last—after all these years. I cannot obey you. I have wandered—anywhere—to be away from you—to forget the look of your eyes—the sound of your voice. It is in vain."

She stood trembling before him. She could not find words to answer. He began again, more vehemently than before.

"I thought, if I could only stand by the grave," he said, "it would give me strength to keep my promise to the bitter end. I did not come that I might see you. I thought I could remain for one night at the old home, unknown, and, the next day, be far away again. But fate determined otherwise. I have found you. Don't turn away from me. Is it right to keep this promise to the dead? Tell me. I leave it all to you."

"I must keep it," she says, looking at him steadily. He reels, as if about to fall. "But," she cries, hastily, stepping forward as if to catch him, "dear Philip, I—I am Ralph Desmond's daughter." The next moment, he is in her arms.

The twilight deepens, as she repeats the contents of the letter she has read that afternoon. Night falls; but they heed it not. Behind the church-yard trees, the moon rises, and they see in it the harbinger and promise of a new day.

By the grassy mound, they renew their vows. At last, they turn to walk home. As they go slowly along the meadow-path, hand in hand, they feel that naught but happiness shall henceforth come from LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

THE MASQUERADE.

BY FANNIE ISABELLE SHERRICK.

I see them pass—two graceful figures,
Under the shadows there—
Out from the ball-room's heated circles
To the moonlit-flooded air.

She is a princess, jewel-laden,
And he is a priest, to-night;
And their hands have touched in the mad'ning dances
Under the blazing light.

The eyes she hath, they are full of splendor,
And he has will that is strong;
The hair she hath, it is like the sunlight,
And a voice that is like a song.

Oh, is it strange that a priest should wander
Under the stars of light
With a fair young princess, robed in laces,
Nor heed the hours in flight?

Oh, is it strange he should whisper phrases
That never said priest before—
Phrases, forsooth, that were never uttered
In the pages of priestly lore?

Their hands have touched in the shadowy starlight,
Love's story is told again.
Oh, is it the joy of love's dear passion,
Or only a dream of pain?

Why should I care that a priest should wander
Under the stars of night
With a fair young princess, jewel-laden,
Far from the blazing light?

What matters it—the love that he gives her—
He with his will so strong:
She with her eyes of dreamy splendor,
And her voice that is like a song?

Only this—that their shadows haunt me,
In the starlit golden glow;
And I feel the love in my own heart swelling
With its passionate ebb and flow.

Only this—that they bring me mem'ries
Of lovers who never meet;
Of pain, and a sorrowful tragedy woven
Into a romance sweet.

Only this—that I pity the lovers,
With their kisses and tender sighs:
For the busy world has no time for romance,
And love is a thing that dies.

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NOT UNCOMMON.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

"You will not like this nephew of mine," Agnes said. "But you must tolerate him, for my sake, while he stays."

"And why, pray, do you make an assertion like that?" queried Mrs. Belford, toying with the rings on Agnes's hand. "Is he so very disagreeable?"

"Oh, no, indeed," Agnes hastened to reply. "He can be very agreeable, and, as I have told you, he is quite my ideal. Yet he has a cold undemonstrative nature, and, as you are so warm and full of sweet emotion, I am sure he will impress you unpleasantly. He often makes people think he dislikes them, because of his reserve. I am sorry he is so shy. It would be pleasanter for you, otherwise."

"If he were one who would button my gloves, you mean," she said, "and hold my fan, and turn a delicate compliment. Oh, dear, no; I do not want that sort of thing here, Agnes. I came to you to rest—body, heart, and brain—and I am quite willing to get away from all the frivolous follies of the fashionable world. But how old is he?"

"Albert is twenty-five. Rather peculiar, too: rigid in his ideas of propriety; very severe in his judgment."

"Has he ever been in love?"

"Not that I know of. I really wish he would lose his heart: it might do him good. But he finds young ladies either too bold, too frivolous, or too silly. He has some high and impossible ideal of female divinity in his mind, some perfect paragon of virtue, propriety, and modesty, for whom he is waiting."

"Poor thing," sighed Agnes, as her friend went to her room to dress. "What a pity she is not appreciated at home. She is just starving for affection."

Mrs. Belford was thirty, looked twenty, and was dowered with those magnetic charms and intangible graces which are so much more powerful than mere beauty, at least when coupled with tact and taste. She dressed exquisitely; understood the art of pleasing and seeming pleased; read character swiftly; and was a thoroughly charming woman.

Wedded to a practical matter-of-fact man, who gave her no sentiment, but plenty of money, she supplied the restless cravings of a hungry heart and romantic mind as best she could. She had met Agnes in Florida, the previous winter; the two had become friends: and now she was paying a visit to Agnes, at the latter's country-residence.

"I am sure not to like her, Aunt Agnes," Albert said, frankly, a few hours later, hearing her description of Mrs. Belford. "A woman who roams around the world without her husband, and goes to balls and theatres without him, is not my ideal. Or one who permits other gentlemen to admire her—and you tell me she is much admired by gentlemen."

"But her husband will not go out with her," his aunt explained. "He cares only for business, and the races, and his dogs. He abominates an opera, has no ear for music, while she is music-mad. Moreover, she occupies a social position which compels her to entertain and be entertained. She went South to escape a Northern winter, and Mr. Belford insisted upon her going; yet he would not accompany her."

Twenty-four hours later, Alfred was not hostile to Mrs. Belford. She had fathomed him at once, and, playing the part of innocence and modesty, had subjugated him at a single interview.

"She's not a bit forward, but very modest and gentle," he said to his aunt, "and she has a pathetic look in her eyes, which makes me feel sorry for her."

"Sorry for her?" Alas, poor Albert! Sympathy is the first step toward the abyss of folly, with many men, at least.

Day by day, this practiced coquette wove her web more and more closely about Albert.

"I am sad, this morning," she said, a fortnight after that first meeting, "because my life is so unfilled—so void. I married, when a mere child, a man without one taste in common with me. He gives me a house, but not a home. He gives me jewels and gold, but no affection. My heart starves, and I try, as best I may, to make life endurable. And I have been so happy here—oh, so happy! I dread the thought that I must go away next week."

"Next week? You must not—shall not," Albert answered, and took both her hands in his, to give emphasis to his words.

She withdrew them, with a pretty little shake of the head. But she did not go away the next

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week, or the next. And all the while poor Albert fell deeper into "the pit she had digged for him."

He was sitting on a low ottoman at her feet, in the twilight, one evening, when she renewed the subject of her going. She felt him tremble, and the hand that she reached down to take in her own was cold.

She was stirred by the dramatic situation. Mrs. Belford was very fond of the dramatic, on or off the stage.

"I want you to forget whatever has seemed too frank in my manner," she said, in a half-broken voice. "I do not want you to despise me—"

"Despise you? Great heaven! I worship you," he cried, wildly. "I could die for you."

"Hush!" she said, softly. "Do not die for me, but live. Live wholly worthy of this beautiful and sacred experience, which has come to glorify all life for me, and, I trust, for you also. Take this," she slipped a circle of gold upon his finger, "and never remove it until my image is displaced in your heart."

"It will never be removed, in life or death," he said, solemnly.

"I hope not. I believe not," she responded. "Yet, if you ever cease to worship and revere my memory, take off the ring. If you ever grow to love another woman better than you love me—do not, dear, let the ring remain. But, so long as I am a power and an influence in your life, wear it, and kiss it every night ere you go to sleep. We may never meet again. But it is an unworthy love which cannot be true through separation and silence. Good-bye, and heaven bless you."

In the morning, she was really gone. She had grown tired of the flirtation, and chose this dramatic way to end it. Her poor dupe missed her every hour. Yet he was in that exalted state of brain and heart where no actual physical presence was needed to make him happy. A whole new world, a heaven, had opened to him, during the last few weeks.

He had viewed women from a distance always, and knew them only as he read of them in books. Now, suddenly, a fascinating, lovely, and accomplished woman had crept into his heart, opening all its windows and doors to a flood of light. A sudden ambition seized him to become distinguished for her sake. Life opened before him with new possibilities. He wanted her to feel a pride in him: to give him respect and admiration as well as love. He felt all his former ideas of life changed and transformed by this experience. He had charity now for the whole suffering erring world; he was at last, he said, akin to all humanity. Every night he kissed the little ring, and breathed a silent "God bless her!"

A year went by, and then there came to him an intolerable and unconquerable desire to look upon her face once more. They had never exchanged one word or line, in all this time; but Albert had kept himself informed of her welfare, through his aunt. Agnes was with her now, at the seashore. It was quite the proper thing, he said to himself, for the nephew to join his relative there, for a week or two.

Mrs. Belford was out walking when he arrived. He had sent no word to his aunt of his anticipated visit. But he asked her, Agnes, eagerly about her friend. "Is she well? Does she seem happy?" he said.

"Yes, she is well," his aunt replied. "And she ought to be happy, if adoration and attention make a woman happy. She wins all who come in her way, and I am as infatuated as the rest," she added, laughingly.

After a time, Albert strolled into the billiard-room, to kill time until Mrs. Belford should return. A bevy of men were chatting together, at the opposite end of the room. They were discussing the billiard-strokes of a man who had just left.

"But he is no better than Charlie St. Clair was," said one, "before he deserted billiards for beauty."

A laugh followed this sally, and then another added:

"Charlie is perfectly infatuated with Mrs. Belford. I hope he will not make such a fool of himself as young Holly did, last winter. Holly was betrothed to a lovely girl; but he neglected her shamefully, after Mrs. Belford wove her toils about him. He really fancied, for awhile, she would obtain a divorce from her husband, and marry him."

"How does Belford like all this?" queried the first speaker.

"Oh, he doesn't seem to take it much to heart. She married him for his money, in the first place, and he really loved her, in his way. I think he was of a domestic nature, and would have liked a quiet home-life with her. But her nature craved excitement and admiration; she enjoys dramatic situations, and must have them. And so he lets her go her way, and he goes his. She amuses herself with each new candidate for her favor, and, when he becomes troublesome, she coolly disposes of him."

Albert went out upon the shore, his head in a whirl. How could the sky stand, the sun shine, the breakers roll, after such profane untruths had

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been spoken of his darling? For he felt sure they were untruths, the results of malice.

He took the path along the edge of the cliffs, which were about twenty feet high, and almost precipitous. But there was a comparatively smooth beach below, and one of some width, especially when the tide was out, as now. Little winding paths, and occasionally flights of steps, led down to the beach, every few hundred yards; and it was a favorite resort for lovers.

Suddenly voices sounded near Albert, apparently beneath him; a man's voice first, then *hers*. He looked over the edge of the cliff. Mrs. Belford was sitting on some rocks, just below, on the beach. Further out, a solitary pedestrian was visible, on an almost isolated ledge: beyond him, a sail; and then the illimitable horizon. The scene never left his memory to his dying day. He could also see Mrs. Belford's companion—a handsome blonde-bearded man, who looked down at her adoringly. She was speaking:

"I married, when a mere child, a man with no tastes in common with myself. My life is sad," she was saying, "and void. He gives me a house, but not a home. He gives me jewels, but denies me the affection I crave. I try, as best I may, to make life endurable. And now I want to live worthy—I want you to live worthy—of this beautiful and sacred experience, which has come to glorify life for me, and, I trust, for you also. Take this," and she slipped something into his hand, "and never part with it until my image is displaced in your heart."

Albert could bear no more. It was just what the false syren had said to him. She said it to all. He rose and rushed past them, and strode hurriedly out of sight.

An hour later, when Mrs. Belford returned to the hotel, she found its inmates in a state of great excitement.

"A young man, a stranger, who had arrived a few hours before, had just tried to commit suicide by shooting himself," they were saying, "but had only succeeded in making a very ugly wound in his side. The ball had been extracted, and he was not in danger of death. No one was quite sure of his name."

Mrs. Belford said "Poor fellow!" and was passing on to her room, when she met Agnes, pale as death.

"Why, what is the matter? Are you ill?" she cried.

Agnes looked at her with sad heavy eyes.

"Don't you know?" she answered. "Albert is here. He has tried to kill himself. I find this upon his table, addressed to you. Oh, Mrs. Belford, what has come upon my dear boy, to make him so rash and reckless?"

Mrs. Belford, now trembling in every limb, opened the parcel. It contained only the ring. The ring so dear to Albert—that had been treasured like a sacred talisman for a whole year—the ring which Mrs. Belford had actually forgotten she had given to him, until now it was returned to her under such tragic circumstances.

Mrs. Belford's love of the dramatic was gratified to its fullest extent, for once, at least.

The story leaked out, however, and Mrs. Belford had to leave the seashore, her reputation for a heartless coquette fixed forever.

As for Albert, though he is restored to physical health, his heart is seared and his soul embittered forever.

He laughs at love. He sneers at loyalty. He feels no faith in woman, young or old, wedded or single.

Possibly the future holds for him, in store, some sweet and holy experience, which shall restore that ruined faith; but even that cannot undo the wrong inflicted upon him by the selfish vanity, the heartless cruelty, of one wicked woman.

THE WIND OF CENTURIES.

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

At midnight, when the moon had paled,
The wind began to blow:
Solemn and sad, as it had wailed
Through centuries of woe.
Had wailed and wailed, when freedom failed
As Senlac's sun sank low;
When cultured Rome, by Goth assailed,
Fell in fierce overthrow;
When Zion's sacred walls were scaled,
And Ilium laid low.
When Hagar fled. When Theseus sailed,
In the dim long ago.

Oh, wind! you voice the groans and sighs
Of all the years before;
Of prisoners in dungeon styes,
Worn out with vain dolour;
Of Christian slaves, the Paynim's prize,
Chained hopeless to the oar;
Of captive Gauls, whose longing eyes
Saw their dear Rhine no more;
Of Judah, weeping for her skies,
By Babylon's far shore—
Oh, wind of forty centuries,
Wail on for evermore

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THE PASSWAY OF PERIL.

BY MRS. M. SHEFFEY PETERS.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 135.

CHAPTER IX.

BEFORE his inner vision, as he sat there, rose up the shimmer and sheen of satins, of laces and gauze, intermingled in the mazes of the dance; the floating forms and fair faces of women; and among these moved, as the cynosure of all eyes, his Cousin Judith, the fair debutante, who was, for him, the "bright particular star" of the whirling galaxy.

"No," she had told him, with quite a decided shake of the head, "she had not a single waltz to give him; would not have one through the evening; her card was full to overflowing already—he was half an hour too late."

"Ah, so he was," he had replied. "But business had detained him. He was inconvenienced, sometimes, by his adherence to an old-fashioned notion that duty should have precedence of pleasure. But Mr. Leonard Maynard was a young gentleman of leisure—no doubt he had secured a waltz on her card."

"Oh, yes! Mr. Maynard," she had replied, "had two waltzes and 'the lancers.' He wanted more, but she had none to give him."

"To be sure," he remembered answering. "No doubt Maynard would have liked the entire programme of the ball; but had she not reserved a promenade—the one after 'the lancers,' for instance—or a walk in the conservatory?"

"Ah, it was unfortunate; but Mr. Maynard had been before him there also. She had promised the stroll through the conservatory to him, immediately after 'the lancers.'"

So Hart Branthwaite had bowed, and left her to the next claimant, and, for an hour or two, had found nothing more agreeable than to stand to one side, and see the fair belle of the ball floating always beyond his reach. He was, in fact, bracing his nerves for the rack and the screw, when the first notes of "the lancers" called again the bright bevy of dancers to the floor. But where was Maynard? There was Miss Yodell, not sitting at ease, but standing, and in an attitude of waiting. Not uneasily, but slowly, inquiringly, with a growing wonder and surprise, and finally with indignation at having to wait: for already the couples were forming in their places. None could better interpret than Hart Branthwaite the kindling of the red light in their depths, or the proud poise of the graceful head, with its coils of rich auburn hair: for, from her earliest girlhood, he had made a study of her changeful moods.

All at once, her glance fell upon him. Instantly a smile of pleasure transformed the haughty pride of the fair face. With a slow graceful gesture, peculiar to herself, she raised her fan, and drew it towards her with a beckoning motion.

Branthwaite was at her side in a moment.

"Do you care to act the part of a substitute?" she asked, with another smile.

He extended his hand: she placed hers in it. In a moment they were moving in the rhythm of the dance. In the height of "the lancers," Mr. Leonard Maynard entered the room. He was flushed and out of breath, evidently dismayed, and wholly discomfited by the contretemps.

Seeing that she took no notice of him, but was bestowing her brightest smiles upon her cousin, who, as Mr. Leonard Maynard afterward expressed it, in his characteristic fashion, "had had the good-fortune to slip into his dancing-pumps, in his absence," he stood leaning against the doorway, gnawing his mustache, until the dance was over, when he hurried up to offer his excuses and make his peace.

Miss Yodell did not avoid his explanation. She listened with quite a smiling air of indulgent patience, but she did not relinquish her hold on her cousin's arm; and when Maynard, encouraged by her smile, claimed the promised stroll in the conservatory, she looked up at Hart Branthwaite, and said, with unmistakable emphasis:

"My engagement for the stroll in the conservatory was for my partner in 'the lancers,' was it not?"

"Certainly," assented Branthwaite, promptly; "and, having been favored with the one honor, I am without doubt entitled to the other."

Maynard bowed haughtily to Miss Yodell, shot an angry glance at Branthwaite, and turned on his heel without a word.

And it was in the conservatory Branthwaite tested his fate, and found his partner in "the lancers" willing to become his partner for life.

Sitting here now, in his chair of raccoon-skins, the fire-light gleaming weirdly on the low ceiling

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and on the clay-chinked and well-smoked walls of logs, on the pallet of wolf-hides, and on the lovely sleeper thereon, a vision of that brief dream of bliss came to him once more.

For, in truth, scarcely more than a dream of happiness had his betrothal been to him.

In the dawning of its brightness, Mr. Leonard Maynard had come to them in the conservatory, to claim Judith for the waltz over against which his name had been written on her card. But, of her own free will, without consulting Branthwaite even, Miss Yodell had erased the name, and, after a royal fashion of her own, had written the name of Hart Branthwaite in its stead.

"Never more as a substitute," she had said to the latter, with her proud smile of happiness. And it was there, in response to this, and under cover of the red, red bells of the fuchsia-tree, swinging as in unvoiced chimes overhead, that Branthwaite had stooped, and pressed his lips for the first time upon the white hand which had just traced his name over that of the rival he had most dreaded.

So, when Maynard came to claim his waltz, and Miss Yodell serenely replied that she would dance it with her cousin, Maynard, perceiving that the cousin accepted the honor with a placid air of assurance, and rightly interpreting the new order of things, forgot himself as a gentleman, especially as he was slightly heated with wine, and presumed to speak with less deference than usual, to Miss Yodell. And Mr. Hart Branthwaite naturally had quieted him, in a summary way, by opening a side door of the conservatory, and ejecting him into the back yard, with more force than persuasion.

This passage-at-arms had unsettled Miss Yodell's nerves to such an extent that she and her cousin had remained in the conservatory, and had let the waltz be waltzed without them. They were, in fact, still in their nook, sheltered by the fuchsia-tree, when a young army lieutenant, who was but slightly known to either Judith or Branthwaite, sought the latter, to hand him a note.

"I must beg pardon for the seeming intrusion," he said, politely, to Miss Yodell, "but the urgency of the case, and the limited time, must be my apology. It will take but a moment for Mr. Branthwaite to give me his answer."

Branthwaite broke the seal, and read the contents of the note; but Judith did not detect a start, or indeed any emotion on his face, as he did this. Afterwards, he tore the sheet in half, scribbling a rapid reply on the blank portion. It was not until she was left alone with Branthwaite that Judith's concern was excited, by the indefinable change in his manner, in the tone of his voice, in the very touch of his hand, his fingers holding fast to hers with a passion of eagerness, as though he had a fear he would not long have a chance to clasp them so.

Doubtless she might not have thought much even of these circumstances; but, in tearing open his note, Branthwaite had thrown aside a fragment of the paper; and this fragment, it so happened, had lodged in one of her lace flounces. Presently, the bit of paper caught her eye, and she picked it up, examining it curiously.

It contained only the concluding characters of a signature.

"'ynard," read Miss Yodell, twisting the tiny scrap about her jeweled fingers. "Why, what—Hart, was that note from Leonard Maynard?"

It was no use to try to evade her suspicions: no need to try to throw her off guard; she would know what the correspondence was about, and he had to confess to her that Lieutenant Lybrook was the bearer of a challenge to him from Maynard.

"And your answer, Hart?" Miss Yodell demanded, with flashing eyes, her horror at the idea of being made the heroine of a tragedy overcoming, well nigh, the miserable anxiety she had felt at first for her lover, as a possible actor in a duel.

"I wrote to him," said Branthwaite, "that he must find some other cause for his challenge. I would have your name, I said, play no part in the affair."

"No!" returned Miss Yodell, decidedly. "Nor must there be a duel between you two, for any reason, Hart. If you prize the promise I have made you this night," and she rose proudly, "I would have you remember that I have no ambition to be the wife of a duelist, whom I think only a murderer, under another name. No, I will not even become notorious, through the scandal of a bloodless affair of honor."

So, though her heart had been torn by the anguish of uncertainty in which she had been compelled to part with him that night, Branthwaite had left her, comprehending clearly that the continuance of their engagement would depend on his avoiding an encounter with Maynard. Yet the latter, he was sure, would force him into one, if he could do so by any insult whatever.

CHAPTER X.

Miss Yodell had been entirely honest, in stating the position she would assume, should her name appear in any dueling affair. Hence, on the day following, when the city papers were full

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of "An Affair of Honor," she had but one course to pursue. The reporters said that a duel, at daybreak, had come off at Carter's Grove, between Messrs. Hart Branthwaite and Leonard Maynard, which had resulted in the severe, if not fatal, wounding of the former. There was, of course, the item went on to say, a lady implicated in the affair; and, though there had been an attempt to suppress names and the incidents leading to the unfortunate encounter, it was well known that one of L——'s handsomest and most admired belles, Miss J—— Y——, was responsible, however innocently, for the deplorable event. Nor could it be greatly wondered at that the loss of a waltz with a lady of Miss Y——'s charms should have instigated a disappointed adorer to challenge a successful rival to such a mortal combat, etc.

Those who knew Miss Yodell knew how these paragraphs would pierce, like so many sword-points, through her proud reserve.

But Judith Yodell read but one of these articles. She would see nothing more, hear nothing more, on the subject. She had no questions, even, to ask regarding the condition of Branthwaite, nor would she receive messengers sent from his bed of suffering: and, when he had finally written her a letter of explanation, she had simply returned it to him, with the seal unbroken. One more effort Branthwaite had made to reach her. As soon as he was able to go out, he sought a personal interview; but only to be denied admission. They had neither met, nor held any communication with each other since, until now, when they came, this night, to the mountain-squatter's cabin.

In his rapid mental review, Branthwaite had reached this point, when his bitter reflections were interrupted by the restless stirring of Judith, under her covering of wolf-skins. First, one shapely hand and arm were tossed out from under the covering; then there was a universal tremor of the heavy fur rugs; then Miss Yodell, with a quick impatient sigh, made an effort to cast off the coverings, as if they had grown too oppressive for her. Knowing the danger that might result to her from becoming chilled, Branthwaite crossed the hearth hastily, and drew the furs around her again.

Miss Yodell opened her eyes full upon him. Seeing him bending over her, his face quite close to hers, she believed herself to be dreaming. But she smiled, and, smiling, sighed softly. Then recollection returned to her. The smile vanished, and the sigh was stifled by a firm pressure of her lips.

She gave a rapid glance about the room, pushed aside the wolf-skins, and tried to rise. But, stiffened and tired as she still was, she was forced to accept the offered arm of Branthwaite, till she could steady herself on the hearthstone.

"I trust," she said, with a little embarrassed laugh, to break the uncomfortable silence that had fallen between them, "that you will be better able to understand—and excuse the ill-mannerliness of—my dropping to sleep while you were engaged in the charitable act of making me comfortable, and—and this exhibition of premature decrepitude—as if I were in the dotage of old age," with an effort to be merry, "when I tell you that I came down the mountain, to-night, chased by a bear."

"Chased by a bear?" echoed Branthwaite, horrified; and he stretched out his hands, as if to shield her from the danger from which she had fled.

Involuntarily, she moved a step closer to him, her large eyes dilating and her firm lip quivering, as any other nervous girl's might have done, at the recollection of the horrors she had encountered. Branthwaite was not deceived: he saw that the movement was unintentional; and, the next instant, she shrank from him again.

He quietly moved the big chair of raccoon-skins nearer to her.

"Sit here before the fire, so that you will not grow chilled, while you tell me all about it," he said, as soothingly as though he were speaking to a child. "I feared you had been lost from your party; but I never dreamed you had been in such danger as this."

She took the proffered chair, and lifted her beautiful eyes to his face again. But this time the eyes had a look of cold inquiry. They were no longer pathetic or confiding.

"You knew, then, that I was on the mountain with the party camping at Elk Garden?" she said.

"I knew it—yes."

"As there can hardly be telephones, or even telegraphs, in these wilds, will you do me the favor to tell me how you found out that I was there?"

"Certainly. A member of your party came to the cabin, to tell Wilburn Waters, who is my host, and of whom you may have heard as the hunter of White Top, that a bear had been seen in the neighborhood of your encampment, last night."

"Mr. Slidell, you mean? I understand. And he happened to mention, perhaps, that I was of the party on the summit?"

"Yes. Indeed he said, if I remember rightly, that he had been your escort on the ascent."

"So he was: and possibly I owe to his

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thoughtless desertion of his post the danger I fell into."

"He feared so, at the last," said Branthwaite; "urging the necessity of his return to you, Waters went with him as guide, but told him that a storm was brewing, which would probably force them to make a long detour upward, and that hence they might not find you, after all. My friend, Luther Chisholm, whom I have been visiting, at his home in North Carolina, for some weeks, and with whom, for a fortnight past, I have been tramping through these wilds, in pursuit of game, accompanied your friend and Waters."

"So they both accompanied Mr. Slidell, while you remained here to get supper, perhaps?"

She was looking in the fire, with an expression on her face which Branthwaite had never seen her wear before, and which perplexed him.

"No," said he, "I did not go with them, because I knew you to be up there: and I thought you would prefer that I should not make my appearance at the camp."

"Ah, you were considerate." She said this meditatively, still looking in the fire.

He stood and gazed in the fire, too, but said nothing.

"I told you I was chased by a bear," she resumed, presently, with a queer little smile. "It would be rather a strange coincidence, would it not, if it should be found that the same bear had chased me down the mountain, which you were chasing up the mountain, yesterday?"

"Ah, you knew that it was I, up on the mountain, yesterday, did you?"

"Yes, I knew it. I saw you stop in the road, some distance ahead of our cavalcade, to speak to my cousin, Claymour Paxton."

Hart Branthwaite looked at her steadily a moment, then turned and stared again in the fire as steadily.

After a moment of silence, he got up from the three-legged stool upon which he had been sitting, and stood before her again, on the rug of wolf-skins.

"It does seem, Cousin Judith," he said, bitterly, "that the fates have not taken into any sort of consideration the persistence of our mutual avoidance of each other, in the past twenty-four hours."

"It seems not," returned Miss Yodell, with a nervously-hysterical laugh, "when they have sent a bear to drive me down from the top of this Virginia mountain, to seek shelter here in the very cabin in which you had remained for refuge from me."

"I wish, Judith," he said, softly, "I wish we may be brought to recognize, in this meeting, to which we have been so strangely guided, the hand of a kindly Providence, rather than the intermeddling of the inimical powers we call the fates."

Miss Yodell was deftly untangling the still moist clinging plaits of her long hair, and she gave one or two unnecessary twitches, in the silence succeeding Branthwaite's remark.

"Possibly I am feeling too much like a heathenish Diana, fresh from her bath in a river, to appreciate that guidance as I ought," she replied, with an attempt at bravado.

"Forgive me," he pleaded, smiling. "It was thoughtless of me not to reflect how uncomfortable and hungry you must be."

Telling her of the idyllic treasure he had discovered in that far corner of the squatter's cabin, he took her to see the rows of neat, if antiquated, garments, from which she might be able to supply her needs, thoughtfully departing from the cabin presently, intent upon fetching, from old man Waters's spring-house, some rich milk for her supper.

On his return, he found her sitting in state, in the great chair beside the fire, transformed, like a grand dame in a play, into a trimly-clad Huguenot matron; the gay red kerchief knotted about her throat, and the beaded moccasin sandals giving the piquant Indian coloring to the garb. Only the long bright hair was still left unbound, to hang over the back of her chair in a veil of beauty.

"It was a comfort to me, when I found you would venture that long walk to the spring, to know that the storm had abated, at least," she said, with the brightest smile she had yet given him, as he set the stone pitcher of milk on the table, and came over to look down at her approvingly.

"Yes, the storm has, I think, gone past; that is, the snow and sleet have stopped, and the wind is only blowing fitfully. It has been only a passing blow, such as these mountains are subject to at this season, and at this altitude. By morning, your friends will be able to come for you."

"By morning? If I had not, by good-fortune, or, as you say, by a good Providence, found this cabin—and you in it to care for me—by morning, my friends would not have been able to find me alive."

She said this with a tremor in her voice, that was dangerously tempting to Branthwaite.

In a silence that was more significant than words, he busied himself now in rapidly cooking, and then arranging before her on a rude table, an appetizing supper of ash-cake, broiled meat,

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wild honey, a boiled egg, butter, and a pot of coffee: for what had been cooked earlier was now burned to cinders or otherwise spoiled.

"I might deceive you, perhaps," he said, directly, "but I feel constrained to tell you that these seeming bits of bacon are, in reality, cuttings from a flitch of bear-meat. You possibly might not fancy—"

She shuddered, for a moment, her warming color fading a little; but presently she laughed, extending her plate.

"Thanks to this comfortable place of refuge, and the sense of protection I have in being with —where I am," she said, with something of the old-time brightness in her face, which he remembered so well, "I am, just now, proof against such associations. As Mark Slidell would say, I feel as though it were infinitely better for me to sup on the bear, than for the bear to have supped on me. I must have my bit of broiled bear, I think."

He helped her to a slice.

"Your resolution," he said, "encourages me to believe that your nerves have suffered small detriment from the shock of your flight through such circumstances of horror. But, now that you have gathered some strength, can you not tell me something of these circumstances?"

CHAPTER XI.

THOUGH she turned pale again at the remembrance, Miss Yodell began at once a narration of the incidents which had been impressed upon her memory with such dreadful distinctness.

But her hands trembled, and her voice faltered more than once, as she described, in vivid language, the horrors of her flight, especially the details of that close pursuit along the Passway of Peril, which had at last, fortunately, led her to a point of safety.

Wrought upon in the intensest manner by the perils she had encountered, Branthwaite was betrayed into frequent exclamations of such tender concern that Miss Yodell was brought almost to a pause until she could recover repose of manner enough to finish her story quietly.

"Poor child, poor child," he ejaculated, in a tone of blended compassion and bitterness of feeling, "when you had made such heroic efforts to rescue yourself from a position of danger and discomfort, it is hard for you — is it not — to find yourself face to face with the one human being whom you hated to meet most of all in the world?"

Miss Yodell did not look up, but the bright kerchief at her throat trembled; and she hurriedly set her cup down upon the table.

"Judith," he said, resuming his rapid walk, only to come to an almost immediate pause at her side again, "the story you have told reminds me of an incident which occurred in my own life. There was a time when I had to walk just such a narrow foothold: an abyss of danger and woe threatening me on the one hand, an insurmountable precipice on the other, an impregnable front of adamantine wall opposing my advance, while a bloodthirsty beast was at my heels. What was left me to do? Face about, and give battle for my life, or give up ignominiously?"

He had knelt on the rug at her feet.

"Don't," she cried; "put aside metaphor, and tell me in plain words what you mean."

"Judith, do you not remember," asked Branthwaite, "that, the night we parted, I asked you if you had not sufficient confidence in me to believe that I would, at any sacrifice of self, avoid a conflict in which your name, or any act of yours, could be brought into publicity?"

"I remember, certainly," assented Miss Yodell, with a prouder lift of her head, yet with a certain sense of subdued expectancy in her air. "Nevertheless, on the morrow—the very morrow—not twelve hours later, was not my name upon the lips of even the newsboys of the streets? My faith in you was strong, Cousin Hart, but—"

He laid his hand firmly upon her trembling one, where it rested upon the arm of her chair.

"Judith, as I hoped for a continuance of your faith in me then, I tell you now that neither by word nor act did I do anything to forfeit your confidence or break my promise. I had written Maynard, as you know, that I would acknowledge no quarrel with him, based upon any offense with which your name might be even remotely connected. I parted from you, as you also remember, almost at the dawn of the day, and, when you had left the ball with your mother, I got at once into my carriage, ordering my driver to go to my own house. I had resolved, even at the risk of appearing to shrink from an encounter with Maynard, to take the noon train, for a short absence from the city. But, scarcely had my carriage entered the shadows of Carter's Grove, where it lies upon the boundary of your father's grounds, when two men rode up, one on either side of the vehicle, ordering my driver to halt."

Judith was now listening eagerly, with breath that came and went in quick short gasps.

"These men were Maynard and his friend, Lieutenant Lybrook."

The poor girl clasped her hands in mute despair and protest.

"Maynard, still heated with wine, demanded

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that our difficulty should be settled then and there. I need not tell you more than the mere outlines. The beast had sprung, and his teeth and claws were fastened in my flesh. What was left for me to do, Cousin Judith, but to defend myself?"

But Miss Yodell had bowed her head upon the table, and her face was quite hidden now.

She did not answer.

Again Branthwaite began to pace the room. For several moments, only the soughing of the still restless winds outside, and the monotonous crackling of the fire, blazing in the wide chimney, broke the ominous stillness in the cabin.

Suddenly he turned in his walk, and came back to his old place on the hearth-rug.

"There was no alternative for me, Judith. Only, as heaven is my judge, I refused, to the last, to acknowledge that you were, in the remotest way, implicated in the affair."

She looked up for a moment at him, eagerly, questioningly, and then buried her face again on the table.

"It was a part of the malicious temper of the whole affair," he continued, "that your name was made to appear in connection with it at all. It was Maynard's vindictiveness. I had distinctly stipulated that the cause assigned should be the personal encounter we had had that evening, without reference to the original provocation, which was, of course, that lost waltz with you."

Still Judith kept her face concealed, and said nothing.

"The terms were agreed to," he went on, after a moment, "and we waited only for my servant to drive into the city, to bring my friend and a surgeon. The remainder of the affair you know, doubtless. I heard the word of command, but I reserved my fire, remembering, Judith, what you had said: that a bloody-handed duelist would be to you no more than a murderer. I neither sought nor wished for Maynard's life. But it seems that Maynard did not hold the sentiment which you had advanced, and upon which I had acted. I fell at his deliberate shot."

Miss Yodell had raised her head now, and was regarding him with varying emotions: there were tears in her eyes, tears on her cheeks, but on her face was a light like a great joy.

"And I knew nothing of all this," she said, at last, in a whisper. "And your hand, Hart, was never raised against the life of a fellow-man? Ah, how cruelly unjust you must have considered me, all these twelve months past. Can you ever forgive me?"

She bent towards him. The tears had dropped from her lashes, and her dark eyes were luminous: they spoke of love and penitence, flowing out from her soul in a full tide.

He stooped, and quickly lifted her to the rug beside him. With both his strong yet tender hands, he clasped the fair face, turning it until the firelight revealed to him every line of its pathetic entreaty, of its glorified beauty.

"I think, Judith," he said, softly, "that you cannot, even yet, guess the cruelty of your misjudgment. But, dear, is not love like the recording angel? As the wrong done is chronicled, is not a tear dropped to wash it from the book of remembrance? Let me forget what came between, to remember only the moment when I parted from you last. You had given yourself to me then; and that gift, in words at least, has never been recalled. Oh, my darling! grant me the assurance that you are mine still. Do that, and the past shall be but as the lapse of a day, in which the light of your dear face has been withdrawn from me."

With her face uplifted, she raised her white arms, from which the loose sleeves of her old-fashioned gown had fallen away to the dimpled elbows, and clasped her bruised and thorn-torn fingers about his neck.

He bent his head, and laid his lips upon hers, in the first kiss they had ever given each other. It was a moment of sacred, almost solemn, joy. Every throb of passion was hushed or hallowed by the memory of all they had both passed through, in the months of their separation.

No plea was there for forgiveness from either; the two hearts were in unison, and each had a perfect understanding of the other.

Such moments of unalloyed bliss are but rare and fleeting in this life: for they are quickly resolved into a memory—beautiful, it is true, but intangible; they become lost in the grosser elements of our daily existence, like the spirit, which, in its robe of mortality, holds ever a clairvoyant recognition, as it were, of its own heavenly origin and loveliness.

"Hark!" cried Miss Yodell, when, after a half-hour or so, she and her lover had subsided into a state more of the earth, earthy. "Does not that seem to be a hail, a call from some direction, Hart? There it is again! It is some one hallooing. It must be. Open the door. It may be some other poor wanderer, astray in the blackness of this night, and if it be— Quick, dear Branthwaite—let the light out upon the darkness of that dreadful mountain."

She hastened, herself, to light a pine-knot at the fire, as she spoke; while Branthwaite hurried to the cabin-door. His halloo there was answered by reiterated shouts, possibly not fifty

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yards off. At the same moment, Judith advanced to his side, in the low doorway, holding the flaring pine-knot high above her head.

"My darling," urged Branthwaite, with tender concern, taking the flambeau from her, "don't expose yourself to the chill air: the wind is bitter cold. Go back to the fire: I will hold the light, if it pleases you. Though I feel sure it must be Waters and Chisholm; and they could find their way to the cabin blindfolded."

Miss Yodell went back, quite obediently. But the advancing party had caught a glimpse of the slender graceful figure, enveloped in its veil of floating red-gold hair, outlined as it had been by the background of firelight, and by the blaze of the torch she had held in her hand.

"Hello!" hailed a voice which Branthwaite recognized this time as the voice of Chisholm. "Branthwaite, who is that with you?"

"A friend—a guest. Why do you ask?"

"We are seeking Miss Yodell, who is lost on the mountain," cried another voice, which Judith, springing forward again to the side of Branthwaite, recognized as the voice of her cousin.

"Do not prolong our suspense. Is it Miss Yodell with you? We have been searching for her all night," called a third voice, which Judith knew to be that of Lansing Saunders.

For answer, Branthwaite threw the light of the torch full upon the face of his eager and excited guest. Such a shout as went up from the group hurrying down the mountain's side! Now, in a moment almost, they had finished the rapid descent; a second later, they were running across the clearing of the ravine; the gate of the enclosure swung open; and in rushed, one after the other, Chisholm, Claymour Paxton, Lansing Saunders, Thornleigh, and Mark Slidell. The hunter, and owner of the cabin, Wilburn Waters, brought up the rear.

CHAPTER XII.

Never was there greater rejoicing, questioning, hand-shaking. Never was there a manlier effort at boisterous delight, nor a more womanly softness of heart-felt silence, blended with tears that were anything but unmanly, welling up, as they did, from the depths of generous and tender young hearts.

Claymour Paxton settled his brotherly interest in the cousin, whose loss had wrung his heart as the loss of his sister Kate might have done, by taking her in his arms, and giving her a genuinely fraternal embrace; Judith rewarding the fervor of this open demonstration by leaving a small rill of glistening tears of joy on his snow and sleet covered shoulders.

Lansing Saunders had, of course, to prove his no less eager delight; but, not being a cousin, he did it in a less demonstrative way. But he did it, also, in a characteristic manner, by aiding and abetting Branthwaite's efforts to draw the jubilant group far enough within the cabin to close the door, and get Miss Yodell re-established in her chair beside the glowing fire.

"We enthrone you as our queen, and we will be your most zealous and faithful subjects," he said, as she smiled up at him, the tears still in her beautiful eyes. "But certainly you have had enough to try your nerves and strength for one night."

"My strength?" she repeated, with a low soft laugh of happiness. "Why, do you know, I have never felt stronger or better in my life."

Lansing Saunders's earnest eyes followed hers, as they sought and rested proudly upon Branthwaite, standing a pace or two away, speaking for a moment with his newly-found kinsman, Claymour Paxton. Her full meaning, he could not, of course, divine then; but her look and tone were too significant not to set him to thinking; howbeit, after the vain and soul-harrowing hunt they had had for her through the mountains, he was too unselfishly delighted to find her thus in safety and comfort to allow anything like a spirit of rivalry or jealousy to take possession of him.

For the next couple of hours, the cabin was the scene of rejoicing, feasting, and merry-making, such as it had never witnessed before. There were more ash-cakes to be made: bear-flitches to be trimmed and broiled; more milk to be fetched from the spring-house; and countless pots of coffee to be set, in succession, simmering on the broad stone hearth.

The new-comers had to know, also, about the adventures of their poor lost wanderer on the heights. She, in turn, had to hear how, with toil and difficulty, after she was found to be missing, Paxton, Saunders, and Thornleigh had found their way back to the summit, then across and down on the other side, to the point where the flower-gatherers had been when they were separated from Judith. Here they had made a careful inspection, and, in spite of the snow and sleet, had found traces of the bear and of feminine footsteps, enough to excite their gravest apprehensions. The ledge leading off from the pool, being less sheltered by foliage, was well covered by snow, and of course betrayed nothing of the perilous passage Judith had made along its narrow foothold. Consequently, the searchers had turned aside from the pool, and had followed, as well as they could, the faint trail the bear had made further down the mountain-side, after it

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had backed out from the dangerous advance along the cliff, in its baffled pursuit of Miss Yodell.

They had not gone far, in this direction, before they were met by Chisholm, Slidell, and Waters. With an experienced mountaineer, like the latter, to counsel them, they had rapidly followed the trail of Bruin to his covert, in a cave-like recess, in a lower cliff. In the darkness and sleet, they had not, however, the means of inducing him to show himself, so they had finally stopped the mouth of the cavern with large stones, determining, though with great reluctance, to return to the cabin, to await daylight for their further search for Miss Yodell: especially as Wilburn Waters gave it as his opinion that, if living, she could not be traced until they had some clue to guide them in her direction. From the signs of the trail, they knew, at least, that she had not been in the neighborhood of the beast's lair.

While listening with almost breathless interest to the recital of all these incidents, Miss Yodell was conscious, the whole time, of the earnest scrutiny of the deep-sunk eyes of her host. When she had been first presented to him by Branthwaite, he had, in a few hearty if rough words, made her welcome to all the cabin had; but, as he now sat in the corner of the chimney, opposite her, puffing his pipe in a slow meditative way, she was conscious, as we have said, of his fixed gaze; there was, too, in his eyes, a yearning softened expression that puzzled her, until she suddenly thought of the clothing she had appropriated to her use, at Branthwaite's suggestion, and which she still wore.

In the diversion afforded to the hungry party by the announcement of the supper, she intercepted the old hunter, as he was passing her chair, on his way to share in the feast.

Touching gently the antiquated gown and the bright kerchief at her throat, she said, deprecatingly:

"These are treasures I feared you might not like to see worn by one who was a stranger; but I am a woman, like the good mother in memory of whom you keep them sacred; and I felt sure you would not feel that I had made use of them to their hurt, or without regard for your feeling about them."

Waters gripped the slender fingers extended to him, nor was his guest mistaken in supposing that the cavernous eyes underneath the beetling brows had grown misty and dim.

"Th' Lord love 'e child! A-settin' acrost the hathe ther, I were jes' a-thinkin' as how my mother'd ha' been glad to hev saw ye, in her big cheer, a-wearin' of her Sunday-go-to-meetin' gownd, as my feyther gi' her, an' th' purty han'kerchief I got fur her nigh forty year back, wi' th' fus' wil'-cat skins I sol' over to th' settlements. I'm glad ye foun' 'em, thet I am, an' I won't prize 'em none th' less, ye be shore, fur ye lookin' so purty in 'em, this night. Ye're welcome to anything my mother wore, jes' as she'd a-made ye welcome, miss."

He passed on. But, from that moment, Judith felt that another leal subject had been added to the number paying reverence and obeisance to her, that night, in the mountain-cabin, as to a royal dame on a throne. By and by, Miss Yodell yielded to the urgent entreaties of these subjects, and reposed her stiff and weary limbs once more upon the wolf-skin couch; and, in spite of the continued murmur of voice, she soon dropped into a sleep that was only less profound than had been her sleep of exhaustion in the fore-part of the night.

When she again awoke, the sun was high in the heavens.

To her surprise, she found that, since daydawn, her cousin and Lansing Saunders had been to the summit of the mountain, and had returned with her black mare, which they had found some the worse for the storm: through which she had stood picketed, however, under the spreading boughs of a Lashorn. Still, the noble animal was good for Miss Yodell's speedy return to Elk Garden, or, by the shorter route, directly back to Paxton Place. After some consultation, it was decided that it would be better for her to proceed to the latter destination at once. Information having been sent off to the remainder of the party, at Elk Garden, it was not doubted that they would break camp and return also home, the weather being wholly unfavorable to a continuance of the mountain-explorations, to say nothing of the sickening anxiety they had already encountered. Slidell and Thornleigh having departed to arrange matters with Mrs. Chantrey at the camp, and Chisholm and Wilburn Waters being off before light for the purpose of unearthing and finally despatching "Sir Bruin," who, all parties agreed, had already lived long enough to create more trouble than bears are ordinarily privileged to do, there were only left in the cabin Claymour, Lansing Saunders, and Miss Yodell, to arrange for the return to Paxton Place.

"And you?" said Judith, turning with a shy happy smile to Branthwaite, as they were left alone in the cabin for a moment. "You will accept Claymour's invitation to accompany us, will you not?"

"My dear Judith," returned her affianced

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lover, "how could you, for an instant, suppose that I could feel satisfied to have you depart from this place of security without a body-guard of at least three devoted cavaliers? I should be tormented by the thought of a thousand accidents and dangers which might overtake you, to say nothing of that most dreadful misfortune which would occur to me—a separation from you for even a day or two. I think I must really see and know my kinspeople at Paxton Place, without delay."

So it was arranged that Miss Yodell, on her mare, attended by her trio of guards on foot, should set off without delay. This arrangement being promptly effected, and the party breaking camp at Elk Garden nearly at the same time, it naturally happened that, having the longer détour to make, the travelers from the cabin reached the main party at the base of the mountain, on the further side of the ridge. Here ensued more glad greetings, more questionings, and a bewildering interchange of civilities and congratulations. The three pedestrian cavaliers were soon provided with horses, or rather Claymour took "Nickerdemus," Uncle Tarleton's spindle-shanked mule, surrendering his blooded animal to his kinsman, to whom he, as well as other members of the party, had seen that special honor must be done, for the sake of Cousin Judith.

At Colamo, a break in their ranks was made by the dropping out of Lottie and Lansing Saunders. The latter, divining the new barrier suddenly risen between himself and the beautiful Kentuckian, was perhaps nothing loth to make his parting bow; but the gay Lottie, with a new air of somewhat shy happiness on her winsome face, had never beamed more brightly than when Claymour bent from his saddle-bow to whisper a word to her in parting.

"I do not think," said poor "Captain Kate," who, of all the mountain-tourists, had possibly been most harassed and given over to the awful complications of the jaunt, "I do not think, though we have had such a very dreadful time, that the trip has been wholly profitless: do you, Brandon, dear? It seems to me that Claymour and Lottie have at last come to some sort of understanding."

"An', Miss Cath'un, honey," interposed privileged "Uncle Tarleton," jogging along on one of the pack-mules, close upon the heels of his young mistress's pony, "ef you'll 'low dis yere ole member of de Paxton fambly ter 'spress er 'pinion ov his 'sperience an' obsarvation, he's boun' ter perclaim dis conclusion, as how dat dis pa'r ov harnsome cousins from ole Kaintuk hain't foun' de disagreeablements ov de 'casion beyant endurance; hit's been 'pearin' ter me, Marse Brandon, sir, as dat hoss ov Marse Claymour's an' dat black mar' ov Miss Yerdell's nebber struck up sich er clost frien'ship fur one ernudder as dey's been doin' all de way from de foot ov de mountain."

Mrs. Chantrey and her "Doctor" laughed, looking ahead at Branthwaite and Judith, who were absorbed profoundly in conversation with each other; while the pair of thorough-breds they rode had their heads together in seemingly equal sympathetic propinquity.

Colonel Jarney Paxton's exultant "I told you so!" may be passed over in charitable silence.

By skipping other interesting facts, indeed, it may be chronicled that Wilburn Waters, the hospitable hunter, while refusing to leave his ranche on White Top Mountain, in order to be an honored guest at the wedding of his Kentucky admirers, sent, nevertheless, as his bridal gift to Miss Yodell, the handsomely-cured skin of the bear which had driven her to her happy fate along her PASSWAY OF PERIL.

BLIND-MAN'S BUFF.

BY BENNETT BELLMAN.

MAIDEN, with thy hidden charms,
How shall I now find thee—
Clasp thee thus within mine arms,
Capture thee and bind thee?

Ah, and after all my strife,
You escape and leave me!
So, in the great game of life,
All its joys deceive me.

Pleasure so I oft have chased—
Seemed almost I kissed her!
'Twas but air my arms embraced:
So it was I missed her.

Just like you, so sweet she seemed,
In the darkness round her;
False it was whene'er I deemed,
I had ever found her.

Thus old Ixion, it is said,
Chased the goddess Juno.
Captured her? Why, no: instead,
Clasped a cloud, as you know.

Of this game I have enough;
I will stop, this minute!
Gods have played at blind-man's buff,
And found nothing in it.

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MY COUSIN'S WIDOW.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

My cousin's widow and her little daughter were coming back from China.

She had gone out there, five years before, a bride: it was to be supposed a happy one, since she had married the man of her choice; but now she was returning, bankrupt in both happiness and fortune.

The news of her husband's death had reached us quite a year previous, but the letters written soon after it by Alice herself contained information in regard to her plans, which, we thought, forbade any expectation of her return to America.

When she went to Hong Kong, she had met an elderly Englishman, a confirmed bachelor, who was a distant relative on her mother's side. He appeared always to have liked Alice, and, when he heard that she was left a penniless widow, he offered, if she would come and live with him, to settle a competency on her and her child.

I dare say he meant to keep his word, but procrastinated in that astounding fashion in which even the most methodical people so often do, where such matters are concerned; and, after Alice had been a little over a twelvemonth in his house, he died, one fine morning, from apoplexy, almost as suddenly as if he had been stricken by lightning.

He left several fragments of wills, but not a complete one among them, so all his fortune reverted to a nephew with whom he had been at bitter feud; and said nephew, so far from showing any sympathy for Alice, informed her in plain terms that she was properly punished for her deep scheming and nefarious designs.

So the poor girl was coming back, and a dreary return it must appear to her, though her letters to Aunt Isabel sounded sensible and courageous enough.

I had known Alice Lanson before Will met her, and — I may as well tell the plain truth at once—had loved her, though neither she nor anybody else, so far as I was aware, ever suspected the fact. This is how it was:

I had been spending the summer at Richfield Springs, and Alice came there with a married sister, long since dead. This was a twelvemonth before her marriage to my cousin, and, as I was thirty then, and she only eighteen, perhaps she regarded me as already elderly. I was not given to introspection and analyzing my own feelings, so, odd as it may seem to men in general, I did not discover how completely the sunshine of those days was due to Alice Lanson's society.

Pleasant, pleasant weeks, ah me! But, alas for me! handsome gay Will Gresham appeared, and the intimacy into which I had glided with Miss Lanson and her sister's family caused him to be at once received by them like a friend; his winning manners and happy gifts of personal beauty and mental brilliancy did the rest. My part was over; I had introduced him, and now could stand back and watch the drama.

I saw immediately that Alice's kindness to me had arisen from sympathy. I was out of health, and suffering, and her sweet womanly nature had impelled her to do what she could to cheer me. I stayed on, though I knew it would be wiser for me to go; but, somehow, hard as it was to remain and see myself disregarded and forgotten, I was weak enough to feel that even to catch sight of her occasionally was better than utter solitude.

Will did not leave me very long in doubt in regard to his sentiments. He came into my room one night, after he had been with Alice for a moonlight stroll, and, while he smoked a cigar, gave me an account of the evening's doings.

Suddenly he said:

"That pretty Alice Lanson has done for me. I am in earnest at last: I shall go in for that girl."

It sounded like sacrilege to speak of her in such terms; but that was Will's way. I gave a feeble smile, and said:

"You seem to think it all depends on yourself."

"Well, I think a good deal does," he answered, laughing. "I'm not used to failure, you know."

Indeed, he was not. Women had spoiled him So I left Richfield within the week, and I never saw Alice Lanson again until late in the autumn. then she was standing at the altar and pronouncing her marriage-vows.

And now she was coming back, after all these years. In one light, how long they seemed, as I mentally reviewed their events—in another, how short! So far as my sentiments were concerned, it might have been only a week since I had looked my last in her face: for I am,

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perhaps on some accounts unfortunately, one of those people who are slow and difficult to change.

One evening, when I got home to dinner, Aunt Isabel, in a pleasurable state of excitement, informed me that she had received a telegram. Alice had reached San Francisco, and would start for New York the next day. She had been lucky enough to make the voyage in company with some friends, and would have their companionship as far as Chicago, where she was to stop with them for a brief rest.

At my request, Aunt Isabel telegraphed her to be sure and let us know when she would arrive in New York, so that I could meet her there. We both wanted her to feel that she was coming home wished-for and welcome, and we hoped to persuade her out of the idea on which she appeared so firmly set: of going forth into the world to earn her own livelihood.

Aunt Isabel and I kept house together; but I was far from being a rich man. I had met with reverses in business, and, though I was now again prospering, I had certain responsibilities which weighed rather heavily on me. My oldest brother was a helpless paralytic, stricken down, some years previous, in the prime of health, and, as there was a family of seven children to rear and educate, and poor Edward had seen his moderate fortune swallowed up just before his illness, of course that care naturally devolved on me.

We resided some two hundred miles above New York, near a tributary of the Hudson, and my mills were about a mile and a half from our house.

I walked home, one pleasant spring evening, through the fields, some ten days after our reception of Alice's telegram, and I had made up my mind that when I got there I should find a message announcing her speedy arrival. I had been in one of my absurd moods all day, and felt so certain she was near that I should hardly have been surprised had I seen her standing before me as I sat at work in my dusty counting-room.

I was detained a full hour beyond my usual time for returning, and, as I strolled along the pretty woodland path which skirted the hill near my house, the twilight was suddenly illumined by the brightness of the full moon, that rose like a great golden disk above the tree-tops. As I approached the verandah, I looked up—my presentiment that Alice was near had its fulfillment. There she stood in the porch, with the moonlight falling about her, so still and fair that she showed like some pictured saint set in a silver shrine.

I think, if I could have retreated unobserved, I should have done so; but Aunt Isabel appeared in the open door with a little child clinging to her hand, and called:

"There you are at last, Warren—I was beginning to wonder what had become of you. You see, Alice stole a march on us—here she is, safe and sound."

"And me, too," added the child. "Me too, Aunt Isabel."

"Yes, my precious, and very glad auntie is. Run and kiss your cousin."

So, with the child in my arms, I approached Alice; we shook hands, and I said something about being glad to see her, and she responded briefly, and we called each other Mrs. Gresham and Mr. Diston, and altogether the meeting was so formal that it struck a chill to my very soul.

I went up to my room to prepare for dinner, and, when I descended, the ladies were already in the dining-room.

"Do you find Alice greatly changed?" asked Aunt Isabel.

I did: for she was much handsomer at four and twenty than she had been as a girl. I came so near saying this that I was confused.

"Mr. Diston saw me for so short a time that he had probably forgotten how I looked," Alice answered, as I uttered some hesitating reply.

So the time of our acquaintance seemed brief to her. Her careless words, which showed how slight an impression that season, so indelibly stamped on my heart, had left upon her, gave me a reasonless absurd sensation of pain.

"One doesn't carry a gallery of mental photographs about," I said, just from sheer confusion, then knew that my words sounded almost harsh; however, before I could try to offer amends, little Cora called:

"Be I changed?"

That set us all laughing, and created a diversion; but, if it had not been for Aunt Isabel's good spirits and the child's merry chatter, the dinner would have been rather stiff and silent. Alice hurt me again before the meal ended. She checked the little girl, and I heard her whisper:

"Mr. Diston is not used to children. You will annoy him."

The small maid eyed me doubtfully and sank into silence.

I tried to talk with her, but, though I was fond of children, I had not much faculty for amusing them, and Cora turned her attention to Aunt Isabel, and I was left to try and entertain her mother. I fear I did not succeed very well: for, never a great talker, somehow this evening, beyond questions in regard to her voyage, I found conversation difficult, and even rendered my stupid interrogatories more stupid by asking

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her the same thing several times over, and then made matters worse by attempting apologies.

When Alice had been with us a month, I was called away on business, and remained absent nearly a fortnight. Before leaving home, I had asked Aunt Isabel to try and persuade her to give up that idea of going out to earn her own living, and remain with us. I found, however, that she had not succeeded—she came into my room the night I returned, to tell me so. "She told me," my aunt said, "that if her own sister were alive she would not be willing to be dependent on her, and she certainly could not on one of her dead husband's relations—I wish you would talk to her, Warren. At least, she must leave Cora with me. I've grown so fond of the child already that I could not bear to part with her. Besides, there's old nurse Martin wants a place, and she can be of great use in the house, as well as take care of the child."

I did attempt to say something to Alice, the next day, but her cold manner checked me in the very outset, and I could not get beyond a few clumsy sentences of regret that she could not be persuaded to prolong her stay with us. She thanked me cordially enough, then changed the subject, and I submitted, feeling rather as if I had been guilty of an impertinence in offering a suggestion of any sort.

Of course, after that failure, I could but comprehend that the matter was ended, and only felt too thankful when Aunt Isabel informed me that Alice had consented to her proposal to keep the child; provided that, if the little creature proved the slightest annoyance to me, other arrangements were to be made at once.

It gave me a heartache to perceive what a cross-grained old bachelor Alice considered me; but I kept my hurt to myself, and only begged Aunt Isabel to inform Mrs. Gresham that I was very glad to have the small maid remain.

A few days later, Alice set forth on her journey, which was not a very long one, as the family in which she was engaged was at its country-seat near Cooperstown. I was absent on business when she left, and hardly knew whether it would have been most painful to bid her good-bye or to come back, as I did, and find the old house looking so empty and sad as it appeared, now that she was gone.

Cora had missed her mother terribly at first; but Aunt Isabel devoted herself to her so assiduously that, as was natural at her age, she quickly became reconciled, and, by the time I reached home, was contented and happy enough. I soon managed to become fast friends with the little girl; indeed, so avowedly her prime favorite that Aunt Isabel declared herself jealous, and used to threaten me with various condign punishments, to Cora's great amusement.

"Auntie isn't in earnest," she would elaborately explain to me, in her quaint fashion; "she just pretends, so as to have an opportunity to spoil us both."

I cannot tell you what an ever-increasing delight the child became to me; and indeed, without her, life at that time would have been a hard burden, so tumultuously had that meeting with Alice roused the long-smothered love in my heart. Letters came regularly from her—Aunt Isabel always giving them to me to read. She wrote very little about herself—less and less, as the weeks went on—though she could be eloquent enough where the expression of her thanks to us was concerned; as if we deserved any for loving her child! I was unreasonable enough to feel annoyed, sometimes, that she should consider them necessary.

Two months elapsed; and, one night, when I got home, I found my aunt in a state of great excitement. She had received a telegram from Alice, saying that she should arrive the next day; she was not ill, had no time to write, and would defer explanation till her arrival.

The next afternoon brought her, and terribly tired and worn she looked; so nervous and shaken, that it evidently required all her strong self-control to enable her to preserve any appearance of composure.

After Cora had gone to bed, that evening, she told us in very few words that something disagreeable and painful had happened. She could not talk about it, and only begged us to believe that she had not thrown up her situation from temper or weariness, which was easy enough to do.

Before many days, she told Aunt Isabel the whole story; and, of course, I heard it, though I am doubtful whether Alice meant that I ever should.

In the beginning, Mrs. Hardwicke had treated Alice with great cordiality—in fact, quite gushed over her—though, at the same time, she was trying to subtract twelve dollars a month from the salary which had been agreed upon, pretending that she had misunderstood the figures; yet the salary was a small one, and she in possession of some fifty thousand a year.

However, Alice held to her rights, and Mrs. Hardwicke yielded amicably enough, and matters went on with sufficient smoothness for several weeks. Then the lady's sister and husband came to visit at the house, and, before long, Mrs. North saw fit to grow jealous of the attention her mate tried to pay to the governess.

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I had a casual acquaintance with both Fred North and his spouse; he was a shallow, vain, good-natured dandy, and she about the worst-tempered woman I ever met, with so thin a varnish over her natural vulgarity that it cracked under the slightest strain.

For some time, Alice, engrossed in her duties and her own thoughts, was unmindful alike of Mr. North's gallantries and his wife's annoyance; and, when she did discover them, the idiotic fop was put in his place with a few words which must have tingled like a box on the ear. But, so far from being satisfied, Mrs. North was terribly indignant, and, as her sister to a certain extent sided with her, commenced a scene which Alice speedily cut short. She resigned her situation, and left the house that evening, in spite of Mrs. Hardwicke's apologies and entreaties, as she had sense enough to know that she had found a prize, and had no wish to lose her. But, even if she could have overlooked the insult, it would have been folly to remain, as the Norths were to stop till late in the autumn, and, between the husband's ridiculous vanity and the wife's diabolical temper, fresh disturbances were certain to arise.

I hoped now that Alice would be discouraged; but I soon discovered that such was not the case. She was seeking a new engagement, and I was afraid to say a word against the plan. I felt more and more certain that Alice did not like me, and that caused me to shrink into my shell, making business a plea for being much less at home than usual. What aided my conviction was the change in Aunt Isabel's manner; she ceased talking about Alice when we were alone, and, when we three were together, showed an odd nervousness and constraint, as if always fearful that some difficulty would arise between us.

So I did my best to prove that I considered my cousin's widow an honored visitor, and left the ladies free to follow their own devices, growing so stupid and silent that even little Cora gradually shrank somewhat from me; that hurt, too; but I thought I perceived it pleased her mother, so I made no effort to keep the child near me.

At the end of a fortnight, Alice left us again, and this time she was absent a month, then had to return. She liked her place, and her employers had offered every inducement for her to remain; but they were unexpectedly called to Europe: forced to sail immediately, as Mr. Horton had to assume the charge of a branch business-house in Bordeaux, and Alice naturally could not bring her mind to put the sea between herself and her daughter.

So she was back, and we were all so glad to see her that she was able to indulge a joke at her ill-luck, declaring that she believed in the old superstition in regard to odd numbers, and was certain that, when she went forth the third time, she should not be flung back on our hands like a bad penny.

We were still at the station when she said this, and her greetings to me had been so cordial that it made my own manner unrestrained and natural, and I plucked up courage to reply:

"At least, you won't think of going before autumn? Please promise that, now and here."

She looked at me in a little surprise. I felt myself color like a school-boy; then she colored, too—I suppose in womanly sympathy for my embarrassment—and, before she could speak, Aunt Isabel added:

"Yes, Alice, we will not stir a step till you have promised."

"Then, of course, I must," she answered, laughing a little, and I was so delighted that I picked Cora up and gave her a huge hug, in return for which she pulled my mustache and insisted on being carried to the carriage.

I had quite regained my place in the child's favor; even her joy at getting her mother back did not prevent her showing it: and I was glad to see that, instead of checking her, as she had formerly done, Mrs. Gresham allowed her to hang about me as much as she pleased.

So, from the very outset, Alice and I were on widely different terms from those on which we had hitherto stood, and I had not felt so happy in a long while as I did that evening.

Just at that season, my duties were exceedingly light: the one time in the year when I actually had a good deal of leisure, and the ensuing month was a very pleasant one.

Once the ice broken, Alice and I insensibly glided into the familiar intimacy fitting to relatives living in the same house, and, though she said nothing, it was plain that the fact charmed Aunt Isabel. She was in such high spirits that we vowed she had begun to entertain designs on a neighboring widower, and had a great deal of fun in lecturing her. Indeed, we seemed to get ample amusement and pleasure out of everything, in a quiet way. Alice and I used to ride on horseback often, and it was not long before exercise and living so much in the open air showed their good effects. She lost the delicate look her face had worn, and the color in her cheeks grew so bright that she looked like a young girl again.

Aunt Isabel was not quite strong, and, without anything being said, Alice took the care of the household a great deal on herself, and became so necessary to us that I hoped she would see there was no place where she could be more useful;

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but I held my peace, and, as the weeks went on, ceased to think about her going away again: just allowed myself to enjoy the sunshine, though I knew that the prize I longed for was as far from me as ever.

Day by day, my long-cherished love for Alice increased; but I did not deceive myself in the least, in regard to her feelings. I was glad and thankful that she had overcome her odd shrinking and dread of me. I knew, indeed, that she had learned sincerely to like me; but it was an affection with which she might have regarded an elder brother. I knew that I must carefully guard my secret: the slightest betrayal on my part would end this pleasant companionship, and I was sufficiently wise not to forget it.

Yet I was happy. I had lived long enough and suffered enough to be thankful even for a little sunlight, instead of girding against fate, as a younger man might have done, and so losing the stray crumbs of comfort she offered, because I was denied the full banquet on which I longed to feast.

Towards the close of August, little Cora had a birthday, and we gave quite a fête on the occasion, inviting all the children in the neighborhood, and enjoying the occasion almost as much as the small people.

The day remains plain in my memory, from two incidents that occurred at its beginning and its close. I was rather late for breakfast, that morning, and the other three were at table when I entered the room. Cora had already paid me a visit in my chamber, and gone away loaded with presents; but, after I had kissed Aunt Isabel as usual, I gave the small maid an embrace as I passed her chair.

"Good-morning," I said to Alice; "I hope you slept well."

"Why don't Cousin Warren ever kiss mamma?" demanded Cora, suddenly, holding her spoon suspended in the air and watching us gravely.

I don't know whether Alice colored, but I am sure I did, and, before I could think of anything to say, Aunt Isabel had answered, with a laugh:

"Gentlemen may kiss old women and little girls, my precious, but not young ladies."

"Warren may kiss mamma," persisted Cora; "she is my mamma, and I give him leave. Kiss her this moment, Cousin Warren. You said I was to have everything I wanted, on my birthday."

We all laughed, but I saw that Alice looked disturbed. I was sorry she could suppose I would be guilty of the bad taste of trying to carry out Cora's command, yet I knew the child would not leave her point until some approach to obeying her was attempted.

I took Alice's hand, and just raised it to my lips, saying to Cora:

"That is the way the knight treated the lady, in the German story you like so much."

"Then you are mamma's knight," said the child, seriously, which did not mend matters; and, to make them worse, she added:

"I am glad of it. I couldn't allow mamma to have any other, but I am willing she should choose you."

Luckily the dogs, just then, came tearing in at the open window, and created a diversion, though I had to read my newspapers very diligently for some time before I entirely recovered my self-control.

The other incident which keeps its place in my mind was quite as agitating, but of a less pleasurable sort. The evening post brought Alice a letter. After the children had gone and Cora was in bed, she said to us:

"I am not to be idle any longer—I have a situation offered me. We know the people, too: it is in Mrs. Anderson's family."

I felt as if the house had fallen about my ears: just sat silent and stupid, while Aunt Isabel exclaimed and expostulated, and Alice remained gently firm.

"Please do not let us talk about it," she said, at length; "we have gone over the whole ground so many times, and, at bottom, you know, dear aunt, that I am right."

After this, I could say nothing whatever, and, in my hearing at least, the subject was not renewed. Only two weeks, and this pretty idyl must end. How fast the days flew! But, though I was sad enough at heart, I tried to render them pleasant for the others.

I was obliged to go to New York about the time Alice was to start, and I asked if I might accompany her to Hartford, which was to be her journey's end. She seemed afraid that it would be a trouble, but I told her I really wanted to see the old town; so she consented, adding, in order to show that she had not meant to be ungracious:

"Of course, I shall be very glad of your company. Then, too, though I suppose I ought to be ashamed to own it, since Aunt Isabel declares I set up for being strong-minded, I have a horror of traveling alone."

The morning came, and we started, Aunt Isabel and Cora going as far as Peekskill, to visit friends for the day: more, I fancy, to give the child something to think of, so that she might be reconciled to parting with her mother, than because my aunt had any personal desire to undertake the expedition.

Alice and I had a rather silent journey, after

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the others left us. I knew what she suffered in leaving her child, but she was so reticent that I did not venture even to offer any sympathy. We reached town, and, as Alice had some purchases to make, it had been decided that we should not go on till towards evening. As we were leaving the station, we ran full against our old acquaintance, Charles Howard, an own cousin of Mrs. Anderson's.

"Didn't you get my telegram?" were his first words. "I sent it early this morning—as soon as I received the news."

"Telegram? No," I answered, as we shook hands.

"Poor Mrs. Anderson died suddenly, yesterday," he explained, and added: "I am glad to save Mrs. Gresham the further journey; you see, Lucy's mother is to take the children."

He was eager to catch the train, so we had little time for conversation. One thing was certain: again Alice's situation had slipped through her fingers.

We got into a carriage and drove away. Suddenly her composure forsook her, and she broke down, crying heartily; and her tears upset me so completely that I lost my head, and, before I knew it, I was telling her the story of my love, begging her to go back with me.

"If you could look on me as your brother," I said, "I won't ask for more; but give me the right to guard your life. You won't be dependent; you will take care of the house, as if you were my sister; you will more than earn your living, and I'll not persecute you. I never thought to tell you of my love—"

I stopped: for her little hand suddenly nestled into mine, her tearful eyes were raised to my face, and she said, with a laugh and a sob:

"If you had done so before, I shouldn't have been so strong-minded and independent."

So the noisy rattling hack turned into a triumphal chariot, and the dusty bustling street became a glorified road, which led to Paradise.

What a heavenly day we spent! And I learned that when we first met, years before, she had liked me so well that, if I had been less shy, had shown any sign of caring, Will Gresham never would have won the prize.

Ah, well, I was too happy to regret the past: indeed, the suddenly-opened heaven of present and future seemed full compensation for all its suffering.

We did not return home until evening, and an astonished old darling was our relative when the sound of wheels brought her into the verandah, and she saw me help Alice out of the carriage.

"The journeys have come to an end, Aunt Isabel," I said, and, being a woman, she required no further explanation.

In another moment, she had her arms about us both, and was sobbing aloud from sheer happiness.

BESIDE THE SEA.

BY MRS. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

We stood by the sea, my love and I,
When the waves beat high and strong;
We stood by the sea, my love and I,
When the beach looked wide and long.

Our hearts beat high if the tide was in,
And high if the tide was out;
We were together, and knew God's hand
Encompassed the sea about.

We stood together, my love and I,
When the dunes upon the shore
Were hushed to rest by a whispering breeze
We thought would shout no more.

Then saw them waked by an angry wind,
And scattered so far and wide—
The countless sands and the nameless sands—
At the beck of a fitful tide.

Together, together, my love and I
Stood firm, and we stand to-day:
The tides may waver, the dunes may shift—
My love is my love for aye.

WITH A PHOTOGRAPH.

BY MARGARET KIETH.

With these poor verses, in thy hand I place,
My friend, the shadowed lineaments of a face
Thine eyes, thou sayest, oft have wished to see.
Look, then, thereon, and tell what 'tis thou'lt find
Writ on them, of the heart or of the mind
Of her who now doth pen these lines to thee.

The pictured face before thee lays no claim
To beauty's fair and calm and proud disdain;
And e'en the shining windows of the soul
Can but their soft and fringed curtains raise
As from dull cards they open to thy gaze,
Which fain would seek to read th' unwritten scroll.

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HOW THE WORLD WAS BURNT UP.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

Little Samantha Joe burnt up the World, a week ago last Wednesday, somewhere along about the middle of the forenoon.

Now don't be skeered! The "World" that wuz burnt up wuz not this world we live in, as you know by this time; but Josiah's favorite weekly: and he hadn't yet read it. Josiah, he takes the "World," and I take the "Tribune." I think too much of my rights as a woman to hev the same polliticks as my husband. But Josiah says its all obstinacy: "You want to be contrairy, like all your sex," says he "for if I took the 'Tribune' you'd take the 'World.' A husband should be the head of the household, and you should hev the same polliticks as me." But all I answer is: "A husband is often the tail," leaving him to make the application.

Little Samantha Joe has been here, and stayed three days and four nights, while her pa and ma went to North Seriba, to his folks'es, on a visit

Diptherey wuz a-ragin' there amongst the little children, and we none on us wuz willin' to let 'em take her. And they thought they must go: for Barzilley Minkley, who hain't been in this part of the country for years and years, came home to his folks'es, on a visit—Barzilley is Whitfield's own uncle on his father's side—and all the Minkleys wuz invited to the old Minkley homestead, to visit with him.

Whitfield wanted to go, but didn't want to go unless Tirzah Ann went. I approved of their goin', and told Tirzah Ann I would help her all I could. I helped her make a new cashmere dress and a blue flannel travelin'-dress, and told her she could wear my new waterproof an' welcome, and better than not—she hadn't none but a old one. And I told her I would take care of little Samantha Joe, and take it as a privilege. So they started early on a Tuesday mornin', and we went after the babe Monday night, so as not to belate 'em with their journey.

And it wuz on the Wednesday followin', about ten o'clock in the forenoon, that she burnt up the "World" before Josiah hed read it.

She wuz dretful willin' to come home with us, and we wuz dretful willin' that she should come, which made it awful willin' all round, and very agreeable and satisfactory. She thinks jest about as much of us—Josiah and me—as she does of her pa and ma. And I made her up a bed on the lounge in our room, and it did seem good to have her there. We took sights of comfort with her.

Her little appetite wuz excellent, and it wuz a great comfort to me to cook things that she called for.

I can tell you, it brought back old times, when her ma and Uncle Thomas J. were little children, every time I fried turn-overs for her.

And, when I fried cakes, it did seem so good to fry cakes cut like men, and women, and every livin' animal I could think of, for her; and it seemed as if I couldn't hardly satisfy her on the animals. I do believe I fried every critter I ever heard of—unless it wuz a hyena—and it kinder seems as if I fried one of them, one day; but I won't say for certain—mebbe it wuz a catamount. But it ain't no particular matter to rack my mind about it, either one way or the other—they look some alike, anyway.

But we did enjoy havin' her there—the best that ever wuz. When she got up in the mornin' and came to us, with her great bright eyes a-dancin', and the mornin'-light a-shinin' on her wavin' hair, it a'most seemed as if it wuz our lost youth a-comin' back towards us, with immortal hope and gladness in its glances.

We loved her so: she wuz so much a part of our own hearts and lives, that it seemed as if our love for her, and our tender pride and happiness in her, carried us back into the "long ago." And we could a'most fancy she wuz one of our youthful dreams given back to us.

Yet she burnt up Josiah's "World," and wasn't he powerful mad, and didn't he, at fust, want her whipped?

But I said, "No, not a stroke." I don't think we love her any better than we did her ma. I know we don't; and I don't think the neighbors are a-doin' right when they say we do. And I think it is very unkind of them to say that we humor her to death, and make a perfect fool of her. It is not so!

But we have more time to spend with her than we did with the children when they wuz little. Then we had to work hard to get along and pay for the place. And Josiah didn't have no time to take Tirzah Ann or Thomas J. onto the plough-handle in front of him, and let them ride round the field on it, and etcetery, etcetery. And I

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didn't have time to stop washin' dishes and sweepin', and let 'em play they wuz a-washin' dishes and a-sweepin', and so forth, and so on. And we didn't have no time, Josiah and me, to let 'em take holt of our hands, one of us on each side of 'em, like "the babes in the wood," and lead us all over jest where they wuz a mind to—into the woodshed, and all over the door-yard and the barn. But now, when little Samantha Joe is here, we are jest the "babes," Josiah and me, to be led off anywhere she wants to lead us.

For things are different now. The farm is paid for—and more, too: the children is brung up—and well brung up, too—everybody admits it. And, if little Samantha Joe wants to lead round her grandpa and me, she is goin' to lead us—and there ain't nobody a-goin' to break it up.

Good land! we enjoy it as much as she does. And, if she should take it into her little head to lead us off into the woods and cover us up with leaves, I don't think it would be any of the neighbors' bizness, if Josiah and me wuz willin' to be led and covered, as we most probable should be. That's not why I won't have her whipped.

I think it is very unkind of the neighbors to say that we let her have her own way the hull of the time, and don't correct her at all.

It is not anyways likely that that is so. But, s'posin' it wuz so—I am jest s'posin' the case—s'posin' her way was the right way: then why not let her have it?

It is very seldom that she does a thing that is the least mite out of the way. I don't know as I could exactly approve of her burnin' up the "World"—that might not have been exactly the fair thing to do; but it is very, very seldom that she does a thing that a minister would be ashamed of doin'.

She is a uncommon child for goodness. I don't say it because she is my grandchild—not at all. But truth will out. She has a remarkable sweet even disposition; and, as to morals—well, I would like to see the child that would go ahead of her in morals. Why, nothin' would tempt her to touch a penny that didn't belong to her. And burgelry or arson or rapine—why, nothin' would tempt her into it.

She is a wonderful child; and she is jest as truthful as the day is long—that is, what she calls truth. Everything is new to her, and strange. The thoughts in her little brain are jest wakin' up: and, to a imaginative child, the dreams and fancies that fill the little mind—the child's world within—must seem as real as the new strange things in the world about her. It is all an untried mystery to her. And it stands to reason that she can't separate things off by themselves all to once, and put the right names to 'em all—separate the gay romancin' of the child's fairy world within from the colder reasonin' of the world without.

The child's world is purer than our'n: it is the only land of innocence and truth we know in this dreary life. And it seems that we would let our very souls listen to catch any whispers from that land so sweet, so evanescent.

For there is the only perfect trust—unbounded, uncalculatin', so soon to be displaced by doubt. The only perfect innocence, the blessed ignorance of wrong, so soon, so surely to be stained by the knowledge of sin. The divine faith in others' goodness, so soon to be dimmed by distrust. The gay unthinkin' happiness, so soon to be darkened by sorrow and anxiety. The rosy hopes, so soon to fade away in the ashen-gray of disappointment.

Fair land, sunny time, so bright, so fleeting, it seems as if we should treat its broken language and strange fancies tenderly and reverently, rememberin' the lost time when we, too, were wanderers in its enchanted gardens. Rememberin', too, that the gate of death must swing back before we can ever enter again a world of such purity, such beauty.

But we do not: we meet its pure and sweet unwisdom with our grim rebukin' knowledge, which we gained as Eve did—its innocent guileless ways with the intolerance of our dry old customs—its strange fancies, its sweet romancin', with cold derision or the cruelty of punishment.

Why, it stands to reason, when everything under the sun is new and strange to 'em, it can't be expected that they will get, all to once, the meanin' of every big word in the dictionary, and mebby they will get things a little mixed sometimes. But how can they help it?

And so, when she burnt up the "World" she thought it no harm. Then why whip her?

Why, what if we should be dropped right down into a strange country, where we had never stepped our foot before, and told to walk straight, and wuz knocked down every time we meandered, why, when we didn't know a step before us or on each side of us, how could we help meanderin' a little? How could we help, sometimes, a-usin' the language of the world we were accustomed to—talkin' about its inhabitants, and usin' its language—and even burnin' up newspapers?

What we would need would be to get in the right way again with patience, and over and over again, and time and time again—patience, and long-sufferin', and reason is what we should need, and not poundin', and that is what children need.

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Many a child is skairt and whipped into bein' a hippocrit and a liar, when, if they had been encouraged to tell the truth, own up to their little faults and meanderin's, and treated justly, to say nothin' of treatin' 'em patiently and kindly, they would have been just as truthful and transparent as rain-water.

Children have sharp eyes, and are quick to see injustice, and things sink deep into their little souls. They are whipped if they don't tell the truth—scared in dark nights with the lurid passage: "Liars shall have their portion in the lake of fire and brimstone," and then they see their mother smile in some disagreeable visitor's face, and groan at their back. How can the baby wisdom part away the smile from the groan, and find truth under 'em? How can we?

They are taught, under fear of severest punishment, to be honest: "Thou shalt not steal." And then, with their earliest knowledge, they see their mother boast over some advantage she had gained over the shop-keeper, and their father congratulate himself on how he got the better of his neighbor in a horse-trade. And, if she be the child of a business-man, happy for her if she does not wonder at that spectacle, strange to men and gods: to see her father lose all his wealth one day, to rise up rich the next—rise up from a crowd of poor cheated people he has ruined. Isn't that worse than burnin' up a "World?"

She is taught: "Deceit is an abomination to the Lord." And then she stands, with her little eyes on the level of the washstand, and sees her big sister powder her face, and darken her eyebrows, and pad her lean form into roundness.

She is taught that God loves good children, and to "flee from evil communications." And then counseled to never, by any means, associate with the washerwoman's little girl, who is very good, but to play with the banker's little boy, who is very bad. Isn't that worse than burnin' a "World?"

How is the child to learn good from evil?

God help the dear little souls! And, if they keep one iota of the uncalculating trust, the sweet innocence of childhood, it is by the direct grace of God, and no thanks to us poor hippocrits and sinners by whom they are surrounded.

Now, I'll tell you what looks orful disagree'ble to me, and that is to see a young child whipped for what we do ourselves.

Now, I wuz in to one of our neighbors, the other day—one of them that complains the worst of our treatment of the babe. And she has got a young child of her own—some four, or half-past four, years of age.

Wal, when I went in, she wuz a-whippin' her with a stick. Her face all swelled up with what she called religious principle—I called it anger; but, howsomever, it ain't no matter what the name on't wuz, her face wuz all swelled up, and red, and inflamed.

And she, weighin' from two to three hundred, wuz a-standin' over that little mite o' humanity that she herself brought into the world, for better or for worse—stood over it, a-grippin' with one hard red hand the little tender arm, leavin' great red marks with her vi'lence, and a-layin' on the stick with the other: for she said the child had lied.

"And lyin'," says she to me, with her face redder than ever with what she called principle, and I called madness and revenge, "is sumthin' that I won't have goin' on in this house."

Says I, calmly—for I see it wuzn't my place to interfere: I am principle, clear to the backbone, and Josiah and others say that I am—says I: "What has she been a-lyin' about?"

And she said she had told her to not stay but a hour to Miss Bobbets'es, a-playin' with her little girl, and she had stayed two—had lied about it: she had promised to come back in an hour, and didn't. The child said she had forgot all about the time, till the two hours wuz up. "But I know she didn't forget," says her ma.

Says I: "How do you know she didn't forget?"

Says she: "How could she forget, when there wuz a clock right in the room? She didn't come back because she wanted to stay; and she has got to own it up to me."

"But," says I, calmly, "if the child did forget, then you are a-whippin' her into lyin', instead of out of it."

I didn't say no more—for I never interfere—I won't. It ain't my place to. And she took the out into the back room and finished up there, and I heard the child own she was sorry.

And Miss Sowerby came back into the room triumphant and happy, and gave the child a large slice of cake-and-jelly, for ownin' that she had told a story. And, as she felt real good-natured to think she had come off conqueror, we had a real good visit. And my bizness there wuz to ask her, in a friendly way, if she didn't want to run in with me to see Miss Patten. Miss Patten had got a young child, and we hadn't neither of us seen it.

And she said, in a ngree'ble way, that she would, and she told her husband when she went out "that she shouldn't be gone only jest one hour, and told him to hang on the tea-kettle at five, and she would be there to help set the

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table." And she told little Kate "to look at the clock, and, when the p'inter stood at jest five, her ma would certain sure be there."

Wal, Miss Patten wuz dretful agree'ble, and so wuz Sam—that was her husband—and so wuz old Miss Patten, who wuz there takin' care of Vabby. And nothin' to do but we had got to take off our things and stay to supper. We both of us hung back: for we had both of us told our companions that we would be home to get supper in good season.

Says I: "I don't like to disapp'int Josiah."

"And I can't disapp'int Mr. Sowerby," says Miss Sowerby.

"Oh, wal," says old Miss Patten, "if they go through the world without meetin' a worse disapp'intment than that is, I guess they'll get along. They can eat their supper a little later."

"Oh," says I, "there is everything cooked in the house: all Josiah would have to do would be to make him a cup of tea."

And says Miss Sowerby, not wantin' to be outdone:

"I have got everything all ready for supper, and Mr. Sowerby can make a better cup of tea than I can, any day: he puts it in by the handful—he never uses a teaspoon."

"Then do stay," says Vabby.

And says old Miss Patten, comin' in from the kitchen—Vabby wuz sick in the settin'-room bed-room—

"You needn't say another word; the table is all set for you, and we have got oysters and warm biscuit, and you have got to stay."

And she took our sun-bonnets right off, and galanted us into the dinin'-room. And she did have a splendid supper.

And there it wuz. We two wimmin—we wuz both on us weighin' pretty nigh three hundred apiece, and with half a century's experience on us—there we wuz, a-doin' jest what Miss Sowerby had whipped little Kate for. That little delicate critter, with her little mite of judgment, and her easiness to be led astray, and not weighin' over forty pounds.

Wal, the supper sort o' took up our minds, and we set at the table a good long while. And we didn't want to start off the minute we had got through eatin'.

But I did feel strange in my mind a-thinkin' it over, and, though they wuz dretful agree'ble, I set round in my chair and looked at the clock.

And Miss Sowerby, she turned round and looked at the clock. And says she:

"Good land—if it ain't eight o'clock! What will our folks say?"

And says I: "What will Josiah say?" And we started home on a pretty good jog.

And Miss Sowerby says, when we had got 'most to her house: "For the land's sake—if we hain't stayed away three hours!"

And says I, in a cursory way—for I will not interfere and meddle: it ain't my way—says I: "You whipped little Kate for stayin' one hour beyond her time, and we have stayed three."

Says she, "I told her to be home in an hour."

"Wal," says I, "that is jest what she told you to do."

And says she: "She promised—"

And says I: "So did you promise, sacred."

"Wal," says she, "a child is under greater obligations to her parents than they are to her."

Says I: "They ain't under half so much obligations: for it is the parents' doin's, gettin' 'em here; the children didn't get the parents here—not at all; it is right the other way."

"Oh, wal, it is different, anyway. Kate is a child, and we are grown folks."

"So much the more reason for us, Nancy Sowerby," says I. "So much the more reason that we should behave ourselves, and not go to lyin', and bein' led off into temptation, as we have to-night, Sister Sowerby." (We are both Methodists.)

The words sunk deep—I see they did—though the only words she said wuz:

"I do hope Mr. Sowerby hain't got supper. A man tears up things so, and wastes," says she. "I had jest about as lief have a tornado sweep through my buttery as to have a man sweep through it, and tear round."

But I am growin', perhaps, tej'us, Mr. Editor, and so I will finish my story of "How the World Was Burnt Up" next month.

A THOUGHT.

BY WILL MIT SHIELDS.

Lovely Eden's bloom was brightest
When the world was free from sin;
So the heart is always lightest
When the soul is pure within.

And, temptations all suppressing,
We will finally secure
Ev'ry wished-for heavenly blessing
That will make each action pure.

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"THIMBLE."

BY ALICE MAUDE EWELL.

It was just the place for a romantic meeting—an old country lane, shaded here and there by overhanging boughs, its fence on either side almost covered with blackberry vines and Virginia creeper, its banks dotted with wild flowers; but nothing could, outwardly, be more unromantic than an encounter that happened there, one summer evening not very long ago.

She—the young woman in question—was pretty and pleasant to look at. Her frock fitted her well and was becoming, which recommendation is a most excellent thing in woman. On her head she wore an immense straw hat, trimmed with soft white muslin, a sort of umbrella arrangement, which just missed hiding from view her bright eyes and the line of brown silky "bangs" above them. Her mouth was piquant and small; her cheeks a soft oval, delicately flushed. In one hand, she carried a small crocheted work-bag of dainty pattern, which she swung gently as she walked, stepping lightly with head well up, seemingly in a hurry; as indeed she was, being eager to get home before dark, after an afternoon visit.

He—the person that she met—was also young and good-looking. He was slender and well-shaped, and wore his sack coat and rather demoralized hat with the air of enjoyment: the cultivated and conscious slouch of a city-bred man, who luxuriates for a limited time in country freedom. Under one arm, he had a big heavy book. His face was undecided as to feature and dreamy as to expression, with, however, a gleam of archness flashing from it, like sunshine through haze.

He drew himself up when he saw the young lady, and she looked a trifle more dignified; they passed each other demurely, with the slight bow customary in rural neighborhoods. He looked back, and she wanted to, but would not so condescend; so they went their opposite ways.

About a hundred yards further on, his eye was caught by something shining in the road; it was small and round, forming a salient, attractive, yellow point for the sunset rays glinting upon it. He picked it up, and found it to be a gold thimble. It had evidently been dropped by the young lady, and would be a regretable loss. He looked at it a moment, hesitating; then, by a natural impulse, turned back and walked quickly after her. She had reached a place where the road passed through a wood, and where twilight was already darkening under the trees, when, hearing quick steps behind, she looked around and saw a man coming swiftly towards her. It was too much for maiden courage. She jammed her hat firmly on her head, clutched her work-bag desperately, and with a loud "Oh-h-h!" ran away like a scared deer, and was soon out of sight.

To run after her would be too absurd; the young man burst out laughing—indeed, leaned against a tree and laughed immoderately at the whole affair, eying the thimble as he did so.

"Well, at any rate, I attempted the honest thing," he said at last, as he slipped it in his pocket and rose to go. "I suppose she took me for a tramp. Ah—ha! ha!"

Twenty minutes' brisk walking brought him to the house where he was staying for a while, with his cousins—that great and distinguished family, the Weston-Smiths. Mrs. Polly Smith, his first cousin, a handsome lively lady, with a fondness for teasing sometimes ahead of her wit, met and greeted him with:

"Oho, Mister Frank! You don't know what you've missed. You don't know who has been here to see me while you were away—moping under some tree, I suppose, with your old book.'

"Oh, yes, I know: A young lady—a 'gyirl,' as you say here—with a pink dress on, a big hat—sort of extinguisher—purple eyes, bangs, runs like a race-horse, 'totes' a work-bag and a gold thimble."

"Why, how do you know? You met her, I suppose; but how do you know that she runs fast and has a thimble?" Whereat he displayed the thimble, and related his adventure. Mrs. Smith dimpled with laughter, and clapped her hands.

"Well done for Florence! I've seen her run before. Why didn't you run after her, stupid boy? Ha! ha! ha! Poor Florence—to lose her precious thimble, and get such a fright—too bad! She will be inconsolable."

"You must send her the thimble as soon as possible," said her cousin.

"How would you like to go with me to return it?" asked she, slyly.

"Oh, I don't care about it—I didn't come here to pay visits, you know. The charm of your ladyship's society is all-satisfying."

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"Oh, I've heard that before, sir. Your flattery is stale. Perhaps, if you are not free to fall in love, it would be dangerous to go, as Florence is not only the best, but the most attractive, girl that ever was. But, if you aren't afraid to risk it, I will be glad to take you."

"Thank you very much. I am free, except my hopeless passion for yourself, ma'am, and I want to remain so." He played with the thimble for some moments in silence, handling it softly, with tender little touches, trying it on, and finding it, of course, too small for any but his little finger. It was a pretty thing, daintily chased, with the name "Florence Haye" cut upon it.

"By George! She must have taper fingers, to wear this," he said at last, blushing slightly as he caught Mrs. Smith's mocking gaze.

"She has taper fingers—lovely hands."

"Pretty feet, too," laughed Francis Morse. "I saw the soles of her shoes, as she turned and fled. Here, cousin, take this, and return it to the fair owner."

But, the next day, Miss Florence showed that she valued the thimble, by sending for it. A servant-girl came, with a note in a large square envelope, directed in a large square hand to Mrs. Smith.

"Dear Polly," ran the note, "I cannot find my thimble, and think I must have dropped it on your sitting-room floor, as I don't remember putting it in my bag. Will you look, and, if you find it, send it to me by Susan? You know how much and why I value it. I was horribly frightened, yesterday evening, by a tramp—a ferocious-looking man—who ran after me and tried to snatch my bag. Will tell you all about it when we meet—which I hope will be before very long, Polly darling.

Your devoted friend,

FLORENCE."

Mrs. Smith, not having time just then to write, gave the thimble to Susan, and sent her back with only a message.

"Who gave Miss Haye her thimble?" asked Mr. Morse, after reading the note, which Mrs. Smith had handed to him.

"Her great-aunt—the dearest old lady: and Florence was so fond of her. Why do you ask?" said that lady, absently, forgetting to tease.

"Oh, nothing. I'm glad that we found what she seems to value—that's all."

That evening, as Mr. Morse was taking a stroll across one of the pasture-fields near Weston house, he noticed a familiar yellow gleam in the grass at his feet, and, stooping down, picked up—Miss Florence Haye's gold thimble! He did not laugh, but stood still for some moments, thinking, half humorously, half in solemn earnest, of the persistence with which fate seemed tapping at his heart with this little innocent-looking object. Then he put it in his waistcoat pocket, and, oddly enough, when he went home, said nothing about it.

Now, as Mr. Francis Morse was not a rogue—in the primary sense of that word—and as he could not have used the thimble himself if he had been one, we can only guess at his reason for thus keeping it. The maid had evidently dropped it on her way home: Mr. Frank had found it, and so now he kept it. He used to take it from his pocket when alone, and look at it dreamily, trying to imagine it on the taper finger where it belonged; his thoughts flitting from the finger to the whole hand, each dainty curve and motion that it would make with thimble on and needle at work; finally taking in her whole graceful lovely self.

In spite of his lazy refusal to be introduced, Florence had not failed to make an impression on him; and this the thimble's soft light seemed to warm and strengthen. It became so thought-attractive, so absurdly important to him, he was so ceaselessly conscious of its light weight and pressure against his chest, that he grew more and more averse to telling Mrs. Smith about it or giving it up. As he had said, he wanted to be free, but the gold thimble already had him in bondage, and its owner might easily have taken control, too. Mrs. Smith would have been charmed, had she known of her cousin's secret insanity; but she did not, and he dreaded her teasing tongue too much to give a hint.

So matters went on for more than a week, when, one morning, Mrs. Smith came home from a ride, bright and excited.

"Oh, cousin, whom do you think I met? Florence Haye, out driving with her father; and she told me something so strange—she never got that thimble."

"Indeed!" said that very deceitful young man, starting guiltily.

"No, indeed. She asked me if I had ever found it; said that, when Susan reached home that day, she told her—Florence—that I had not found or given her the thimble. But she looked guilty and scared, and, when Flo questioned her, burst out crying, but still denied having seen it. Florence thinks she may have been tempted to steal it—such a pretty thing, and valuable—though she has always been a good honest creature till now. She seems so worried about it. Of course, I told her how you found it, and that I gave it to Susan when she came. She must have lost or stolen it."

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"She dropped it in the pasture-field, and I found it again that same day. I have it now—here," said Mr. Morse, in much confusion, displaying the thimble.

"You did? And kept it all this time, without a word? How funny!"

"I—I—forgot," stammered this mendacious person, who was mentally tearing his hair as he thought that he had not only been making a fool of himself, but been the cause of suspicion falling on this poor cowardly servant-girl.

"Well, I am glad you found it," said his cousin. "How odd that you should have done so twice. I'll take the little mischief-breeder to her myself, this very evening."

"No: let me. I will take it," spoke up Mr. Morse, with an air of heroic resolution.

"Would you really like to go? There's a good boy; and I will go with you."

"No: don't. I would rather go by myself."

"Oh-h-h! You would, sir, would you?" said Mrs. Weston-Smith, slowly, opening her blue eyes to their fullest extent. She stretched out her hands at each side with rosy palms upward, threw back her head, and looked at him with eyes half shut, laughing softly. "Oho! my 'ittle boy isn't 'f'aid any mo'. Why, 'ittle boy wants to go by his 'ittle se'f," she cooed, while Mr. Frank returned her gaze saucily, but could not help the tell-tale blood that spread over his face.

"Well, good-luck go with you," she said, after a little more teasing. "I told her who the tramp was that gave her such a fright, and you ought to have seen how surprised she looked. I think you made an impression. Maybe it wasn't all one-sided—the love at first sight, I mean. I know now why you kept the thimble, cousin: and who knows if it isn't all the thimble's doings, after all? It kept you thinking about her, you know. You have my blessing: and, of course, I will go to the wedding, and dress the bride just as I please."

"Pshaw! nonsense. Miss Haye would be very much offended, I have no doubt, to hear you talk so," he said, gravely, though secretly pleased. He was in love, and, what is more, resolved that Mrs. Smith should have the pleasure of dressing the bride, if his efforts could effect it.

That evening, he dressed with anxious care, and started on his errand, directed by Mrs. Smith, who saw him off with many smiles and encouraging waves of her fair hand. After a short walk across fields, he leaped over the Weston boundary-fence into a strip of woods on the Haye plantation: and there, who should he see but Miss Florence Haye herself!

She was pulling gray moss off a tree, standing on tiptoes, her big hat tilted back, her face becomingly red with warmth and exercise. As it was broad day-time, and as the roof and chimneys of her paternal mansion could be seen at the foot of a green slope at no great distance, he judged that she would not run away this time, and, taking off his hat, advanced toward her with his most graceful deferential manner. She gave a start when she saw him, but soon composed herself into dignified calm. He bowed—so did she—most politely.

"I suppose you don't know who I am?" he began; then, feeling that it was the clumsiest most idiotic thing he could have said, he bit his lip and added: "I am a cousin of the Smiths'."

"Indeed," she said, "I can hardly fail to identify you, by that minute explanation." There was a faint smile about her mouth; he laughed and colored, then she laughed too.

"My Cousins Smith would think it minute enough for them anywhere, as they are emphatically 'the' Smiths—in their own estimation, at least. But, seriously, I came on an important errand; so I'll begin with a proper preface: My name is Francis Morse. I am staying with Mr. Weston-Smith, my first cousin."

"Yes, I think I have seen you once before," she said, roguishly, whereat they both laughed again.

"Ah, yes. And now I've come to do what I would have done then, only you ran away so astonishingly fast. I want to give you back your gold thimble."

"Oh, thank you," she cried. "How did you get it? I was afraid that I had strained poor Susan's honesty too far. She must have dropped it, and then was ashamed to tell me." She reached out her hand; but he held the thimble high up and away, while he explained his second finding of it. "I am so glad to have it back," said she, looking, however, a little anxious. "It seems a little thing to fuss over: but I value it as a gift from one whom I loved very much. I am indebted to you—or, rather, to your good-luck in the matter."

"I ask but one small reward," said Mr. Morse.

"And what may that be?" she asked, somewhat uneasily.

"For leave to put it on your finger myself. You see, I want to satisfy a doubt in my infidel mind. It's hard to believe that this will go on any grown woman's middle-finger—and I must see with my own eyes."

Miss Haye laughed.

"Why, of course it fits my finger—and the finger is not so incredibly small, either. I'll try it on, and show you."

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"Oh, no: that won't do. You must let me try it on with my own hands."

"But that would be ridiculous; and I don't choose—"

"You said you felt indebted to me," he put in, with an aggrieved expression; "and this is a very small payment."

"Oh, well, really it is unimportant. You can—certainly, sir—if you wish it," she said, frigidly polite, as she sat down on a fallen log and began to take off her glove.

He sat down, and, with an air of gentle persistence, waited till she extended her hand. He took it very deliberately in his left, and then as deliberately, with soft lingering touches that showed his own good-looking hands to great advantage, placed the thimble on her middle-finger. It fitted exactly, and formed a seemly ornament for the white straight shapely hand of its owner.

"Are you satisfied?" she asked, sharply, almost angrily, and making a motion of withdrawal.

"Yes: I am satisfied," he murmured, still holding her hand and looking at it.

"And are you convinced that my fingers are not quite as large as yours?"

He smiled dreamily for answer, and, stooping, pressed a gentle kiss on the hand clasped in his.

She snatched it away.

"You should not have done that," she said, severely.

"Why not?"

"Because I don't like it: it is impertinent."

"Do I look like an impertinent creature?"

He certainly did not when she met his earnest gaze, but like a most respectful and well-behaved young gentleman.

"No, you don't," she said, smiling; "but you are."

"But why?"

"Because this is our first acquaintance, and, the fashion being out of date, you have no right to—"

"Oh, yes, I know—I know," he interrupted, flushing hotly. "And, if I were to tell you that I love you—most unmistakably, better than anyone else that I ever knew—why, that would be impertinent, too."

"Of course it would be—and not true, either."

"But it would be—it is—true, upon my soul."

"Why, how can it be, when you never spoke to me until just now?"

"I suppose it does seem a little incredible," he said, with a half-pathetic, half-comical smile. "But it's true: I am in earnest."

"It's too incredible for my believing. Remember, there's such a thing as self-deception."

"But isn't it a time-honored fact that love jumps at quick conclusions? Witness Romeo and Juliet, Henry Esmond, David Copperfield, and hosts of others."

"Not fact, but fiction."

"Truth—truth, all of them—very types and embodiments of human nature. Why, according to a theory once advanced by a very respectable philosopher, I have known you for twenty-seven years, five months, and some days—and you me all your life. It is only the difference between conscious and unconscious knowledge."

"Ah, I don't understand theories. It may be true—I don't know. But, if you will be patient and good, and—and say nothing more of this for a long time—"

"How long?" he asked, eagerly.

"Oh, a long, long time—three weeks."

"Gracious mercy! not that long. Say two weeks."

"No, no: not a day less than three weeks. At the end of three weeks, if you have not recovered your senses, you may speak again—perhaps."

"To become well acquainted, I must see you every day."

"Ah-h-h! I don't know: every other day will be often enough."

"And you must give me something—a pledge, you know—a pledge of your favor, to keep till then."

"I would not mind—anything in reason," she said, cautiously.

"Then let me keep this little thimble, if you can spare it. I suppose you have two or three others to wear, haven't you? Let me keep this, just for three weeks."

"I have one other," she said, after some pensive meditation, "and it is only for a little while. Yes: you may keep the thimble."

LINES.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

BENEATH the shadow of Thy wings
Shall be my refuge still.
Whatever care or sorrow brings,
I'll yield me to Thy will.

Thou knowest all! Thou seest all!
I only see a part.
I go wherever Thou shalt call—
I give Thee all my heart.

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A LONG HALF-HOUR.

BY AGNES JAMES.

Two young people are walking slowly in the moonlight, along a quiet street in New York, returning from a concert at the Academy. They have been silent for some time, the young man's dark brows gradually settling into a frown. Suddenly he breaks out:

"Of course," he says, stiffly, "I have no right to complain of it. You have never given me the right to criticize your conduct—"

"Then, my good friend, may I ask why you do criticize it?" the lady inquires, in a gentle, sweet, cool tone. How pretty she is, in the moonlight! She is looking up at him, smiling. He can see the mischievous sparkle in her hazel eye, the dimple in her soft cheek.

"Because I am your 'good friend,' and I hate to see you flirt with that fellow," bursts out Allan Bryan, angrily.

"I am sure he is a very nice fellow, and 'flirts' most scientifically," Miss Everett answers, with calmness. "But perhaps you would rather I should flirt with you. I have noticed that flirting is something like poking the fire: every man looks on a little impatiently when he sees another one doing it; he thinks the fellow is clumsy, and wants to take the poker himself—"

"Nonsense! You know I do not flirt."

"Since when? Oh, where do you expect to go when you die?" in a tone of profound horror. "When you know that I was warned against you before I ever met you. You were a 'terrible flirt,' and I an unsophisticated little country-girl. Why, you actually offered to give me lessons in flirting."

"So I did—bad luck to me! As if you needed to be taught by me—you little soft sweet innocent humbug!" Allan thinks this; but aloud he says, hotly: "You know very well that I have never flirted with you. I am too honestly and sadly in earnest."

Nan looks at him calmly, smilingly.

"How very, very well you do it," she says, in soft deliberate tones, expressive of the very deepest wonder and admiration.

"Confound it!" he ejaculates, angrily.

"Confound me, do you mean?" she asks, sweetly. "Oh, how very uncivil!"

He tosses the little warm white hand from his arm, almost roughly, and faces her with set lips and a flash in his eyes.

"You may pretend you don't believe me, as much as you please; but you know I love you. I believe you are utterly heartless. You would like to torment my soul out of my body."

"Oh, horrors! What a bad opinion you have of me. How fortunate it is that I am just at home, and you can leave me."

She runs up the steps of a house, one of a long row of dull-looking "brown-stone fronts," and stands waiting in the doorway. Slowly and in silence he follows, takes her latch-key from his pocket, and proceeds to open the door.

He either finds something wrong with the latch, or is making time by pretending difficulty, for he fumbles sadly at it: Nan standing, meanwhile, softly singing to herself a thing "that fellow" had sung—warbling it in his sweet but slightly affected tenor, with his eyes fixed upon Nan's face:

> "If I were what the words are,
> And love were like the tune,
> With double sound and single,
> Delight our lips would mingle,
> With kisses glad as birds are
> That get sweet rain at noon!"

"'Kisses,' indeed!" It is simply maddening. Allan gives a violent wrench, turns the key, opens the door, and wheels round to depart.

"Good-night," Nan says, gently, holding out a white little hand.

He will not see it. He brushes by, lifting his hat without speaking, and plunges down the steps. Nan watches him walking off in the moonlight, listens to his ringing rapid step a moment, then slips through the door, laughing softly.

It is utterly dark in the hall. "There! The servants have forgotten to leave the gas burning for me. How provoking!" she thinks, as she stands still in the darkness. No matter. She knows the way very well, and so, closing and locking the door, she steals noiselessly toward the staircase. She moves very cautiously, knowing that her uncle and aunt must have been sleeping the sleep of the just for an hour; but, in spite of care, she presently runs against a chair, which is certainly out of place.

"I wish I hadn't made Allan so angry," she thinks, with vexation. "If he had only stopped to say 'good-night' half as long as he generally does, I would have seen the hall was dark, and made

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him light the gas. He always has matches." And she smiles in the darkness, as she fancies herself telling Allan about it all when they have "made up" again, and hearing his laughing verdict of "Served you right."

It is slow work groping up two flights of stairs in utter darkness, and with the necessity upon her of making no noise; but at last she reaches the door of the room which she shares with her cousin — the front room on the third floor. Knowing that Mary had retired early, with a headache, she goes in very quietly, in order not to wake her if she should be asleep. She expects to find the gas burning low there; but she finds, again, utter darkness and deathly silence: no, not entire silence, for there is a sound of breathing, at least, in the room. Nan knows where the match-safe stands on the mantel-piece, and she creeps across the room and gropes for it. It is out of place. "Of course," she says, "such is the total depravity of inanimate objects." Her fingers encounter various objects, which, strangely enough, she does not recognize as belonging there: a pile of books, a goblet, a bottle, a curious lump of some rough hard substance which might be some ore or fossil, a long something with a handle, and—oh, horrible!—a cold thin blade. It is a knife or dagger! "Where did Mary get it?" she cries, under her breath. "What has she been doing to the mantel-piece? Everything seems bewitched to-night."

However, she cannot find the matches, and, as Mary does seem to be sleeping profoundly—heavily, to judge from her breathing—and, as sleep is the only cure for Mary's headaches, Nan decides to undress quietly in the dark.

She begins by taking off her earrings. They are old-fashioned diamond pendants, belonging to her mother—very quaint and beautiful. As she is laying them on the mantel-piece, one of them slips from her fingers, and falls with a clink upon the hearth. Instantly there is a stir, a movement, and then a loud harsh man's voice calls out something. What it is, she cannot tell: for it is in a foreign language.

Nan stands still, as if turned to ice. She feels as if she were turning to ice, so deathly cold is the terror that comes over her. Then, from the back room, the door of which is evidently open, comes another man's voice, sleepily answering the first in the same unknown language. It is neither French nor German, or Nan might have understood it. The first man speaks again; two or three sentences are exchanged; then a laugh; a movement in the bed nearest the girl; a horrible little click; another movement or two, and then everything is silent again.

Nan knows now what has happened: she has entered the wrong house! She is shut up in the black darkness with two strange men, who speak a foreign language, and she has just heard one of them cock a pistol. Why she does not drop dead—or, at least, faint dead away—Nan will never know. But she only stands motionless as the dead. She knows her life depends upon her stillness.

Nan was never very brave or self-possessed. She has usually screamed when she is frightened. But she realizes now that she was never in her life really terrified before. The very extent of her terror sharpens her senses, and gives her the calmness and courage of desperation. There is but one thing to do: to keep quiet until the men fall asleep again, and then to creep out of the house as noiselessly as she has come in.

Now begins what seems to Nan an age of agony, while she stands holding her breath and listening to the breathing of the men in the darkness. She scarcely dares to breathe, herself; she must not tremble, for fear a little rustle of garments might betray her; she wishes her heart would stop beating: for its slow sickening throbs must, she knows, be audible.

"Oh, God help me!" she prays, wildly; and then she thinks of Allan, and what he would do, if he knew his poor little love—for Nan knows he loves her—was here in this horrible den of wild beasts.

"Oh, my dear," she says to herself, apostrophizing him, "if I only had not teased you, and made you leave me so quickly, we would have found out the mistake, and I would have been safe. I am sorry I teased you. I will tell you so, if I ever see you again. How sorry you will be for me. Oh, love, my love, if you could only know, and come to help me." A sob is choking up her throat; but it must not come. She bites her lip cruelly, to keep it back, and listens—listens with every nerve in her body, it seems to her—to the breathing near her.

How long does she stand there? She hears the man in the next room breathing tranquilly, heavily, at last, and knows he is sleeping profoundly; but the one nearest her turns restlessly, and mutters a word or two now and then. Nan listens, and a thousand frightful possibilities occur to her. He may not go to sleep at all, and daylight may come. Oh, that is too horrible to think of! She resolves that, as a last resort, she will rush quickly across the room, fly down the stairs and out of the door, risking the shame of being overtaken and shot. But not yet: she will wait a little while.

Then she turns sick again with the sudden

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thought that, as she found the door unlocked, someone else is probably coming in. Then, indeed, she will be lost. Ah, did ever moments drag on more slowly, more full of agony and terror, than these? There is no help, no hope, for her, except in the merciful God, whom she implores to have pity on her. Poor little Nan! She has been "saying her prayers" dutifully, all her short sweet innocent life; but never till now has her whole soul gone out in an agonized passionate cry to God for help and pity.

At last—oh, thank God! at last—she hears, through the darkness, a sound of quiet long-drawn breathing from the man near her. He is, at last, asleep. She waits a little while, to be sure; then, with her heart beating violently, she takes one cautious step, and pauses to listen. Still the deep slumberous breathing goes on. Then a new thought flashes into Nan's brain: her earring! If she leaves it on the floor, there may be something heard of it. The occupants of the room will suspect someone of having been there. Perhaps they may go to the police about it. Nan imagines a detective hunting her up and terrifying her with questions. Besides, they are her mother's diamonds. And they are so pretty and so valuable! All this is an instant's thought, and then Nan does a thing that surprises herself: she bravely stoops and gropes on the hearth for the earring. How glad she is when her cold little fingers touch it almost at once.

She breathes more freely, and now begins her cautious retreat to the door. Step by step, pausing every instant, stretching her hands before her, she gropes her blind way along. Oh, if she should lose her way, and strike against or stumble over anything! She has one thing to guide her, at least: on each hand, she hears the heavy breathing of one of those terrible unknown men, and she steers her course between them. She knows she must pass very near the bed in leaving the room; and she holds her breath as she steals along, and knows she is almost touching the bed. What if she should really touch it? It is too horrible to think of, and she shrinks away in terror, until suddenly there comes that strange sense of thickness in the air, which warns her that she is near the wall. She touches it. It is not the door, but a papered wall, that her fingers pass along.

She has lost her way. For an instant, despair clutches at her heart. She presses her palm against the wall, steadies herself for a few seconds, and listens again. It is evident that, in her fear of touching the bed, she has gone too far to the left, and must take a right-hand course now. At least, she now has the wall to guide her, and must find the door soon. One more step, and she feels herself touching some article of furniture: a little table, she finds. With her arm stretched out over it, she feels along the wall, and at last she has reached a corner.

Oh, heavens! how she starts and thrills with fright as her groping fingers touch something on a bracket—a little vase, perhaps—that totters, all but falls. Still as death, she stands again and listens for the movement, the voice, she fears. Nothing but the deep breathing still; and then, at the next step past the corner, her fingers touch the panel of the door. She almost loses control of herself now, so strong is the impulse to snatch the door open and rush wildly out of it. But she does conquer that impulse, and gropes for the bolt, turns it slowly, slowly, with an agony of care, opens the door a little way—thank heaven, it does not creak—and slips out into the hall.

She pauses to think whether it is best to shut the door or not. If she should stumble or make any noise on the stairs, it would certainly be heard, if she left the door open. She must shut it. There even comes to her the wild thought that she might take the key, which she had felt inside, and lock the door between her and her horrible unseen enemies. But then she has to pass the door of the back room; and, of course, that is unlocked. It would do no good. Gripping the door-knob with her soft little hand, that seems transformed into steel by her desperation, she turns it—oh, so slowly—draws the door towards her, and closes it.

How long—how very long—the seconds seem as she holds the door, turns the knob again, and lets the bolt slip into place. It is done at last, without a sound. Then, for a moment, Nan's strength goes from her, and she feels herself tottering, her brain reeling. Then comes a quick gasp. "Oh, I must not faint," she thinks; "I must not let myself faint." She throws out her hand, to save herself from falling, and finds herself grasping the balustrade.

It is like the touch of a friendly hand almost. She has only to cling tightly to the railing, and creep along the halls and down the stairs now. If she makes no noise, if she passes safely all the doors—ah, she may find her way back, after all, to safety, to life, to the love of warm pitying hearts, and all the joys of the dear safe world she left behind her when she entered this terrible house. Silently as a ghost, she slips down the long flights of stairs, gropes her way through the lower hall, and, at last, reaches the front door.

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She is trembling so now, her hands shake so pitifully and grow so weak, that she can scarcely turn the great key and draw back the dead-latch. But it is done presently, and she opens the door —and is free!

But she does not feel safe even yet. She does not breathe freely until she has softly closed the door behind her and crept down the steps. Then she stands leaning against the iron railing, panting and trembling, for one moment. A fancied footstep makes her start in terror. It is only fancy: for there is no one in sight. From end to end of the long block, she sees nothing but the dull dark houses, the pavement, white in the moonlight, with ink-black shadows falling across it and filling up the doorways and areas. But, now that she is in actual safety, Nan's nerves give way. A horror of the loneliness—the night, the shadows—seizes upon her. And worse than all is the fear that some one may come and find her here alone in the street at dead of night.

She is so dazed with it all, that she does not know which way to turn in search of home, but hastens aimlessly along. Some pitying angel guides her steps, however: for, as she hurries on, with faltering footsteps, a light shines out over a door, and the familiar number of her uncle's house appears plainly before her eyes. She stumbles up the steps, leans trembling against the door, and puts her hand in her pocket for her latch-key.

It is not there! She has left it, she suddenly remembers, lying on the mantel-piece, in that dreadful house. Wild with unreasoning terror, she pulls the bell with all her strength. She does not mind waking them all up now. She wants to rouse every soul in the house—to gather all the family around her, and tell them how near death she has been. Peal after peal, the bell clangs out. She can hear it plainly enough, and yet there is no sound, as yet, in the house. She rings and rings again. It is quite plain that every one there is sleeping like the dead. They will not hear her. She pounds on the door with her poor little hands. She tries to call—tries again and again; but her voice dies away in a husky whisper.

And then on her startled ear comes the sound of footsteps. Echoing along the silent street, she hears a slow loitering step. She glances, frightened, backward over her shoulder, and sees a tall dark form coming along in the white moonlight. Nan crouches back in the doorway, hoping its shadow may hide her. Oh, if he should see her—speak to her—what should she do?

She is so faint and weak with terror that she can only press close against the door for support, cover her eyes with her hand, and wait for the loitering step to pass. Nearer and nearer it comes. It is passing. Then suddenly it stops—stops at the foot of the steps! With a gasp, Nan opens her eyes, and gives one terrified glance at the face looking up towards her.

"Oh, Allan! Allan! Help me!" she cries, wildly, starting out from the black doorway and taking one tottering step forward.

Allan Brynn springs up the steps, with a cry of "Oh, my love! I am so glad—so glad." Nan throws herself into his arms, her head falling on his breast, and nestling there. Then she faints dead away.

She wakes amidst light and warmth and dear familiar faces. Her aunt and uncle and Mary are there—in rather startling toilets—and Allan is kneeling by her, chaping her hand.

"There! she is all right. Drink this for me, dear." It is Aunt Mary's tender voice that is saying this.

Nan drinks the strong sweet wine, and strength comes back to her. She sits up and looks around dizzily.

"Oh, Nan, what did happen to you?" bursts out eager pretty Mary, and her aunt sits down by her and takes her in her arms.

Nan clings to her, sobbing, and brokenly tells the story of her adventure. How they pet her, and pity her, and shudder as they listen, and how white and stern Allan's face grows, as he hears of her peril.

"Bless my soul!" Uncle George cries, in dismay. "You got into 421. Some Spaniards have just moved in there—black savage-looking fellows. My poor little girl, what an escape you have had!"

"But I don't see how you made the mistake," says Mary. "It is three doors away."

"I am afraid it was my fault," Allan says, in a low tone. "I ought to have looked at the number. I should not have left you until I had seen that you had a light."

He looks so contrite and wretched that Nan raises her head and smiles at him through her tears.

"No, it was all my fault," she declares. "The wisteria-vine over the stoop misled me. It is just like this. Do not blame yourself, please."

"And you say you opened the door with Nan's latch-key?" Uncle George asks, lost in amazement.

"I did, though it was very hard to do. I thought the very old Harry was in the key."

"And how did it happen that you were on

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hand so opportunely, Allan, just in time to catch Nan when she fainted?" Mary asks this, her laughing eyes searching his face keenly. Mary is his cousin as well as Nan's, and her intimate acquaintance with both of them leads her to believe there has been a "row" of some sort.

"I was walking up and down the street, smoking, Mistress Mary—and thinking," he answers, with a quiet smile. But he looks at Nan with an expression in his eyes that tells her he was thinking of her.

"And how long were you promenading there, may one ask?"

Allan looks at his watch.

"Half an hour, I should say: yes, just about that."

"Was it only that long?" Nan says. "Oh, I thought I was in that horrible place hours and hours."

She shudders, drops her head on her aunt's shoulder again, and begins to cry.

"Come: you must go upstairs to bed," Aunt Mary declares, and Nan rises obediently. But her head swims and her knees give way.

"Poor child! She cannot even stand. Allan, I think you must carry her upstairs," Aunt Mary says.

So he lifts his dear little love in his strong arms, and carries her up the stairs. Her pretty head rests against his shoulder, and the color comes faintly into her pale cheeks, as he looks down at her.

"Nan, did you know what you said?" he whispers, eagerly. "You said: 'My love.' Was it true? Do you love me?"

"Yes," she answers, with one swift, sweet, honest look, straight into his eyes.

"This room, Allan," calls Aunt Mary, who has gone before, and is holding a door open. "Put her here, on the bed." Allan obeys.

"Thank you," murmurs Nan, softly, "and good-night. You would not say it before."

She smiles up at him with such sweet dewy eyes that he cannot help it: he just stoops and kisses her soft lovely lips.

"There!" dear blessed Aunt Mary says, with a little laugh. "You may go now. You can say the rest to-morrow."

THE WIND.

BY ROSE M'DONALD.

As the fairy-winged breeze
Glances down through the trees,
It bears on its bosom a burden of snow
From the wild-cherry blooms,
And it steals through the rooms,
And calls like a voice that we heard long ago.

Now it roars, and it booms,
And it rends the black plumes
Of the wild ragged clouds tossed up in the air;
And it sobs like a maid
Through the frost-blackened glade,
And lifts its weird voice in a shriek of despair.

Now it crunes soft and slow,
In a sweet cadence low,
As a mother that sings to the babe on her knee.
Or it tip-toes along
With a blithe merry song,
And bends down the daisies that sprinkle the lea.

Then it mourns for lost friends,
And its wild murmur blends
With the dash of the rain and the roar of the deep.
'Tis an unhallowed sprite,
And a witch of the night:
It pursues us in dreams till we start in our sleep.

Like a wild huntsman's horn,
It is heard in the morn
O'er the fields all a-dew when the breaking lights gleam.
Like a thought of the soul
That no voice can control,
It comes and it goes—it is here, everywhere!

A MEMORY.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.

We met, just for a little golden space;
I gazed into thy earnest soulful eyes,
And, suddenly, through opening portals streamed
The glory of an earthly Paradise.
We parted, thick with sharp realities.
Like cruel thorns, fate's hedges shut me in,
And dark the world grew for that fleeting glimpse
Of the enchanted realm of "might have been."

I think of thee, 'mid all things pure and sweet
Beneath the stars, or in bright fields of flowers;
When robins hail the drowsy purple morn,
Or at the twilight's dreamy silver hours;
And sometimes in green woods or lonely dells,
When winds and leaves make music overhead:
I think of thee with deeper pain than if
I might have called thee mine and thou wert dead.

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THE WILLERTONS.

A SEQUEL TO "THE MOTHERLESS GIRL."

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1884, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER X.

THAT evening, when the great city, with all its thousands of human souls, lay still as the depths of a forest, the figure of a man appeared between the porphyry pillars that guarded the front entrance of Mrs. Willerton's dwelling. The man made no noise, and gave no signal; but that part of the city was so still, that the slightest sound was enough to attract the vigilance of a keen listener.

Though the man's arrested footstep seemed to give forth no sound, the door opened and closed suddenly, and he was drawn into the darkness of the hall like a shadow, and scarcely seemed to breathe when he found himself standing by another person, silent and motionless as himself. There was no light anywhere, and no disturbance in their movements, when these two men walked in silence over the polished mosaic of the hall, one after the other. They passed down the whole length of the state drawing-room, and paused, in the darkness, before the India cabinet, which was a marvel of enameled workmanship, of which Mrs. Willerton was especially proud.

At this point, the necessity of perfect stillness seemed less apparent than it had been in the hall, and a whispered voice said:

"We must have a light."

This whisper was answered by the slight hiss of a match; then a small block of light fell upon the cabinet from a tiny lantern, which could be instantly darkened by the palm of a man's hand. For one instant, the light fell on Lord Oakford's face, and more clearly revealed that of Mrs. Willerton's foreign servant, who, with dextrous and noiseless fingers, turned the lock, opened the cabinet-door, and, with wonderful caution, proceeded to unlock an iron door, concealed by much artistic tracery and enameling, in the back of the cabinet.

Directly, this door swung open; and the contents of a large safe, sunk into the wall, was revealed — papers, drawers full of gold coin, caskets that seemed costly as the jewels they might contain, all the rare and treasured valuables that we send to a safe-deposit, were crowded into this secret place so closely that hours might have been spent in searching for any one thing by a person who had not made himself familiar with its disarrangement.

"The papers you are after are here in this compartment," whispered the servant, turning the light upon a bundle of papers, around which a rusty black ribbon had been twisted. "Dead men's papers, all of them—the one you are most anxious about uppermost."

Oakford took the papers in one hand, and, with the other, drew what seemed a large jewel-casket into the light, which gave back brilliant flashes of fire from its satin cushions as he lifted the lid.

"The jewels of an empress," said Oakford, lifting his voice in a dangerous burst of surprise: "a fortune in themselves. Why, man, the splendor of these gems is enough to blind one."

The lantern shook, and its light flickered in the servant's hand: he had hoped to evade this discovery.

Oakford turned his glance suddenly from the jewels to the man's face. It was white and eager, with a gleam of greed in the eyes like that of a hungry animal kept back from its prey.

"Ah, the old weakness," he whispered, with a smile that was full both of sarcasm and warning; "but curb it—curb it here, I say. If a gem—nay, a single gold-piece—disappears—"

"I know—I know," broke in the man, hoarse with suppressed passion. "You have always that grip on my throat. I am not mad enough to touch anything you may think worth having. It is many days since I have known of these. Is not that proof sufficient of my good faith?"

The sarcastic smile deepened on Oakford's lips.

"Men of my stamp are not often tempted by the sparkle of a woman's jewels. If all goes well with other things, these shall be left to your mercy."

Oakford touched the papers he held signifi-

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cantly with his finger as he spoke, and his features, that had hitherto appeared hard and stern in such fitful gleams of light as fell on them, relaxed a little.

"If you have reason to fear me, you can also trust to my generosity," he added. "There is one virtue that I always recognize: good faith with myself. I ask nothing more than that of any man."

"You need not fear me," answered the man, in a husky undertone.

"I do not. Hand the light to me, and keep guard here."

Without waiting for the lantern to be given to him, Oakford took it, and withdrew into the parlor where Mrs. Willerton had received him only a few hours before. Here, with the draperies closely drawn, and the light so placed that it cast only a condensed gleam on the papers he unfolded, he fell to their perusal, listening vigilantly as he read, but to all appearance tranquil as if seated in his own library.

The papers this man examined were not voluminous, but he scanned each word of them as a lawyer might have done. Now and then a look of surprise passed across his face, and, once, a triumphant exclamation almost broke from his lips, and, in suppressing it, fire flashed into his eyes like light in a diamond.

He was reading the copy of a will written years before, and, so far as its terms permitted, acted upon and settled in favor of Mrs. Willerton, to whom it gave, during her life, an estate so large in its scheduled value that it had won that exultant flash of amazement which Oakford's countenance bore even yet.

Directly, this look of triumph died out from his handsome face — handsome, in spite of the evil expression that had full play over his countenance when the man found himself quite alone. This was what he read:

"But, if my daughter should not survive her mother, it is my will that the entire estate thus bequeathed to her shall become the property of my wife in fee."

At last he folded up the papers, arranged them carefully as they had been placed in his hands, and twisted the black ribbon around them in the same careless fashion. Then he put back the portière, and stood in the opening. There were still traces of agitation on his face — a sort of triumphant glow — that relieved the man who sought to read his countenance with some anxiety.

"Put these exactly where you found them — exactly, remember. Then close the safe, and come with me."

The man did not seem to hesitate in his obedience to these directions, though they were given in a voice that hardly reached him. He replaced the papers, turned the intricate locks, one after another, and left the beautiful cloisonné cabinet looking unique and as much like a specimen of ornamental furniture as ever.

He still held the key in his hand; but Oakford took it from him without a word, as if it were his own property, though the hand that held it closed firmly for one rebellious moment and relaxed with a sort of spasm.

Oakford extinguished the light, and concealed the lantern somewhere about his person.

"Lead the way out," he whispered. "You will know how to get back again."

The man obeyed, and traversed the dark rooms with his hands clenched and his teeth grinding together. Thus these two persons left Mrs. Willerton's house noiselessly as one of them had entered it.

CHAPTER XI.

The moonlight lay full upon the two men as they came out upon the steps of Mrs. Willerton's dwelling that night, and stood there for a time looking cautiously up and down the avenue, to assure themselves that no policeman or stray wanderer of the streets might be near to observe their presence there. The shadow of many trees offered them a safe covert directly across the way, and the walls of the Park threw a belt of deeper darkness to walk in. For half a minute, they came into the broad light, and, with a swift noiseless walk, reached this shelter; and, keeping close to the wall, they moved on in silence, treading cautiously, as if there was still cause for avoiding observation.

At length they came to an opening, near the Lenox Library, which seemed less like a tomb for books than it really is, with the moonlight lying on its broad white front, and touching its sealed windows with a gleam here and there, as if striving to penetrate the darkness within.

"We can venture to speak here," said Oakford, as he turned into the broad sweep of roadway that led into the Park. "Turn to the right. There is a bit of statuary, up yonder, that reminds me so much of some human beings I have had to deal with that it quite fascinates me. A little distance up this hill, my Antoine. There it is."

The man thus addressed stopped instantly, and drew a quick breath.

"That name?" he exclaimed, sharply. "I thought it was never to be used again."

"Why not, my Antoine? It reminds us of the

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past, and just now that is important," said Oakford, who enjoyed the sudden pallor of the man's face with a cruel smile; but the evil glance which the other cast back upon him checked this dangerous inclination to play with fire, and he added, carelessly:

"You are not looking on the rare creature I was speaking of."

By this time the two men had traversed the road that leads to the main avenue, where it makes a broad curving sweep up-hill, forming one of the finest bits of scenery in that portion of the Park. Here the sweep of the hill curves against a picturesque embankment of rocks, luxuriant foliage, and dark evergreens. These rocks, bare in the winter, and laced in by a rude entanglement of coiling vines, that, lacking verdure, appear like huge serpents creeping over them, were now covered by the rich leafage of spring, that fell in masses down the embankment, trailing in places to the roadway itself. Above this torrent of foliage, and backed by the dark-green of larches and Norway spruces, arose a clump of silver birch-trees, that lifted their delicate branches against the moonlit sky with the soft rustle of ostrich-plumes in the wind.

At the feet of these fairy-like trees, and crowning the vine-clad embankment, rose a large fragment of the rocks, on which lay a panther, chiseled, as it appeared, from the rock itself, creeping stealthily from some secret lair under the trumpet-vines.

"Never yet has the cruel hungry greed of a wild animal and the craft of a vicious man been more adroitly blended," continued Oakford, after he had waited awhile for his companion to take a complete view of this rare conception. "There is something that gives one a disagreeable thrill in his cautious yet eager crawl into the moonlight."

"It looks," said the man Oakford was addressing, with some strange hidden meaning in his voice and indolent manner, "it looks as if that cowing stillness might be changed with the touch of a weapon, or, perhaps, the taunt in an eye, to wild defiance. Such creatures will sometimes gain liberty by defying death. It would not surprise me if that sleek-looking brute should lift his head, some day, tighten those relaxed sinews, and spring from his ambush on anything that had stung him to hate, though his own death came with the leap. Such creatures do live among men as well as wild beasts."

The man spoke coolly, like one philosophizing on some subject that had been put for his consideration, but with a certain keen intonation of voice that carried a warning in it.

Oakford listened quietly, then he said:

"When men or animals are watching for prey, it is very likely to escape while they are rending each other. You were complaining of your bondage only a little while ago. It has been light as down compared to what I might have made it; but there need be neither fear nor restiveness under it much longer. Only put forth all your energies in my affairs during a few weeks, and you are not only a free man, for I will surrender all the power I hold over your destiny, but I bestow more upon you than the most successful efforts in your own behalf can ever obtain. But everything depends on your good faith and perfect obedience to my directions."

"Have I ever failed in this or anything else where you were concerned?"

"Perhaps not; but nothing so important has ever presented itself. It is marvelous; but you have told me the truth—even halted behind it."

"Is that remarkable?"

"Very. For it is the only way in which you could deceive me. Truth seems so impossible that it throws one off his guard."

Antoine laughed under his breath; this was not a taunt that could reach his self-love.

Oakford laughed, also, at the absurdity of discussing anything so strange to either of them. Then he said, pleasantly enough:

"It is necessary that one of us should lead and the other trust. Since reading those papers, much that I have thought of must be changed. Our stake is enormous, the methods by which we must reach it are doubled. I saw you gloating over the woman's jewels to-night; only be firm, watchful, and do not shrink at trifles, and they will be nothing compared to the bulk of your reward. Fall short of this, and—"

"You need not go on. Threats make me restive. Direct—I will obey."

"That is understood. Well, for some days I shall not present myself at the house. There must be time for rearrangement; but every day you must manage to communicate with me. Keep watch of all that is going on; mark every look, both of the family and its visitors; especially keep a sharp lookout for the two young men who have made themselves heroes by fishing a pair of rash girls out of water far too shallow for danger. Remember, I shall walk here every night about eleven, unless I have seen or heard from you before then. Now, good-night, my Antoine. You have been up late, and must need rest. Good-night."

Oakford reached out his hand, as if to add more genial cordiality to his leave-taking; but the man he addressed scarcely touched it.

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"There, there. You are too sensitive, my Antoine, and do not like to be reminded of disagreeable things. That is your one weakness. At important moments like these, you must be brought to face them, or you might forget the danger, and hope to work a little on your own account: as you were thinking of, when the little key I took from you was obtained. It was well for you that I got hold of it in time. Do not despair—you shall have it again, sometime; but not yet."

Antoine listened to this with an air of sullen submission, then turned away and disappeared in a winding of the road.

Oakford stood with his back to the stone panther, watching his accomplice with some degree of uneasiness.

"The scoundrel," he muttered, bitterly. "He certainly meditated a raid on that cloisonné sham before I arrived to frighten him off; and absolutely attempted to show his teeth in defiance of the sharp lesson I have given him. That will be enough, though. He is safe for the little time I shall need him."

CHAPTER XII.

"Oh, mamma! grant me this one favor. It will make me so happy—so grateful. Indeed, indeed, it is not one of my wild projects, as you call them, but a real earnest wish of my heart. She will be such a dear sweet companion in this strange country, where I am getting more and more lonesome every day."

Mrs. Willerton laid down the book she was pretending to read, with a little impatience. Her morning toilet had been elaborately arranged, the light in her boudoir carefully subdued, and she had been holding her breath now and then, as a footstep approached, hoping that it might bring an announcement that Lord Oakford was waiting.

Gertrude's entrance was a disappointment.

"Why will you always be so impetuous?" she said. "I have no time to make household arrangements just now."

"But you will see her, if it is only for a few minutes? She is going away; I have found it difficult to keep her so long. Indeed, mamma, you cannot help liking her."

Mrs. Willerton threw down her book, with a protest in the impatient movement.

"You forget, Gertrude, that I know nothing whatever about this girl, except that her name is—"

"Marsh," interposed Gertrude, eagerly.

"The name is common enough, and may belong to anyone; but I will see this girl, as you have set your heart on it, only for a few minutes. I am—I expect to be—engaged."

"Oh, I will save time and tell you almost everything about her, so that you need not hurt her feelings by asking questions that will be sure to fill her beautiful blue eyes with tears. She was a poor girl—very poor. Her father was a workman in iron, who wore out all his strength in trying to save money for his children; but died and left them with almost nothing, in a big tenement-house: three little helpless creatures. Just as they were trying so hard to get a living, the tenement-house was burned to the ground, and she was the only one who came out of the fire alive. They took her to the almshouse for children, up on Randall's Island. But, oh, mamma, you won't think the worse of her for that. She didn't stay there long, and—and—"

Mrs. Willerton lifted her hand with a dash of nervous impatience. She seemed deeply interested.

Gertrude was surprised when she said:

"Bring the girl here; she shall tell me the rest herself."

Gertrude hurried out of the room, and came back with her strange guest.

Mrs. Willerton looked at the girl with keen interest. She was not at first so much struck by the beauty of her face, for it was of a kind to grow upon one by degrees. Still, she sat gazing upon her during some moments without speaking. When she did speak, it was graciously:

"You have saved my daughter from a great danger, and I wish to thank you in something better than words. Will you point out any way in which we can benefit you?"

"Only leave me a remembrance that I have been, in a small way, useful, and that will be quite reward enough for anything I can have done," said the girl, modestly.

The low sweet voice in which this was said had its charm even for the not over-sensitive woman, and her own manner grew less imposing.

"You are a stranger to us, Miss—Miss—"

"Marsh, my name is; Marsh, madame."

"And you are an orphan?"

"Yes, an orphan: without relatives, and almost without friends," answered the girl, sadly.

"I know—I know; Gertrude has told me of your misfortunes. She tells me that you have at present no permanent home, and, in her warm-hearted gratitude, would be glad to keep you with us. Have you a desire to stay with her?"

"I do not expect so much. To me, it seems quite impossible. As you say, madame, I am an

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entire stranger—quite unused to the luxuries of a home like this, even as they are bestowed on servants. Your daughter, in her kindness, has thought of this; but I can understand how impossible it is."

While Miss Marsh was saying this, the lady fell into a thoughtful attitude, and sat gazing down upon the rug at her feet, as if pondering some trouble, some thought, in her mind. Certainly she was so absorbed that only the last word, as it fell from the girl's lips, seemed to leave an impression upon her.

"And why impossible?" she said, as if answering some train of reasoning that had possessed her.

"Oh, mamma, mamma! You think that. Indeed, indeed, why should it be impossible? What difference can one more make, in a great house like this?" exclaimed Gertrude, throwing an arm around her mother's neck and kissing her joyfully. "How kind you always are!"

Mrs. Willerton put the enthusiastic young creature away, but not unkindly, and turned to Miss Marsh.

"You seem to have obtained a fair education, which is not common among the city—I mean—"

"The city poor," said Miss Marsh, with a slight flush on her forehead. "No, the scant teaching a child gets there hardly prepares one for a good servant. Very few of the orphans who are sent to the Island were so fortunate as I was. An old couple came there, one day, in search of a little girl that might take the place, so far as a strange waif could, of a grandchild they had lost. The man was a clergyman, who had been worn out in the service of the Church, and was now living on a small pension secured to him by his old parishioners. He was a good and learned man, and was so full of charity that he could not rest content without imparting something to any one of God's creatures that came within reach of his kindness. He saw my love of books, my thirst for knowledge, and no beloved child of a household was ever taught with more care or reared with more tenderness. I tried to return this by usefulness in the home they gave me, and sometimes think these two good old people were the happier for having adopted me; but they died, and, with them, the little annuity which had been their humble support. Since then, I have been a nursery-governess—a brief history and an humble one. Even your daughter's extreme kindness can hardly accept such imperfect accomplishments as fitting me for a personal companion."

Miss Marsh turned a sweet but rather sad smile on Gertrude, as she spoke. The girl answered it with an impatient gesture, and looked beseechingly at her mother, saying:

"Mamma, can you hear all this, and not understand the good-fortune that has, even at the peril of my life, cast a fair, intelligent, and everyway companionable person in my way?"

Mrs. Willerton was all animation now. She seemed to share some portion of her daughter's enthusiastic gratitude.

"It behooves a watchful mother to make close inquiries," she said, smiling pleasantly on her daughter. "Of course, we shall keep Miss Marsh with us. It does seem providential that she should have appeared just now. There, there, my child: do not quite smother me with caresses. We have some conditions to make, that the young lady may not like."

Miss Marsh did not speak. Surprise amounted almost to terror, with her; but this soon gave way to a thrill of pleasure, that changed her entire countenance.

"You will stay?" said Gertrude, untying the bonnet that Miss Marsh had put on, ready for leaving the house. "You will stay with me, will you not?"

"Yes," answered the girl, with tears in her eyes. "I cannot help it. No matter what your mother may desire, I will refuse nothing."

"It is only this," said Mrs. Willerton, with great impressiveness. "Let all that has passed here be kept in silence in the household, and with all who visit us. You are both old enough in the world to know that the history I have thought it right to exact from the young lady is not one which will insure the position we wish her to occupy as the companion—"

"And friend," interrupted Gertrude.

"The companion and friend of my daughter, for this will be the introduction of Miss Marsh into her new home. All her antecedents of poverty and misfortune must be forgotten here. On this point I am positive."

"Of course, no one ever wants to remember troubles that are dead and gone. Only the dear old clergyman and his darling little wife—leave them out of your interdict, and we will never talk of the other things when any human being is near to listen. I think mamma is right in this—foreign servants are such snobs."

Gertrude said this in a hurried burst of delight, and, throwing one arm around the waist of her newly-acquired companion, was about to lead her from the room: but Miss Marsh disengaged herself with a smile that broke gratefully through her tears, and, taking Mrs. Willerton's hand, kissed it with gentle grace, which brought a smile of genuine pleasure to the woman's face,

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and entirely drove away some traces of annoyance that had lingered there.

CHAPTER XIII.

As the two girls were passing up the stairs, happy as birds, each with her arm around the other's waist, as warm-hearted young creatures like them love to walk, the portière of the parlor in which Mrs. Willerton remained was softly drawn aside, and the man we have known as Antoine appeared, with a small tray of Eastern enameled work in his hand. Mrs. Willerton took the card that lay upon it, eagerly; but her bright countenance changed when she saw the name, and she shrugged her shoulders with some disdain, after a fashion she had learned to imitate on the Continent.

"Let the young man understand that I am engaged, but will grant him a few minutes," she said, flinging the card back on the tray.

Directly, Mr. Stewart, the young man who had rescued Gertrude from the water, entered the room. Mrs. Willerton arose to receive him.

"It gives me pleasure to see you," she said. "I understand the great help you have been to us, and am pleased with this early opportunity of thanking you."

The young man was embarrassed; his color came and went; there was some awkwardness in his movements, as if he were uncertain of his right to this cordial reception.

Mrs. Willerton saw this, and motioned him to take a seat near her.

"It was not for thanks—that is, I have deserved nothing of the kind—the young ladies were in less danger than they supposed; anything we did was so little that I wonder they thought it worth remembering. But there was something in the name one of them gave us that may perhaps excuse my visit: she called herself 'Miss Marsh.'"

"Yes," said Mrs. Willerton, with a glance of surprise; "that is her name."

"I once knew a family of that name," said the young man, moving restlessly in his chair, "and there was a time when Mrs. Willerton, a lady of California, was very kind to me and to that family."

"You? I have no recollection of it."

"Among many generous acts, that which I can never forget has perhaps escaped your memory: A poor street-boy, who now and then held your horses or let down the steps of your carriage, and scarcely knew how to pronounce his own name, has no right to claim recognition from a lady; only, as you made him the agent and beneficiary of a great charity—"

Mrs. Willerton looked at her visitor earnestly; some idea fraught with anxiety, if not dismay, seemed dawning on her mind. The color slowly faded from her face, leaving the glow upon her cheeks harshly brilliant from the pallid contrast.

"Pray, explain yourself. I may then perhaps remember. You seem to connect some act of mine with the young lady you helped to rescue yesterday: but how?"

"Because I was the boy that first brought her to your notice—who begged you to be her friend. The very boy to whom you gave a large sum of money, to help the Marsh family, if any of them could be found after that awful fire, and give them a little start in the world. I found the boy. A girl was saved: it is of her I wish to speak—"

Mrs. Willerton lifted her hand with a peremptory movement. Her face cleared from all traces of anxiety. It seemed as if some difficulty had been eliminated from her mind, while the young man was speaking, and no further explanation were necessary. Therefore she had checked him.

"Ah, I remember now. You were the boy Swarts."

The young man colored deeply, but smiled in gentle derision of himself.

"That was the way our street-gamins pronounced my name, and I among the rest; but, in an old Bible, which was all I ever inherited from my parents, it is written Stewart—Samuel Stewart."

"And you wish to speak with me about a charge I undertook and a promise that I made regarding the girl that was saved from that tenement fire. She was provided for, educated properly, and is now in this household, the companion of my daughter. Does not that redeem the vague, and, I must say, foolish, promise that I gave you?"

"Oh, lady, it was to make sure of this—to thank you on my knees, if such homage could be acceptable, for what you have done for that helpless girl and her no less helpless brother. For myself, but for the benefaction that you bade me share with such of the Marshes as I could find, I might this day have been looking for chance jobs in the street. Oh, lady, at the great day of accounts this one grand act should lead the record."

Again the lady made a quick movement of denial. She evidently was troubled by this eloquent overflow of gratitude.

"You think too much of a little kindness that has been well repaid already. As for the money, one, after all, gives that amount for a diamond and forgets to wear it. Still, it is pleasant to know

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that some little of the money I have scattered, generally for my own pleasure, remember, has done so much good. Pray, tell me how it was. The amount could not have been so very much, or it would have left more impression on my mind."

"It was enough to make independent men of two poor boys, who, but for that, might to this day have been selling peanuts and holding horses," said Stewart, with animation. "It was a fortune to me—so great, that I knew it was intended to carry out your kindness toward those that might be left of the Marsh family, just as plainly as if you had made me swear to it."

"'She has trusted me with all this,' I said to myself. 'A poor fellow that most people would think twice about sending after change for a dollar.'

"The thought made a man of me. I felt proud as a millionaire, and was careful as any miser. The first thing I did was to go to the Island and make a search for the boy. I found him fretting his life out among hundreds of other orphans, ready to be bound out and set adrift in the world. I did not think much harm in telling a lie in those days, and said that he was my brother, and that I was well enough off to take care of him and send him to school. There wasn't much trouble in getting the little fellow. So I hired a room all by myself, and took him in, quite comfortable; as if he had really been my brother, which, in a way, he seemed to be, on account of the little girl, his sister; but you know all about her. I told you at the time, and—"

Here Mrs. Willerton became visibly impatient, and broke in upon the story, that she had been listening to with great interest:

"Oh, yes; there is nothing to inform me of about her. You were not the only agent I trusted in the matter. So you became like an elder brother to this poor orphan boy?"

"I saved this money; in fact, went to a lawyer about it, and he put it in a savings-bank for me. More than that, he took a fancy that I might be useful as an office-boy, and took me into his own office. Just then, a stream of good luck set in upon me, though it did not seem like it at first; for, one day, old Mr. Weston came out from a hospital, where he had been lying at death's door, and found us out. He was all broken down by the injuries that he had received at the tenement fire, and quite unfit for work of any kind; but he had saved something in his little business, and came in with us just as if we had been his sons, and so we tried to be; anyway, little Oliver did, for the old man had been everything to him when he needed friends most, and there never was a kinder or more sensitive nature than the boy had. Well, I worked on in the law-office, studying the books I could find there, as more fortunate boys learn to read from their spelling-books, and at last began to understand their meaning; for old Mr. Weston had some learning, and I kept Oliver steadily at the public school, and learned a good deal by going over his lessons with him at night. In short, I picked up scraps of knowledge wherever I could find them, rose from an office-boy to rank as a student, and in later years became the junior partner of my old employer, Mr. Cromly."

"My own agent and attorney!" exclaimed Mrs. Willerton, greatly surprised. "How strange—how wonderfully strange."

"Scarcely more so than the singular connection these things brought about with your other protégé," answered Stewart, smiling. "Old Mr. Weston only lived with us a few months, during which no son could have been more devoted in his kindness than Oliver was to him. Just before he died, the old man placed his bank-book in my hands, asking me to get a will drawn up, in which all the humble savings of his life were bequeathed to the boy. In this will, he asked affectionately that Oliver should take his own name, and since then the boy has been called Weston."

"Weston? That is the name of the architect who designed this house," exclaimed Mrs. Willerton, in great amazement. "Surely—"

"It is the same person. The boy your bounty helped to educate has given to you the first fruit of his really wonderful genius. In making the contract for your home, Mr. Cromly selected this young man to carry out your ideas. It is not strange he has given you satisfaction, without knowing of the debt of gratitude he owed you, for you told me never to mention the subject of your charity to any human being, and I have been silent—even accepting a burden of gratitude that did not belong to me. But now, when he may be all the happier for knowing—"

"No, no," exclaimed Mrs. Willerton, interrupting Stewart, impatiently. "I cannot endure thanks, and hate to talk about any little kindness I may have done. Let the subject rest where it is."

"But heaven itself seems to have brought this brother and the one sister, who is left, together. It was that they may know each other, that I came here."

"What need is there of this? Both these persons are provided for. The girl is happy in her home with us; the young man has a brilliant

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future before him. Theirs is a romantic story, and might raise much gossip, which would be very embarrassing. I cannot endure the idea of having my little charities magnified into a romance. It would pain me to have them talked over, even among yourselves. Indeed, I will not consent to it. The story cannot be told without explanations that must reach the public. To be made the subject of inflated newspaper encomiums would be a poor return for any little good I may have done. As you have been honorably silent, remain so."

The young man arose, greatly disturbed. In some way, he felt cruelly disappointed; even his own expressions of gratitude had been received with a reluctance that almost silenced them on his lips.

"But this brother and sister—are they never to learn the happiness of their relationship? Only a short time since, it seems as if a benign Providence had thrown them into each other's arms. Must they still remain strangers? And I—am I never to make myself known to the pretty child that—that—"

"You seemed to be desperately in love with her, even as a boy," interrupted the lady, smiling a little mischievously. "I remember, now, it was your condition in life, and your intense interest in the girl, that won my first notice of her. But there is no necessity that you should make yourself known. Is it not enough that you have saved her life? What need have you or your friend of any other introduction? I have no wish to exclude Miss Marsh from her brother's society or yours. Only keep our little secret till it may be my pleasure to reveal it. Meantime, both you and young Weston will be welcome friends to us all."

With this gracious assurance, the young man was obliged to reconcile the ardent, if not romantic, wishes that had brought him to that house; but he went away with a heavy feeling of depression, and, instead of returning to his business office, turned into the Park, restive and discontented.

CHAPTER XIV.

"It is impossible for me to keep quiet," said Gertrude, who had been moving in restless joyousness from room to room, after she returned to her own apartments with her new companion. "You might as well keep a bird from singing to his mate among the apple-blossoms, as expect me to remain quiet just now. Let us put on our things and take a stroll among the birds. I feel almost like singing with them."

Miss Marsh arose, took the bonnet that Gertrude handed her, and put it on her head. It was a pretty little affair, under which her face shone out, with a glow of gentle happiness upon it, like a lily in the moonlight.

Gertrude swung a Gainsborough hat upon her head, resting it a little on one side, where a handful of daisies and crimson poppies clustered, threw a lace scarf over her shoulders, and led the way out; almost running downstairs in eager haste to get into the open air.

"We must keep away from the water, this time," she said, turning, as they entered the Park, and walking backward, in hilarious good-humor. "We cannot expect to have two splendid young fellows ready to plunge in after us every day, especially as we have not half thanked them yet. Now you must show me all the pretty places where we can hide away from the crowd. It will seem like exploring fairy-land. Shall we go this way or that?"

"Hush," said Miss Marsh; "there is some one just before us."

Gertrude turned just in time to see that a gentleman, walking a little in advance of them, had been arrested by her voice, and was looking back.

"It is—indeed, it is—one of them; the older and the taller," she exclaimed, moving forward with her hands extended in child-like joy.

After an instant of hesitation, Stewart turned and met her cordial greeting with a brightened countenance.

"Miss Marsh," he said, giving the wrong name in his pleasant bewilderment.

"No, not Miss Marsh; she is close by, and you should know us apart by this time. Only I remember now, you only saw us when we were dripping wet and half frightened to death. Thanks to you that we were not quite dead. Now you will please observe that Miss Marsh is the taller and, oh, ever so much the prettiest. You will not be likely to run into any mistake regarding us after one good long look."

Stewart glanced at the sweet smiling face, just shaded by the simple little bonnet, and then at the bright countenance under the Gainsborough hat. Certainly there was a quiet grace of beauty in one that held the man in breathless fascination for a moment; but his heart went out to the pair of laughing gray eyes, glancing up at him from the coquettish shelter of the Gainsborough.

Gertrude colored, under the prolonged look he gave her, till a flush from the poppies on her hat appeared to have diffused itself over her face. This change of countenance was natural to the girl, when disturbed by any feeling of pain or happiness, and just then her whole being was absorbed in a sense of gratitude, which she was

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incapable of expressing in any other way. The fine-looking, but rather shy, young man before her had saved her life. How could she ever repay him for that? She had not magnified the danger or the daring of his action so much till then; but, with those eyes upon her, the danger became fearful, the rescue heroic.

"We can never, never thank you enough," she said, reaching out her hand, which he scarcely held an instant, though a scarcely perceptible thrill, that he had never known before, stirred his whole being as he dropped it.

"Thanks are by far too much reward for anything so unworthy of notice. There was very little danger, and nothing at all in the rest."

"You have never learned how sweet gratitude is, or received benefits such as you are willing to bestow," answered the girl. "Why, you might as well order these birds here not to sing, when their throats are swelling with music, as attempt to hush us in this fashion. You have saved our lives—you and that other gentleman. I only wish he were here: perhaps we should find him less anxious to run away from a little harmless thankfulness."

Gertrude gave her head a little impatient toss, as she said this, and sat down on a seat placed under the cool shadow of a clump of trees, thus expressing her determination to detain the young man, who longed to place himself by her side, though the thought of it took away his breath.

There was something a little mischievous in the glance with which she invited him to this seat, that brought a swift blush to his face and a flash of boldness to his spirit. He stood a moment irresolute, waiting for Miss Marsh to place herself, and then sat down.

Miss Marsh, who did not yet comprehend all the duties implied in her new position, had not joined in this conversation; she sauntered slowly forward and seated herself on a bench just on the edge of the beautiful playground devoted to children. It was Saturday, and the lawn was crowded with little folks, all hard at play, while their parents or nurses looked on. A crowd of baby-carriages was drawn up here and there on the sidewalk, and the usual panorama of carriages swept by.

As Miss Marsh sat gazing upon the scene, just out of sight, but within a few minutes' walk of her friend, a nursery-maid passed her, pushing a baby-carriage across the street, and, that instant, a great tumult of hoofs and clashing of wheels drew her attention. Horses were turned wildly upon the grass, carriages crowded together where rocks or trees prevented a free passage from danger, and through them all came a team of horses, mad with fear or rage. As they thundered forward, dashing the carriage to which they were still attached back and forth like a bundle of straw, leaving a wheel here, a cushion there, and the mountings of their harness leaping like lightning-flashes on their backs, the girl saw with a sharp cry of alarm that they were bearing down on the baby-carriage she had noticed but a moment before, where a pretty child, half smothered in lace and delighted with the confusion, was swinging her tiny pink parasol, as if urging those wild creatures on.

Miss Marsh saw that the nurse stood paralyzed behind this little carriage. The horses were close upon them: another instant, and they would be trampled down. With a wild mad leap, the girl sprang into the roadway. The horses were close upon her—she could see the cloud of steam that came from their red nostrils; but still she rushed forward. Her hands were almost on the child, when something grasped her by the shoulder and she was flung back with such force that she went reeling toward the edge of the roadway, and fell there, half insensible.

Some one helped her up, and led her gently to the seat she had left, while a crowd of nurses swarmed around the little child, that had a moment before smiled upon death in her baby-carriage, and was now stamping her tiny feet on the grass and refusing to be comforted, because her pretty rose-colored parasol had been broken and trampled in the mud, where her carriage, with all its garniture of silk and lace, lay, a bundle of crushed wood and torn rags, in the road.

"Are you hurt? In saving you from the horses, have I wounded you on the stones?"

Miss Marsh was so dazed and blinded by her fall that she could not see who it was that addressed her with such earnest gentleness.

"Pray, speak to me, if you are not hurt beyond all power of speech," she heard the same trembling voice say, as if from afar off. "There was no other way of saving you or the child."

"The child? Is she killed?"

These words broke through all the blind bewilderment of a great shock; but the voice that answered them seemed full of thankfulness.

"No, no. The little thing is well enough. Only answer me that you are not hurt."

There was so much anxious feeling in the voice, that it brought the girl partially to her senses. She aroused herself, passed a hand over her eyes, and saw a face bending over her that she had never seen before, but would haunt her either with pleasure or pain through all the days of her after-life.

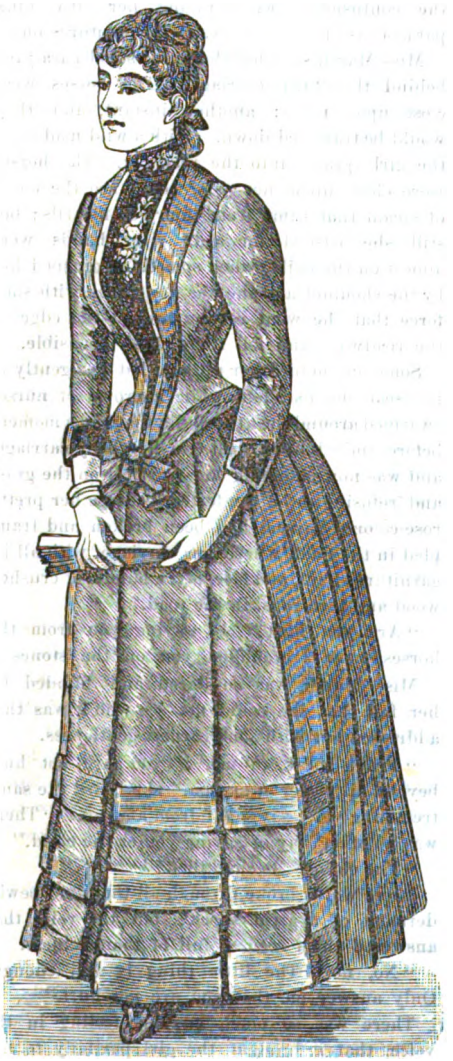
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a new and stylish model for a stuff or silk costume, combined with velvet. The skirt box-plaited in front, and kilt-plaited—very large plaits—and hanging loose from the waist, forming



No. 1.

the back-drapery. The front has three bands, two and a half or three inches wide, of worsted braid, put on before the box-plaits are laid. The waist is a short pointed basque, back and front, with a velvet vest, collar, and cuffs. The vest and collar may be embroidered or trimmed with passementerie. The wide braid edges and forms



No. 2.

the revers for the vest—also edges the basque—and is tied in a double bow at the point of the basque in front.

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No. 2— Is a walking-costume, of pin-striped camel's-hair goods or Jersey cloth. The skirt is box-plaited on to a yoke, and there is a short scarf-drapery in front, with full puffed drapery at the back. The jacket is cut rounded off in front, with the French back, composed of two box-plaits, forming the fullness of the back of the basque. A tiny pointed pattern is braided on the jacket all around—also, on the collar and cuffs. Small Jersey buttons. Ten to twelve yards of 46-inch wide material for this costume. Twelve yards of narrow worsted braid. Eighteen buttons.



No. 3.



No. 4.

No. 3—Is a home or out-door costume for a very young lady. The skirt is of dotted cashmere, and the overdress of plain nun's-veiling; or the design may be carried out in figured and plain India silk, or any of the pretty combinations of sateen; or, for early autumn wear, cashmere

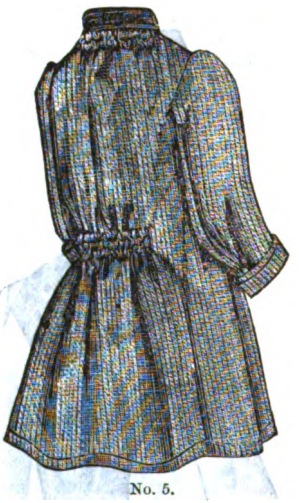
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and velvet-spotted woolen goods for the underskirt and trimmings. As may be seen, the skirt is perfectly plain—and, let me add here, there seems to be a growing popularity for plain-skirted costumes. The overdress has a full long apron-front and straight waterfall-back. A full round waist, open in front over a full underwaist. Revers of the figured material ornament the waist proper, while the collar is upon the underwaist. Slightly-fulled sleeves at the cuffs, which are of the figured material. Belt of the same. Three yards of wide 46-inch figured goods, and six yards of plain, will be required.



No. 5.

No. 4—Is a promenade-costume, of serge, camel's-hair, or lady's diagonal cloth, trimmed with wide worsted galloon, either black and gold, blue and steel, or brown and gold. The underskirt is simply kilted on to a yoke. The overskirt forms a full apron-front, draped high at the sides, and the back is arranged in much the same style, only with the bunching-up to form the full tournure. The jacket is a round basque, buttoning at the left side, and it is slashed at the back. The wide galloon-trimming is arranged to form a vest-front, and, as may be seen, there is a double row of buttons. Collar and cuffs formed



No. 5.

of the galloon. Ten to twelve yards of 46-inch wide material. Three yards of wide galloon, for the basque, will be required. Eighteen buttons.



No. 6.

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No. 5—Is a simple little paletot for a girl of four to six years. We give the back and front view, as seen. It is gathered at the back of the neck and at the waist-line, also in front at the shoulders, and again at the waist. Collar of velvet. The materials most in use for children's paletots are pin-striped and checked cloths or flannels.

No. 6.—Another paletot, for a girl of six years. This is a simple sacque, with plaited skirt at the back, over which is adjusted a large cape with seam at the back. This is looped, and a large bow of ribbon or velvet shapes and holds it in place. The cape and coat may be lined with red flannel, for colder weather.

No. 7.—For a little boy of three to four years, we have here a flannel suit, with rows of narrow worsted braid. The waist is long, and has a gathered piece directly down the front, and the waist buttons at one side. The skirt is box-plaited on to the waist, and the belt is covered with rows of the braid, to match the skirt, also the collar and cuffs. The bow-and-ends may be of wide braid, with the ends fringed out.



No. 7.

STRAWBERRY DESIGN IN OUTLINE.

A design for outline—strawberry-plant: fruit and blossoms—suitable for d'oyleys. The blossom is done in white filoselle, the fruit in ingrain-red working-cotton, and the leaves are also outlined with the same cotton. The work will then wash without fading.



NAME FOR MARKING.



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NEWEST STYLE POLONAISE: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



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We have received a very large number of requests for a Polonaise Promenade-Dress, and we accordingly give one here: while, folded in with the number, is a SUPPLEMENT, with full-size diagrams, from which to cut out the costume.

We will add, however, that polonaises are not nearly so fashionable as they were a few years ago. One reason of this, perhaps, is their exceedingly complicated character.

The costume should be made of cashmere—say of a delicate fawn-shade—and it has a vest of embroidered or braided satin, as seen in the annexed cut. The upper part of the dress is of the polonaise form, the back being fully draped, and the fronts opening as a tunic. The vest is enclosed by double folds of the cashmere, which start from the neck-part of the shoulder-seam, and are carried below the waist. The underskirt is composed of large kilt-plaits all around, except at the front, where a plain narrow breadth is slightly fulled in, giving the side-plaits the appearance of panels. This front is edged at the bottom by a wide and narrow plaiting of cashmere. Ten yards of cashmere, forty-six inches wide, three-quarters of a yard of satin. Thirteen buttons will be required for the complete costume.

Our pattern consists of seven pieces, as will be seen by referring to the SUPPLEMENT—viz:

1.—HALF OF FRONT, JACKET. The straight lines show where the plaits are placed.

2.—HALF OF VEST. The dotted lines show the darts. The armhole and side-seam of the vest and jacket are the same, only the jacket is longer, as seen.

3.—HALF OF BACK. The length of the skirt of the polonaise at the back must be extended to measure forty inches from the waist; and the width at the bottom is eighteen inches.

4.—HALF OF SIDE-BACK. This also is to be extended in the skirt to forty-inches; width eighteen inches.

5.—ONE OF THE FRONT-PANIERS. It is represented by a continuous line, and has notches to show where it is to be plaited. W is the front. It must be plaited to fit the waist, and joined to the back drapery.

6—Is the SLEEVE.

7.—THE COLLAR.

The back-drapery is arranged in full puffs.

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ORIGINAL FANCY-WORK.

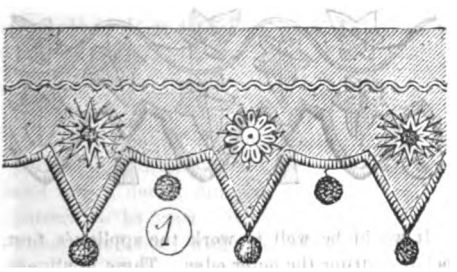
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

How often we find a room with ungainly recesses, which seem to baffle all our ingenuity to render pleasing to the eye. Now, this difficulty might, in many cases, be overcome by filling in this most awkward space with a series of shelves—few or many, as the case may be. If a whole series of shelves be objected to as looking heavy, and also too formal it would be better to place, say, two shelves quite low down, the upper of the two being no higher than the sill of the window, or perhaps about a third the height of an ordinary mantel-piece.

The shelves themselves would be best covered with some material—such as cloth or baize—of a color to harmonize with the furniture and walls of the room. These low shelves might even be made to look a little better by having upright divisions—such as small pieces of board—so as to divide them into compartments.

But these pretty shelves can be of any height or design—or they may be only brackets, for holding bits of china, etc., etc. The edges should have some kind of finish—such as the vandyked borders we give in our illustrations.

The materials of which they are to be made had best be cut along the selvage, and, in order to have the outline perfectly correct, and each pattern and scallop the same, it would be advisable to have a certain portion of it cut in a piece of zinc, if this be obtainable. If not, let it be in stout stiff card-board; but it must not be too thick, as it would then be less easy to manage. By the help of this, the outline can easily be taken, in chalk or pencil, of the scallops or vandykes required. This, of course, must be traced on the wrong side of the material.



No. 1 is a simple vandyke, about three inches deep, and of a dark bronze-color: the points, of course, being carefully cut all the same length and at the same angle.

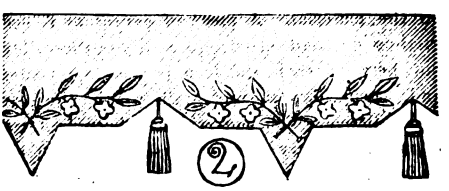
When this outline is thus cut, the first thing to do is to buttonhole the edge with a nice contrasting silk—such as bright-blue or old-gold. Take care that the twist in the silk formed by the buttonhole-stitch be pulled rather to the front, in order that it may form a sort of fine cord at the edge. To keep these points well down in their places, a small silk tassel—say of gold and brown, or blue and bronze—must be sewed to each tip. But this need not be done until all the rest of the work is finished.

In the centre of each vandyke, on a level with its upper angle, a device of some fancy-stitch must be worked. These may be of separate colors, repeated at intervals, or just two alternate colors; or else the different colors may be intermingled in the same pattern.

In the illustration (No. 1), it may be seen that one device is a radiated star, formed of long stitches, converging in the centre; another is a circle formed of eight lobes, and a single stitch in the exact centre; whilst a third combines the two patterns.

Of course, any other similar stitches may be employed, according to the taste and ingenuity of the worker.

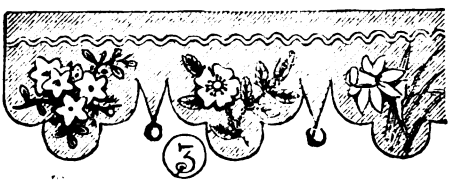
These are merely suggestive ideas.



No. 2 is a very pretty edging, and will, we feel certain, be sure to find favor with those of our readers who are fond of crewel-work. The edge has more angles than the preceding one, and the points are at much further intervals. This pattern may be worked on good cloth, with a wreath of small flowers, such as the width of the edging will allow. Forget-me-nots are general favorites, and are capable of being compressed into this small space. Unlike the last edging, the working of all the centre wreath should be done before the edge is cut. When the crewels are finished, we

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may then venture to trace and cut the border. But do not cut it exactly where you traced the pattern by the card, but leave a small margin for turnings-in all along. Place a piece of silk on the face of the cloth, and stitch the two together by the traced outline, then at each angle give a little snip with the scissors, so that it may form a clear outline when turned. Now, reverse the work on to its right side, so that the silk becomes the lining, carefully picking out all the points, and creasing down the edges, so that they may lie quite flat. If they do not do so, you must have recourse to a flat-iron; but place a slightly-damped handkerchief over the surface of the work, that it may not become glazed; and do not have the iron too hot. A narrow silk fringe would finish it off well, or a narrow gimp border with tassels at intervals.



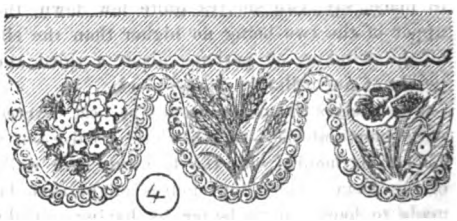
In No. 3 we see a broad triple scallop, and it is intended that this border be somewhat deeper than the last; but that, of course, is optional. The foundation here is of velvet or satin; and, instead of embroidering it with the needle, our pattern is painted with the brush in water-colors.

In one scallop is a graceful arum lily—too well known to need any description; in the next is a spray of maidenhair fern, as if cast carelessly on the material. A piece of geranium is seen further on, and elsewhere a lily-of-the-valley; but, between each, the fern is always repeated, and, assuredly, it was well worth the care and patience which had evidently been bestowed upon it. A very narrow border, of a soft silk ruching, ran along the extreme edge, something of the substance of chenille.

No. 4 has also scallops, but they are deep and single. The foundation may be of cloth or satin, and is more rustic in the character of the flowers chosen. Daisies, buttercups, cowslips, poppies, or cornflowers—all or some of these form a most pleasing variety in a country-residence, where the originals are so easily to be found in the neighborhood, so that their tints can be copied from nature.

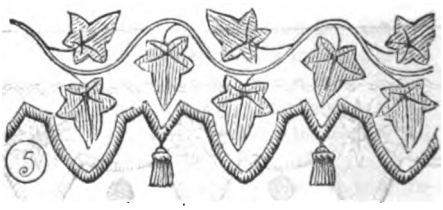
These can be painted like No. 3, all worked either in crewels or simple outline-sketch. This latter is very much in vogue just now; and certainly, though it has not the charm of the shading in crewels, it has the recommendation of greater speed.

I may remark here that, if water-colors are to be used, they should not be made too liquid, and plenty of Chinese white mixed with the colors, to give them body. If the foundation should be in silk, size should be used first, made of alum and isinglass; this must go all over the surface, and allowed to dry before applying the colors. Another way is to use a medium called veloutine, which is most useful in preventing the colors from sinking into the material and spreading so objectionably.



This border (No. 4) is intended to have a lace edging, one of the many-colored ones now to be seen in all the trimming-shops. If, however, the foundation be of cloth, it would be improved by being piped at the edge with a silk cord, and the lace sewed on full from the back; or, if this cording be objected to, let the lace be sewed on the front with a fancy-stitch in a contrasting color. This would suit better where the shelves are rather far apart in proportion to the size of the books.

Here is another sort of work now before us in Fig. No. 5. We see in it a cloth foundation, the outline of which is a combination of Nos. 3 and 4—that is, it forms a triple scallop like what we saw in No. 3; but this one is not as wide a scallop, but has rather the depth of No. 4.



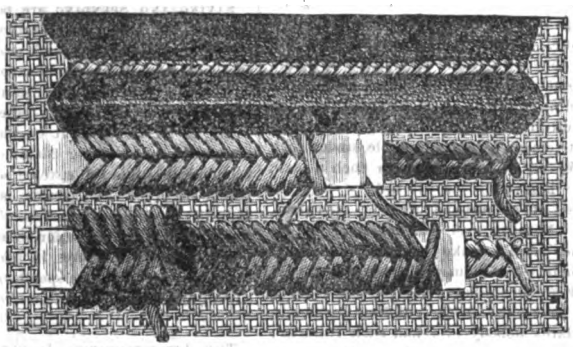
It would be well to work the appliqués first, before cutting the outer edge. These appliqués, as may be seen, are sprays of ivy laid on in velvet. These leaves must be cut out first; and, to do this without the velvet fraying, a thin lining of silk or muslin—some even use tissue-

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paper—must be pasted to the back of the velvet, and allowed to dry perfectly. After this process, you will be able to cut the exact shape of the leaves without the slightest fear of their fraying—at least, unless roughly handled. Now, tack them lightly in the places you wish them to occupy, so as to form the sprays, and then, with silk to match the leaves, fasten down their edges with buttonhole or feather stitch. The veins must next be done, and the silk to be used for these should be somewhat lighter than the leaf itself; and they are best worked in single crewel-stitch, as also the stems. But these must be of a brownish-green, becoming thicker and browner as they recede from the leaves. It would also improve the appearance of the sprays if a velvet of a lighter shade could be used for the smaller and therefore younger leaves.

Having completed the ivy, we may return to the edge. It would be as well in this, as indeed in them all, to place a silk lining at the back. But, if this be thought more expensive than is necessary, something else not too heavy may be substituted. Place the lining at the back, and run the two together where the outline was drawn in the form of the scallops, so as to show on the cloth side as a guide in working the edge. A close broad band of buttonhole is now to border it all as in the pattern, keeping a clear edge like a cord; after which, it must be cut close up to the stitches; and tassels may be fastened on, to finish it off.

VELVET-WORK.



This is done on canvas, with double zephyr and strips of card-board. The first portion of the work is a row of cross-stitch. Over this the card-board is laid. Then a row of diagonal cross-stitch, and over this again another row. This is seen in the third section of the design. Finally, when this is done, the whole work, to the depth of the paper, is cut through with sharp scissors, and then it is seen as in the upper section of the design.

EMBROIDERED COVER FOR SIDE-BOARD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a new design for an Embroidered Cover for a Side-Board, and also a detail, full size, of the embroidery-pattern to be used. Work on a cream-colored linen foundation, with red washable floss-silk, in satin-stitch and point-russe. To form the vandykes, the linen is cut out as far as necessary to leave a narrow margin, which is turned in and cast over with equi-distant stitches. The picots or purls are made of olive-colored silk cord, and the seam on the sides of the scarf is sewed over with equi-distant stitches, as shown in the



cut annexed. Ultimately, tassels, in alternate colors of red and olive silk, are fixed to the points of the vandykes.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"Horse-Hair" In The Bed.—We once heard a staid matron, who had grand-daughters rising into womanhood, tell of a girlish freak, which, even at sixty years of age, made her laugh until the tears ran down her cheeks. "There was a young fellow," she said, "that used to visit at father's country-place, who made himself so obnoxious to my sister and myself, that, one day, we girls got the coachman to cut us some horse-hair, quite fine; and this we sprinkled in the bed. You may imagine how quickly he jumped out, and what a storm he raised: my dears, he danced and howled with rage." And then she laughed again, the sweet old lady, exemplary as she was.

The "horse-hairs" were little things, but is not life often made almost unbearable by just such small tortures? When a husband falls into the habit of constantly finding fault, existence becomes as intolerable to the wife as if she slept on "horse-hairs." "The coffee is disgusting this morning," "Can't you keep those children quiet," "I declare I never have a shirt-collar starched right." These are the things he says, until the poor help-mate is nearly driven insane. If he would quarrel with her outright, and have done with it and then make up again, this, though bad enough, would not be so bad as the incessant, never-ending "nagging," so to speak, of such small continuous fault-findings. The nerves get worn out, and the heavenliest temper becomes irritable, under such treatment. No wife can be an angel with such a man. There is too much "horse-hair" in the bed.

Or take the case of a husband with a querulous, complaining wife. Nothing ever satisfies her. If he makes money, "he doesn't make enough," she says: "other men give their wives diamonds, horses, carriages, why can't he afford it?" Or she has a nervous headache, or at least pretends to have one. Or the children are simply intolerable, she declares nobody ever had such children: she is the most unfortunate woman in the world. Or the cook is in league with the butcher to cheat, or the chamber-maid drinks the cologne, or the nursery governess has a follower: "nobody ever had such trials," is her cry. This is the song, or one to the same effect, that is sung to the husband, every evening and every morning as well. He has no rest, from the time he comes home, until he leaves the next day. Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong: the clack and clatter goes on incessantly. What wonder he takes refuge at his club, or at a beer-saloon? Poor fellow, let us pity him and have charity: there are too many "horse-hairs" at his home for him.

We might give scores of other instances, drawn, like these, from ordinary every-day life. Brothers and sisters, parents and children, friends and acquaintances, even partners in business: how many of them make existence intolerable for each other by scattering "horse-hairs" everywhere and all the time! Yes, it is the little insignificant "horse-hairs," that worry us all, and drive us sometimes almost distracted. We can bear up against great disasters: it is the tiny troubles, the aggravating "horse-hairs," that are too much for us.

It is not too Early to begin to talk to friends and neighbors about subscribing to "Peterson" for 1886. Our ambition is to double our already large edition next year. Get every one to help.

Braiding Autumn Gowns is just now popular—a very useful recreation, especially for young girls. A broad panel is braided up the left side (intended to be inserted between the folds of the skirt material), and the points of the bodice in front (on each side of the waistcoat), the high officer's collar, and the cravat. The cravat fits into the close-fitting jacket, which is a pale-fawn braid on the same colored ground, cut open, and turned back. White serge—braided in brown, in red, or in a fancy gold and black braid—is being done; also navy-blue on white. Another style is to braid the front of the skirt in a bold design, half-way up; also the cuffs and the cravat. The drapery will afterwards be arranged across the front, showing the braided underskirt, and the lappels of the jacket will button back with fancy buttons, to show the cravat. Braiding is also popular for carriage and traveling rugs, dressing-gowns, and silk aprons, the last in gold braid on black satin or silk, softened with black lace.

Saving and Spending are both equally to be recommended. This seems a paradox. But it is not so. For while nobody should spend more than can be afforded—while debt is always to be avoided—saving, if carried to extremes, degenerates into meanness and greed. Now, the love of money for its own sake, and not for what it can bring, or for the good it enables one to do, is what the Scriptures call serving Mammon instead of God. To be economical is one thing, to be sordid is another. To seek things that refine and elevate, is surely a nobler ambition than to pile dollars on dollars. Too often the cry of "hard times" is only an excuse for being sordid. In point of fact, "hard times" are always, in part, the result of people not spending; for if no one spends, no one can sell; and so all suffer; and hence "hard times."

The Advertisements Inserted in "Peterson" afford an excellent opportunity for ladies, especially those living in the country, to order goods by mail, etc. Of course, we do not guarantee—no magazine or newspaper does or can—that everybody will be satisfied. We only give, on the one hand, the chance to the advertiser to tell his story, and, on the other, a chance to buyers to get the goods they want, if they choose to avail themselves of it. Tastes differ so much that what one likes, another may not: and therefore we decline the responsibility of recommending. But, as "Peterson" has a circulation equal to all the other lady's-books combined, this is just the one for advertisers to tell their story in, and, if meritorious, to reap a rich harvest of sales.

Poker-Painting.—An old art has been revived, of faintly sketching a design on wood, and, with the point of a red-hot poker, burning the background of the design, to give it a rich brown tint like well-toasted bread. The design of figures or flowers stands out in light relief. Smaller red-hot iron tools make the finer outlines of draperies, etc., etc.

Patterns on Java Canvas continue to be among the most popular things we publish; that is, if we may judge by the numerous requests we receive for them. We give one, in this number, printed in the appropriate colors.

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OUR PREMIUMS FOR GETTING UP CLUBS, as will be seen from the Prospectus on the second page of the cover, are three in number. The first is an extra copy of the magazine for one year. The second is the "Pearl of Price," a beautiful volume of American poetry, with steel-engravings, bound in morocco cloth, and with gilt edges. The third is a large-size steel-plate, size twenty-seven by twenty inches, entitled "The Lion in Love." We recapitulate the prices of three of our principal clubs, with the premiums.

Three copies for $4.50, with the "Pearl of Price" or "The Lion in Love" for premium.

Four copies for $6.50, with an extra copy of the magazine for one year for premium.

Five copies for $8.00, with both an extra copy of the magazine for one year for premium, and either the "Pearl of Price" or "The Lion in Love," in addition.

Now is a good time to subscribe. Those who do not wish back numbers can commence with the July one; but back numbers to January, inclusive, can always be supplied, if desired. *Specimens sent gratis*, if written for in good faith.

A SCREEN IS ALWAYS A PRETTY ornament for a room, and is also useful to keep off draughts, or to protect one from too hot a fire. A very little expense will make a very nice screen. Of course, some of them, such as those covered with oriental embroidery, or with embossed leather, or with the modern leather paper, are very handsome, and so also are some of those, the productions of ladies' own taste and handiwork; but these are all costly. A corner clothes-horse, however, will make a good foundation for a cheaper screen, the lower half covered with plush, and the upper with those remnants of old-world embroidery that most women have by them. Small shelves are sometimes fixed on these screens to take a teacup or a book.

THE SEQUEL TO "THE MOTHERLESS GIRL" reaches the point, in this number, in which the missing children—in whom our subscribers have taken such an interest—re-appear. None of Mrs. Stephens' recent novelettes—to judge from the numerous letters we have had, asking about these children—have attracted more interest than this story, which, in its two parts—"The Motherless Girl," and its sequel, "The Willertons"—is the best of its kind that any American magazine has lately published.

"KEEPING ITS PROMISES."—A lady writes: "I find you always keep your promises, and that is one out of the many reasons which I have for preferring 'Peterson.' Other magazines make all sorts of promises, in order to get the money of subscribers, and then make all sorts of excuses for not fulfilling their promises. For my part, I am tired of such tricks. I was caught, last year, in that way, but now come back to my honest old favorite."

MOHAIR IS AGAIN FASHIONABLE, and, above all, shot mohair; and most valuable it is for young people and children: for it never creases nor absorbs dust, so that it is always fresh and bright. It may be trimmed either with a little silk or velvet, or merely, and better still, with deep hems or tucks.

AS AUTUMN COMES ON, there will be more or less sudden changes of weather. These are apt to derange the digestive organs, especially with people of delicate constitutions. Be very careful, therefore, to adapt your dress to the changes; to keep out of drafts, and not to over-task the stomach.

AN EXCELLENT LAMP-SHADE.—Take a small Japanese parasol, cut out the centre, and fasten the large part to a rim of wire. It produces a pretty and efficient shade when placed on a lamp.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS MAY BE MADE at any time during the year, and at the same price as paid by the rest of the club. Back numbers to January, inclusive, can always be furnished. It is never too late to get up clubs, or to make additions to clubs, and so earn additional premiums. No magazine gives so much value in return for its cost as "Peterson" does—"Peterson, the lady's favorite," as a subscriber writes.

"COULD NOT KEEP HOUSE."—A lady writes to us: "I have been a subscriber of your magazine for many years, and could not keep house without it. It is just what every lady wants, the poor as well as the rich. I expect to have dear old 'Peterson' visit our home as long as I live."

WHO WILL GET UP THE largest club for 1886? There is usually a pride in this matter, and for next year the struggle will be greater than ever, for never before has there been such a superior magazine as "Peterson" will be.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Colonel Enderby's Wife. By Lucas Malet. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—The author of this fiction first attracted attention by her "Mrs. Lorrimer, a Study in Black and White"—a very remarkable story, but one that hardly claimed to be more than a study. The present work is more ambitious. There is more plot, and more characters; the book is longer; the whole treatment is more artistic. The heroine is, so to speak, a woman without a soul—sensuous and selfish, yet good-tempered and well-meaning—a cross between a Tito and Hawthorne's hero in the "Marble Faun," only she is a woman: and these qualities are even more offensive in a woman than in a man. Many persons may even consider her unnatural. But we have known such women—women who could not bear the sight of pain, who thought only of their own ease—to whom wealth and luxury were necessities of existence. Of course, they wreck the life of everyone who becomes closely connected with them, just as the heroine here wrecks the life of Colonel Enderby. There is great power in the novel, though. Yet after what we have said, it will be seen we scarcely think it pleasant reading. In fact, while it comes nearer, intellectually, to George Eliot's later fictions than anything we have recently had, it resembles George Eliot's later fictions, also, in that it gives the reader such gloomy and disheartening views of life.

Marjorie's Quest. By Jeanie T. Gould (Mrs. Lincoln). 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*—This enterprising firm has begun the publication of what they call the "Riverside Paper Series," a selection of short novels by American writers. They have placed, in the series, the story at the head of this article. "Marjorie's Quest" is by one of our old contributors—and a capital love-story it is, too. In fact, if all the rest of the series are to be as well chosen, the "Riverside" is sure of a success.

Mark Maynard's Wife. By Frankie Fuling King. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is an American story, full of dramatic situations, with well-marked characters, and a plot so skillfully arranged, that it is intensely absorbing from the first chapter to the last.

Abbreviated Longhand. Suggestions in Punctuation and Capitalization. By William Ritchie. 2 *vols.*, 12*mo. Chicago: J. B. Huling.*—Two small treatises on the subjects indicated in their titles. Their merit is proved by the fact that both have passed to a second edition.

A Millionaire's Cousin. By the author of "A Chelsea Householder." 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Henry Holt & Co.*—A rather readable story, but chiefly remarkable for its pictures of Algiers, where the scene of the story is laid.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"EXCELLING IN EVERY WAY."—The newspaper press, with unexampled uniformity, pronounces "Peterson" to be the best of the lady's-books, "excelling in every way," to use their favorite phrase. The Woodstock (Vt.) Spirit of Age says: "It is the best, brightest, and cheapest magazine out." The Augusta (Me.) Age says: "How any lady keeps house without it is beyond our comprehension; it is rich in every detail beyond description. It always gives the very latest fashions." The Philadelphia (Pa.) Advocate says: "In dress-making for young and old, embroidery and fancy-work, the ladies will find it a regular mine of the new and useful." The Elkton (Md.) News says: "The last number is a paragon of beauty; the principal steel-engraving is alone worth the subscription-price; the colored fashion-plate is unusually brilliant, even for 'Peterson.' All the stories and novelettes are good." The Charles City (Iowa) Advocate says: "The continued stories grow in interest; all the stories are by the best writers." The Danville (Ill.) Commercial says: "This valuable magazine for August is already on our table. No words of commendation as to its worth are necessary. It stands at the head of periodicals of its kind. The present number is filled to overflowing with handsome pictures and choice reading." The Bristol (Tenn.) News says: "We know no lady's-book that affords so much and of such high merit for so little money."

DO YOU DREAD WRINKLES?—The death-blow to youthful looks, and a sure warning that age is creeping on, are those same *dreaded wrinkles*. To defy them, to remove them, and also to prevent their coming, *use Palm Kosmeo*. It keeps the skin smooth and free from chaps and pimples.

Palm Kosmeo used in combination with Palm Poudre, nothing can be finer as a complexion-cosmetic My own personal use is proof, and I am justified in saying to my thousands of customers: Try it, and be convinced of its merits. Also Extract of Turkish Rose-Leaves, a very fine indelible tint for the cheeks and lips.

Prices, Palm Kosmeo, $1.00 and $2.00 a box. Kosmeo Poudre, 50 cents and $1.00 a box—can be sent by mail. Turkish Rose-Leaves, 50 cents and $1.00 a bottle—cannot be sent by mail. These goods are only sold by me. Send for catalogue of Hair Goods. Mrs. C. Thompson, 32 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

"PETERSON'S" IS A LADIES' MAGAZINE in its fullest sense, we would say to "Clara." It is not a mere fashion-book. It has claims far beyond that. We excel, indeed, all others in our fashions; they are later, more stylish, more reliable; and the colored plates, for beauty, etc., have no rivals. But "Peterson" is also a magazine of art and literature, surpassing all other lady's-books in the costliness of its steel-plates and in the excellence of its stories and novelettes. It is, in fact, a companion for the home, "indispensable," as a lady writes, "to every household of refinement and taste." In this respect it differs from the mere "catch-penny" affairs with which the country is flooded.

PRACTICAL SCIENCE.—It is a practical science of no mean importance that relieves housekeeping of its drudgery. This is accomplished in the kitchen, the laundry, and house-cleaning by the use of James Pyle's Pearline, a purely scientific article, which has in a few years become a necessity to many families. We advise our patrons to try it. Pearline does its work easily and quickly, and is harmless to fabric or hands; but don't tamper with any of its numerous imitators; they are dangerous.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE makes a cooling drink with water and sugar only. Try it.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

PRESERVES.

To Conserve Peaches.—Take the Yellow Cling. Peel and cut them from the stone. To six pounds of fruit allow two pounds of sifted sugar. Make a syrup of three-quarters of a pound of sugar and a little water. When it becomes hot, put in the peaches. Let them remain until they become quite clear, then take them out, place them carefully on a dish, and set them in the sun to dry. Strew some of the sugar over them, turning them so that each part may be covered. Do not put on much sugar at a time, as it would draw syrup too quickly. When syrup does form, the peaches must be removed to another dish. When they become quite dry, place them in a jar with a layer of sugar between each layer of fruit.

To Preserve Peaches for Common Use.—Take ripe peaches, open stones are the best; pare, stone, and quarter them. To six pounds of the cut peaches allow three pounds of best brown sugar. Strew the sugar over the peaches, and set them aside for four hours; then put them in a preserving kettle with a handful of peach leaves, and let them boil slowly for two hours, skimming it well; when cool, put in jars and seal them. Blanch some of the kernels, and add them.

Peach Marmalade.—One pound of October peaches to half a pound of loaf sugar. Put in the skillet a layer of peaches, cut as thin as possible, and a layer of sugar, and boil until they look clear. Boil very slowly at first, and stir constantly to keep it from burning. Each piece should look perfectly clear.

Although not so fine in color, the October peach gives a much better flavor.

To preserve peaches in large slices, put three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit For this the Heath peach is best.

Hodge Podge.—Three cantaloupes, five lemons, half a peck of pears, half a peck of apples, half a peck of peaches, all sliced up. Put half a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit, and boil for half a day, stirring nearly all the time.

TRIFLES, OF FRESH FRUIT.

Quince Trifle.—Proceed exactly as for apple trifle

Pineapple Trifle.—For this take a tin of preserved pine, and pound the fruit to a paste, with loaf sugar to taste; add the juice, press the whole through a sieve; put the pulp in a trifle dish, and cover it with whipped cream, as in preceding recipe, only flavoring it with essence of lemon and a tablespoonful of lemon-juice, instead of vanilla.

Apricot Trifle.—A tin of preserved apricots can be used for this; and, should they not be very ripe, stew them until quite tender in their own syrup, with, if necessary, a little loaf sugar. Press through a sieve, put the pulp in a trifle dish, and finish off with whipped cream flavored with ratafia.

Peach Trifle.—Exactly like apricot.

Orange Trifle.—Peel the outside rind very thin indeed from a dozen sweet oranges, and put this to steep in a wide-mouthed bottle with sufficient strong Cognac to cover it (this should be done a day before it is required for use, and will be found useful flavoring for many dishes). Divide the oranges, and free the pulp completely from the white peel and all the kernels. Great care must be taken as to this, to avoid the slightest bitter flavor. Sweeten the pulp to taste, with powdered loaf sugar, and let it stand until required. Press through a sieve, and put it into a trifle dish. Heap the dish high with whipped cream, flavored with lemon-juice, and some of the orange brandy and sugar.

Grape Trifle.—Take two pounds of nicely flavored grapes (Muscatels are best), but take care not to bruise the stones;

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mix with them powdered sugar to taste, and allow them to stand for a few hours. Pulp through a sieve fine enough to keep back all the stones; put into a trifle dish, and cover with whipped cream flavored with curacoa.

Pickles, Catsups, Etc.

Tomato Catsup.—Take some tomatoes, and bake them. When done, throw away the water that is with them. Mash the tomatoes through a sieve. To five pints of juice add one pint of vinegar, one dessert-spoon of red pepper, and one of black pepper, six cloves. Let it cook gently for several hours, until it is smooth and thick; bottle it while it is lukewarm; and, before cooking it, put one teaspoon of sweet-oil in each bottle, as it is said to preserve it for years. It should be kept in a dry place.

To Keep Tomatoes for Winter Use.—Peel the tomatoes, and throw them into vinegar for about one hour; then drain them, put them into jars. Season each layer with salt, pepper, mustard, and sliced onion. To one peck of tomatoes put one bottle of mustard, one-half ounce of black pepper, and one-half dozen large onions.

To Pickle Walnuts Green.—Put the walnuts in salt and water for ten days, stopping the jar close with a linen cloth, so that the walnuts cannot rise above the water; then put them in vinegar for ten days. If the walnuts are exposed to the air they will lose their color. To one hundred walnuts put one-half ounce mace, one-quarter ounce cloves, one-quarter ounce nutmegs, one hundred cloves of garlic, one and a half pints of mustard-seed, a handful of horse-radish sliced, some bay salt, and one gallon of good vinegar. The vinegar should not be scalded. The walnuts should be young enough so as to be easily pierced with a pin.

Pickled Peppers.—Let them stand in salt and water for two weeks; change the water every third day. Slice them open at the side. Boil weak vinegar and pour over them every day until they are green; then boil the vinegar with two handfuls of salt. Let it be perfectly cold before pouring it over the peppers.

Stuffed Peaches.—Wipe the peaches (which should be open-stones) with a coarse towel. Halve them, and take out the stone. Have cloves, mace, mustard, radish, and a little celery-seed and scraped horse-radish mixed well together. Fill the peaches. Put them together, and tie them tightly. Take a quarter of a pound of brown sugar and a quart of vinegar, boil and skim it well, and, when cool, pour it over the peaches.

GARDENS.

A Word for Gardens.—There is a story told of a lover of music who wandered over the world for years, listening to courtly songs at palace gates, to folk-songs of peasants, to battle-songs of freemen, to hymns of exiled reformers; hearing, also, the wind's meaning in the forest, the bees' murmur in the grass, the river's laughter over its ledges, the ocean's continual faltering cry. He saw little, he heard everything, till at last the key of sound unlocked for him the hearts of men and he became a famous composer, and all great occasions heard his sea-like symphonies.

If, in this age, a lover of fragrance and color should journey from land to land, studying gardens—should pace the walks of kings' arboretums, stately and ancient, and discover for himself the pathos that hangs about a child's pet corner of brown wall-flowers and purple pinks and lemon-hued marigolds, would he not find the hopes, sorrows, and histories of men everywhere written on the earth—that, as Lord Bacon says, the world began in a garden, and so to a garden each heart turns for refuge?

Such a search, even more than that of a music-lover, would reach the very undercurrents of life. Aristocratic bedders, salvias, coleuses, geraniums, begonias, mounded in green turf about cottage-palaces, would tell one story, while a carnation on the window-sill of some poor woman, or a sweet-pea trained by the hands of a crippled child, would tell quite another. There would be wildernesses where nature had sown the flowers and furnished the setting; garden realms where art had added costly grace to nature's efforts; gardens neglected and broken-hearted, pleading for attention; gardens run wild once more, whose sagging gates lead into untethered confusion—yet even here graceful grasses, roses in bloom, glories of honeysuckle unobscured by weeds, would please the artist's eye. Our traveler might gather from such wanderings hints to aid the creation of fairer gardens than any yet known.

What the modern world needs, as the struggle for existence increases daily, is the culture of restful and inspiring influences; the Golden Age comes again in a garden. A legend of the East says that as our first parents went forth from Eden, Mother Eve, weeping for the lost flowers of Paradise, reached back for some token, and the angel, pitying, looked away, so she gathered a branch of roses—parent, since, of all the roses in the earth—loved and worn by Eve's daughters ever since. The instinct of Eve is the instinct of every true woman's heart; her rose-branch shades the doorways of mechanics' cottages, of prairie-cabins on the frontiers, of cultured homes in quiet New England villages. Most unselfish of home-beautifying arts is this of creeping vines, and laden boughs, and daily delights of blossoms, each fresh as dawn; this art we name gardening, that lightens up the grim street, and blesses the heart of every passer-by.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[Medical Botany—Of the Garden, Field, and Forest.]

By Abram Livezey, A. M., M. D.

No. XII.—Tulip-Poplar—Willow—Wild Indigo.

Tulip-tree, American or Yellow Poplar, *Liriodendron Tulipifera*, is one of our most stately elegant forest trees, often seen towering upwards into the air to a height of 80 to 100 feet. It blooms early in May; flowers, large tulip-shaped, beautifully variegated; greenish-yellow predominating, with dashes of reddish-orange. When in full bloom the tree presents a very inviting aspect.

The wood of this noble forest-tree is highly prized in many branches of the mechanic art, while the bark of the root is a good aromatic bitter and tonic. The tulip-poplar is widely distributed throughout the United States, and the ease with which the bark can be obtained and prepared for use by mothers, and its really valuable character, should bring it into general use. Fifty years ago or more it was believed to be as efficacious against ague or intermittent fever as the Jesuit's Bark. But quinine has become so cheap and so readily administered in sugar-coated pills, etc., that it has displaced all other remedies. Still, in the country, poor people might savingly use this bark with the Virginia Snake-root and Dogwood blossoms to much or equal advantage. The bark or combination can be infused in boiling water and taken freely, cold, or it can be tinctured in whisky or dilute alcohol, 8 oz. to the pint, of which a teaspoonful 3 to 6 times a day is a suitable dose. These doses are stimulant and tonic to the digestive organs, improving digestion and assimilation, favorably influencing the nervous system, strengthening innervation, and thus relieving the "nervous." This tree, with the native *Buckeye*, is quite as worthy of cultivation, both for shade and ornament, as any of the far-fetched exotics. So also our brilliant native shrubs, the *Kalmias* and the *Azaleas*, should not be suffered to be displaced by foreigners with hard names.

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The WHITE WILLOW, *Salixalba*, belongs to a formidable genus of perhaps as many as 130 species. This is the only one used in medicine. Stem or trunk 30 to 60 feet high, much branched; branches rather erect, with a pale, greenish-yellow bark, smooth. The bark of this tree has been used to arrest ague and intermittent generally. It is not of sufficient value to motherr to devote more time to it. I will give, in passing, the botanical name of the Weeping or Drooping Willow—*Salix Babylonica*. Linnæus gave it the specific name which it bears, *Babylonica*, in allusion to the 137th Psalm: "By the river of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the *willows* in the midst thereof." Probably the first *Weeping Willows* were introduced into the United States by Gov. John Penn for his garden on South Third Street.

WILD INDIGO, *Baptisia*, tinctoria. Stem about two feet high, brushy or much branched, small and rather glaucous; leaves trifoliate, turning blackish in drying. Flowers yellow, papillionaceous; calyx four-toothed, the two upper segments united. Common in dry hilly woodlands. Flowers, June. An infusion made by steeping one ounce of the plant in four ounces of boiling water, and given in teaspoonful doses, at the same time using it locally, is a favorite and valuable remedy for sore mouth and sore throat, especially where there is a tendency to ulceration in enfeebled persons. Hence it is highly useful in the sore throat of malignant scarlatina and in diphtheria with swollen and enfeebled mucous membranes, dusky or livid hue with tendency to ulceration and sloughing. In such cases, Prof. Scudder says: "There is no remedy more certain."

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Lock Box 409, Marblehead, Mass.

No. 271.—WORD-SQUARE.

1. A brave man. 2. A title of dignity among the Turks. 3. Hoarfrost. 4. Minerals.

Syracuse, N. Y. BETTIE.

No. 272.—OCTAGON.

1. To moisten.
2. Dorsal.
3. A Latin grammarian and commentator.
4. A piece of furniture.
5. A river in the United States.
6. Invites.
7. To have intercourse with.

St. Albans, Vt. METEOR.

No. 273.—DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. To linger. 3. An alarm. 4. A distilled spirit. 5. A letter.

Brooklyn, N. Y. J. H. FINN.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

CHILDREN able to walk should have woolen or fur gaiters over their legs when they go out. Children should never be kept at home simply because the weather is cold; if they are properly dressed, the cold will do them no harm, unless they are already out of health. Even drizzling rain is not to be feared, and the children may be taken out in frosty weather, or slight sleet, and even when the snow is thick on the ground, provided their boots are waterproof, and that the nurse can be trusted to see that they do not get severe falls. Fog, however, except on the sea-coast, should be avoided like poison, which, in very truth, all fresh-water fog is.

Open-air exercise is one of the most important conditions for the preservation and obtaining of health, and, though exercise for the young infant must be passive, for the child who can walk and run it may, and should, be very active indeed; and children, instead of being commanded to walk steadily for fear of spoiling their clothes, should be encouraged to play in the open air as much as possible. They should be given toy sets of harness so that they may play horses. They should skip and roll hoops, and, above all, play ball. Ball is the oldest of all games, and the one most in favor with the ancient Greeks, the nation of all others the most remarkable for its muscular symmetry. The ordinary india-rubber ball, about three or three and a half inches in diameter, is so light that, while it can be thrown about in every way, and give exercise to every muscle in the body, at the same time strengthening the lungs by the increased rapidity of respiration, if it strikes any part of the body it can do no harm, and does not even produce as much as a bruise.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLUISH-GREEN HABIT-CLOTH. The skirt and bodice are cut in one, and the skirt falls in full folds over the tournure. The revers on both the skirt and bodice are fastened back with small buttons and simulated buttonholes. The pockets and cuffs are also ornamented with buttons and buttonholes. The waistcoat and front of the skirt are of woolen of the same shade as the rest of the dress, dotted with small woolen figures. A sash of silk, of the color of the dress, comes from the seams under the arms, and is knotted in front. Felt hat, trimmed with bluish-green ribbon.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS OF BROWN VELVET AND FAWN-COLORED CASHMERE. The simulated petticoat is of brown velvet, and is made quite plain. The overskirt is of fawn-colored cashmere, with deep drapes in front, edged with a band of brown velvet. The open front passes under the drapery at the back, where the cashmere forms the back part of the skirt. Jacket bodice of brown velvet, which opens on the hip, and has a plaited basque at the back. Straw hat trimmed with a fawn-colored feather and brown velvet.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS OF SOFT WOOLEN MATERIAL AND BLACK CAMEL'S-HAIR. The skirt is made of panels of a woolen material of black, striped with very dark-red, alternating with plaits of black camel's-hair. The tunic is formed by deep paniers of the camel's-hair, and falls in full folds at the back. The bodice is made of the striped woolen material. Black felt hat trimmed with pink silk and feather shaded to dark-red.

FIG. IV.—EVENING-DRESS OF LIGHT-BLUE SURAH. The skirt is laid in box-plaits, which are cut in vandykes and edged with a band of blue satin. A narrow knife-plaiting is under the vandykes. The overskirt forms a deep point in front, and is caught up in small paniers at the sides of the broad band of velvet which passes around the edge of the bodice and crosses in front. Large clusters of white roses catch the tunic up on the hips at the back. The full plastron bodice is edged around the neck with a band of velvet, which crosses in front, and is finished at each end by a large white rose; blue ribbon around the throat, fastened by a white rose. White roses in the hair.

FIG. V.—RECEPTION-DRESS OF BLACK VELVET AND BLACK LACE. The skirt is made of black velvet, edged with a narrow plaiting of the same, with a saw-point trimming of gold-colored satin. The tunic and bodice are of black lace striped with velvet, and the tunic, which does not close at

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the back, is edged with lace. The sleeves have black velvet cuffs. The collar is of black velvet, beneath which is worn a gold-colored ribbon. The sleeves have puffs at the arm-holes. A gold-colored satin ribbon catches the tunic up in the front.

FIG. VI.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF SHOT OR CHANGEABLE SILK. The skirt is edged with two flounces headed with gathered frills. The paniers cross the front; the left-side one is longer than the other, and is looped up with a velvet sash on the left side. At the back the overskirt is looped up, and then falls in a straight line to the bottom of the skirt. The bodice is of velvet, is not very pointed in front, and forms double loops at the back. This is a most appropriate style for slight mourning, or for a walking-dress, if the skirt is made a little shorter and of some woolen material; the bodice could also be of cloth.

FIG. VII.—HOUSE-DRESS OF GREY BÉGE. There is a narrow knife-plaiting on the edge of the foundation skirt. The bége skirt is box-plaited; the tunic and bodice are made of bége striped with dull brick-dust red; the striped tunic is gathered at the waist and turned up washer-woman fashion. To make the front drape, a scarf of the material crosses the front, and is fastened with a beaded ornament on the left side. The waistcoat, collar, and cuffs are of velvet, to match the stripes in the bége.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING OR HOUSE-DRESS OF BLUE SERGE. The front of bodice is trimmed with a pointed bib-piece of velvet, which, at back, describes a sailor's collar. The body fastens to the waist by buttons. Cuffs and buckled waistbelt of velvet. There is a short, slightly-fulled drapery below the waist at front and sides, which disappears under the back drapery. The front of skirt below this drapery is laid in deep plaits, and has at side a straight panel of velvet. The back is puffed from the waist. The underskirt is arranged in hollow plaits.

FIG. IX.—VISITING-DRESS OF BLACK SILK AND VELVET, EMBOSSED ON SATIN. The jacket or polonaise body is trimmed with a velvet vest, and velvet border sewn at the edge of the small panier. The back is long and puffed. The skirt is crossed at the top by a sash drapery, ending under the puffing at back. It is plaited in front with half breadths of velvet (separated by a lengthwise plaiting of silk) sewn all round.

FIG. X.—CLOAK OF GRAY WATERPROOF. It is of the redingote shape, with dolman sleeves. The hood is lined with gay-striped silk. Gray horn buttons.

FIG. XI.—JACKET OF NAVY-BLUE CLOTH. It is close-fitting, made with a good deal of spring at the back, so as to lie smoothly over the full drapery of the skirt, and is trimmed with very dull gold buttons and a blue and dull gold cord.

FIG. XII.—MANTLE OF FAWN-COLORED CLOTH. The fronts are straight, the basque at the back is triple-plaited, and the hood is lined with chestnut-brown silk.

FIG. XIII.—HOUSE-DRESS OF SILK AND CASHMERE. The skirt is made of dark-blue and red silk striped crosswise. The overdress is of dark-blue cashmere, with a fully-draped tunic, which opens on the left side in points. The bodice is pointed, back and front, fastens to the left side on the chest, and has a high Medeci collar lined with red. The vest, collar, and cuffs are of the striped red-and-blue silk.

FIG. XIV.—JERSEY, made of brown elastic cloth, and heavily braided. There is a vest and collar of dark-brown velvet.

FIG. XV.—PLASTRON OF WHITE SILK-MUSLIN, dotted with small rose-buds. The large sailor-collar is of the same material, and has a bow of pink ribbon on the left side. A similar bow with long ends is on the right side of the plastron above a fall of lace.

FIG. XVI.—NEW STYLE SLEEVE, with a puffing of white net.

FIG. XVII.—HAT OF BLACK FELT, trimmed with black velvet, black-and-gold corded ribbon, and two straight feathers; it is bound with black velvet.

FIG. XVIII.—MANTLE OF GREEN CLOTH, lined with old-gold satin; it is tied in at the back, is loose in front, has a slight fulness at the neck, and is trimmed with rows of wide and narrow braid.

FIG. XIX.—BONNET of black tulle, spotted with jet, and trimmed with violet pansies and a black aigrette. Jet beads edge the bonnet.

FIG. XX.—DOG-COLLAR, to wear with a very open or low-neck dress; it is made of a band of black velvet, a black lace fall, and jet ornaments.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The choice in the mode of making dresses is as great as ever. Tailor-made garments, Pompadour dresses, or the plain gathered skirt with one ruffle and with a full waist (the perfection of simplicity), are all equally fashionable, though widely different in appearance. For walking and general street-wear, the tailor-made suits are perhaps most popular.

Flounces, tucks, and folds are all used, according to the style of the dress. Long drapery and short drapery divide favor.

Tournures are increasing at the back. Every dress, or every underskirt, has steels let in at the back. Many ladies, however, prefer to flounce the back of their underskirts instead of putting steels in them; and when the dress itself is properly made, this will be found to be quite sufficient, and it is much more graceful and natural-looking than steels.

Most bodices are either full or draped to simulate fulness, or open over a full chemisette or plain waistcoat. Very few are perfectly plain. When they are perfectly plain they have a very wide collar around the neck reaching to the shoulders, and headed by a full ruching around the neck itself.

Sleeves are not so tight as they were. Full sleeves, indeed, are growing quite into favor again, especially for transparent materials. Sometimes only the upper part of the sleeve is of lace, the under part being of silk, or any other material, according to the material of the dress itself. For evening wear, the sleeve is gathered in to the elbows only, the remaining part falling loosely over the arm, in the old pagoda fashion.

Bretelles (trimmings of the material or of ribbon coming from the shoulders to the waist) are becoming fashionable again. This is a most becoming style to nearly all figures, as it appears to increase the size of the shoulders, and, coming to nearly a point at the waist, to lessen the size of the waist. If the shoulders are very narrow, start the bretelle nearer the point of the shoulder; if it is desirable not to increase the width of the shoulders, place the bretelle nearer the neck. In dresses cut low in the neck, the bretelles are sometimes placed on the back as well as on the front of the bodice; this has a very youthful look.

Sashes of wide watered or plain ribbon are much worn.

Mantles and jackets are equally popular; the short mantle is more dressy than the longer garment, but will not be so serviceable as the cooler weather advances.

Braiding for walking-dresses, jackets, etc., is still very popular, and makes a most simple and elegant trimming.

Bonnets and hats are still worn high, or trimmed so as to give them the appearance of height. Even the simple close-fitting capote is now trimmed on the top of the front, to give it the look of extra height.

Shoes are decidedly made with very low heels, scarcely any, in fact, and are being gradually transformed into the old Cinderella slipper. The heels are now almost always square; the high-pointed heel so long in vogue is now looked upon as in exceedingly bad taste, except, it may sometimes be, in shoes for evening wear. Boots, strapped or sandalled up the front, are also seen again, but shoes are fashionable, whilst stockings remain as elegant as ever.

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OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The earliest fall and winter bonnets have already made their appearance. They are extremely pretty and tasteful, both in form and materials. The small capote-shape continues popular, especially in velvet. The newest style has the velvet laid in folds over the crown, while the brim is bordered with a full bias puff. Ostrich tips and long ostrich plumes have regained their past favor for trimming these dainty little bonnets. A novel trimming is a band of bead passementerie, passing over the top of the bonnet and held in place at the sides with large bead buttons matching the passementerie. A band in cut steel on ruby velvet, jet on black velvet, and blue jet on sapphire-blue velvet, are thus employed. The front of the bonnet is adorned with three small ostrich tips of the hue of the velvet, mingled with metallicized filaments that match the passementerie. A directoire-shaped hat, or rather bonnet, is in dark-shirred velvet, with a bordering of fur around the brim. Hats are very varied in styles and shapes this season. The high-pointed Tyrolean form is still seen; it is in velvet with a wide velvet-lined brim, the crown encircled with folds of faille and adorned with high ostrich plumes. Colored felts and silky-napped bearers are shown for demi-toilette hats. The crowns are set and lower than they were last summer. The trimming is composed of folds of velvet, birds' wings, and loops of faille ribbon being set in the front of the crown. The velvet usually matches the hat in color, the loops of ribbon being in some bright contrasting tint. Thus a dark-blue low-crowned felt hat has the crown encircled with folds of dark-blue velvet, the front of the crown being ornamented with three dark-blue wings, set straight on end, and intermixed with loops of poppy-scarlet faille ribbon. Birds and birds' heads are still worn as trimming, but to a less degree than formerly. A new material for traveling or morning wear is a heavy cream-white worsted basket-cloth; this is made up in capote-shape, and has a brim in puffed black velvet. The trimming is usually either a bright-plumaged bird, or else a rosette in loops of black velvet ribbon.

The loose-flowing plain skirt is more popular than ever for short dresses. We are evidently going back rapidly in the fashions of dress to the modes of thirty years ago. The latest way of making these skirts is literally to have them double. The underskirt is gored and is perfectly plain, being finished around the edge with a narrow plaited flounce. Over this falls the full skirt, shirred in three shirrings at the waist. It is as long as the underskirt in front, and just enough shorter behind to show the plaited edge. In worsted goods the two skirts are of the same material. In lighter or richer stuffs the underskirt may be in taffetas. A pretty way to make skirts of cheviot or cashmere is to have bands of worsted lace insertion set in at intervals to the knee, the skirt edge being bordered with a row of lace. This style is exceedingly advantageous for evening-dresses for young girls. The underskirt may be of white or of colored taffetas, and the overskirt in transparent muslin and Valenciennes lace, or in silk gauze, with white Spanish silk guipure lace. Corsages are now made a great deal with folds, either crossing over, Madonna-fashion, or else laid flat in waistcoat style. Braiding and beading are much in vogue on cloth or stuff dresses, the pattern not only bordering the corsage around the basque and cuffs and collar, but being continued down the back and terminating in a point at the waist. Pekin goods (that is to say, those having alternate stripes of different materials) as well as stuffs striped with two colors, are very much worn, made up in the following way: The short skirt is covered with two wide-plaited flounces, the stripes running around the skirt. The corsage is in plain material, matching one of the stripes. It is made with a deep polonaise drapery at the back, and has a plaited vest and cuffs of the striped stuff, the stripes in the vest being placed horizontally. This in red-and-white striped cashmere and plain white cashmere is a pretty way of making a morning or house-dress, and is very novel and stylish. In velvet and satin, or velvet and moiré Pekin, it composes a very superb toilette. Very handsome dresses in faille and velvet are made with a plain underskirt of velvet, the faille overdress falling in deep detached curved drapery to the hem in front and at the back. The corsage is made perfectly plain, with velvet cuffs and collar. The underskirt may be in satin, striped with wide bands of jet passementerie, in which case the corsage has epaulettes of jet fringe and a collar of jet passementerie.

House-shoes and slippers are now made with sharply-pointed toes, and curve higher on the instep than formerly. They are simply ornamented with very small bows of ribbon. A very pretty house-shoe is in patent leather, and has two narrow straps that button across the instep. Silk stockings are now shown, embroidered with small dots, in colors contrasting with the stocking itself. Bright-colored gauze or crape bands are sometimes worn in the neck and sleeves of a dress instead of white crepe lisse or lace, but the effect is not good. I have seen bands of orange crape in brown dresses, and of red or pink crape in black dresses, and the novel combination was neither becoming nor tasteful. The new colors are mostly in shades of green. The delicate absinthe or linden-green maintains its popularity; and there are two darker greens now introduced which are called respectively "duck-pond" and "stagnant water." The shades are prettier than their names would indicate.

The newest fan is of medium size, and is covered with flat-plaited ruffles of colored silk lace with wooden sticks that match the lace in hue and that are slightly ornamented with gold. In the way of jewelry, bracelets are the favorite ornament. Very comical lace-pins are now shown, some formed of tiny diamond chickens peeping into an egg-shell, in white enamel, while others have a row of little sandwich-men enamelled in gay colors, their boards bearing the inscription "Good Luck." Flat, round cuff-buttons in gold, worked in arabesque patterns in open-work, are novel and popular. A very elegant device for a brooch is a clover-blossom in rubies, with the foliage in diamonds. Cocks' heads, with the comb, beak, and wattles in enamel, and the neck-plumage formed of small diamonds, are extremely popular for scarf-pins.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIGS. I AND II.—FRONT AND BACK OF A GIRL'S COSTUME. The frock and cape are of plaid flannel. The frock has the skirt made with wide plaits, and the bodice is loose and buttoned down the front. A girdle (which may be replaced by a sash) confines the waist. The cape has a hood drapery at the back, and is trimmed with a tassel, and velvet collar and cuffs. Straw hat trimmed with velvet and two straight feathers.

FIG. III.—BOY'S SUIT OF BROWN AND GRAY-STRIPED CLOTH. The knickerbockers are rather narrow; the jacket is double-breasted, has a collar with revers in front, and is trimmed with two rows of brown horn-buttons down the front. Brown straw hat.

FIG. IV.—BONNET of dark-blue plush, trimmed with blue satin ribbon.

FIG. V.—GIRL'S COLLAR, edged with torchon lace, and crossing to the left side, where it is fastened with a bow of ribbon.

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LES MODES PARISIENNES

SEPTEMBRE 1887

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

THE "AT HOME"

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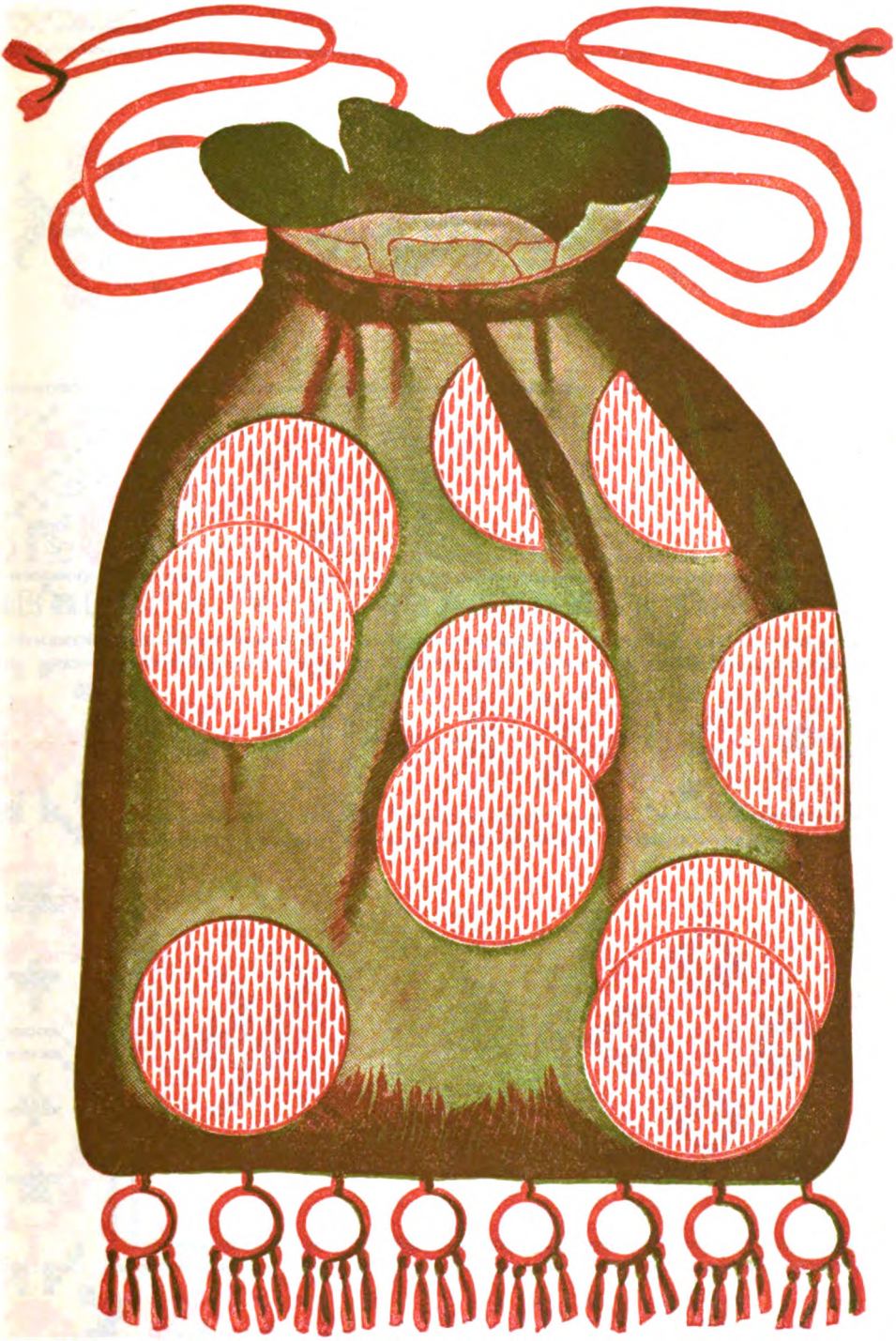
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THE STAR OF THE NIGHT.

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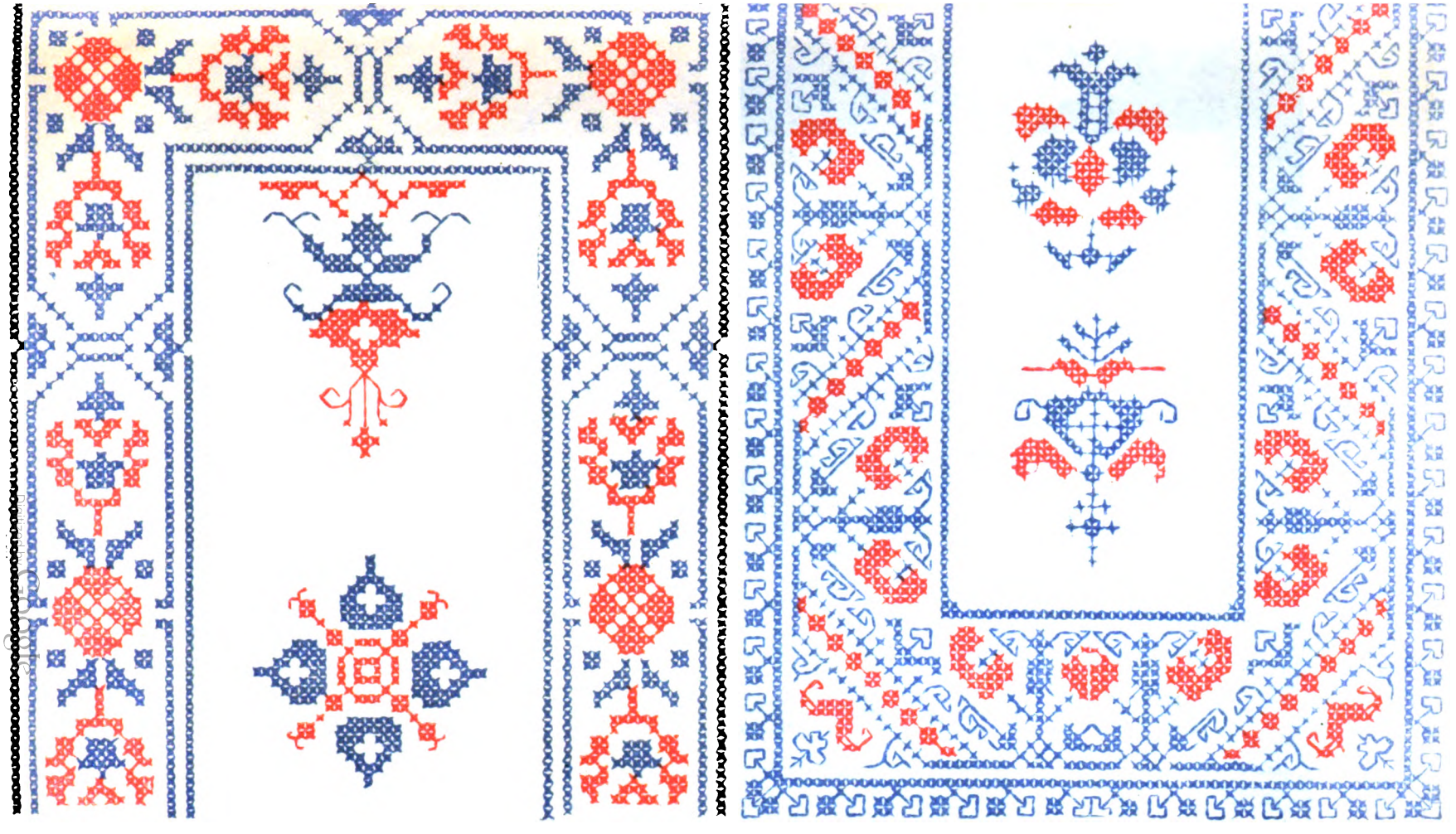
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LADY'S-BAG: FOR FANCY WORK

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CHAIR BACKS IN RUSSIAN CROSS-STITCH - Extra Plate

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THE FIRE AT NIGHT. [*See the Story, "Cecil Dare."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS. BOY'S CAP, COLLAR, AND CUFF.

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NEWEST STYLES FOR WALKING-DRESSES.

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NEW STYLES FOR WALKING AND HOUSE DRESSES.

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HOUSE-DRESS. HAT FOR AUTUMN. JERSEY.

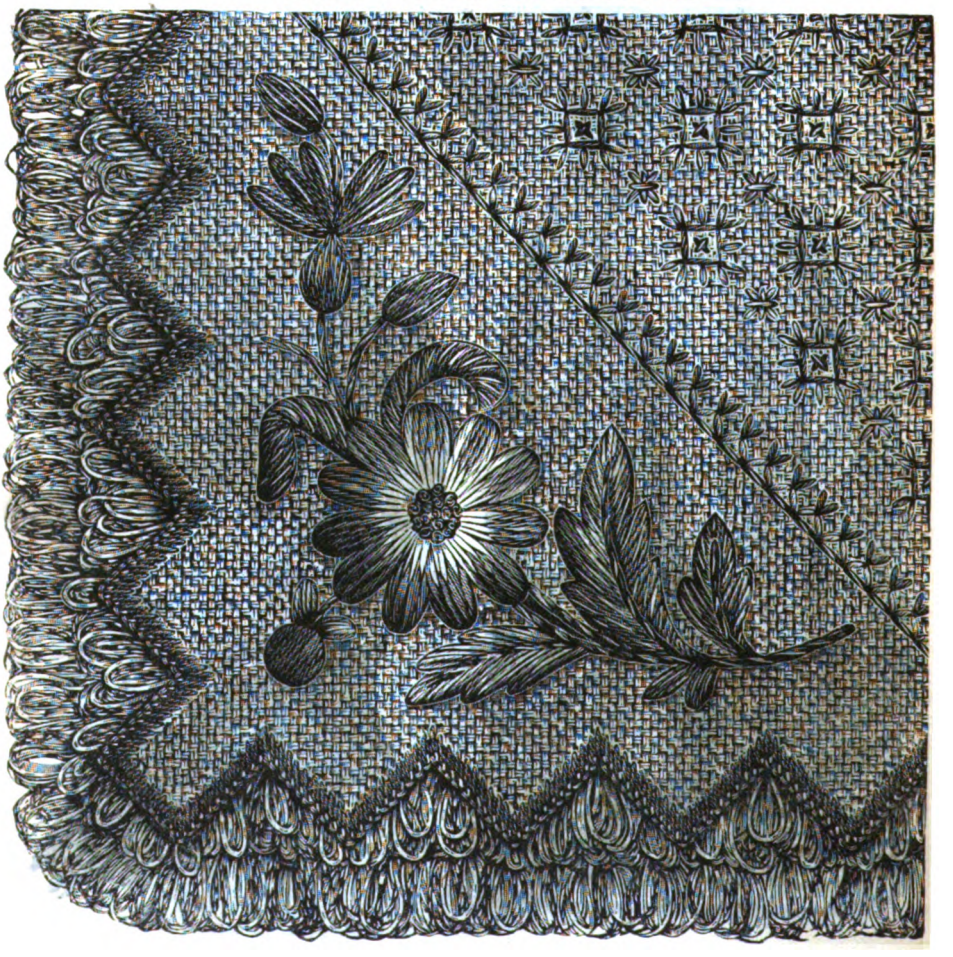
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HOUSE DRESS. TOQUE. HAT FOR AUTUMN.

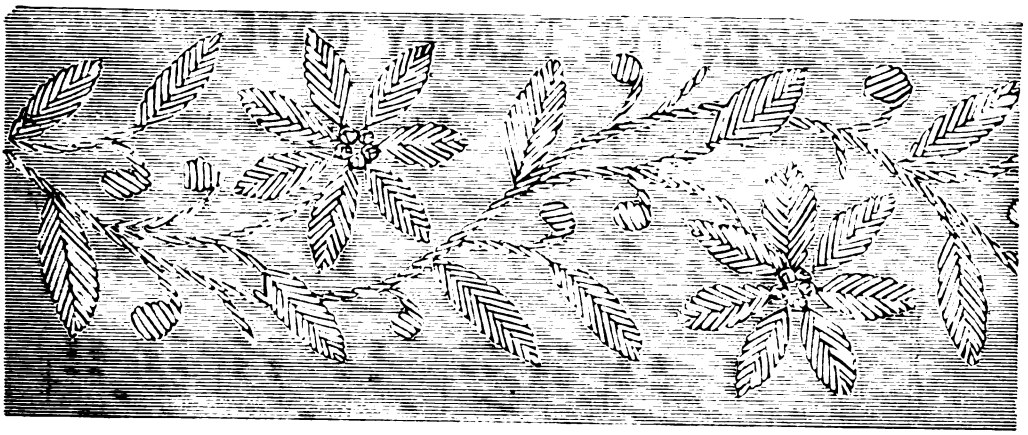
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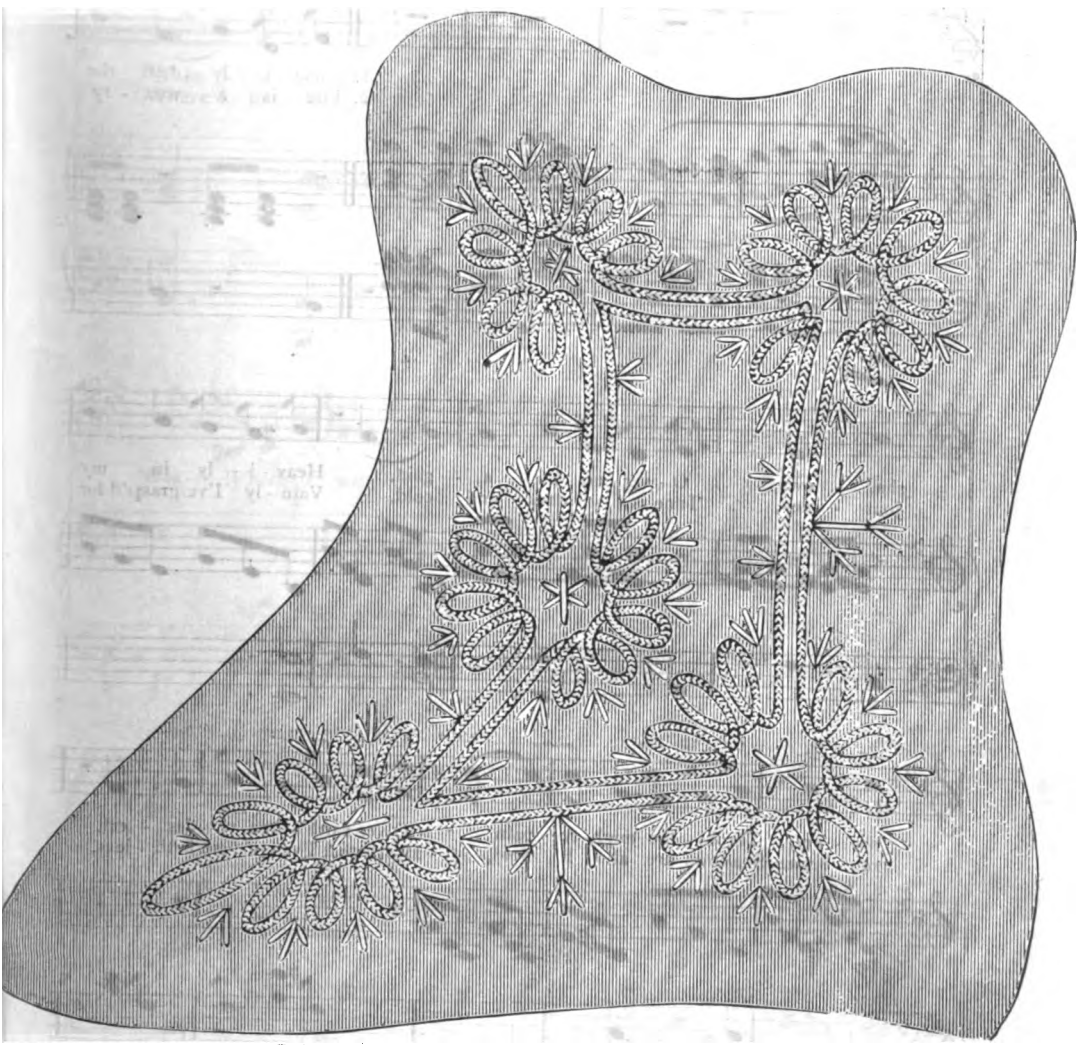




DESIGN FOR CHAIR-BACK, CUSHION, ETC., WITH DETAIL.

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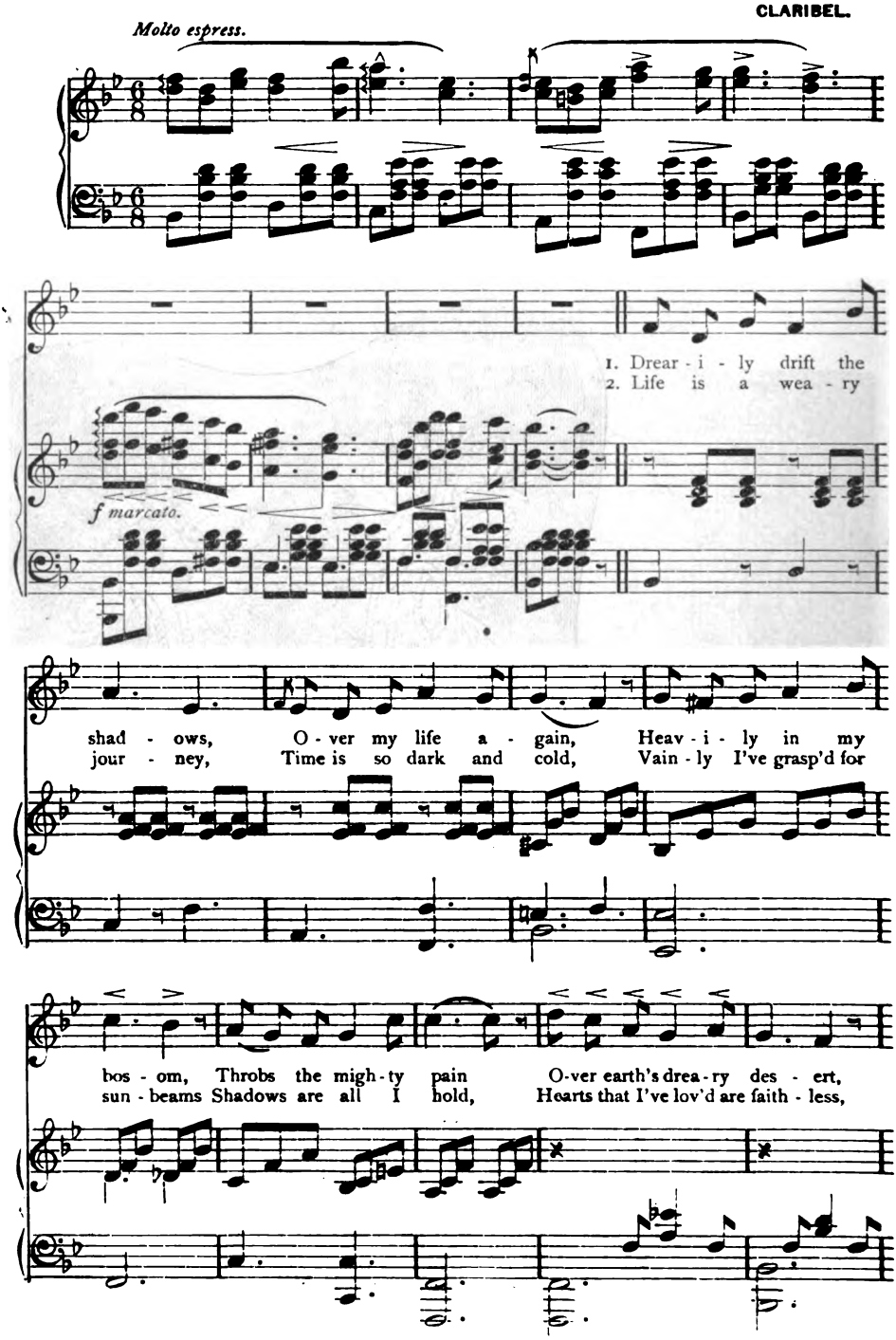




BABY'S BOOT: BRAIDING-PATTERN IN EMBROIDERY

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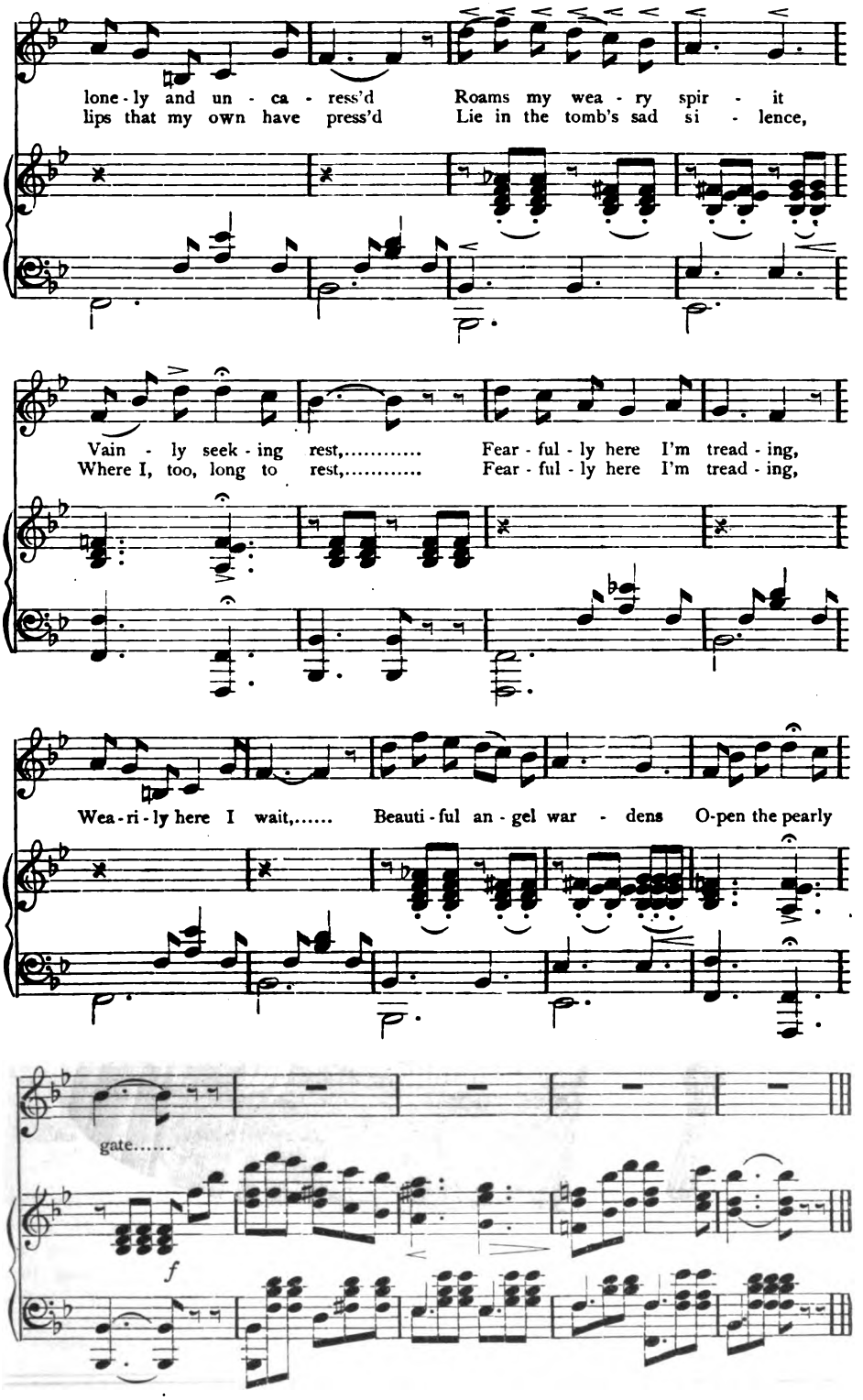
OPEN THE PEARLY GATE.

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NEW STYLE JERSEY JACKET.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1885. No. 4.

"SWEETER THAN ALL THE ROSES."

BY EMILY LENNOX.



IT was beginning to snow. But, notwithstanding that, a little child stood, thinly clad, on the icy pavement, with dark entreating eyes, and offered flowers for sale, singing, in a soft trilling soprano:

"Sweet violets, sweeter than all the roses,
Freighted with fragrance, sparkling with dew!"

Colin Eyre was coming up the street, behind two ladies, one of whom kindly stopped to buy, while the other passed on, selfish and unheeding.

"Only ten cents a bunch, sir," said the little flower-girl, breaking off her song abruptly, and holding out, as Colin came up, a fragrant boutonnière, like those with which her little basket was laden.

He thought to himself, "What a study for Bougereau," as he took in, with the eye of an acknowledged connoisseur, the picturesque details of the child's shabby clothes and unconsciously graceful posing.

"The fair Lucile is fond of violets," he mused. "I suppose she knows they are vastly becoming to one of her style. Yes, little one," he added, aloud, "I'll take your flowers. You won't mind selling all of your stock to one customer, I suppose?"

"No, indeed," was the eager reply. "I am glad you like them, sir. Sister says violets are the sweetest of flowers; and I like them because they are just the color of her eyes."

"Your sister must be very proud of her eyes," said Colin, smiling, as he put two silver dollars into the child's hand, and wondering if there could be an older and higher type of beauty than that before him. "Pray, what is your name, little one?"

"Rose," she answered; "and sister's," with childish frankness, "is Violet. Papa used to call

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us his pretty bouquet But, ' with a sad drooping of the head, "he went away, last year"

"Where?" asked Colin, twisting the paper of the violets around his finger.

"To heaven," she answered, softly.

"Oh!"

He would have said something more, but just then a gentleman slapped him familiarly on the shoulder.

"Hello, Colin, old boy!" he cried. "Why, I thought you were in England! When did you get back?"

"I came by the 'Servia,' and landed this morning. How are you, Dick? I'm awfully glad to see you. But, for heaven's sake, don't say you saw me here. I haven't been anywhere yet."



"What! Not been up to pay your *devoirs* to the lovely Lucile? What a barbarian! You're not afraid of being jilted, evidently."

Colin shrugged his handsome shoulders.

"We understand each other, we two," he said, with a light laugh "We were engaged, under an agreement not to love each other with sentiment and all that sort of thing."

"Then you feel quite free," said Dick Weathers; "and you might as well dine with me at the Fortnightly. Come along."

Colin turned, with some hesitation, and looked for his little flower-girl, but she had disappeared.

"Thanks," he said, presently; "if you can make it an hour hence, I'll meet you there."

Being a man of indefinite leisure, Dick Weathers could always make it any hour that anybody wanted; and they parted, agreeing to meet at the Club.

Colin, meanwhile, went and purchased a little gilt hamper, into which he had the violets cozily packed, and tied up with a broad white satin ribbon

"Incense on the altar of love," he muttered, with a smile, that was half bitter, as he took from his pocket a card and wrote on it:

"Return of the native. My compliments, and I will call this evening."

This pretty offering was sent, forthwith, to the home of Miss Lucile Van Wert, the young lady to whom he was engaged

"Oh," she said, carelessly, as she glanced at the flowers, when they came, "Colin's home, is he? I wonder why he didn't stay away longer? Everything is so slow here."

"Miss Van Wert," interrupted the timid voice of a servant, "Miss Vinton is here with your dress."

"Oh, she has come, has she? Well, it's a good thing she has, for if she hadn't finished it by six o'clock, she might have kept it I shouldn't have paid her a dollar Tell her to come into the drawing-room with it, at once."

In a few moments, a young girl, and a very beautiful one, as you saw, in spite of her shabby dress, a girl not more than seventeen years of age, entered with an immense box

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"I could not possibly get the dress done a moment sooner, Miss Van Wert," she said, breathlessly. "You know one can't paint in the evenings; and I rose every morning, at daybreak, to do it for you. And I am much afraid that in one or two places it isn't quite dry yet."

"Very well," she said, impatiently. "Let me see it."

Miss Vinton opened the box, and lifted out a costume of rich cream white satin. As she shook out the long train, and held it off for her inspection, Miss Van Wert could hardly repress a cry of admiration. Never, in all her intercourse with the French dressmakers, had she ever seen anything so perfectly executed.

The court-train was encircled with a border of violets exquisitely painted. There was a bunch on either shoulder so natural that they seemed themselves to be exhaling the fragrance that issued from the perfumed lining of the dress. There were panels at the side of the skirt literally covered with violets, while the vest and front of the skirt were similarly adorned. The costume, set off with trimmings of cobweb lace, was ravishingly beautiful.

"Isn't it pretty?" Miss Vinton said, half shyly, yet with just pride, as she held it off for Miss Van Wert to admire. "I took especial pains with it. I am very fond of violets. They are my namesakes, you know."

"How much did you say it would be?" asked Miss Van Wert, coldly

"I—I did not think fifty dollars would be any too much," said Violet, arranging the dress.

Now Miss Van Wert, though so rich, was penurious.

"Isn't that rather dear?" she said, rather decidedly.

"I made it as low as I could," answered Violet, nervously. "It took me six weeks, and I didn't do anything else all the time; and I worked very hard, Miss Van Wert. Oh," she cried, clasping her hands in a frightened way, "what have I done!"

For, in trying to display one of the folds by holding it out, her arm had brushed against a part of the painting, that was still wet, and had made an ugly smear across the front breadth of the satin skirt.

"You awkward thing!" screamed Lucile; and in a transport of rage she gave Violet a stinging blow across the cheek. "You have ruined my dress. I won't pay you a cent."

"Why, Miss Lucile!" cried the maid, in surprise. "It ain't hurt of any account. You've

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got plenty of lace, and if you'll just draw a bit over this way, you can't notice it."

"It's ruined, I tell you!" cried Lucile, angrily. "You shan't have a cent."

"I don't want a cent," answered Violet, with all the dignity of insulted womanhood. "You may keep your money, Miss Van Wert. But don't dare to speak to me again."

Lucile laughed mockingly; and the girl, beside herself with disappointment, indignation, and grief, turned to leave the room. But she found herself suddenly brought face to face in the doorway with a gentleman who was evidently struck dumb with amazement, for he had heard every word that had passed.

"Pardon me," he managed to say at length, "but if you will wait one moment—"

"Who are you, sir?" she said, recoiling from him.

"I am engaged to marry that—that woman," he said, scornfully. "I came in, unannounced, as I was so well known to the servants. But I would die sooner than make her my wife now. Permit me to pay you the money she owes—"

"Certainly not!" said Violet, drawing herself up, as if a queen, proudly. "I am obliged to you, sir," relenting a little, "but I could not accept it, you know. Good-evening."

She was gone in a moment. Colin followed her out of the door, but she hurried away from him, and he had too much delicacy to pursue her.

"What a heavenly face," he murmured, as he turned his back on the Van Wert mansion. "And what eyes! To think that Lucile—good heavens! And I came near marrying her."

Colin had not dined at the Club, for Dick Weathers had failed, for some reason, to keep his appointment, and Colin had called to see Miss Van Wert much sooner than he had intended to.

That night, he wrote her a letter, which she never forgot. It put a summary end to their engagement. Lucile shed bitter tears of vexation, for Colin Eyre was the richest man in her "set," and to have become his wife would have been a brilliant social triumph.

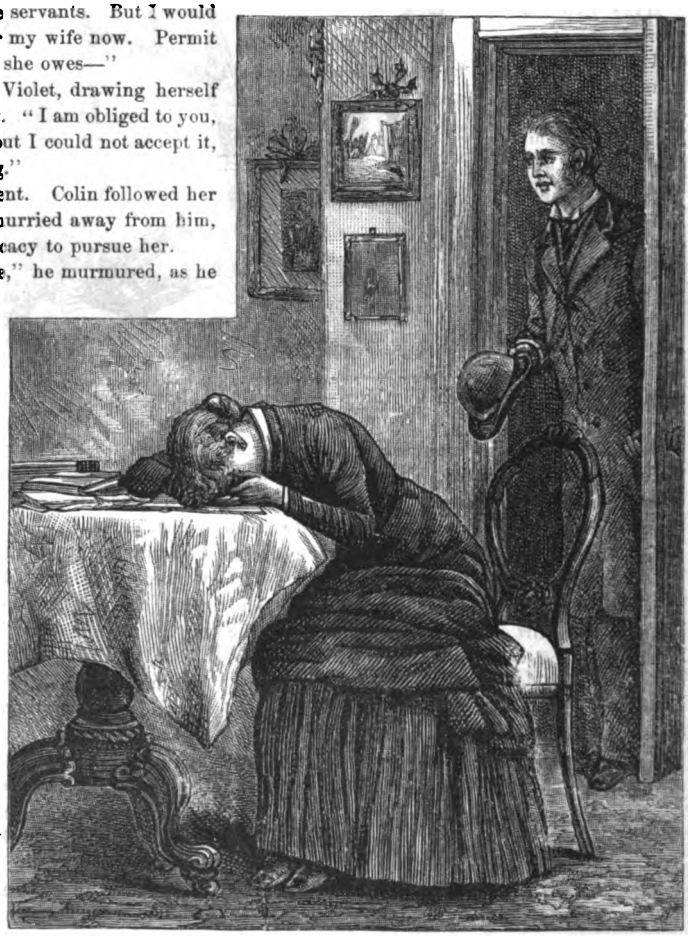
Poor Violet had gone home, meanwhile, with burning cheeks and an aching heart. She had not a cent left. She was ready to break down when Rose came to meet her, with dancing eyes.

"I told you so," she laughed, gleefully. "You didn't want me to go out in the street, and sell flowers; but just see, sister! I have sold all the violets the nurseryman advanced me, and here's the money."

The girl burst into tears as she clasped Rose to her breast.

"Little comfort," she whispered, fondly; and she thanked God that they need not face the worst just yet. "Darling," she said, later in the evening, "I am going to try and do something higher than china-decorating. I will paint a picture that will sell, I hope."

"Oh, yes," said Rose, gayly. "You can afford to try now. I shall get more violets to sell to-morrow, and we can get along till your picture is done."



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Violet patted her cheek fondly.

"I am going to paint you, Rosebud."

"Me?"

"Yes, you. If I can only paint you as you are, I know I shall make myself famous."

The next day, the picture was begun. Violet had her little sister pose in a faded dress, with an apronful of flowers. She bent her whole thoughts upon making the child look just as nature formed her, and she worked with the zeal of love and enthusiasm.

That night, Colin Eyre went to the Academy Ball, and saw Lucile in her satin dress, which filled him with wonder and amazement.

"That is not the work of a daubing amateur," he exclaimed. "No one but a born artist could create anything so lovely."

The flushed and exquisite face of Violet Vinton came back to him, and he determined to know more about her. But that wish did not insure its accomplishment. Miss Van Wert said, in reply to a formal note of inquiry, that she could not furnish Miss Vinton's address. Colin knew this was not true, but he could not force her to tell him; and he spent some time in unavailing search for Violet's address, then gave up the quest.

Several months afterward, he was wandering through a picture-gallery, eying with disfavor the paintings exhibited there.

"Daubs, all of them," he muttered, contemptuously. But suddenly a different look dawned in his eyes, as they rested on a small picture, hung obscurely in one corner. "What's this? Why, it's my little flower-girl—to the very life! By Jove! That's a gem. I must have that, if money will buy it."

The dealer asked a hundred dollars for it.

"Ridiculously low," Colin said to himself. Then, aloud: "Who is the artist?"

"A young girl by the name of Vinton," was the reply; and Colin knew he had found her.

That very day, he called and found Violet, hard at work, painting.

"I have bought your picture—the little flower-girl," he said, by way of an introduction; and the girl's glad face made him strangely happy. "It is charming. You certainly are an artist of no mean ability, Miss Vinton. I came to ask you if you would paint me a companion to it."

Violet was overwhelmed with joy. The companion-piece proved even more popular than the other. It represented a handsome boy, with a hatful of cherries in his hand; and so beautifully was it executed, that society began to inquire about the young artist whom Colin Eyre was patronizing, and who had painted this exquisite picture.

Orders poured in upon Violet. She grew comparatively rich. Pretty furniture now filled her rooms; bric-a-brac, water-color sketches, etc., etc. Rose was neatly dressed, and went to school. Violet was happy, for Colin Eyre came to see her almost every day, giving her the benefit of his criticism and suggestions.

One bright morning, however, when Colin came, he found her sobbing, with her head on the centre-table.

"Miss Violet," he cried, anxiously, "what is the matter?"

"Oh, go away!" she sobbed, passionately, not even looking up. "You must never come here again. You don't know what dreadful things they are saying about me, because you come to see me. And I—I—oh, I cannot bear it!"

Colin's cheeks paled, and his eyes flashed.

"Who said anything about you?" he said, sternly.

"Oh—people."

"Tell me who they are. Miss Violet, you must."

"Oh, I don't know, only—"

"Who said anything about it to you?" he asked, angrily clenching his strong white hands.

"Why—a lady called this morning—and—"

"It was Lucile Van Wert, was it not?"

"Ye-es," was the sobbing reply.

He muttered something under his breath, and walked to the window.

"Violet, they would not say such things," he said, presently, "they would not dare, if they knew that you were to be my wife. Will you let me tell them so?"

"But that isn't true," she faltered.

"It shall be, if you will consent," he said, quickly crossing to where she was, and kneeling down reverently at her feet. "Darling, I love you with my whole soul. Will you marry me?"

"You are so good," she said. "But I cannot let you do that just—because—"

"Look in my eyes, Violet," he interrupted. "I ask you, out of the love I bear you, and because of that alone."

She raised her head, and gazed eagerly, intently, into his face for a while.

"Then I consent," she said, at last, softly.

Rose came in from school soon after, and Colin had Violet in his arms. And Rose, who, young as she was, suspected a great deal, only smiled.

Mrs. Colin Eyre is famous now, both for her beauty and for her genius; and Rose is the happiest child the sun shines on, for her new brother adores her, and every wish of her heart is gratified; while, for Colin, well, he finds life "SWEETER THAN ALL THE ROSES."

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AFTER THE WORLD WAS BURNT UP.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

WAL, as I have told already, the babe burnt up the "World." And Josiah Allen, he come upstairs, where I wuz makin' up the spare-bed: I had had it open a-airin' of it: and, says he, excited and agitated, says he:

"Samantha, the babe has burnt up the 'World.' She ort to be spanked."

I had heard her cryin' down below, but knew she wuz with him, so I didn't worry about her. And. the next thing I knew, entirely unexpected, he told me what had took place. The babe had burnt up the "World."

It was agitatin' news, very. But I didn't get excited, and act skairt, as some wimmin would. I only says, coolly:

"When did she burn it up, Josiah?"

"Since you have been up here," says he.

Says I, coolly, pantin' to come to the bottom of the matter, and not gettin' excited at all: "Did you see her, Josiah Allen? Did you see the babe burn up the 'World'?"

"Yes," says he, "I see her; I ketched her at it. How should I know," says he, in a surly tone, "how should I know that she had burnt it up if I hadn't seen her do it?"

"Oh," says I, "I didn't know but you missed the 'World,' and mistrusted that she had burnt it up."

"No," says he, "I see her at it; I see her burn it up."

Says I, calmly, bein' determined to find out the truth: "How come she to burn up the 'World'?"

And, says he: "She done it to be mean. And she ort to be spanked for it."

"But," I says, firmly, "I don't believe she burnt up the 'World' to be mean." Says I: "I believe, if she did do it, she done it by axident."

"She didn't do it by axident; she done it a-purpose. And her burnin' up the 'World' wuzn't the worst of it, either She wuz sassy about it, and she ort to be spanked for sass."

I give him a kind of a stern look, and kind o' shet up my lips close together, and tosted my head a very little, but didn't say a word. But he resented it, for all the world as if I had spoke: and then I hadn't said a word.

"Wal, I say she had. She ort to be spanked for burnin' up the 'World,' and she ort to be spanked for sass. But you can uphold her in it if you want to."

"Why," says I, "I hain't said a word of upholdin'—"

"Wal, you encourage her in it; and you know you do."

"Encourage her, Josiah Allen?"

"Yes; you uphold her in burnin' up the 'World,' and you uphold her in sass."

"Have I said a word, Josiah Allen?"

"Wal, you tosted your head; and you know you did."

"Wal," says I, mildly, "things have got to a strange pass if a pardner can't crook her neck a little mite when they are makin' up spare-beds," says I, in still more gentle axents, as I patted the mattress, and spread a light-colored comforter over it, under the sheets. Says I: "Tell me all about it, Josiah."

"Wal, I stepped out into the back-kitchen a minute to look for a file, and, when I come back, she was jest a-burnin' up the 'World,' jest a-puttin' it into the stove."

"Wal," says I, "she see me start the fire with an old 'World' yesterday mornin', and she thought she wuz a-follerin' her grandma's doin's, and doin' right."

"Uphold her, if you want to, and uphold her for sass."

"What was the sass, Josiah?" said I, mildly.

"Wal, I snapped her little fingers for puttin' the paper into the fire, and she cried, and drawed 'em back sudden; and I wuz so afraid she would burn her, that I put my hand sudden between her and the fire, and jest jammed my hand right through the isinglass on the stove, and broke the isinglass all to smash; and she stopped cryin', and says: 'I'm glad g'a'pa b'oke the Isaac-glass.'"

I laughed a little—a very little—and I couldn't help it: she allus will call it "Isaac-glass." And, if I try to make her say "micas," she will call 'em "Michaels," she is so cunnin' and cute. He didn't like my laughin': I see he didn't.

Says he: "I'd laugh if I wuz in your place. Sumthin' ort to be done with her." Says he: "I couldn't get her to say she wuz sorry, do the best I could. She will have to be punished."

"Punished for what?" says I, as I shook up a pillow, and put a clean pillow-bier on it.

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"Why, to make her say she is sorry."

Says I, as I laid the shams on smooth, and pinned 'em up against the head-board: "Mebby she hain't sorry."

"Hain't sorry?" says he, savage-like. "Wal, she ort to be. Then, I hain't hardly looked at it: my own favorite newspaper, too. Some people likes the 'Tribune'—you say you do—and some the 'Herald,' but I like the 'World': there's allus lots of news in it. As many as seven or eight murders, most probable, and some suicides, and raperies, and hangin's, and such like, in that paper to-day: and picters of 'em. She ort to be sorry, and she's got to say she is."

"Wal," says I, smoothin' the things out on the toilet-table, "I don't think she ort to be made to say she is sorry, if she hain't sorry." Says I: "I believe lots of liars are made in jest that way. Probably she told you the truth when she told you that she wuzn't sorry; and you want to make her lie," says I, dryly, "and whip her if she won't. She see me put a whole paper into the stove this mornin'," I said, "and how could she tell the difference between this week's paper and last. If anybody is to blame, we are; we ort to have told her not to touch the paper, and we must tell her not to touch the fire. And, if I was goin' to punish her for anything, it would be for meddlin' with the stove. I shouldn't whip her for tellin' the truth: that wouldn't be my way."

"Wal, she ort to be punished for sass."

"I don't believe she meant it for sass," says I. "I wouldn't interfere if you wuz a-correctin' of her; and I do not, to tell the honest truth, I do not believe she meant it for sass."

"What did she mean it for, then?" says he.

"Why," says I, "I believe she spoke out, and said she was glad, because she *was* glad."

"Wal," says he, "she hadn't no business to say it, anyway; it didn't sound very good."

Says I: "Josiah Allen, didn't you ever speak out when you hurt you and wuz in pain, and say things that didn't sound good, and you would like to take back if you could?"

"No," says he, "I never did."

"Josiah Allen," says I, "can you say that with a clear conscience?"

"Yes, I can; clear as crystal—clear as a crystal fountain. I hain't one of the kind that fly all to pieces because I happen to bruise my thumb, or cut me, or pound my fingers. Some men do," he admitted, "but I don't. I never say a word I don't mean; I never say a word that I would wish to take back, no matter how severe the pain is."

Says I, firmly: "Josiah Allen, you do; you prance around and act, lots of times."

"Oh, wal, encourage her in burnin' up the 'World,' if you want to, and encourage her in sass; I s'pose I can let it go."

He was fairly dyin' to let it go, and I knew it. He fairly worships her. But I continued on, for I was rousted up in my mind. Says I:

"Little Samantha Joe is in our power; we are physically stronger than she. We can whip her all day, if we are a-mind to, and ill-treat her all we choose. But does it look honorable in us, and does it look noble in us, to punish that little mite of a thing for what we do ourselves?"

"I don't do it," says he.

Says I: "She is only three years old; she has got everything to learn. Everything is new to her, and strange. She can't endure pain as she can when she is older. She didn't know that she had done any wrong; and you, instead of reasonin' with her, and settin' her right, you jumped at her, and skairt her most to death, and hurt her hands. And she wuz actually glad, I have no doubt, to think you had broke the stove. She thought you were unjust, and wuz indignant at that, and surprised and frightened to think you wanted to hurt her—you, who had allus been so good to her—you, who had allus loved her so well. And she spoke out quick and impatient, mebby—jest as you and I do sometimes, Josiah Allen: and we have had a lifetime to learn patience and endurance."

I see he wuz some convinced; but he wouldn't own up to it. And, he says ag'in, in a cross tone—about as cross as a cross-cut saw: his axent had been like a bayonet or a spear—says he:

"She had no need to have burnt up the 'World.'"

Says I, over ag'in: "She hadn't no idee what she wuz a-doin' when she burnt up the 'World': she thought she wuz a-follerin' her grandma's doin's, and doin' right. But, because it hurt your own comfort a little mite—"

"A little mite!" says he, groanin'. "And there it wuz, full of tragedies, I dare persume to say, and raperies, and burgelries—"

"Because she done sumthin' that interfered with your comfort, when she hadn't the least idee of its bein' wrong, you pounced at her, and hurt her, and want her whipped. And, the other day, Josiah Allen, when she did do sumthin' jest a little mite wrong—did sumthin' we had told her not to—because she did it in such a cunnin' way, you laughed at it, and wuz mad as you could be because I spoke of spankin' her."

"Wal, I s'pose you want me to say that I think it is right for her to burn up the 'World'; but you won't git me to."

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But his axent wuz gettin' smoother: it wuz about as smooth as a gimlet-hole now.

Says I: "I believe in punishin' a child when they persist in wrong-doin'; but I believe in allus findin' out whether they have done wrong or not. And then, in the next place, try to punish them, not for revenge and to gratify our own feelin's, but to do them good—break them of wrong-doin'. And, if you can talk them out of it, it seems so much more noble and dignified than it does to pound 'em. It does, somehow, look so disagreeable to see a great strong man or woman, weighin' two hundred or so, a-standin' over a little mite of a thing that can't help itself any, a-whippin' of it."

"Solomon says," says Josiah, "'Spare the rod, and spile the child.'"

"Wal," says I, "if I wuz in Solomon's place—"

And then, thinks I, the least said, the soonest mended; and I thought I wouldn't say anything against Solomon, and shet my lips up tight.

"Solomon what?" says Josiah.

"Nothin'," says I.

And ag'in he says: "What? Solomon what?"

And ag'in I says: "Nothin', Solomon nothin'."

And, havin' got through upstairs, I went down, and went to sweepin' out the parlor.

And, jest as quick as I got that done, I went to gettin' dinner, at Josiah's request, who said he hadn't eat much breakfust, though I didn't know that, and told him so. But he built a fire in the kitchen for that purpose, and I got a excellent dinner: nice tender steak, and stewed tomatoes, and mashed potatoes, and apple-dumplin's that would melt in your mouth, and lemon-sauce to eat on 'em, and delicious clear coffee, with plenty of cream to put in it.

Josiah was happy in his mind, though some in pain, owin' to the last four dumplin's. And that is the last I ever heerd of any anger on his part about the "World" bein' burnt up.

Wal, they came after the babe that very night, and we both hated to have her go home. It wuz awful lonesome without her, though it wuz a great comfort to know that she wuz a-comin' up a week from the next Saturday, to stay over Sunday with us. We looked forward to it.

Wal, it wuz the very next day after the babe went home. I wuz a-settin' in the settin'-room, a-mendin' my Josiah's best galluses—the buckles had come off. And I wuz a-settin' there, as cool as the buckle—which was nickel—and as collected together as the galluses after I had got 'em mended, when, all of a sudden, the door bust open with a bang, and in come my companion, Josiah, from the barn, with a splinter under his thumb-nail, jest as mad as a hornet—as a man allus is when he gets hurt. And he jumped and danced over the floor like a crazy lunatic, and hollered. And says he:

"It's all your dumb doin's, Samantha. If it hadn't been for you, the board wouldn't have been there."

Says I, calmly, for frequent scenes like this had give me knowledge: "I didn't put it there, Josiah."

"No; but, if you had any eye in your head, you would have seen that there wuz splinters on it, and I couldn't be a-liftin' it round without gettin' 'em under my thumb."

"Wal, I didn't know that you wuz a-goin' to lift it."

"Wal, you ort to have known it. I wuz a-liftin' it after hens'-eggs. I thought I would see if there wuz any under the barn before I piled the straw on the floor; and, if it wuzn't for you, I wouldn't keep a dumb hen on the premises. And, if ever I get so I can use this hand ag'in," says he, movin' it out sort o' feroshus-like, "I'll brain every one of 'em. There never shall a hen step her foot on my farm ag'in after to-day."

"Wal, wal: do keep still, Josiah Allen. How can I get this sliver out, if you prance round so?"

"Oh, yes; keep right on—jaw me all you want to. Keep right on a-jawin' and a-talkin', and not let me have a minute's rest. And let me faint away on your hands. Oh, gracious heavens! Can't you stab a man a little deeper?"

"Why, you wanted me to prick it out, Josiah."

"Wal, I didn't ask you to stab me like a wild Injun. Oh, dumb the dumb pain, anyway."

In other times, I should have rebuked him sharply for swearin'. But, truly, a woman learns, after twenty years' experience in married life, that there is a time for scoldin', and a time to refrain from scoldin'. I knew, until that sliver was got out, and the pain eased off, there would be no more use a-reasonin' with Josiah Allen than there would be reasonin' with a wild hyener: for, when pain enters into a man's system—a ordinary man—it drives reason out of it, and common sense, and decency.

After awhile, I got the sliver out, he a-groanin' and a-jumpin', and a-blamin' me for it every minute. But I knew when he onct got cooled off his sense would return, and his affection for me. He had acted all the while as if I wuz a-prickin' him a-purpose, and talked to that effect, and seemed mad at me as he could be.

But, after awhile, I got it all fixed and done up in Pond's Extract, and he said, with the last throbs of pain, that, "if it hadn't been for me,

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there would have been some of old Hunt's Salve in the house."

"Why," says I, "old Hunt hain't made salve for years: he is dead."

"Wal," says he, "he wouldn't be dead if he had had any care took of him."

Says I: "He died with appoplexy—fell dead on the street, a-peddlin'."

"Oh, wal, dispute, and keep a-disputin'. We might have salve in the house, if there wuz any calculation in the head of the house."

I glanced up at his bald head and smiled, but didn't say a word, only jest that smile—not a word. I knew it wouldn't do.

I sot still and demute. And he didn't like that, his state was such. And says he:

"Set there, and not say a word, will you? I should think, if a man lay dead at your door, you would speak up and say a word. But no: you don't care enough about it to say a word. Oh, gracious Peter! did any human bein' ever suffer what I am sufferin'?"

And then he jumped up, and stumbled over a stool, and 'most fell. And he yelled out at me, settin' there peaceful:

"Put that stool in my way, will you? I'll clear this house of every stool to-morrow. The one that made that man-ketcher is a fool."

And so it went on for 'most an hour. But Josiah got over it jest as quick as the pain stopped: he acted like a new man. And he asked me, of his own accord, before night, "if I didn't want to buy a few new kind of hens. If I thought best, he would buy some Shanghais and Dorhans."

Josiah is a clever critter as ever lived purty near half the time.

And, before I slept, he offered to buy me a new stool, or two of 'em, covered with rep. And he said Pond's Extract went ahead of any salve he ever see. And, so far as he wuz concerned, he didn't care if old Hunt wuz dead.

Good land, it all came out jest as I knew it would. I had passed through too many crisises jest like it to be skairt.

Why, when I married Josiah Allen, I took these risks: I knew how it would be. My father wuz a man, and so wuz my oldest brother, and Uncle John, and I had lived in the house with 'em all. I don't blame Josiah so very much. I don't suppose he could help actin'.

Now, wimmin can't help some things—such as this: If company comes through the front-gate, unexpected, she can't help brushin' back her front-hair, if every hair lay smooth as glass or satin levantine: it is nater for her to go through with the motions.

And it is jest as nateral in her to jump if she sees a mouse as it is to kiss a pretty baby, or scold a boy vi'lently who is stunnin' a kitten or a bird. Why, some things come as nateral as nater herself, and can't be helped no more than she can.

Why, good land, Josiah ain't alone in it. I've been 'round the world considerable, and traveled a good deal, on towers and off on 'em, and I have found that every man I ever see are alike in this: perfectly simultaneous, as it were. If they get hurt, they'll lay the blame onto their wives, if possible; if they hain't got no wives handy to blame, they'll lay it onto their nearest female relatives—mothers, sisters, etcetery.

It is a deep felosifical fact: jest as deep as the Gulf of Mexico, and jest as much of a fact as she is, the gulf, and jest as hard to fathom as it is to fathom her. I don't blame Josiah—that is, not vi'lently. He has the nater of a man, and must be overlooked and got over as such.

But the moral stayed with me, and I couldn't forget it: the moral of his gettin' so mad and indignant at the babe for speakin' out hasty and impatient-like, and wantin' her whipped for jest what he did himself, only four-fold more, and meaner. Good land!

A VISION.

BY EMMA J. DAVIS.

THE snow, it was quietly falling
And shrouding the land all in white,
And hiding, like Charity's mantle,
Earth's stains and its evil from sight,
And changing the pine-trees around me
From em'rald to purest of pearl,
And cov'ring, with soft tender fingers,
The grave of my lost little girl

"Oh! give to me back my own darling,"
I prayed in my daring despair,
When lo! like a halo from heaven,
A light seemed to fill all the air,
And a beautiful white-mantled angel
Seemed hov'ring just over my head,
And I heard, in a voice like soft music,
"Oh, why do you weep for the dead?

"She is safe in the good Father's bosom,
She never will know sin or pain.
Would you summon her back here from heaven
To this desolate dark earth again?
Your journey will soon, too, be ended,
Her bliss and her presence to share,
And your darling—you'll find her in waiting,
The first one to welcome you there."

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CECIL DARE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT

CHAPTER I.

We are in church; we are all on our knees, for the Litany is about to begin, when Lou Hartley gives my arm such a pinch that I drop my prayer-book, and it falls to the floor with a thud which sounds terribly distinct in the stillness.

Though my back is partly turned toward Miss Pollard, and my face bowed over the railing of the seat, I feel the glare of her steel-gray eyes pierce to my very spinal marrow; but, all the same, I am thankful the book fell, for it drowned an audible gasp I emitted under the pincer-like grasp of Lou's nervous fingers.

Meantime, in low tones, Lou is chanting in my ear, keeping time to the notes of the organ; but, instead of uttering the supplication which is going up more or less fervently from scores of lips, she murmurs:

"There he is! Second seat to the left—middle aisle—two gentlemen." The response ends, so she is forced to pause; I dare not lift my head, or even stoop to recover my prayer-book, for my spinal marrow is still hot with Miss Pollard's glare. Then the organ peals out anew, and Lou chants monotonously: "Mr. Endicott is with him. Harry is the blonde. Oh, I didn't mean to pinch you so—" Then another break—then: "Can you see him? He's looking this way."

I am vexed that she is bold enough to peer out from between her fingers, while I cower there in terrified humiliation, and I whisper: "'Sh! Miss Pollard is peeping," which causes Lou to move so quickly that she knocks her elbow sharply against the rail, and chants "Good Lord deliver us" all out of tune.

Then there is silence between us; but, before the Litany is over, I have recovered my book and my presence of mind, and even manage to steal a covert glance towards the designated seat.

I see blonde-haired Harry Mallory: he is even handsomer than Lou's carefully-treasured photograph represents him. But I do not give him a second glance, for my eyes have caught sight of his companion, and rest there, compelled by a species of fascination which I cannot resist.

A tall man, dark as the typical Spaniard and as handsome, with great dreamy brown eyes and a mouth curved with such pride under its long slender mustache, that one feels certain, when the proud lips do soften, their smile must be heavenly in its sweetness. His face is turned towards our pew, but it is evident he has chosen this attitude because it puts him comfortably into a corner of his seat, for, so far as I can perceive out of the tops of my eyes, his glance does not once rest on us girls.

The service is over; the sermon begins; interminable as it seems to me, I know by the expression of Lou's profile that it appears even longer to her, and I am divided between sympathy and a nervous desire to laugh, and finally, before I know it, I glance again towards the second seat at the left of the middle aisle, and encounter Mr. Endicott's dark orbs fixed full upon me. I feel myself grow scarlet, then pale, then I am angry at my own absurd nervousness, and hold my head very erect, and look steadily at the clergyman, regardless of sundry little nudges of intelligence on Lou's part.

The ceremonies end at length; we are marshaled down the aisle—Miss Pollard administering a whispered reproof as I pass—and finally gain the church-door. Among a crowd of people lingering in the porch, stand Harry Mallory and Mr. Endicott, and again my eyes meet those of the latter gentleman. Because he is Harry's friend and Lou is mine, and my friend answers his friend's smile, is that a reason he should look at me as if he were inclined to follow their example for my benefit?

Back goes my head with a haughty movement only too natural, and I bestow a fleeting glance which ought to freeze him, for I hear a girl close at my elbow whisper to her companion: "Cecil Dare is in a rage because old P. wigged her about the prayer-book—what a temper she has!"

We move slowly along, headed by the under-governess—for a few seconds relieved from the scrutiny of Miss Pollard's Argus eyes. The clergyman's wife and the sister of a Senator have paused to inquire after her health, and, lofty and stern as she is, Miss Pollard is human still—in certain ways—and not indifferent to public show of attention on the part of any of the magnates of the town or neighborhood.

Brief as the respite is from the tyranny of our guardian's eyes, Lou Hartley has time to drop her reticule and Harry Mallory to pick it up and hand it to her, and I feel perfectly certain that he managed to push a note therein, though

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the action is so quickly performed that not even a school-girl's quick glance can catch it.

The element of recklessness in my nature makes me admire Lou for having the courage to run so great a risk, but what she calls my "nasty Dare pride" revolts against her lack of dignity in maneuvring in such a fashion, and I pass on with my head held higher than ever and a stateliness of mien which prompts the damsel who has lately whispered injurious remarks concerning me to add to her dictum:

"Now just look at Cecil—wouldn't you think she was a duchess? And she's no money, either—how I do hate airs!"

This is the month of June, and the second service is held at dusk at this season, and we are never allowed to miss a service, so we must go this evening, though Miss Pollard is prostrated by a sick-headache and forced to confide us wholly to the charge of near-sighted Miss Pinson; that is, those of us who are Episcopalians, for the remaining governesses are told off for duty over the young ladies who attend the churches of other denominations, in which the town is prolific.

Just as the last hymn is being sung, a violent thunder-storm breaks over our heads, without the slightest warning—a regular tempest. The rain comes down in sheets, the lightning is incessant, and the wind blows as if it were the vanguard of a cyclone.

The day has been gorgeous, like all the days for the past fortnight; and, as nobody has expected a change for days to come, there is not so much as an umbrella or a pair of over-shoes among the whole crowd. With the exception of people who have come in carriages, the congregation is obliged to wait, and little Miss Pinson cowers helplessly down in the pew, and hides her head under a cushion, frightened at the lightning.

Most of the girls, and a good many of the other people, are not much braver, the congregation being chiefly made up of ladies. The sexton has closed the windows and doors; the place is stifling; and I say to Lou Hartley:

"Come out into the porch: I shall die here in two minutes."

She consents with unexpected alacrity: for, as a rule, she is not very brave in the presence of a thunder-storm; and down the shadowy aisle we flit, and out into the porch. In an instant, I forgot Lou in the excitement of watching the lightning—the most vivid and magnificent I can remember. The fierce gleams tear down the sky in blue and green zigzags, as if trying to strike and annihilate the full-moon, which shines calm and serene through a rent in the pall-like clouds.

Then a voice which sounds strangely familiar, though I have never heard it before, speaks just at my shoulder, so suddenly that I start:

"Excuse me, but you will get quite wet if you don't stand further back."

I turn and look full in Mr. Endicott's face, and see Lou and Harry Mallory at a little distance. Out speaks Lou, and presents both gentlemen, and I am filled with a vague pleasure and a hot wrath. The origin of the pleasure I do not try to analyze; but the anger rises from a fear that I may be supposed to have come out because I know they are there.

I keep my stand in the wet with grim determination, and favor Miss Hartley with a glance which alarms her, she having a wholesome awe of my temper. She rushes up to me, and whispers audibly:

"They weren't in the church; it isn't my fault."

"It is the fault of the storm, Miss Dare. We were passing along the street, and had to take shelter—blessings on the storm and the porch too," Harry Mallory explains, with a laugh.

I have no opinion whatever of Lou's truthfulness; and, without knowing him, I doubt Mr. Mallory's; and I suppose my face betrays the fact, for Mr. Endicott says, quite seriously:

"We did stop merely on account of the rain; if we annoy you, though, we won't stay."

I see truth in his face; I am soothed into good-nature; a little nervous inwardly, but able to conceal it.

"You needn't be driven out into the storm on our account," I reply, pleasantly enough.

Then Lou and Harry retreat into a shady corner under the stairs, because Lou is frightened by a fresh thunder-clap. I stand gazing out at the tempest, and am soon again so fascinated by its splendor that I almost forget the presence of the man by my side. He respects my mood, and for some seconds we are silent. When a longer and brighter flash causes me to utter an exclamation of wonder and awe, he speaks, and I answer. After this, we talk at intervals, but always about storms, though I partly lose my absorption in this special one in the interest with which I listen to a terse eloquent description he gives of a tempest he once witnessed in the Andes.

The storm subsides almost as suddenly as it descended; a servant appears from the educational establishment for our benefit; other messengers, similarly equipped, arrive; the people begin to flock out of the church; Lou Hartley and her lover unwillingly separate; Mr. Endicott says a few grave words, worth a whole volume of the ordinary compliments most young

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men would have had the bad taste to utter; takes my hand; but drops it so quickly that he and his friend disappear before I have time to know whether I am offended or not.

We reach Dormer Hall without let or hindrance, and are given the agreeable information that, from her sick-bed, Miss Pollard has issued an edict that we are each and all to take a spoonful of tar-water, as a preventive against colds. This pleasant beverage consumed under the supervision of the matron, who is almost as acute of vision as Miss Pollard herself, we file up to our dormitories, and prepare for bed.

Lou and I sleep together in the room with two other girls, who munch candy for awhile, and then go to sleep; but we lie awake deep into the night, and Lou whispers in my ear the oft-repeated tale of her meeting Harry Mallory at her aunt's, the spring before. She tells the birth and growth of their love, which holds a "Romeo and Juliet" tragic element, on account of an old feud between their respective fathers. She relates how Harry has come to visit at his friend Endicott's country-place, just to be within reach of her, and, though I know the story by heart, and have sometimes thought it a little too much drawn-out in parts, I listen with an interest I never before felt, even when the idyl was fresh and new to me; and Lou is so delighted that she cries a little, and then has to blow her nose, and makes such a noise that one of the sleeping girls wakes, and threatens crossly to "tell of us in the morning," unless we lie quietly.

CHAPTER II.

The next morning has come and gone, as have others, and this wicked world is three days older, and, wonderful to relate, though it is now Wednesday noon, neither Lou's love of mischief nor what Miss Pollard calls "my haughty spirit which goeth before destruction" has brought either of us into trouble.

This special Wednesday is to be a half-holiday, eagerly and greedily expected by most of Minerva's young owls: for Minerva proposes to take them in certain abominable covered conveyances to a farm-house some miles away in the country, where the owlets are to devour strawberries to an unlimited extent, and play games on the green sward until night-fall.

I loathe such expeditions, and my soul is full of bitterness when I rise this day and hear my companions as jubilant and noisy as if they were wild robins instead of callow birds of wisdom.

After breakfast, Lou Hartley disappears. As I am making my way towards a class-room, she joins me, somewhat breathless and excited.

"You don't want to go to this gormandizing performance," she says, evincing a contempt for the flesh-pots of Egypt which is unusual with her.

I reply only by a scornful toss of my head, and she hurries on: "Of course you don't—nor do I—and we won't! I've got everything arranged—just you wait: old Minerva P. can't have the bliss of our company to-day."

I wait; and, about eleven o'clock, as I sit writing a French exercise, Miss Pollard sends for me to come up to my room, and when I get there I find Lou Hartley on the bed, white and faint, and the matron working over her. I am frightened: for Lou brought with her to school the enviable reputation of being predisposed to heart-disease, and, whenever she elects to have what we vaguely call "an attack," even Miss Pollard is alarmed.

"I'm better now," Lou says, in a weak voice, soon after I enter. "If I can get to sleep, I shall be all right. I know Cecil will sit with me."

"Of course," I answer, innocent and sympathetic.

"I don't think she ought to go on the picnic," the matron observes to Miss Pollard; and cross enough she looks: for she fears that it will be her duty to remain and watch the patient.

"Oh, no—impossible," Lou puts in. "But you shan't stay. Miss Edgar: I won't let my stupid illness spoil anybody's pleasure. I have taken my drops. I'll just lie still till evening."

"I will stay with her," I say to Miss Pollard; and the matron praises my unselfishness: and even Miss Pollard pats my shoulder, and remarks condescendingly:

"Miss Dare's heart is in the right place. I trust that time and precept will even tame the haughty spirit which— You know the rest, my love—never forget, never forget."

From the depths of her pillow, Lou utters weak expostulations. "You must not stay: I can't spoil your pleasure." But I insist, and she yields at length with sundry pathetic sobs which touch all our hearts.

"Very well, then," she says, feebly. "How good you all are to me. I can sleep. Cecil dear, come back after the rest start, and you have had your luncheon."

On the way downstairs, the matron whispers that I shall have the reward of something extra-good to eat; and when, at length, the carriages drive off, I enter the dining-room, and find that she has kept her word. I decide to take the tray upstairs. When Lou wakes, she may be hungry. I reach the dormitory; enter softly. By the looking-glass sits Lou, rubbing powder off her face, and laughing till she bends double.

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"And to think you were sold as completely as the old animals themselves," she cries. "Didn't I do it beautifully? Well, thank goodness, we are free till seven o'clock. Even most of the servants have a holiday."

I am amused at her histrionic ability, yet vexed at having my fright and sympathy so utterly wasted; but Lou allays my indignation by vowing that she really has felt somewhat ill all the morning; adding that my dislike to the expedition inspired her with the idea of turning the indisposition to good account.

"So you might be a little grateful, instead of scolding," she adds, "since it was as much for you as myself."

We sign the peace, eat our luncheon, and are merry. Lou is seized with a fresh inspiration: we will go out into the grounds and finish a novel she smuggled into school some days previous. I have on a new and pretty costume, selected for the picnic, which I propose to change for my ordinary dress; but Lou objects.

"Don't," she says; "you look so handsome. I'll put on my blue, and we'll do the elegant to each other, and try to forget that we are school-girls and bond-slaves."

Dormer Hall is situated in the outskirts of a quiet old town in New Jersey, standing in the midst of fine grounds which slope down to the banks of the Delaware.

But Lou is not content to remain in the shrubberies: there is a side-gate which she knows how to unfasten, and a pretty bower-like spot on the bank beyond—just the place to sit and read our novel. Besides, there will be the satisfaction of committing a positive crime by going outside the walls.

I yield to her wish, and we sit on the slope outside the gate; but we have not been there more than ten minutes, when a boat rounds the curve, in which two gentlemen are seated. I am so deep in my novel, that I do not see them till the light bark is quite close; then I recognize Harry Mallory and Mr. Endicott.

In a moment, Harry is on the bank, leaving the care of the boat to his friend, and his first words betray Lou's treachery.

"Beautifully managed, all around," he cries; "and now we will have a lovely afternoon: we'll row up the river."

I refuse indignantly. I heap reproaches on Lou, at which she only laughs; and I order Harry Mallory off the sod, at which he laughs, too. We are in the midst of a squabble when Mr. Endicott arrives, and I am only slightly softened even by the deference with which he treats me.

But I refuse to go out in the boat, and Harry pleads, and Lou says, tearfully, that it is too bad of me to be a spoil-sport, and adds, half laughing, half angry:

"They both know you didn't dream of their coming here: I managed it all. I knew you'd never consent if I told you in advance: I wrote Harry so. Anyway, I'll go—you can't desert me."

She and Harry whisper aside. Mr. Endicott says to me:

"Mallory and I are both aware that you had no part in this frolic; but really, Miss Dare, you can't leave your friend. And, indeed, there can be no harm in our going out to row for awhile: your ogress never will be the wiser."

"I am not afraid," I answer. "It's not Miss Pollard I am thinking of; but I don't choose to be placed in a false position."

"Since we understand that you are a victim, not an accomplice," he urges, laughingly, though his eyes remain grave and tender, and I cannot resist their pleading.

I am barely eighteen; tolerably romantic for the latter half of the nineteenth century; weary to death of the monotony of school-life; flattered and fascinated by the high-bred courtesy of this man, who is not only as handsome as if he had just stepped out of one of Vandyke's canvases, but has the merit, in my eyes, of being so far removed from any suspicion of boyhood that I can feel respect for him. I look down on Harry Mallory, with his twenty-five years and his love of fun. But Mr. Endicott is four years his senior; has traveled much; passed through thrilling adventures, bits of which I have heard from Lou, who has known him as long as she has Harry.

Well, of course it is easy enough to guess what is the upshot of all my efforts at being prudent and proper. Half an hour later, we are gliding smoothly along the bright current, the two men taking turns at the oars, and Lou and I trying our skill at steering the boat. This latter task finally devolves entirely upon me, as Lou invariably disobeys every direction given her, and, between mischief and carelessness, would tax the patience of anybody but a lover.

My last fears on the score of propriety fade. I rush into such high spirits as are seldom my lot: I have drifted off into an enchanted world, and forget the common earth completely. When it is proposed that we land on the brink of a picturesque grove, I consent. A basket of choice eatables is produced from the recesses of the boat; we sit under the trees, and enjoy a picnic; we talk and laugh; and even Mr. Endicott,

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whom I have thought so grave, is as recklessly gay as Harry himself.

Then Lou and Mallory go in chase of a chipmunk and do not return, and I am blissfully unconscious whether they are gone moments or hours; and Mr. Endicott and I talk, and he reads Tennyson aloud, and we are leagues away from the limits of mere acquaintance.

I am not given to talking of myself; but I find, later, that I have told him almost the whole of my uneventful history: but then, he has been frank, too. He knows that I am an orphan, expect to be a teacher within another year; and I have learned that he proposes to spend the whole summer at his old country-place. His widowed sister intends to join him later. Just the day before, he has been gratified by the unexpected arrival of a dear friend—Mrs. Devereux—the sweetest old lady in the world, about whom he tells me a great deal; and we consult whether there will be a possibility that Miss Pollard may allow Lou and me to pay her a visit some day.

It is useless to attempt further description of this enchanted afternoon; let me go on to its close and the events of which it is the precursor.

It is much later than it ought to be before we start on our homeward journey; it is a good deal past six o'clock when our cavaliers leave us near the shrubbery-gate; but I have no fears of any sort.

"I have to thank you, Miss Dare, for the happiest afternoon I have spent in a long while," are Mr. Endicott's parting words; and they are sweet enough in my ears to drown any and every dread. As for Lou, she would have nothing of alarm in any case: for she delights in risks and hair-breadth escapes, and has unlimited faith in her own luck.

It does not desert her now; but, apparently, she has not good-luck sufficient to serve for two, and I suffer in consequence. We reach the side-gate, which opens outward, and requires our united strength to pull: even then we only succeed in obtaining an aperture so narrow that but one can pass.

"I will hold it on this side," I say. "Slip through, and push from the inside, so as to keep it open for me."

Lou obeys; but the fates are against me—she slips and falls. At the same instant, the gate escapes my hold; it closes with such violence that it locks. Lou is safe in the grounds; but I, like the Peri, stand outside the portal; and our combined efforts can no more stir it than they could the iron door of futurity.

"Why didn't you hold fast to the bars?" cries Lou, in an injured tone, which, considering that she is in security, so tickles my sense of the ludicrous that I burst out laughing, even while swift pictures of danger rise in my mind. "Don't laugh. How can you be so wicked as to laugh?" she exclaims. "What will you do? Oh, what will you do?"

"I shall walk round to the front-entrance, and ask the lodge-keeper to let me in," I reply.

"And you may meet the troop; it is late."

"I must risk that," I interrupt, doggedly.

"I could run through the shrubberies and meet you," Lou says, hesitatingly; "but, if you are discovered, that would make matters worse. Perhaps I'd better just go to the house—"

"Up to your room, and to bed: I'll manage," I interrupt, cheerfully, though in my soul I am ashamed of the cowardice she displays.

Away Lou flies. I watch her for an instant through the bars. She does not even look back, or call one word of encouragement or sympathy; but then she has to obey her good-luck, and there is not enough for two.

I skirt the lofty fence, reach the principal entrance, and am just in time to encounter the last of the returning carriages, in which are seated Miss Pollard herself, along with a favorite governess, and an acquaintance whom she has been for some days entertaining.

I have turned a sharp angle, and am in full sight of the barouche before I know. In any case, I should scorn to flee; but, if I wished, it would be impossible. I feel that the sharp eyes of Miss Lawson—never my friend—have caught sight of me. I neither retreat nor advance; I simply stand still, desperate rather than courageous or hardened.

Miss Lawson utters some exclamation. Minerva's eyes turn toward me. She utters a groan, goes through a swift pantomimic representation of faintness, then recovers. She waives Lawson and her scent-bottle aside, and calls, in a voice like that of doom:

"Miss Dare! It is not possible. I cannot believe the evidence of my own senses. Miss Lawson, that cannot be Miss Dare!"

"Well," says Lawson, with sardonic composure, "it is—unless I am blind. You must excuse me, Miss Pollard, for adding that, if I'd not seen her face, I should know it was she. No other girl in this school would have been capable of such flagrant misconduct."

"Miss Dare! Miss Dare! stop!" orders Miss Pollard, unnecessarily, since I have not stirred since the barouche halted at a signal from Lawson. "Get into the carriage this instant." I obey, and am pulled down in the seat and held fast by Lawson, while the friend prods me—

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mechanically, I think—with the point of her parasol. "You have been out of the grounds. What does it mean?"

"I went for a walk, madam."

That is all I say. I say it several times before we reach the house. My mind is made up; I never have lied—I will not lie—so I must take refuge in obdurate silence, else betray Lou.

That fortunate young woman is found curled up in her bed, apparently dozing; and, according to her own account, she has slept nearly the entire day. She does not think I can have left her long, but is unable to say; and, indeed, the sudden questioning disposes her towards another heart-attack, and she must be left in quiet.

CHAPTER III.

In the awful seclusion of Minerva's private study, a criminal is brought up for trial; in process of time, is pronounced guilty; and, after a lecture from the judge which ought to have touched a heart of stone, is recommended to throw herself on the mercy of the court, and make full and entire confession.

But the criminal is hardened and obdurate. Beyond the fact that she did leave the grounds, did take a stolen ramble, she will reveal nothing. Neither entreaties nor threats can move her.

Miss Pollard rises at length. She looks so unutterably awful, that even a black cap could not add to the dread majesty which permeates and envelops her.

"It is now seven o'clock," she says, glancing at the time-piece on the mantel. "Miss Dare, I shall leave you to your reflections until half-past seven. Employ the time well: curb your haughty spirit—repent; be prepared to confess, or to take the full consequences of your unparalleled fault, heightened by your adamantine audacity into a heinousness of evil, of which, in over twenty years of a life devoted to the care of youthful minds, I have never seen the equal."

She passes out of the room, and I begin my task of reflection, though the special sort Miss Pollard has designated is speedily disposed of. No power on earth can force me to utter one syllable of explanation, because I cannot approach the truth without betraying Lou. Tell a lie, I will not.

So it is folly to speculate as to what will happen. I put by the whole matter, live over the events of the past afternoon, and lose myself so completely that I am rather surprised when the door opens and Miss Pollard again appears: the half-hour has seemed but five minutes.

There ensues a brief crisp dialogue.

"Cecil Dare, I am ready to listen."

"Miss Pollard, I have nothing to say."

She turns such a vivid scarlet, between wrath and amazement, that, for a few moments, I almost fear she will have a fit of some sort; but she recovers. She has exhausted all other threats, and speaks of my possible expulsion from those scholastic halls; but I feel confident she will not go to that length. Anyway, I am too desperate now to heed.

A temporary sentence is uttered: at bed-time I will be put to sleep in a solitary chamber, allowed no intercourse with my companions, and no sustenance beyond bread and water. "To-morrow," she says, finally, "we will see if you are still obdurate."

I am certain now that she does not mean to expel me. She trusts that twenty-four hours or so of such discipline will subdue my obstinacy. I do not think it will.

An hour later, I am in my prison—and a dismal place it is—celebrated and feared among us girls, though I am the first captive who has been confined there in our time.

It is in the gable, at the end of one of the great wings which flank the main-building on either side; at the very top of the house, up three flights of stairs, with a fourth leading to this secluded garret. The last flight is so narrow and tortuous, that it reminds me of a corkscrew. The room owns but one window, which makes a fine show when one stands down on the lawn and takes a view of the gable, but which is so covered with the dust of at least forty years, that now, though sufficiently large, it serves a very poor purpose, so far as lighting up the attic is concerned.

There is a broken chair; there are divers long packing-cases which look ominously like coffins; there are various odd dark corners, out of which any sort of terrible object might reasonably be expected at any instant to emerge, from the ghost of a murderer to a mouse.

I have no fear of ghosts; but I am horribly afraid of mice, and I am morally certain this den must be full of them. It occurs to me that Miss Pollard may have remembered my ridiculous but insurmountable dread of these demons, and may have counted on them as allies. She is capable of it. I think of the fate of the wicked bishop of the Rhine, and the sympathy I have always felt for his sufferings, under the attacks of an army of mice, is increased ten-fold.

But none of my foes appear. On the whole, I disprove in my own person the oft-quoted opinion of Signor Dante, that "there is no misery in affliction equal to that of recalling happier

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days": for I fasten my imagination on the events of the afternoon that has just gone, and stray off into a dream-world in which that brief past and as golden a future blend so harmoniously that, except at intervals, when brought back to reality by a sound which might be mice, the dreary present scarcely exists.

The hours pass; I hear the house being closed; I sit in a spectral gray gloom which might have frightened Charlotte Corday herself.

There comes a tap at the door, and, when I go towards it, Lou Hartley whispers through the key-hole, like a wind:

"Oh, you brave poor darling—I am so sorry for you! The old dragon and all have gone to bed. Before then, I begged the matron to bring you a light; but she says Pollard didn't tell her to, and she won't. Never mind: I'll put a nice lot of brambles in her bed before she's a week older, or my name isn't Lou!"

"What time is it?" I ask.

"Past eleven—all the girls are asleep," Lou answers. "Oh, good gracious! I hear somebody—I must be off," and then a sound warns me she has tumbled on the corkscrew-stairs. Then there is silence again, which will probably not be broken till morning.

I fall sound asleep, with that thought in my mind. Probably it has its place in my dreams: for, when I waken suddenly, roused by a loud noise and a bright light, my first idea is that the night has gone, and I not ready to obey Miss Pollard's summons to descend to judgment. I am speedily wide-awake, however, and discover that neither glare nor tumult belong to my dream: they are both real, present, terrible.

Before I convince myself by ocular proof, I am certain that the house is on fire; that I have been forgotten, in the confusion; that I am to die, unthought-of, between the flames and the smoke.

I have no sensation of fear, strange to say—no feeling even of faintness—though I believe that my last hour has come. Through the crevices of the door, and, it would seem, even between the cracks of the floor, slow wreaths of smoke begin to rise, to fill the room, to oppress me almost to suffocation. If I could only see—only hear distinctly—only watch the death that is approaching. So far from increasing my distress, this would comfort me. Meantime, I remember to have heard that, by crouching on the floor, in such cases, one gets purer air; and I fling myself down at full length accordingly.

Suddenly—why had I not thought of it before?—I remember the window. Perhaps I can escape in that way, I say to myself. I rush to it, and drag it open: for it is what they call a French casement, on hinges, and opens inwards.

For one moment I stand there, just within the low sill, with my foot half raised to step on it and take the fearful leap. Then I shrink back: the descent is so great. Death, with horrible mutilation, is before me, if I jump.

Again I look; again I hesitate; again I draw back. No; it would be certain destruction: life may last a little longer, if I do not leap. I withdraw into the room; but there the smoke stifles me before I am aware of it, and my last thought is that I must perish without hope of help: then I lose consciousness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MONT SIVER.

BY MARY A. LEONARD.

From out the wreath of shadows
The maples weave around,
The old house of Mont Siver
Looks out across the river—
Across the level meadows,
Gray woods, and marshy ground.

Wild-weed and flow'r go straying
Across the lawn's expanse;
The windows' yawning hollows
Give highway to the swallows
That fill with noisy playing
The dark halls of the manse.

He came. None knew his nature—
If sage or fugitive.
Upon this lone savanna,
He reared his haughty manor,
And to these wilds the feature
And grace of art did give.

Strange speech, ways coldly foreign,
The recluse had; and these
Barred friendship out. Men feared him;
Some shunned while they revered him.
Whatever else was warring,
He lived in lonely peace.

He lived and died. Men gathered,
To search the mystery.
Beneath his ruff's close border
They found a ribboned order:
A golden badge, fringe-feathered,
And bossed with fleur-de-lis.

And so, across the meadows,
Gray woods, and marshy ground,
The old house of Mont Siver
Looks watchfully forever
From out the maple-shadows
That guard the exile's mound.

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THE "STAR OF THE NIGHT."

BY MRS. ANNIE L. SMITH.

"I HAVE something serious to say to you, Isanna," remarked Mr. Ray to his daughter, as they sat alone after dinner. "Sir Hugh Conway has been a good deal here this winter. It must mean something. Now, my ambition is to see you Lady Conway. Do you understand?"

"But, papa," replied the daughter, "I don't love him; and I'll never marry a title. American girls have made fools of themselves by running after My Lord This, or Sir That. But I will not be such a snob. Besides, Sir Hugh does not love me. He loves another."

"Whom?"

"Cousin Ruthie—"

"Pshaw!" broke in the parent; "impossible. She is not half as handsome as you. He wouldn't prefer her, unless you've snubbed him. Besides, I thought it was Sir Hugh's cousin, Mr. Roy Murray, that was attentive to your cousin. But at the opera, and at dinner here, he talks to her, instead of you."

Isanna blushed. She knew very well why, in the presence of her father, Roy devoted himself to Ruthie rather than to her.

Sir Hugh Conway, of Conway Hall, Lancashire, England, was spending the winter in New York. He was accompanied by his cousin, well known to be only a poor cadet of the family; but, as Mr. Roy Murray was well-bred, captivating, intellectual, and, best of all, a cousin of Sir Hugh, he was received everywhere as was the baronet.

"Well," said Mr. Ray, seeing Isanna made no reply, "you know my views now. I wish, before I die, to see you settled. I wish you to marry a man of title; and here is your chance. Your fortune, too, fits you for it. Ruth has a competence, but nothing like you will have. You are the one, in every way, most proper to be Lady Conway."

What reply Isanna would have made, if any, we do not know, for at this instant the *tête-a-tête* was interrupted by the entrance of a servant with two letters on a small silver hand-tray. One was for Mr. Ray, bearing the Conway coat-of-arms; the other was for Isanna. The last was enclosed in a single envelope, and addressed in a clear bold hand.

Mr. Ray tore open his letter, and hastily read the brief note, a smile of triumph lighting up his face.

"Eureka!" he cried. "It is as I supposed. I have here a proposal from Sir Hugh Conway, in due form, for your hand and heart. You'll be Lady Conway, after all, Isanna."

"Indeed, papa, I'll be no such thing," replied Isanna, with decision, rising. She had slipped her letter, unopened, into her pocket. But her cheek was flushing rosily.

Mr. Ray idolized his daughter, but he was stern and relentless when aroused.

"We shall see, miss," he said. "Go to your room, now, and stay there till you consent to marry Sir Hugh."

"But my masquerade-ball," said Isanna.

"Your masquerade-party will come off, of course, three days from now. You will receive your guests as if nothing had happened. If you consent, before that, very well. If not, you go back, after it, and remain a prisoner till you do."

Isanna swept proudly from the room. She went directly to her chamber, and, locking the door, tore open her letter. As she read, her face lighted up with sudden joy. "Yes, yes," she said, "anything, everything for Roy."

Of the contents of the letter, however, we will, at present, say nothing, excepting that the signature was in clear bold characters, and that it, and the single sentence before it, read: "Your lover: Roy Murray."

The Ray mansion was ablaze with light on the evening of the fancy ball and masquerade. In the height of the festivities, the usher announced: "Prince Charlie, the Young Chevalier": and a tall stately figure entered at the words.

"It is Sir Hugh, I know, in spite of his mask," whispered Ruth Blake, who, in her dress of a fairy, leaned upon her uncle's arm.

"Are you sure?" said Mr. Ray.

"Quite sure," replied Ruth.

"But young Murray—where is he?"

"I fancy he did not choose to accept your invitation. He has heard, I believe, that you disapprove of his visits here."

Isanna, costumed as the "Star of the Night," was superlatively lovely. A great diamond, to carry out the character, blazed on her forehead amid her splendid chestnut-gold hair. As yet, however, she wore her mask, and few recognized her. The rest of the company was made up of the usual assortment of lords and ladies, knights,

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Spanish dames, Gitanos and Turks, cardinals and nuns.

"Prince Charlie" made his way directly to the "Star of the Night," bent gracefully in homage, and touched his plumed cap.

"That is as it should be," soliloquized Mr. Ray, as the "Prince" led Isanna to the head of a new set forming for a waltz-quadrille. "He knows who she is."

Meantime, Ruth had glided away on the arm of a "Tecumseh," and was soon circling in the waltz. Near her was the "Czar of Russia," with an "Italian Flower-girl," while a "Puritan" was flirting desperately with a "Black Nun." And a broad-brimmed Quaker was toying with the stiletto of a "Queen of the Amazons," while engaged in a lively conversation with its owner.

At the stroke of twelve, it had been arranged that all should unmask. It was about half-past eleven, when two new arrivals, the last of all, appeared. The usher announced one as "Lochinvar," the other as the "Iron Mask."

"Oh! come ye in peace, or come ye in war, or to dance at our wedding, my bold 'Lochinvar'?" said the "Prince," laughingly.

"In peace, if I can; in war, if I must; and certainly to dance at the wedding," replied "Lochinvar," in a clear bold tone.

He did not join the dancers, however, but sauntered, instead, slowly to a window, the "Iron Mask" following; while everybody asked, curiously, "who they were?"

Scarcely had the stir occasioned by their entrance subsided, when the "Fairy," leaning upon "Prince Charlie's" arm, vanished through the door leading to the conservatory. Here, seating themselves upon a rustic bench, they conversed eagerly, in low tones, for several minutes.

"All's well that ends well," was the laughing response of the "Fairy," as the young couple emerged again, and slowly promenaded to a seat in the ball-room, near an alcove where the "Iron Mask" and "Young Lochinvar" had established themselves as spectators of the gay scene, declining to dance.

With a courtly bow to the "Fairy," her cavalier left her now for a moment, but returned almost immediately, escorting the "Star of the Night." Then the three walked straight into the alcove, where "Young Lochinvar" and the "Iron Mask" were sitting. But the latter rose at once.

Next, a strange scene took place. "Lochinvar" and the "Star of the Night" joined hands, in obedience to a signal from the "Iron Mask," who began immediately to propound the usual question, at a marriage-service, "If anyone can show just cause," etc.

Those of the company who were nearest the alcove naturally heard the words, and supposed it was a joke; part of the programme for the amusement of the guests. Meantime, in an impressive voice, the "Iron Mask" went on with the marriage-service, concluding with the solemn words: "And what God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

Just as he finished, the hall-clock clanged out the hour of midnight. The sharp notes of a cornet, the signal to unmask, sounded immediately after, and at once every face was uncovered.

Isanna stood revealed in her own proper character. But alas! the hand clasping hers was not that of the baronet, but of Roy Murray. Sir Hugh as "Prince Charlie," and Ruth Blake as the "Fairy," stood by their sides, however, as "Best Man" and "Bridesmaid." The "Iron Mask" was a stranger to all.

Sir Hugh introduced the latter, saying:

"My friends, allow me to present to you the Rev. Charles Heathcote, of Yorkshire, England."

"Then it's a real wedding, and not for fun," was the cry that passed from lip to lip.

"Yes; you have witnessed one marriage-ceremony," said Sir Hugh, "and I must crave your indulgence for a few moments longer, to witness another." As he spoke, he took Ruth Blake's hand in his own.

The Rev. Charles Heathcote began immediately the marriage-service again; and, before the astonished company could decide whether it was a reality or a farce, Ruth was declared to be the wife of the man by her side.

At this point, Mr. Ray came rushing up. He had been in another apartment, and had only just heard of what was going on.

"What—what," he cried, "is this I'm told? My daughter married? It can't be. It shan't be. It's all a mistake."

"I'm afraid not," said Judge Acton, one of the guests; "that is, since you don't like it. I know this gentleman: the Rev. Charles Heathcote. I met him in Europe, last summer. He is a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England, and, when he marries a couple, they are married by the laws both of man and God."

"My daughter married!" stammered Mr. Ray, as if, even yet, not quite able to take in the position. "To an adventurer, too—a nobody—"

But here the angry man was interrupted by no less a person than Isanna's husband.

"Excuse me," he said: "it is you who have made the mistake. Your daughter has married Sir Hugh Conway—"

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"What?" broke in Mr. Ray. "Do you dare to say that, when Sir Hugh is standing there, with my niece on his arm?"

"I am Sir Hugh Conway, and that gentleman is Mr. Murray. Is it not so, Roy?"

The one heretofore called Sir Hugh nodded assent; and then Ruth stepped forward, saying:

"Let me explain, uncle: he is Roy Murray. It was only an hour ago that Hugh—I mean Roy—explained to me. I'm rather mixed myself, you see; but I'll set myself right after awhile. Hugh—I mean Roy—wouldn't ask me to be his wife until he had told all: I mean the little comedy he and Sir Hugh had got up." And Ruth blushed as she paused for breath.

"And who am I?" whispered Isanna, with a quiver of her lips, half drawing away.

"My wife—my own darling wife!—Lady Conway," replied Sir Hugh, eagerly, yet half afraid of the puzzled averted look on her face.

"Allow me also to explain," interposed the Rev. Charles Heathcote, at this crisis. "I think I can do it quicker than these others, who are too much interested and excited. Sir Hugh, you must know, had determined to travel in America, and persuaded his cousin, Mr. Roy Murray, to exchange places—or, rather, to exchange names. It was a little bit of harmless fun, at first, though it has had this half-tragical ending. I arrived in New York only a week since. Sir Hugh seemed overjoyed. He confided his difficulty to me at once. Your daughter, he said, was prejudiced against men of title, and he had fallen in love with her. He feared, if she knew all, she would reject him, so he begged me to aid him. Knowing that your daughter's only objection to him was his rank, I undertook to marry them in this way, while she still thought him Mr. Roy Murray. I hope"—and he turned smilingly to her—"I have not sinned beyond forgiveness. I did it for the best."

"And you, make the best of it, Isanna," said Judge Acton, laughing. Then, addressing Mr. Ray, he whispered: "The guests are all in a flutter. Suppose I become 'master of ceremonies,' and explain that it was intended as a surprise? That will stop gossip; and, besides, it is strictly true, you know."

"With all my heart," exclaimed Mr. Ray, joyfully. "Set it down as a surprise for the guests—part of the programme."

And so it was arranged.

Judge Acton explained to the guests, with a sly twinkle, that the marriage had been by special license, something unique in the way of an American wedding.

"And will you forgive me, also?" whispered the real Sir Hugh to Isanna, tenderly.

"There is but one thing that induces me to overlook your deceit," she said, still half-reproachfully, "and that is: that you know now, and will always know, that I married you for love, and not for your title."

A merry company sat down to the supper, which was now announced, and which was turned into a wedding-feast. Mr. Ray, on this occasion, proved himself the most genial of hosts, insisting on toasting both brides and bridegrooms.

After the supper, "Lochinvar" redeemed his promise to "dance at a wedding," and the partner he chose was no other than Isanna, his bride, now Lady Conway.

The reader has surmised that the letter which Isanna had received suggested the wedding in the way it took place. She and Roy Murray, as she supposed him, had long loved each other, and Isanna, knowing her father's wish about her marrying a title, saw no hope of future happiness except to assent to the plot.

It was in this way that she became Lady Conway, against her intention, when acting the part of the "STAR OF THE NIGHT."

THE LEMON-TREE OF PARADISE.

BY MINNIE IRVING.

WHEN Eve, exiled from Eden, went,
With fragrant fruit its branches bent,
The airs were sweet that passed it by;
It grew the gates of Eden nigh—
The lemon-tree of Paradise.

The scented foliage brushed her hair,
The blossoms kissed her forehead fair,
The spheres of gold were good to view;
She stole a lemon, passing through
The gates, and out of Paradise.

Hiding it in her apron's fold,
By peak and plain, by wood and wold,
She fared the fresh young world around;
But, heart-sick, nowhere in it found
A place like her lost Paradise.

Until, one morning mild, came she
To Mentone, by the blue, blue sea:
"It is my native air, indeed!"
She cried, and straightway sowed the seed
She brought with her from Paradise.

Whoe'er beholds, above the sheen
Of rippling waves, the glossy green
Of Mentone's lemon-groves, will say—
As do the natives to this day:
"They are a part of Paradise!"

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MY UNCLE'S STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

Oh, yes, this landscape-gardening is quite a fine art—too fine for me or for nature, to my thinking. The old kindly mother does not tie her threads so tight—ribbons of stiff coleas coiling through the grass, and huge round hard knobs of red and blue dropped here and there, that, when you come to examine them, turn out to be poor soft little flowers, matted and clipped cruelly. It is as inhuman a sight as the little wild birds that you have caged in your zoological gardens yonder. Now, I remember a garden—the one I played in when I was a boy—that would have pleased any artist's eye, and warmed any child's heart. The least blade of grass was glad to grow in it, and every kind of singing-bird made its home there year after year. It was an immense territory—I don't know how many acres—of beet and tomato beds, of long shady alleys of plum and peach trees, of gnarled old rows of currant and gooseberry bushes, of great sunny slopes of grass where the cow was tethered to pasture, of walks bordered with great crimson Bourbon roses, and sweet peas, and larkspur, and blue-and-yellow convolvulus. There were long trellises covered with grapes—the Catawba and Isabella—you don't know what an Isabella grape is nowadays—and there was a colony of bees in one shady corner, and of chickens in another, and down on the south slope was a big arbor covered with coral honeysuckle, where we boys took our books to study, as poor mother thought, and played mumble-the-peg. All the courting for three generations in our family, I venture to say, had been done on moonlight-nights in that arbor. Near to the house, mother's spring-house opened, a big grassy mound, with damp stone steps leading down to the door, through which came the sound of dripping water, and the scent of sweet milk and butter. You city people would have called that garden a small farm.

There was a curious circumstance—a broken chapter of a tragedy—connected with that garden, by the way, which may amuse you.

In the farthest corner, under the nut-trees, stood a vacant three-roomed cabin, which father used for a seed-and-tool house until the new farm-buildings went up. After that, he was always going to take it down, next week. People in Oak Ferry were always going to do some heavy job of work—next week.

For Oak Ferry was a drowsy town, that stretched along the south bank of the Ohio River, in one of the then Slave States. The Oak-Ferryites had little money, and were in no hurry to earn any. Living was cheap. Everybody had a garden, and cows, and pigs, and poultry; venison and bear-meat were brought down from the mountains to be bought for a trifle; game was plenty in the forests, and fish in the river. The mothers were rival housekeepers, the fathers lounged all day on the steps of the court-house, or played endless games of backgammon on their shady porches. As for the slaves, all who were discontented had long ago crossed the river and escaped to Canada, and only those stayed who had less to do than even their masters. Well, life in Oak Ferry was not progressive, or even civilized perhaps, according to your modern ideas. But it was sunny, leisurely, and friendly. There was a flavor of absolute calm and happiness about it that I find nowhere in these days, even in communities built upon the most advanced ideas, and devoted to the loftiest enterprises of life.

My father's office was built at the side of the house, and opened into the road—there was no street in Oak Ferry. Rushing into it as usual, one day, on my way from school, I found him alone with a stranger, a tall white-haired old gentleman, who was wrapped in a semi-military cloak. Neither of them saw me, and I dropped into a chair, full of curiosity as to the new-comer.

"The old cabin," said my father, with his usual lazy tranquility, "is in wretched repair. I really don't feel justified in asking any rent for it. There must be suitable houses in town that you could get."

"My means are more limited than you imagine. I beg you will make a charge for it—a small charge, that is," said the old man, with a smile. "I have money enough to pay for it, and to buy a bed and table or two. Oh, we shall be very comfortable. A man's home is not the house he lives in, after all."

My father looked up at him quickly, giving him more attention than he had yet done. "As you choose," he said, after a moment's pause. "It will be very rough, and you are not used to roughing it, I suspect. But, when a man reaches your age—or mine," correcting himself with anxious courtesy, "he has found out, as you say,

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that his happiness depends very little on his surroundings. I shall be heartily glad to be of any use to you. You are going into some business in Oak Ferry? Or your profession—"

The old gentleman gave an embarrassed laugh. "I must do something. I have very little money. But the question is: What?" drawing his chair up to the table with an eager confidential air. "I read law in my youth, as most young fellows who have property do, you know. But I had no occasion to use my knowledge of it, and have forgotten it altogether. I am fond of desultory reading. But I could teach nothing that I have read. I did not even oversee my own plantation after I reached middle-age. In fact, here I am, at sixty-five, left penniless, and in my long life I have not learned any craft by which I can earn a dollar. I am a good backgammon-player—and a master, I flatter myself, of whist," glancing down at his wrinkled, delicately-kept hands. "Those are the only things I understand."

My father returned his smile. "I am afraid we need no teacher in that direction. We are adepts at cards and dice, in Oak Ferry. But something will turn up for you. You have a family?"

The stranger was silent long enough to cause my father to look up surprised; then he said, hurriedly: "I have one grandchild. The house will be ready for me to-morrow, you say?"

"Yes." They walked together to the door. The horse which the old man had ridden was tied to the hitching-post. My father, with a quick exclamation, walked up to it.

"Ah! Gray Eagle blood here?"

"Yes."

"Oh, it's unmistakable. A fine animal, sir. But past his prime?"

"Yes; Victory and I are near the end of our journey," nodding cheerfully, as he loosened the bridle.

"I beg your pardon. But—you said your means were straitened. Now, if it should occur to you to sell this horse, come to me. There are several men in town who would give you a high price for him. But come to me first."

"I shall not sell him," curtly. He added, a moment later, more graciously: "He is not a horse to me, but a friend. He is all that is left."

"I understand. Forgive me," said my father, gently. He was standing on the lower step of the porch. The old man looked at him irresolutely, and then came up with the bridle of the horse over his arm. There was the effect of some strong half-controlled emotion on his face.

"You have been very kind, and—I have not told you my name."

"No."

"You may call me Richard Donne. I will tell you, Doctor, that is but part of my name—the first part. For the present, I am obliged to give no more. There are reasons why—" His thin features reddened.

"I am quite sure they are reasons that do you no dishonor," interposed my father, quickly, holding out his hand.

As the old man jogged down the street, I came out of the office, and ventured to wonder what he could have done, at his age, to force him into hiding.

"Nothing to his discredit: I'll stake my reputation on that man's honesty," said my father. "And, mind you, Bob: not a word of what you have heard. Not a word, sir!"

My father knew he was safe. We were intimate friends, even then. I thank God, now that he is dead, when I remember that.

Colonel Donne—for he was dubbed "Colonel" at once—brought in a load or two of plain furniture the next day, built up fires in the cabin, and sheltered the windows with cheap curtains. His last trip was made after night. The next day, although my sharp eyes detected signs of the presence of a second person in the house, no one appeared outside but the Colonel himself, who drove up to the office in a light spring-cart, which, like the horse and their owner, bore unmistakable signs of better days long vanished. My father viewed it with a critical eye.

"We've never seen a cart like that in Oak Ferry," he said. "It would be just the thing for my expressman, when I find him. You see, our difficulty here is in getting packages and parcels hauled from town, and so it is all along the river. I always said a trustworthy man could make a comfortable living who would start a local express up to the city. But we're all too busy here," glancing up at the men stretched out on the inn-porch, smoking and half asleep.

Colonel Donne listened with keen attention. He opened his lips to speak once or twice, but his courage apparently failed. At last he said:

"I think you have a meaning in your hint, Doctor. Why should not I be the carrier? God knows I'm ready to do any honest work that will keep us alive."

"I know it is not suitable work for you, but—come in and talk it over."

The result of the conference was that the Colonel became the Oak Ferry expressman, and, every day thereafter, drove the old gray horse up to town and back along the shady river-bank, his cart loaded with packages, from a barrel of sugar to a paper of needles. His occupation made no

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difference in his social position. Oak Ferry was agreed that "the Colonel was a gentleman under a cloud." Caste, in the South, had little to do with the question of money, in those days.

Winter set in early, that year, and the snow shut everybody indoors. But there was certainly a mystery in the prison-like seclusion in which Colonel Donne's grandchild was kept. Young Kryter spoke of it first to us. Kryter was a fellow whom my father had taken, half out of charity, into his office: a red-haired watery-eyed youth, who nosed into everybody's affairs, and whose grandfather had been a "nobody."

"There's something wrong there," he said. "Nobody has seen this grandchild. Is it an idiot or a dwarf? I always suspected this old Donne, that the town has taken to its arms. I smell a rat," he said, looking back, with a chuckle, as he went out of the door.

"You are the ferret that will find it out, then," I said.

My father nodded. "Bad blood in Kryter—bad blood," he muttered. He always based his opinion of a man on his grandfather.

The very next night—a bitter nipping night, I remember—I was with Kryter in the office, while mother and my little sister sat at work by the parlor-fire. The door stood open between. I heard a soft crackle in the crisp snow outside, and saw a face looking in the parlor-window—a pale little face, like a ghost. I had not time to speak of it to Kryter, when the door opened, and a child came into the parlor—a delicate girl, dressed in some soft woolen stuff, finer and richer than any gown I had ever seen. She had heavy reddish hair, half-curled, which was drawn back and fastened by a golden arrow. The oddity of the dress, totally different from anything known in Oak Ferry, impressed me instantly: she seemed to me like a wandering princess who had lost her way.

She ran up to mother, laughing as if ready to cry. "I had to come. Grandfather will not be back until late: and it is so terrible there alone. I—I was afraid." And she sobbed outright, clinging to mother, nervous and terrified. It was the Colonel's grandchild, we knew from this.

"Poor child! poor baby! Why didn't you come before?" said my mother, drawing her into her lap. "You must stay now, and come every day while your grandfather is away." She petted and quieted her, and very soon she was busy with Mary, playing some game on their slates. It was late before the sound of the Colonel's horse trotting past the window was heard. I went out to tell him that the child was with us. He made a sharp exclamation which I could not hear. It was too dark to see his face; but I felt, as I walked beside him, that he was moved by some strong emotion. When he came into the house for her, however, he was courteous and grave as usual, but silent beyond his wont.

"You will allow your little girl to stay with us when you are gone in the evenings, Colonel?" said my mother, when they were going.

"Yes," he said, promptly. "It makes no difference now: you have all seen her."

"Why should we not see her?" said Kryter, after they were gone. "Something there worth looking into. That child's dress is worth all the furniture which the old man brought into the house. A rat—a rat, I tell you."

After that, whenever little Jenny was in the house, Kryter hung about her, listening to and watching her. He would have questioned her; but that he dared not when my mother was near. He met his punishment, at last. One evening, we children were playing some game, when Jenny lost a forfeit. Kryter rushed into the midst, caught the child, and claimed a kiss as payment. The Colonel's thin figure that moment appeared in the door. In an instant, Kryter was hurled to the ground. Donne caught the little girl up into his arms, trembling with rage.

Kryter gathered himself up, cursing under his breath, and would have rushed on the old man; but John Sarsfield, who was in the room, took him by the arm and led him out. I always suspected that he gave him a touch of his boot outside. Sarsfield was the young lawyer who had just come to Oak Ferry. He was little more than a boy, though his erect figure and fine face gave him an air of dignity. After that, I saw him often with Colonel Donne, and noticed that he was watchful of Jenny when he met her at our house. She never was allowed to go to any other. She was not a pretty girl, according to the taste of Oak Ferry, that delighted in the pink-and-white coloring and glossy spiral curls of its belles. But she was different from any other child in the village: I understand now that it was because she had had the breeding of a gentlewoman, and had not been suffered to run wild with the black picaninnies of a plantation.

The mystery about her was suddenly solved. Kryter was sent on business up to town, and came back in a state of suppressed excitement. He took his place at the table, his pale eyes shining like those of a cat.

"By the way, Doctor," he said, when there was a pause in the conversation, "your friend—Colonel Donne—drove down the street, in his cart, as I was standing at the door of the hotel,

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and a man who was there from Louisville recognized him as an old neighbor. Their plantations joined on the Cumberland. But he called the old man 'Murray.' D'ye think he can be going 'incog' here, sir?" with a sly leer.

My father's face grew red.

"I think, Mr. Kryter, you should know me better than to come to me with the gossip of bar-room loungers in town," he rejoined, angrily, and, rising, left the table.

Kryter shrugged his shoulders, and kept quiet until he and I were left alone, when he continued calmly, as if he had not been interrupted:

"The old man's name is Murray, and he owned a place on the Cumberland—a good deal run down: for he was no manager. Oh, I got at the bottom of the whole story. His son married a pretty girl—the daughter of Phil Munroe. You've heard of Phil? One of the sharpest gamblers that run the Mississippi. The girl died, and left one child. That's Jenny—d'ye see? Old Donne, or Murray, had her since she was a baby. Well, his son—who was a bad lot, I reckon—went into the Mexican war, and was killed there; but, before that, he got his affairs tangled up with Munroe's. He left a will, in which he begged the old man to pay his debts to Munroe. Put it to his honor—d'ye see? And he left the child to the gambler; made him her guardian. Munroe wrote to old Murray that such a will was in his possession, and the old man gave up his place, to cover the debt, and ran away with the child. Came here, you see. I suppose he thought she'd go to the devil in Phil Munroe's keeping; and he wasn't far wrong, either," reflectively. "I reckon now," he added, after a meditative pause, crumbling his bread in a heap, "Phil Munroe 'd give something handsome to know where that young one is. He's in Louisville."

"He'll never find her in Oak Ferry," I said, triumphantly.

"No," replied Kryter: "certainly not." He rose, and went off whistling.

I told the story that day to my father, who listened anxiously, and went over to the Colonel's, with whom he was closeted all evening. I noticed, the next day, that the anxious troubled look which had begun to disappear from the old man's face had returned. He brought Jenny to my mother when he was starting on his daily round.

"I trust her to you, madame," he said, as he went out, then turned and came back to kiss Jenny once more. "God bless you, my baby," he muttered, solemnly.

My mother evidently knew the secret. She kept Jenny beside her, and spoke to her so tenderly as to make our jolly bouncing Mary jealous. Mr. Sarsfield came in too, and brought the little girl some plants for her windows. He never took any notice of the young ladies in Oak Ferry; but this child, who was growing into a tall slight maiden, he watched as if she were his sister. We, all of us, stood on guard over her for a week or two, and then the fright passed, and we forgot that there was any danger. I remembered afterwards that Kryter, during that time, visited the post-office frequently, and in a furtive way.

I had a vague idea that the noted gambler would come at night, in a coach-and-four, seize Jenny, and make off with her, blazing away with a pistol, meanwhile, to cow his pursuers. I am afraid the name of gambler had not the appalling effect in Oak Ferry which it should have had. Had not Judge Allan a brother who "ran the river"? And Tom Obert, whom everybody remembered as a good-natured ne'er-do-well, had taken to the same mysterious occupation. There was something dashing, heroic, desperate, in my mind, in the typical gambler: if he came, he would carry Jenny off to scenes of splendid vice, of which I thought with an envious shudder.

The shock was severe, therefore, when, coming down the road one evening, I saw, landing from the "Belle Creole," a bald fat well-dressed old man, with the air of a retired grocer who had lived too long on his own bacon and beer, and was told by the pilot "that was Munroe, the Mississippi blackleg."

I ran home, breathless, with the news; but I was too late. The Colonel stood in the office, his hat pulled down over his face, holding in his shaking hand a red-lettered paper. My father and Sarsfield had both risen, and were talking to him at once.

"I don't understand," he said. "Produce the body of Jane Murray? To give her over to that man—that brute? Never!"

"No, no," said Sarsfield. "It is only a writ of habeas-corpus. You will have to bring Jenny into court, to-morrow, before Judge Allan, and prove your right to keep her, or let Munroe prove his."

"The law will give her to him," turning a wild look of appeal from Sarsfield to my father.

"Then we'll defy the law," my father broke out. "I'll run the child over, to-night, to Ohio. What d'ye say, Sarsfield?"

"No," said John, thoughtfully. "We'll try the law first. If that fails— In any case, Colonel Murray, this man shall never have Jenny."

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The Colonel put his hands on the younger man's shoulders. He was very weak. The tears ran down the creases in his leathery cheeks.

"Why—why, my boy, he wants to train her for a decoy; to take her with him; to— He knows how beautiful a woman she will be, in a year or two. Oh, my God! I would lay her dead at my feet first."

"She shall not go," said Sarsfield, who was very pale and spoke low. "Will you trust me to defend her? We might send up to Louisville for an older lawyer. He might be stronger than I; but he would not care so much."

It was decided that Sarsfield should take the case. The Colonel handed over to him all the papers concerning his son's affairs, which were but few. There was no will—nothing to contradict the final disposition which Herbert Murray had made of his child.

"He was no doubt forced into it by this villain," said my mother, vehemently. "Judge Allan ought to see that."

"But how can we prove it, my dear?" my father asked. "The law demands proof."

"Law, indeed! I believe in common sense."

She kept Jenny under her eye during the week that followed: even visited her room a dozen times in the night.

But Munroe made no effort to see her. He remained quietly at the inn, eating enormous meals, and sleeping half the day, but keeping himself sober.

"He is the lowest order of sensualist," said Sarsfield to my father. "There is no doubt that Colonel Murray is correct as to his intentions for the girl."

The case came up on Monday morning. The little court-house was a dilapidated brick building, with a wide porch in front. All Oak Ferry was there, but that did not comprise twenty men all told—indolent old gentlemen, like the Doctor.

Judge Allan was in the hickory split-bottomed chair which represented the bench. He had been seen in friendly converse with Munroe that morning.

"He remembers his brother," whispered the Doctor to Sarsfield. "Take care, John! It won't do to represent a gambler to him as the dregs of creation."

John smiled, but the smile suddenly left his face. "Look there!" he said.

Munroe came into the court-room, accompanied by a dozen stalwart men, scrupulously dressed. if the Ohio River gamblers had a weakness, it was for fashionable clothes. These were Munroe's confederates, who had just landed from the "Belle Creole."

"He expects a fight: we should have come armed," said my father. "By George! I have it." He left the room, just as Colonel Murray and my mother entered it, leading Jenny between them. It was a chilly rainy day, and the dingy little court-room was in shadow, except where the child stood near an open door, through which one could see a bit of the river and wet trees. She carried herself very erect, and made a point of light in the room; her dress was white. The mass of shining hair was caught back by a golden arrow. She held her grandfather closely by the hand, and scarcely turned her eyes from him.

The case was called; but, at that moment, a disturbance was made by the entrance of a dozen burly miners, their faces black with coal, their picks in their hands. My father came in behind them. They were all his friends: "the Doctor" was lawyer and preacher, as well as physician, in all of their shanties down by the river.

Munroe's lawyer submitted his statement briefly. The child was his grandchild. He was entitled to act as her guardian, first, as the trustee of her mother's (his daughter) property; secondly, as being a man of means, able to support her, while Colonel Murray was occupying the position of a day-laborer: thirdly, as being legally constituted her guardian by the will of her father, Herbert Murray, which he now submitted to the court.

A formidable document was handed to Judge Allan, who put on his spectacles.

"It appears to be an authentic document," he said. "Dated 'Galveston, Texas, April 24th, 1847.' Signed 'Herbert Murray.' Properly witnessed. I see by this will, Mr. Munroe, that your son-in-law states that he was largely in your debt."

"Yes, yes," eagerly assented Munroe, stroking his fat chin with his yellow-gloved hand.

"And he requests his father to pay you. Has he done so?"

"But partially: only a drop in a bucket."

"I have here," said Sarsfield, "evidence to show that Colonel Murray has surrendered his plantation and home, and left himself penniless, to meet this obligation."

"It was not a legal obligation," muttered the Judge. "He must be a Don Quixote of a man. Don't know that I should have done it. But, as to the child—" poring over the will. "There is no doubt that this document constitutes Philip Munroe the legal guardian of the girl."

The Colonel stood up, stretching out his trembling hand. "My son never could have made such a will, when he was sane. I have had her since her babyhood. Philip Munroe is a man

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whose character makes him unfit to take charge of any innocent child. But, as to this little girl—" He broke down, caught Jenny in his arms, and held her before the Judge. "Is she to be given to a gambler, to use in his trade?"

Judge Allan's face flushed. "Tut, tut, sir! Your prejudices make you unjust. A man who handles cards occasionally is not necessarily a devil. Mr. Munroe will probably train the child as well as you could do. In any case, the father had the right to decide, and his will gives her to him."

Jenny clung to her grandfather with a wild cry. Munroe, still stroking his chin, stepped forward to take her. Every man present started to his feet, when Sarsfield interposed.

"One moment," he said, gently.

There was a sudden breathless pause.

"I wish to call your honor's attention to one fact," handing him a letter. "That is an autograph letter, as you will see, from General Winfield A. Scott to his old friend, Colonel Richard Donne Murray, telling him of the death of his son, Captain Herbert Murray, this child's father, who fell bravely fighting under General Scott at Cerro Gordo, April 18th, 1847. You will observe that the will which you hold in your hand purports to have been signed in Galveston, April 24th, 1847, just six days after the man was dead. The will is a forgery. It's all a lie, even about the debt to Munroe. I call on you to order his arrest."

But, before the startled Judge could collect his senses, Munroe and his companions had left the court-house. They ran to board the boat, which had her steam up for starting.

"Let them go!" shouted Sarsfield, clasping the Colonel by both hands. "You have Jenny, and you will now have the plantation back again. Your troubles are over, thank God!"

That was a very jolly day, especially for us boys. All Oak Ferry joined in feasting and making a hero of the Colonel: all except Kryter, who disappeared with Munroe and his friends. Like to like, you know.

Well, that is all of my story. The Colonel now lives down on the Cumberland. John Sarsfield is an eminent lawyer in Natchez, and his wife has ruddy curly hair, which she always wears, to please a whim of his, fastened with a broad golden arrow.

THE ANSWER.

BY LOU J. BATES.

Here, before me, lies the letter
That a question brings to me,
On so sweet, so grave a matter,
I must pause awhile to see
Ere I forge a single fetter
That shall link my heart to thee.

With my pen in hand, I ponder:
Shall I write it thus, or so?
But my thoughts are prone to wander,
And the strange sweet fancies flow,
Flooding all my soul with wonder,
Till alas! I do not know.

Will I hold thee something nearer
Than a dear friend, dost thou ask?
Something closer, nearer, dearer?
Mayhap, 'twill not be a task!
But wait until my brain is clearer;
Wait while I my heart unmask.

Sweetest words your letters bring me,
Sweetest hopes of future bliss;
But there's one thing I must tell thee,
And thou knowest, friend, 'tis this:
That there's something more in loving
Than the passion of a kiss.

Why can not we trust this friendship,
Leading wheresoe'er it may?
Why should we look on to-morrow,
And so cloud our bright to-day?
For, you know, when people borrow,
Dear, they always have to pay.

THE CLOUD'S MISSION.

BY CLARENCE H. URNER.

You cloud, that sails athwart the heavens above,
Appears endowed with innate will and force,
Without the pilot wind to guide its course
Upon an errand full of strength and love.
Where'er it lists, it seems to proudly rove.
But whence its destination or its source?
Does it forebode renewed storm-trumpets hoarse,
Or rain's surcease, as Noah's wand'ring dove?
Lo! it is stranded on yon summit bold—
Yea, wrecked against that island of the air;
And now it wraps the mountain's breast forlorn,
As if a pall o'er Titan, dead and cold.
To solve that secret mission, we despair,
Unless for beauty's sake the cloud was born.

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A ROMANCE OF BLOCK ISLAND.

BY WILLIAM SAND.

ELIZABETH CONWELL sat on the brow of Mohegan Bluff, overlooking the billows of the Atlantic Ocean, as they foamed and fretted on the rocky beach, a hundred feet below. A fog was rolling in. Beside her, and reclining on the grass, was Curtis Forsythe, ostensibly interested in the newspaper spread out before him, but in reality finding far more attraction in the face of his companion, toward whom his eyes continually wandered. At last he spoke:

"Well, a penny for your thoughts."

She started, and looked at him inquiringly.

"They are worth more than that, if I sold them; but I'll give them to you," she said. Then, after a pause, looking at him fixedly, she added: "Have you ever had a dream, recurring at irregular intervals for years, and with no apparent cause, and yet leaving behind a feeling that in some way it had an influence upon your life?"

"Never," said Curtis, with some surprise at this curious introduction.

"Well, I have. I wish I knew its meaning. Don't think me foolish or absurdly superstitious, but it makes me feel as if there were something momentous hovering unseen around me, which would eventually come into my life. It is the vision of a man: not tall, yet slender; always clothed with fastidious elegance, and graceful beyond description. But the strange part is, I never see his face. In vain I try to do this: for always, just as I think I am about to succeed, he disappears, and I awake. This has continued for years. Lately, however, the dream has become more frequent; and, I confess, it is wearing me out."

"And this, I suppose, you think," said Curtis, a shadow passing over his handsome face, "is the coming man?"

"Yes," she replied, half merrily, half seriously; "he is, as you say, the coming man, I suppose. When I have seen his face, I shall know who is to be my companion along the highway of life. I dreamed of him again, last night. You and I were down on the Breakwater, watching the disembarking from the New London steamer, when, as the last passenger had landed, my mysterious stranger suddenly appeared in the throng. We followed him to the Ocean View Hotel, where I was confident we should see his face, as he stopped to register. But, without pausing, he proceeded through the hall, and entered the parlor. 'We shall see him now,' I cried, and eagerly pressed forward. Three pictures were leaning against the opposite wall, in the parlor, and toward these he went. The one on the right, I saw, was a portrait—the one on the left, a landscape; but the centre one was hidden by his intervening figure. 'We shall see him in a moment,' I whispered to you, when lo! as I spoke, he walked directly through the middle picture, and was gone."

"And you?" asked Curtis, interested, and catching something of the speaker's awe.

"I woke. And yet it was so real—oh, so real!"

"I wish you wouldn't dream about mysterious strangers," said Curtis, "but would lend your thoughts to those you know far better."

There was no reply.

"I wonder whose face it will be, when you do see him?" he asked. Then, more boldly: "I wonder if it will be mine?"

She leaned forward, looking over the rugged wall of clay. Far below, like doll-babies playing in the sand, two ladies and a gentleman were toying with the weeds and stones. She waved her handkerchief, calling to them; and, as the man looked up in recognition, signed that they ascend to the top.

"Ed and the girls would stay there forever, I believe," she cried, springing to her feet, "perfectly heedless that this fog will cut us off from our supper, unless we step out smartly for the hotel."

Thus repulsed in his efforts to tell the dream which haunted his own life day and night, Curtis Forsythe bit his lip, and was silent: while he gathered up her parasol and summer scarf, folded up the paper, and, with the reunited party, went strolling over the undulating meadows, and past the old farm-yards, to the Spring House.

That night, the hop at the Ocean View was in full progress, when Miss Conwell entered the ball-room, on the arm of her worshiping admirer. She glanced, with a superstitious feeling, toward the place where she had seen the pictures in her dream. To her intense surprise, there, exactly as she had told Forsythe, three pictures were leaning against the wall.

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"What is the matter?" he asked, anxiously, feeling her shiver.

"Don't you see the pictures?" she whispered. "The people hide them just now, but I am sure they hold the key to my riddle. Come!"

Making their way through the crowd, they came to the mysterious paintings, and found the one on the right was indeed the portrait of a lady, the one on the left a landscape, but between the two stood an empty frame!

Miss Conwell turned to her companion, with such a look of blank amazement and questioning horror, that he began to laugh, though still with a sort of eerie feeling, as he recalled her dream.

"It is odd," he said, at last.

"Don't let us talk about it," she interrupted, hysterically. "I cannot bear it."

Dinner was nearly half over, the next day, when Miss Conwell came gliding in, and, nodding good-naturedly to her acquaintances, slipped into the chair next Forsythe.

"Have you been ill?" he said, for it was her first appearance that day.

"No," she murmured, in an undertone; "but these dreams threaten to undermine my reason. I had but little sleep, last night. He's been haunting me again."

"Has he, indeed?" said Curtis. "Well, I don't wonder, after what we saw last night, about the pictures."

"Yes; all night he followed me, from one sleep to another. I shall go demented. Something must be done to exorcise the ghost."

"Eat a good dinner, and then we'll take a drive round the island, where the wild west-winds will blow your fancies to the antipodes. But, tell me: what was this last dream?"

"A simple enough one. We were leaving this very dining-room, after dinner, just as the passengers from the noon boat were flocking into the hall. While you stopped to speak with someone, I glanced toward the stairway, and saw—yes, actually saw—him, about half-way up. Someone called to him, at that moment, and, as he turned to reply, I thought: 'Certainly I shall see his face this time.' But, at the instant, I was suddenly and rudely thrust aside by a crowd pushing from the dining-room. Of course, when I looked again, he was gone. Can you fancy how anxiously, therefore, I wait the coming of that boat, this afternoon? Or do you wonder I cannot eat my dinner?"

"You must take a morsel of blue-fish and huckleberry-pie, to steady your nerves and prepare you for the ordeal," he said, laughingly, putting around her plate all the edibles within reach.

Nothing more was said until they were leaving the dining-room. Then a strange incident happened.

Among the travelers, just newly landed, and crowding the clerk's desk in the hall, was Doctor Wilson. He was an old friend of Forsythe's, who accordingly paused to welcome him. As they stood there, hemmed in by the crowd, Miss Conwell looked toward the stairs, and saw, half-way up, a slender, dark-haired man, with a satchel in his hand. It was the man of her dreams!

"Is this reality, or am I dreaming?" said Elizabeth. She was more than half dazed. She faintly staggered to a chair.

At that instant, Dr. Wilson called to the man, who turned, and revealed his face, which was that of a Spaniard: dark, mobile, handsome, with dreamy black eyes, shaded by a mass of hair, tossed and tangled low over the sallow forehead.

As soon as Miss Conwell could rally her nerves, she sought the register, to learn his name.

There, under Dr. Wilson's, she found it:

"José Eusebio Parodi.

Havana, Cuba."

Late in the afternoon, he was introduced to her, on the front porch. Although only a word or two were spoken, the deep penetrating gaze of his leonine eyes, as if he already knew her—in fact, had long known her—made her wonder if he also had been dreaming dreams corresponding to her own.

It was only a moment they were together, however: for supper was ready, and her party going in. But taking tea was a mere form with her, that evening. She accomplished it in an absent-minded mood, and, directly afterward, begging to be excused, went off alone to her room.

There she sat by the window till the moon rose, and then, with a curious feeling she could not analyze, but as if impelled against her will, descended to the inner one of the little parlors, in the old part of the house.

It was quite deserted. Seated on a sofa in one corner, she assumed to be interested in a book; but, in reality, she was lost in thought. Yet her thoughts were restless, uncontrollable, indescribable. Suddenly, someone leaned over the back of the sofa, and a strange sweet perfume floated around her, while a low voice murmured:

"Will 'cariño mio' go with me into the moonlight?"

She looked up. It was the Spaniard of her dreams. The request was so in humor with her thoughts that she put aside the book, and stepped

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out on the verandah, and so out upon the lawn, and to the tiny fountain there.

At this, they stopped.

A strange influence was on her. There was no feeling of embarrassment. When he spoke, his voice seemed, to her, not that of a stranger, but one she had long been familiar with: and his words were the very words she had expected to hear.

"Something tells me," he began, "that my search is at an end. The long nights of dreams and longings are over. Does not your heart also echo to the thought, 'querida amigo'?"

He took her hand: watching her face, the while, with his great dreamy lustrous eyes. She felt no fear. It was all just as she had fancied, a hundred times, that it would be. Scarcely conscious that she spoke, she uttered the single word:

"Yes!"

"Then you know how, for years and years, you have been my constant thought," he said. "How, failing to find you, I have wandered on from land to land, and over seas, until the blessed Mother brought me here."

Elizabeth made no reply. The glamor of his story, the witchery of the moonlight and the night-time, and the man himself, all held her spell-bound. She shivered.

"Let us return to the porch," she said, at last, disengaging her hand.

"Not yet," he replied. "Let us, rather, wander down to yonder shore, and find a fitting rhythm, in the sea-song, to the anthem in my heart."

Still spell-bound, Elizabeth allowed him to lead her passively down the steep hill, and out on the pebbly beach. There, for a time, they stood watching the surf, while, in a low voice, José Eusebio talked to her about himself.

As he spoke, his words so held and swayed her, that, half unconsciously, she turned and walked by his side along the sand: on and on, while he spoke of parents and home; pictured princely luxuries in flowery lands, until, finally, he began to tell of the great tragedy of his life: how his sister had been found murdered, and the crime fixed on Parodi himself. "Yes," he said, "I—I was arrested, tried, condemned, and was waiting for execution, when the real murderer, a rejected lover of my sister, got access to the prison, and helped me to escape. But, for all that," he added, so fiercely that Elizabeth started, "for all that, I did not forgive him. I got away from the island, and for months I wandered, an exile, hiding, fearing, trembling; but waiting, hoping, praying for an hour of vengeance. One thought was ever uppermost—revenge. He had murdered Julie, and he should make atonement."

On and on, insensible to all sounds save the passion of Parodi's words, Elizabeth had gone, until now they stood upon the green sward surrounding Great South Light. The cliffs were just before them, overhanging the rocky surf-lashed beach, which lay a hundred feet below; the moon was shining, white and cloudless still, in the summer sky; the night was hushed and warm, and sweet with soft salt sea-winds; and they were all alone.

Parodi drew closer to the girl, continuing:

"Somewhere, in the wide world—but where, I knew not—was the murderer's sister: young, sweet, lovable, and pure as mine; and her I vowed, before Madonna Mary, to destroy. For years have I been searching ceaselessly for her, now here, now there; but never once despairing, and knowing well the time would come. Revenge is what I live for, and revenge is sweet."

He ceased speaking, and looked around on the lonely land, the moonlit sea, for a moment. Then, turning again to his companion, he said, in low passionate tones:

"You have guessed my meaning, 'cariño'? You understand the whole sad story, and how it was?"

Still spell-bound by his ardor, but now beginning to feel a nameless fear, she could only utter again the single word;

"Yes."

Suddenly, with a cry, he flung his arms around her, while, with a wild demoniacal laugh, he screamed:

"Yes! You understand me well, for you are she whom I have followed—followed over half the world! You are the murderer's sister!"

Wild now with an awful terror, Elizabeth writhed and twisted in his arms. But his clasp could not be broken: the bonds that held her were like bars of steel.

"Did you think I would not see your likeness to him?" shouted the madman, for such she knew him now to be. "The image of the devil whom I hate? Come! He killed my pretty one, and you shall die, as she did. Come!" He dragged her nearer and nearer the edge of the cliff, as he spoke. "Come to the sacrifice I have vowed to make of you."

The hoarse surf bellowed on the rocks below, the winds rushed sobbing from the sea to land, the moon grew pale and wan and misty; but no living thing came near to help. Elizabeth tried to cry aloud—to free herself from the strong grasp; but her limbs were palsied, and the cry died, chokingly, in her throat. Hopeless, nerveless,

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she felt herself lifted from the ground and hurried toward the precipice.

"Oh, my sweet one! Oh, my pretty one! I could love you—I could love you, but for him!" cried the maniac. In vain she tried to free herself, in vain to beg for her life. Neither struggles nor prayers availed. Oh! if help would only come. Every moment was an eternity.

"I have loved you—oh, how long!" he cried. "All through the years, while I have followed you around the world: and now you are mine—my own, my own—as I am yours. But my sister's death must be avenged: you must die; but I will die with you."

Only a step was now between them and the awful edge—only a step. "We have loved each other well: we'll die together," he cried.

But help came at last. Suddenly, a strong arm tore Elizabeth from the maniac's hold.

There was a momentary struggle, and, in the recoil, she and her deliverer were thrown to the ground: while, as in a dream, afar off and indistinct, she saw Parodi, his arms thrown wildly out in futile prayer, sway to and fro upon the crumbling edge, then shoot headlong down, down into the abyss below.

With the horror of his death-scream ringing in her brain, sea and land faded from sight, and Elizabeth also seemed to die.

It was Curtis who was bending over her, when, after awhile, she shudderingly returned to consciousness.

With a care and tenderness unequaled, he soothed her agony and fears. Kneeling on the dew-drenched grass, and holding her in his arms, he told her, with a lover's gentleness, how he had arrived so opportunely.

Parodi, it seemed, although insane, was not considered dangerously so; and Dr. Wilson, traveling with him as keeper and physician, had thought it unadvisable to make his affliction known. Little uneasiness was felt, at first, when he could not be found after supper; but Curtis, who had watched, with jealous eyes, Elizabeth and him leave the house, was seized with dread, as he listened to the doctor's admission of his patient's mental condition, and so had hastened anxiously after them.

It was well he did. With the mystery and terror of a tragedy in every breath of air that fanned her cheek, Elizabeth Conwell learned that the hero of her heart, "the coming man," was not the one she had dreamed about, but the man who held her in his arms.

Yet, to this day, neither she nor Curtis, nor even Dr. Wilson, can explain those strange visions of the night, that were so like a warning, if not a presentiment.

STOLEN.

BY BLANCHE BEAUMONT.

'Neath the soft and silver sunlight
Of a sad October day,
Came wanton Will, a-wooing,
And stole my heart away:
Stole away my heart,
My maiden coyish heart,
That bright October day.

"Oh, Will, send back," I wrote,
"My heart so young and free."
But Will replied: "Not yet,
Till mine returns to me.

Return the heart once mine,
The heart I lost for thine,
And I'll send yours to thee."

What could I do but keep
The heart Will gave to me?
For, though my own was lost,
I should not heartless be:
If mine was stolen still,
Yet his its place did fill—
The heart Will gave to me.

I LOVE YOU, LOVE! I KNOW NOT WHY.

BY BENNETT BELLMAN.

Alas, alas, how sweet it seems!
Alas, alas, that love should die!
I hear the soft winds whispering:
"I love you, love! I know not why."

What if I told her this, oh winds?
Her face than heaven is more fair!
Say, would she turn aside and smile?
Say, would she turn aside and care?

Her face more beauteous is than spring—
And thus soft zephyrs for her sigh.
I wonder not their murmuring:
"I love you, love! I know not why."

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THE WILLERTONS.

A SEQUEL TO "THE MOTHERLESS GIRL."

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1884, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XV.

THAT night, Miss Marsh and Gertrude Willerton slept in the same bed, and so nearly on the same pillow that the brown curls of one mingled like waving shadows through the hair of the other, which was only saved from a purely flaxen color by a soft haze of gold that ran through it. They had both fallen into dreams, and were smiling in their sleep, as if some pleasant fancy were haunting them on the same pillow; but the smiles were different. Those on Gertrude's lips were full of delight, as if they were ready any moment to break into a ripple of laughter, and seemed to spread all over her bright piquant face. The other had but the dawning of a smile upon those sweet lips, that shed a sort of moonlight over her features, made almost pathetic by the sadness that lay habitually upon them.

It seemed as if the very condition of these two girls haunted their sleep: for, while one lay in the full enjoyment of some pleasant fancy, the gentle creature encircled by her arm appeared to be dreaming under restraint, as if she had no right to be happy like other people, even in her sleep.

Gertrude was the first to awake in the morning. She started up in bed, flung the hair back from her face, and bent over her companion, who opened her eyes with a startled look, as if she had done wrong in oversleeping herself.

"Oh, I have had such delightful dreams. The morning is so lovely, we will go to the Metropolitan Museum. They tell me some pictures, antiques, and things may be found there worth looking at. Are you fond of such collections?"

"I have never seen any that you would think worth mentioning, perhaps: only a few curios, as people call them, in private houses."

Gertrude made a little grimace quite in keeping with her foreign education.

"I am so tired of this artistic craze, that has emptied half the old garrets of Europe of their lumber; but there must be something that you would like to study."

"You have seen so many picture-galleries."

"Of course," broke in Gertrude, with a slight flush in her face; "but I will stroll around, and amuse myself. That young lawyer—Mr. Stewart—said something about dropping in, to explain the pictures. He is a great favorite with mamma, you know."

Miss Marsh had seen so little of society, that she did not reject this arrangement, as a more experienced girl might have done, but entered into it with gentle complacency. Perhaps some vague thought of meeting another person who had haunted her dreams all night may have influenced her: for there was more nervous excitement in her manner, and a richer color on her cheek, than Gertrude had ever seen there, when they left the house that morning.

Gertrude had haunted picture-galleries abroad, and tired herself out in searching bric-a-brac with her mother when the esthetic craze was strongest on her, so often, that anything she might hope to see in America seemed hardly worth looking for; but this really excellent collection excited her interest so much that she took absolute pleasure in explaining it to Miss Marsh, to whom it was the opening of a new and most delightful range of thought.

During the first half-hour, she gave her attention to the objects that had opened such a world of delight for her companion; but even that pleasure could not entirely occupy her mind for any length of time. A feeling of disquietude came upon her; she allowed her friend to put questions which she forgot to answer; her eyes wandered from the pictures on the walls to the door of the department in which they stood; and, with every person that entered, she gave a little start of expectation.

At last a gentleman came through the doorway so quietly that anyone less upon the alert would hardly have observed him. He had brought her another disappointment; but there was something in his manly though gentle bearing, a quiet grace of movement, that made her forget that in momentary admiration. But suspense with her

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was becoming impatience; she felt indignant and neglected. Had she not, only the day before, told that young lawyer of her intention of coming to that place? And had he not said—with his eyes, if not in words—that he would be there also? The idea had wounded her pride a little; but she had appeased it by a remembrance that he had saved her life, and therefore every sacrifice of conventional usage was a proper expression of gratitude. But none the less was she resentful, and her cheeks burned with something like shame when time wore on and he did not come. Why had he not come?

"You are so interested, that I will not disturb you," she said, approaching Miss Marsh a little abruptly. "I have seen so many of these things. I will find some place in the Park, quiet enough to read in. There is a spot just behind that clump of silver-birches back of the stone panther—near enough to the drive for you to find me, yet out of sight. You can search for me there when these things cease to amuse you."

The companion looked around, and drew a hand across her eyes, as if she had been aroused from a dream, when taken away so suddenly from the picture that had absorbed her.

"Do you wish me to go? Are you tired? Forgive me, if I have kept you longer than you cared to stay."

"No, no," said Gertrude; "it is not that. I am only going out awhile. You will find me back of the stone panther, among the trees. It will be pleasant there; so stay here so long as all these things interest you. I do not care to go home yet."

Before Miss Marsh could make a reply, Gertrude had glided through the door, and was gone.

For some moments, the companion stood irresolute, ready to follow the impetuous girl, but so fascinated by the pictures that she was drawn back to them almost against her will.

"Many of these are new to me, and I see they interest you," said a voice beside her.

The girl turned—not suddenly: for the swift beating of her heart held her for a moment—turned, and saw the man who had snatched her from great peril the day before.

"Excuse me, if I have startled you," he said, with that gentle deference which makes all other apology unnecessary. "Seeing you here, I could hardly prevent myself inquiring if the accident yesterday had proved in any way serious."

The girl blushed scarlet. The respectful manner of this handsome stranger thrilled her with delight, yet made her feel like an impostor. Would he have addressed her thus, knowing who she was, and her humble condition in life?

"You are kind—very kind," she said, with some hesitation; "but the hurt I received was so slight, that it is hardly worth inquiring about. I thank you for saving me from what might have been more serious, and for giving me an opportunity to say, now that the first fright is over, how grateful I am."

"Grateful? It is I who should be grateful that you can forgive my rude interference. It seemed almost as if it had given offense when you refused to permit my attendance or accept help, which I felt to be really necessary."

A choking sensation came into the girl's throat. She had made a great effort to quell the pride that was tempting her to keep silent; but simple honest truth was the leading trait in her character; and, while the fine eyes of that man were fixed upon her, with a look of such admiration as she knew would be quenched by her next words, she said, with downcast eyes and a deprecating movement of the person:

"I am not accustomed to much attention, or even great kindness, only such as I may receive from those who employ me. The girl who was frightened away from her charge had as much right to a share in your courageous effort to save it as I had."

For one moment a look of swift, almost doubting, surprise was visible on the grandly handsome face that was turned upon her; but it passed in the drawing of one quick breath, and, without the slightest change in his tone or manner, the gentleman went on:

"I must not permit you to magnify a rash impulse into an act of heroism, so we will not speak of that again. Besides, I find you so absorbed by the pictures, that it seems cruel to disturb you. But I may be of some service in pointing out the beauty a novice, as you hint yourself to be, might not discover at the first glance."

"These are almost the first great pictures I ever saw," answered the girl, while a flush of soft color came back to her cheeks, and her eyes were uplifted with a look of grateful surprise. "A governess scarcely gets beyond the teaching of children, at my age, and no family in which I have lived had many pictures. You would be surprised to find how ignorant I am; but these interest me all the same."

It was wonderful how easily this strange conversation was carried forward, first with the pictures, then among the antiques; and unconsciously, at least to the girl, it drifted into little snatches of personalities, that left the stranger, while informed of her condition, quite surprised by her no means inferior attainments. With

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regard to his own history, he managed, in the most natural manner, to present himself as a traveler who had been wandering for a long time around the world, in search of occupation and amusements that had failed to satisfy him at his home in old England; but, to the unsophisticated girl, he left it in doubt whether he was a gentleman of leisure, or a traveling-agent, or, what appeared to her most likely, an artist, who made the whole world his home.

Thus, wandering among the pictures, examining the antiques, and dropping bright links of personal feeling into the chain of conversation, these two young persons—for the stranger could not have been more than thirty—parted, she going forth in search of Miss Willerton, with the glow of roses in her cheeks, and a swift beating of the heart, such as no joy of earth had ever brought to it before. Was it the first dawning of love? Heaven only knows when that comes to any woman

CHAPTER XVI.

Lord Oakford was in his rooms at the hotel, which had been embellished, beyond the usual fine combinations of upholstery, with some curious-looking old vases, a few cabinet-pictures, with Oriental draperies sweeping over them, and an easel, holding portfolios of views he had collected in his travels. Pistols and swords, convenient for dueling, were grouped over the mantel-piece, and in the easiest chair of the room sat the young man himself, just finishing his breakfast, which would have been a luncheon in any private house, so late was the hour. He was evidently half prepared to go out; for the dressing-gown of purple velvet, somewhat faded, and lined with silk of a dull-gold color, covered a completed toilet, excepting the coat, which lay ready for him in the bed-room.

The young man was rolling a cigarette between his white fingers, on which were a ring or two, when a waiter came into the room, with a city telegram in his hand. Oakford flung down his cigarette, tore the envelope impatiently, and read:

"She is strolling in the Park, behind the birches and the stone panther that so much resembles me. Antoine."

Oakford started to his feet, burned the telegram at the wax taper which stood ready to light his cigarette, and, hurrying into the bed-room, put on his coat. A carriage stood in front of the hotel. He entered it, gave a double fee to the driver, and was driven up-town at the highest speed obtainable from two hardly-worked horses.

Once in the Park, he dismissed the carriage, hurried up to the hill where he had held that strange interview with Antoine, diverged around it across the grass and among the thick trees that shut him out from a view of the drive, and from that moment moved with the noiseless step of an animal cautious of alarming its prey.

A flash of red came through the deep-green of the spruce-trees. It was the glow of a scarlet shawl, which Gertrude Willerton had spread over a couple of rocks, one forming a back to the other, on which she was seated carelessly, as if in a garden-chair, but with a cloud of discontent on her face: for something had gone wrong with her. She had been reading, but that evidently wearied her: for she had flung the book away with a petulant gesture. Oakford caught sight of the act, and halted in his progress, thinking it promised badly for the plea he had come to make.

Gertrude did not see him, but changed her position, leaned back against the second rock, and rested her head on one hand wearily.

The young man came forward, no longer cautious in his movements. She heard his step, started, and sat upright, looking around anxiously. Before she could rise, the young man was at her feet: not on his knees, but bending before her as if she had been an empress, and that rock her throne.

"At last, at last, fortune has been my friend," he said. "Nothing but her favor could have brought me to this place, unaware of the happiness I was approaching. For you must know, Miss Willerton, that only the faint hope of seeing you one little half-hour alone could have brought me across the ocean. You seem, from your look, as if my presence here offended you."

"It surprises me, certainly, Lord Oakford; but not so much as the language with which you have thought fit to address a person who has scarcely the honor of knowing you. Surely, there is nothing in the very brief acquaintance we have made to warrant this intrusion."

"Nothing; nothing on earth that could excuse it but the intense love that I have felt for you since the first hour of our meeting. That love, ardent as ever lived in a man's bosom, must be my excuse—must plead with you for one who has become its slave. Oh, Miss Willerton, if you could understand—if you could feel for a moment the pain your coldness has brought on me—I should not plead for a hearing in vain."

Gertrude attempted to arise; but Oakford stood so directly before her that the movement was difficult: she therefore drew a little farther

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back in her rude seat, and answered his appeal with the grave dignity which was sometimes apparent in her fine character. All the impatient scorn had left her face; some strange feeling, altogether unknown to her till then, filled her heart with something like sympathy.

What if this man really loved her? Was a passion like that to be met with utter repulsion? This idea did not amount to reasoning; but a gentler feeling came over her. "He had loved her since the first hour of their meeting." There had been a genuine ring of passion in his voice when he said this, that thrilled her with a new revelation. Were such things possible? Did the heart ever go forth at a moment's notice in love as well as sympathy?

The girl was not thinking of the man who stood before her, as this idea passed through her mind, but of herself, and the mystery of sensations that possessed her. There was relenting in her voice as she bethought herself that he was waiting for her to speak.

"I think," she said, with a gentle inclination of the head, which brought a bright gleam to the man's eyes—for he took it for encouragement—"I think it strange that you cannot understand how unlikely it is that I share feelings of such sudden growth. To me, they are inexplicable."

"I cannot hope that you will ever understand all the passionate adoration, the intense longing, that has brought me to your feet; but, at least, do me the honor of thinking me sincere. I might speak of other things—of the title and estates that I have never wished to share with any living woman till now, when they seem worthless as thistledown in comparison with the love I ask for—will kneel for, if such homage can win me a kind look."

The man spoke passionately, and made a gesture not altogether lacking in grace, as if he really would have knelt.

Gertrude started up, dismayed and resentful. The petty theatrical effect he was attempting destroyed all the consideration she had given to his sincerity.

"I beg of you, spare me. I know the value of all that you have to offer; but I have no fancy for titles, and no need of wealth. When I accept the hand of any man, it must be because his love for me is returned with my whole heart."

"If that can be won by the most devoted affection, the most adoring—"

Gertrude lifted her hand.

"Lord Oakford, desist, I entreat you. That which you ask is impossible. I can only return the urgency of your proposal with thanks for the honor you have intended me."

Oakford drew back a pace, with a strange gleam of evil in his eyes.

"Then you refuse me, Miss Willerton? Refuse me utterly, and almost with insult. Am I compelled to accept this as final?"

"Entirely so."

"Young lady, if you have no consideration for me, have some regard to your own welfare."

"My own welfare?" repeated Gertrude, lifting her eyes to the young man's face, which was now white with passion, and shrinking a little from its fierce expression. "I don't understand how that can be involved."

"Perhaps I may find an opportunity of informing you." As he said this, Oakford placed the hat, which he had taken off, on his head with a gesture that was almost like a threat, and walked rapidly away, taking the first cross-road leading to the avenue.

CHAPTER XVII.

Mrs. Willerton had remained at home, without much regard to the social antics that were necessary to the new position she was assuming in her native land. Invitations and calls had begun to crowd in upon her; but her mind was so occupied with one idea, that she allowed them to pass almost unheeded. This nobleman, who had followed her from the Old Country, avowedly because of the great interest she had inspired in him, had drawn her ambition from all pursuits that were not connected with the hopes he had inspired. So completely had this romantic passion prevailed with her, that she really gave little attention to the movements of her daughter. Having provided her with a companion that for many reasons was desirable to herself, she allowed the most perfect liberty to both the girl and her humble friend, as she denominated Miss Marsh in her thoughts. She was content that Gertrude should be occupied from morning till night with the new friends that had by a strange combination of circumstances been drawn under her roof. The interest Gertrude had taken in Miss Marsh, and in the two young men connected with her own life so many years ago, gave her no uneasiness: for she had entire faith in the pride which was a strong trait in her daughter's character, and was just then thankful for anything that could draw her attention from the object of her own ambition; for the vague jealousy which Oakford's speech had left upon her mind was strengthened more and more when he failed to present himself a second time.

Thus, unconsciously perhaps to either the mother or daughter, a subject of discord had been introduced between them which was deepen-

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ing a vague sensation of jealousy into settled distrust with the elder lady. As for Gertrude, she was too much occupied with the new friends she had made, and the absorbing sensations that possessed her, to feel anything but surprise, and even repulsion, when Oakford had forced his proposal on her.

Each morning, Mrs. Willerton arose in feverish expectation that Oakford would present himself before night. The thought never left her. If a card was presented, her hand trembled with eager anticipation, and almost clenched itself when the disappointment came. If she drove out, her first question was if anyone had called. Antoine rejoiced inwardly at the cloud that his answer was sure to bring upon her face.

Oakford knew all this when he gave his crested card to Antoine, that day, having reached Mrs. Willerton's mansion after a swift walk through the Park, which had left him almost out of breath, but perfectly cool in his purpose.

Antoine glanced at the card, then at the young man.

"I have played the other card, and lost," was the bitter reply that look obtained.

"So much the worse for her," muttered the servant, under his breath. "But I had rather it had been the other one."

Oakford shrugged his shoulders.

"Take in my card, and make sure that we are not disturbed," he said, flinging the dregs of his wrathful disappointment on his slave, who obeyed him in silence.

Mrs. Willerton was in her own private parlor, elaborately dressed, and always expectant. Breathless with dread of disappointment, she took the card, and saw the crest, with a little gasp of delight, but controlled her voice enough to say, with a show of hesitation:

"You may as well bring him in here."

Antoine withdrew, walking backward: a homage that delighted his mistress, and had in no small degree increased his wages.

When Oakford followed the servant, all traces of discomfiture had disappeared from his handsome face, which was now beaming with smiles. He had left his hat and slender pretense of a cane in the reception-room. He swept a wave of hair, curling at the ends, back from his forehead as he came through the drawing-room, with full consciousness that a pair of admiring eyes would follow the graceful act.

The woman did fairly hold her breath as he approached; but, relieved of her keenest anxiety, she took a little state on herself, and arose to receive him with a pretense of indifference that brought a smile to his lips.

"How kind of you to receive me, after so many days of what must have seemed like desertion," he said, bowing over the hand she held out to him, and almost touching it with his lips. "But you had faith in me. You must have understood that nothing—I hardly know how to express it—nothing but a fine sense of honor and regard to feelings which, however embarrassing, must be considered an honor to any man, could have kept me from your side, or rather feet, at which I throw myself."

After this first greeting, Mrs. Willerton had settled back to her usual seat on the couch. The young man bent one knee to the footstool before her, and, pressing her hand to his bosom, went on. It was a position which thrilled the woman to the depths of her vain soul. That was indeed like being a queen, with noblemen to give her homage. She made an effort to receive this first experience with dignity; but, spite of this, the hand fluttered against the place where her adorer's heart should have been, and there was a delighted movement of her person that brought a gleam of vicious amusement into his eyes.

"Even now, I find it difficult to explain my conduct, without bringing the name of a person into it which should be sacred to me as she is dear to you."

"Of whom are you speaking, Lord Oakford?" questioned the lady, with a sharp intonation of the voice. "I hold no one dear to me who could give you a moment's uneasiness."

"Not, my angel, if it were your own daughter?"

The woman drew a quick breath.

"My own daughter? Then it is of her you speak?"

By this time, Mrs. Willerton's lips were white and her eyes gleaming.

"Is it for my consent to your union with her that you have chosen this attitude, my lord?"

The young man was so nearly pushed from the stool on which his knee rested, that his graceful pose was destroyed; but he recovered himself instantly, and this time gathered both her hands to his heart.

"No, no, no! a thousand times, no! How can you misunderstand me? It is of her devotion, her almost unconcealed passion, for— Oh, forgive me, that I name myself in this connection. But you must have seen it and felt it, if you deigned to care for me, when we met so often abroad. Even then, it was to me a cause of most delicate distress. But, since I came here, it has chained me with embarrassment."

"Since you came here? Then you have met?"

Mrs. Willerton's face was all aflame now; and

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for once the hot angry color matched that upon her cheek.

"Met? No! It was to avoid a meeting that I kept away from this house! With opposition like that which springs out of a disappointed passion in your own home, how can I hope for acceptance?"

Mrs. Willerton drew out the scented bit of lace and cambric, that served her for a handkerchief, and wiped some drops of moisture from her forehead.

"You are overcome. The embarrassing secret I have been obliged to speak of—or depart at once, leaving all chance of happiness behind me—has had the effect I dreaded: you cannot forgive me the betrayal of a secret that will wound the pride—I will not say hopes—of your daughter."

Mrs. Willerton made an effort to speak; but the vehemence of her feelings choked the words in her throat.

Oakford regarded her with a look of sad hopelessness, and made a gentle movement as if to rise.

She held out her hands.

He took the handkerchief from them, put it into the inner pocket of his vest, nearest the heart, and arose.

"You will give me this?" he said, commanding his voice and countenance with the art of a master. "It will be all I—"

Here emotion seemed to overcome him. He turned away. Mrs. Willerton started to her feet: the dread of losing him brought back her power of speech.

"Oakford! Oakford!"

The young man shook his head sadly, and moved on.

She followed him.

"Oh, Lord Oakford! what is the love of this audacious girl, compared to mine? In what way can it interfere with us?"

He turned; his handsome face lighted up splendidly. He held out his arms.

"You love me, then? You do love me?"

"Love you? love you? Oh, Oakford, you will never know how much!" she exclaimed, as his arms folded around her, and his face appeared above her shoulder, clouded with a rush of natural feeling that had broken through all his elaborate pretense.

"But your daughter?" he questioned, almost carrying her back to the couch, and seating himself close to her side.

"My daughter?" repeated the lady, with a sharp, almost hysterical, laugh that seemed full of derision. "What power has she in this matter, I should like to know? It is I who hold the authority."

"Over your own person, of course: she admits that, but at the same time informed me—as if that could make a difference in her favor—that all your possessions were secured to her, after your death, by her father's will."

"Did my daughter tell you this?"

"Certainly; or I should not know it. If it was told me with a purpose, you must not blame her. All things are fair, you know, both in love and war. Besides, she is so young."

"And, with the knowledge that no husband of mine could claim benefit from my property, by gift or bequest, you have made me an offer of your hand, though it might have been secured by accepting the adoration of an heiress—young, and, as most persons consider, very handsome? I shall not forget this. A more noble endorsement of your disinterested love could not be asked."

Oakford laughed lightly.

"You forget that the lords of Oakford have estates so old and large that wealth can have but little temptation for them. It is true, the fortune of many a high-born heiress has enriched them; but there is one of the race who offers his heart, and asks nothing more or less than entire love in return. Besides," he added, amusing himself with the sugared falsehood as we delight in feeding candy to a child, "our ages are so nearly the same that the income of your fortune may have something to do with it, after all."

The woman raised her delighted eyes to his face: twenty years seemed to have dropped from her in a minute.

Leaning toward him till her head nearly rested on his shoulder, she seemed about to say something of importance, but changed it to a caressing murmur.

He answered it by drawing her head down to his shoulder; and, taking a ring from his little finger, gave it to her, instead of the kiss she had perhaps expected.

"It is the Oakford crest," he said: "the only family-jewel I have with me. Wear it, my beloved, until I am permitted to replace it with another that shall complete my happiness."

The enraptured woman almost offered the kiss that he had neglected to take. He did not appear to notice the movement, and she lavished the kiss on the diamond-crest blazing on the ring, pressing it to her lips again and again, devouring it with her eyes, and changing it from one finger to another with the eager haste of a child. It was the one thing that she had for so many years looked up to with hopeless longing.

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The young man watched her, with growing contempt. He felt a strong desire to spoil the whole scene by some expression of the dislike that was making his part so hard to act. Just then, truth would have been a relief to him; all the more because it would have given pain to her.

"Your own dear hand must put it on my finger," she said, with a caressing smile, that seemed to him like the half-satisfied greed of a pampered child. "I shall not think it has a real meaning till then."

Oakford took the ring she held out to him, with a dash of impatience that he found it hard to conceal. He had left the hotel, that morning, with a stubborn hope of placing that ring on the hand of Gertrude Willerton, whose fresh young beauty would have made the act a triumph; but he was still smarting under the sting of her half-concealed disdain and the severe check her positive refusal had given to his designs. Compared to what he had hoped for, the ceremony of betrothal he was called upon to accomplish brought with it a sense of repulsion. His superior intellect, and the dregs of honorable feeling left to him, seemed to turn the fraud he was performing into an absurdity. He held the ring irresolutely for a moment or two, then placed it on the hand so eagerly extended, with a faint laugh, that would have alarmed a woman of keener sensibilities; but she was absorbed by the possession of the ring, and understood nothing of the mingled greed and rage with which he saw it glittering on her finger.

When Antoine passed down the drawing-room, on his way to the hall, he had paused by the antique clock, which had already measured off more than a century of time, and apparently arranged some ornament that stood near it, but in reality had put back the pointers an hour. This clock began to strike while Mrs. Willerton was admiring her ring.

Oakford, eager to escape from her presence or a continuance of the scene, started up.

"What! two o'clock already?" he exclaimed. "I have been nearly three hours in this room. I did not think so much of heaven could have been crowded into that brief time. For my part, I shall remember it forever."

"You are not going? Oh, you are not going? Indeed, indeed, it cannot be so many hours since you came," pleaded Mrs. Willerton, following him, as he passed into the drawing-room, with her hands extended.

"But it is," he said, pausing for her to come up. Then, with his arm around her waist, he led her a step forward, and pointed to the clock. "See, it has struck twice since I came in, an almost hopeless lover. In that brief time, I have been made the happiest man on earth. Let us remember the time by this."

Here Oakford bent down and pressed a kiss upon the woman's lips. Before she could speak, his arm had loosened around her waist, and he was passing into the hall, whence Antoine followed him, with a cold jeering smile on his lips, which exasperated the young man beyond his powers of caution. Putting on his hat, he snatched the cane, and, with a sharp blow, struck the smile from the servant's face as he would have lashed a dog.

The man stood glaring at him a moment, white as death, and trembling in all his limbs. Then the smile came back, but so changed, so deadly in its meaning, that Oakford's hand dropped. He had not courage enough to repeat the blow.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Days and weeks wore on, and there was no important change in Mrs. Willerton's household. That lady had not yet announced her intended marriage, even to her daughter, from whom she appeared to be, every day, drifting apart, without visible reason. Directly after her engagement, she had received a letter from Oakford, eloquent of love, full of adoring homage, but delicately suggesting that their engagement should be kept secret till the marriage had taken place. He had great reluctance, he said, to see his name and movements blazoned in the newspapers or cabled through the Atlantic. It would be time enough for that when he had presented her to his tenantry as their mistress, and placed her among the coroneted peeresses of England. All notoriety before that would decrease the splendor of her first reception.

This request went very much against the lady's aspirations. The secret of her conquest burned in her heart: she would gladly have enjoyed her greatness by degrees, and astonished the social world of America with it, in advance of her advent as a bride in England; but she was not yet secure enough in her position with Oakford for the slightest disregard of his wishes. Therefore, the change in her condition was only manifested by increased haughtiness of manner and the lofty exultation of a person who has all the world at her feet. Gertrude felt this change in her mother with less surprise than she might have felt but for her own bewildering preoccupation and the new sources of interest that had come into her life with Miss Marsh. Her mother was subject to great changes of temperament: stolidly indifferent at times, and, again, sharp and vigilant as a fox. The girl, from some intuitive feeling

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of repugnance, had said nothing of Oakford's proposal to make her his wife, and was kept in ignorance that he had become a constant visitor at the house: for Antoine had been cautioned against mentioning his visits, and no crested card of his was ever permitted to remain in the general collection.

Thus, as Mrs. Willerton kept more than ever to her own private room, and the girls were half the time out-of-doors, these members of the same family saw very little of each other during a period which proved, in its results, the most important of their lives.

If these weeks had deepened the infatuation of Mrs. Willerton for her young lover into an absolute surrender of her will to his, their effect had not been less remarkable with the two girls. Miss Marsh, from her isolated condition of life, was ignorant of the social laws that regulate the most innocent actions of a class to which Miss Willerton belonged, and submitted herself entirely to the guidance of that young lady, who had been misled into the belief that no restriction whatever was placed on the liberty of American girls.

It was well for her and her companion that there was nothing in the character of either that was likely to lead her astray in anything more important than forms: which Gertrude, just emancipated from the schools of Europe, found a world of pleasure in casting aside, in favor of the broader freedom she believed to be universal in a republic.

In this way, it happened that these young girls were constantly thrown into close companionship with the two men who had been introduced to them as if in the opening chapter of a romance. The interest that this inspired had deepened into friendship at once; from that, into a love so gradual and insidious, that no one but young Stewart was aware of its progress. A consciousness of his own lowly state and ignoble birth had given growth to a certain proud humility, in this young man, which warned him of his danger after it was impossible to save himself from it. He, a city waif, a boy who did not know how to pronounce his own name, even, when he was able to pick up a scanty livelihood among the street-Arabs, had no right to accept equal companionship with a young lady like Miss Gertrude Willerton, even though a romantic sense of gratitude for a service which was nothing in his own estimation might influence her to receive him with unusual kindness.

All this the young lawyer said to himself, and strove to act upon it; but the passion he was struggling against, hide it as he would, was forever pleading in its own behalf. Once or twice, he had found strength to avoid the temptation of Gertrude's presence, as he had done when the information was given him that she would visit the Metropolitan Museum at a certain time, and he had forced himself to remain dreaming over his law-books, in the office, with that restless secret tugging at his heart like the Spartan boy's vulture.

But pride, even when it takes the form of honor, is unfairly matched when deep and earnest love is at war with it. There may be no entire conquest with either, but dangerous half-measures sometimes take its place, and these Stewart had not the strength to reject. He could not refuse to enter the heaven this bright girl's society offered him, but he must avoid seeing her alone. He would at all times keep the secret of his passion locked securely in his own heart: she never should, by a suspicion of its existence, be forced to drive him from her presence, as a poverty-stricken fortune-hunter. He might have been a street-Arab, but no man or woman should ever suspect him of anything meaner than that.

Thus Stewart reasoned, and, so far as it was possible, regulated his actions. He was constantly meeting the two girls in their walks, and sometimes took advantage of Mrs. Willerton's permission, and spent his evenings at her house; but it was always in company with young Weston, and keeping strict guard upon his secret.

All this time, the proud soul of Gertrude Willerton was writhing within her. She could not understand the silence, the fitful flashes of spirit, and, above all, the gentle but persistent avoidance with which he met all her generous efforts to lessen the distance between them. It grieved her that he seemed to reject the gratitude that was forever swelling in her own heart.

Gratitude? There came a time when she no longer mistook the feelings that swelled her heart for that; and then her cheeks burned with pride, though her eyes would sometimes fill with tears, when he avoided her, and gave to her companion the attentions she would have died to obtain.

Miss Marsh felt these attentions almost as a burden. The gentle and caressing friendliness of Weston was far more acceptable, and filled her with a sensation of exquisite companionship. The architect might have mistaken the purest and sweetest affection that ever filled the heart of woman as an encouragement to the inexplicable but sacred tenderness that her very presence inspired in him; but he never asked himself if he loved her, or if she loved him. He knew it, as a flower knows when the sun shines: for the

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sweet feeling of brotherhood came to him naturally as that opens to the light. The companion felt this with a bewildering sense of happiness. She found herself surrounded by all that had been withheld from her life till then: luxuries hitherto unknown, the refinements of taste; and, above all, the most generous, even sisterly, affection of Gertrude.

But this was nothing to the one all-prevailing source of happiness which makes an epoch in every woman's life, unknown to herself, or, perhaps, to every other human being but one.

The man, in saving this girl from impending harm, had earned some right to claim at least a passing recognition; and to him she had been an object of interest and of such close study as students of human nature love to find in the development of youth. Certainly this man had taken advantage of all the opportunities that presented themselves, in the reckless freedom these girls were so ardently enjoying, to seek their company. Indeed, it seemed as if Antoine was not the only spy who knew of their intended movements day by day. If they rode on horseback, which was a delight that Gertrude insisted on sharing with her companion, this strange gentleman was sure to be walking his horse along the shady track: he thus secured hours of companionship that appeared perfectly natural to the girls, who failed to observe that he always fell back a little when the bridle-path ran in sight of the thronged drive, and never appeared to be of their party when other horsemen were in sight.

In like manner, he seemed to haunt the same walks, and, if they preferred to rest, would find some shady spot, and read to them, hours together, in a voice that gave an exquisite charm to the author he might select.

In this way, many opportunities of conversing with Miss Marsh were secured, without seeming effort; and each day the heart of that fair girl was drawn nearer and nearer to the peril of perfect enthrallment. One day, Gertrude, who was so occupied with her own feelings that she was quite unaware of the danger that threatened her friend, happened to remember that she did not know, or had forgotten, this gentleman's given name. They were walking around one of the little promontories that jut into the lake, where Miss Marsh had waited for the swans, that came sailing toward her with the sunshine glistening on their white bosoms, and their necks curved, eager for food.

"Your first name: pray, tell me what it is," she said. "You left a book with us, the other day: and I wanted to return it, but had no address."

"A book? What book?" The gentleman spoke quickly, and a cloud passed over his face. "Was there no name in the book by which you could direct it?"

"None whatever."

"Well, it is very common: Henry Osborn."

"Then there are a great many Osborns in England?"

"Oh, they are as plenty as blackberries," he answered, laughing.

"By the way," said Gertrude, laughing also, "I am an American — anyway, by birth — and people here are celebrated for asking questions. I am getting to be very curious about you: pray, in what county of England do you live?"

A faint flush came to the gentleman's face; but he answered, still smiling, though with some hesitation:

"I have a home in Warwickshire."

"Oh, that is a beautiful county! I have been there. Tell me more about it: your own home, I mean. Is it a baronial castle, or one of those pretty places I saw—about Leamington, for instance?"

"Oh, it is a bit of land I cultivate, with an old stone dwelling."

"Covered with ivy?"

"Yes, there is some ivy about it: that grows everywhere."

"And a thatched roof?"

"Not exactly that. Would not comfortable slate do as well?"

Gertrude shook her head.

"I don't know; there is something so picturesque in thatch. But an orchard—a fine old orchard—and a garden with quince-trees in it: I wouldn't give a sixpence for your farm without them."

Again Mr. Osborn laughed.

"You must not be too unreasonable with a fellow," he said. "I think there is an orchard, and some sort of a garden; but, as to the quince-trees, I cannot be so certain: it is some time since I have been there, you know."

"One thing more: have you an old tree or two about the place, where rooks can build their nests? Without that, our picture would be incomplete."

"Of what picture are you speaking?"

"One that I was describing to Miss Marsh, the other day, as my idea of love in a cottage."

"And she liked the picture?"

"I should think so. You should have seen the light that came into her beautiful eyes: for they are beautiful—no one can dispute that. 'Only,' she said, 'a home like that could never be hers. It was too near her idea of heaven.'"

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"Her idea of heaven? Did your friend know of the drudgery there is, the care and trouble to make both ends meet, under those thatched roofs?"

"Oh, I told her all that; but we were talking of the sweet household-love that makes care, trouble, and even poverty, light to bear. She knew all about that, in her father's lifetime. Such love is like a religion to her, yet; without it, the pretty English farm we have been talking about would be no home for her."

Mr. Osborn, who had carried on this conversation with a half-earnest half-amused expression of countenance, now listened seriously. All at once, his face lighted up as if some overpowering idea had broken upon him: a smile parted his lips and sparkled in his eyes.

"We have wandered away from your friend," he said. "Wait here, and I will bring her to you."

Gertrude was a little perplexed by his abrupt departure, and watched his free swinging walk, as he strode along the promontory, with some surprise. It was not often that she had felt herself deserted in that cavalier way; but it rather amused than offended her.

Miss Marsh had seen Osborn stroll away with her young benefactress, with a feeling of loss and loneliness that was quite new to her. She had watched the two, as they strolled along the shore, with a feeling of vague pain, that hurt her as if it had been ingratitude. How splendidly that handsome pair was mated! How beautiful Gertrude was, as she turned her bright face toward her companion!

The swans came down in a flock, and swept away, disappointed: she had nothing for them. It seemed as if there was nothing left for her in the world.

Gertrude's cheerful voice still reached her. How sweetly its tones fell upon the air! They must be very happy, those two. What right had she to feel hurt because of that—she, the humble companion, the poor motherless girl? No: she would not look that way again, but down upon the water, where she might have been sleeping peacefully but for the interference of those two men, who would have been more kind had they saved her happy benefactress, and let her sink.

"Miss Marsh!"

The girl started, and turned away her head: tears were so near her eyes that she dared not look up.

"We have just been talking—Miss Willerton and I—of a house and bit of land that I have, in the Old Country. She was describing something like it to you, yesterday. Its owner has been long away, and it has no mistress, and would be a lonely home without one. Tell me: will the entire love of an honest sort of a fellow be enough to persuade you into going there with me? Remember, I offer very little beyond sincere love and a desire to make you a happy wife: nor that, unless you can come to me with all your heart. Can you love me a little in return for the great love that I gave you from the first?"

The girl lifted her face now—a beautiful face—with a white startled look flashing over it. Tears were trembling in her eyes.

"You love me? Me?"

"Yes; you, above all other women in the world. Surely, you know that. Tell me, dear: do you love me?"

Osborn sat down by the girl: the pale unbelief in her face troubled him. All at once, she started, as if from a dream; the tears flashed in her eyes, her lips parted in a smile that swept her features like a burst of sunshine. She cried:

"Do I love you? Oh, if I could tell you how much!"

The words broke from her as water leaves an imprisoned spring; but the sound of her own voice smote her with sudden distress. A flood of burning scarlet spread from her drooping forehead down to her bosom. Covering her face with both hands, and shrinking under a sense of maidenly shame, she burst into tears.

CHAPTER XIX.

Gertrude Willerton, almost for the first time in her life, found herself deserted for another person, and that other her own dependent and humble friend. The position was new to the pampered, and in many respects spoiled, heiress, who was capable of even great sacrifices, when a slight offered to her own vanity was likely to meet with prompt resentment.

She stood awhile on the banks of the lake, pretending to amuse herself, while the gentleman who had left her so abruptly stood talking to Miss Marsh; but, when he sat down and was bending toward her with such earnest devotion, her haughty spirit took alarm: a cloud gathered over her face, and she began to beat the grass with one of her pretty French boots so impatiently that her annoyance seemed kindling into anger.

As the girl stood thus, irresolute what to do, her figure, which had some crimson drapery about it, appeared conspicuously against the green that surrounded it: and, all at once, a boat that had been idly drifting up the lake, with a man in it, turned sharply and came towards her. Gertrude's face lighted up; unconscious of the impulse, she threw out her hand.

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"All alone?" said young Stewart, flushed with a deeper crimson than any exertion he had made at the oars would seem to warrant.

"All alone," said Gertrude, laughing, as if half ashamed of herself; "quite forsaken by everyone."

Gertrude cast a glance down into the boat, as she said this, longing to step into it. The temptation of the glance was more than Stewart could resist.

"If you would," he said, pushing the boat up closer to the shore; "one step, and you are safe aboard."

The next instant, Gertrude was in the boat, staggering a little unsteadily as it rocked. Then the pretty shallop shot up the lake like an arrow, leaving a track of silver behind it. After the first excitement of the encounter had subsided, Stewart became serious, if not anxious. He pulled nervously at the oars, and seemed at a loss for words; indeed, he was so preoccupied with the strangeness of his position that more than once a look of absolute dismay darkened his countenance. At last, he threw this off; a feeling of defiance came over him. Fate had thrown a happy hour into his life: why not accept it without resistance, for once? The girl he loved better than anything on earth was seated by his side, smiling, blushing, and apparently ignorant of the unconventionality he had tempted her into. Why should he alarm her with his own conscientious scruples—why thus refuse the happiness she seemed so willing to award him?

The oars rose up and down in the water like silver blades, as the sunshine struck them. He had reached a point, at one end of the lake, where a tangle of willows and young elms, with vines creeping up them, sheltered a little cove, to which the sunshine came flickering down like a network of diamonds.

"Oh, this is too lovely!" said Gertrude, taking off her hat, and allowing the soft south-wind to blow through her hair. "It seems as if we were in another world—

> "'Where the bright eyes of angels only
> Could come around us, there to see
> A Paradise so pure and lonely:
> Would this be home enough for thee?'"

The girl broke off suddenly. The significance of these lines struck her for the first time with a sense of absolute dismay; her face and hands turned scarlet with maidenly shame. She struggled with the feeling a moment, then both hands went up, only half concealing the shame in her face.

"Excuse me—forgive me: I did not think that—that anyone was here. I repeat these lines so often to myself, wondering if love, like the fire-worshiper, ever really existed. It was very rude of me to forget that—that—"

The girl's hands were drawn down from her face. Young Stewart held them close, trembling with the force of emotion that shook him from head to foot. His face was bent toward her, pale as marble, but quivering with passionate earnestness.

"You did not know that such words might tempt an honest man to betray the folly, the unutterable weakness, that he has struggled with—God knows—as no other entangled soul ever fought against itself. You did not dream that the man was by your side who would give his life to hear those words addressed to him, though he perished the next moment after hearing them. Oh, girl! girl! you did not dream that I, even I, could have the audacity to love you."

Gertrude lifted her face to his; all the maidenly shame had gone out of it. Her gray eyes seemed to have grown larger, and were full of tears, bright and tremulous as dew. The scarlet that had bathed her from brow to neck now lay only a flush of roses on her cheeks. The smile that curved her lips was like the unchecked gladness of a child.

"You love me? You—you?"

Her breath came quickly; her hands trembled in his.

"Yes, I: the penniless street-boy, who might have dragged his life out in the gutter, but for the charity bestowed by your own mother. The man who knows so little of his own parentage, that he is not certain of his own name: this is the man who has dared to love you, and has found audacity enough to betray his crime, when he had sworn to bury it forever in his own soul. You asked me to forgive you for repeating a few lines of harmless poetry. I do not ask you to forgive me: that is impossible. Only—only do believe this: I would rather have died than utter the words, if they are to make you hate me forever."

Stewart dropped the two hands that seemed to quiver rather than struggle to free themselves from his grasp, which was like that of a drowning man.

Gertrude looked at the young man earnestly. The smile faded somewhat from her lips, but did not altogether disappear.

"You love me," she said, "and speak of it as a crime? Is honest honorable love ever a crime?"

Stewart, exhausted by his own passion, was wiping away the moisture that stood in great drops on his forehead. He turned upon her wildly.

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"You ask that of me, after what I have told you?"

The smile brightened on Gertrude's lips; her hand crept softly back into his.

"Of you, more than any other man: for you do not seem to have asked the question for yourself. Why should love be a crime, with anyone, so long as it is in itself noble?"

Stewart shook his head, and smiled a little bitterly.

"There are offenses so absurd, that they fail to arouse resentment. I did fear, at least, to arouse that; but your kindness, if sincere, is meant to be merciful. I will try to remember that."

Gertrude's eyes were full of tears now, and her lips began to quiver.

"You wound me; you talk wildly. Would—would it be a crime, or even an absurdity, if I should love you?"

"You love me? It would be madness in you, dishonor in me, if I could believe it."

He spoke earnestly; but there was a quick heaving of the breath, and a flash in his eyes, as if an electric current had passed through him. She saw it, and the smile came back to her own face brighter than ever.

"I do love you," she said, softly and tenderly as a flower breathes; "I do love you. And the words you seem to regret make me very happy."

For one instant, she was in his arms—only for a single instant: for, as she had turned crimson with the shame of her vague confession, he grew white with a sense of his own weakness.

"Forgive me—forgive me this, as you have all the rest," he said. "Your gracious kindness has unmanned me. I am losing all self-respect—all sense of the homage that is your right."

"The dearest right that any woman has is that of being truly beloved," pleaded Gertrude, feminine to the depths of her generous soul. "Why will you be so unjust to yourself or me?"

Gertrude was crying very softly now: the resolute hopelessness of the young man wounded her so much, that pity for him overwhelmed her own pride. If he had hoped to shock her by a declaration of his low origin, the object had failed. All the pride of wealth that her mother held as the next best thing to rank had no power with her. In some way, she had become possessed of that higher pride which is only satisfied with individual power of mind and character, and it seemed to her strange that Stewart could not understand it. What was it to her that this young man had been a street-Arab? Had he not earned his own way into the ranks of intelligent gentlemen? So far as she could ever learn, her own father had risen from the drudgery of a common miner, with less claim to real nobility than this youth had obtained by direct energy rather than chances of discovery or speculation.

In a few gentle words, she said this; but he would not accept her reasoning—would hardly clasp the little hand that was soliciting his attention meekly as a milkmaid could have offered hers. A single outburst of passion had betrayed the young man into a confession that in itself he considered an act of dishonorable ingratitude against a woman who had been in every respect his benefactress.

Gertrude could not understand this. Her own impetuous nature was ready to rise up against all obstacles, and his evident distress wounded her pride. She had put aside her own dignity, it seemed to her, to find the sacrifice rejected from what appeared an over-sensitive feeling of honorable obligations that to her were as nothing: for, to her, money was as nothing; she really could not comprehend its value.

"We have stayed too long," she said; "Miss Marsh will be anxious. Pray, take me to her."

"One word, before we part: I have a right that you should understand the painful position in which my mad conduct to-day has placed me. It is the story of a miserable childhood and hard struggle. When you have heard it, there will be more mercy in your heart for me."

Gertrude composed herself to listen. There were no longer tears in her eyes, but a world of wounded pride. Gently and with much hesitation—for there existed, in the narrative he was about to give, many circumstances for which Mrs. Willerton had bound him to secrecy—Stewart gave her the history of his early boyhood, the great generosity with which her mother had lifted him out of his poverty, and what seemed to him the ingratitude with which he was returning it in seeking the society of her daughter.

Gertrude listened, and the gentle love-light came back to her eyes, when he had done. She reached out her hand to him, and, with a smile full of sweet gravity, said:

"You magnify the distance between us. Of the two, it is I that should be blamed for daring to judge of a nobility that as yet I have failed to reach. You are right: love would be degradation, without honor. Whatever else may happen, be sure of this: I never shall be ashamed of giving my own love so worthily."

Stewart took the hand she offered, almost reverently, lifted it for one instant to his lips, and, taking up the oars, pushed the little craft that held them into the open lake.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE MODERN MINOTAUR.

BY EMILY W. BARKSDALE.

"HAS the mail been sent to the office yet?" asked Floy Templeton, as she came into the room, one lovely morning in the early part of June, where her Aunt Sarah, her Cousin Gracie, and her dearly-beloved Uncle Thornton were quietly sitting.

Now Floy was a city girl; not spoiled and haughty, however, as many a beauty, belle, and heiress is, but as sweet and sunny-tempered as twenty summers ought to make one. Floy had been very ill with fever, during the spring, and, when she became convalescent, her physician had insisted on her going to the country for the summer. "No Saratoga, or Newport, or White Sulphur," he had said, "but some quiet place with fresh air and buttermilk, instead of late nights and French dinners." So Floy, in consequence, had come to her uncle's, to spend the summer.

Gracie and herself had been schoolmates and bosom-friends from the time Gracie had gone to "the city" to finish her education, which was an additional reason for selecting Fordyce Hall. She now held in her hand several letters, which she had just written.

"Not yet," answered her Uncle Thornton. "In fact, I am sorry to add, pet, that all our horses and hands, down to the kitchen-scullion, are in the wheat-field, harvesting. But stay: if you and Gracie will take old Tom and the ox-cart, you can go yourselves."

"Oh, papa, that is indeed absurd!" exclaimed Gracie; "who ever could imagine such an incongruity as a city belle riding round the country in an ox-cart, and with such a driver as old Uncle Tom, and such an ox as Old George?"

"Incongruity, did you say, Gracie?" asked Floy; "that is just what I want. I like something out of the common, and so I joyfully accept uncle's proposition, if you will only deign to give me your sweet companionship. Why, it will be a real frolic! Come, let's get ready and go, before it becomes too warm."

"Oh, Floy! you are surely joking. The driver, if eighty years old, is well enough, for he is like Eurus or Nolus in comparison with old George, the ox. Why, he travels at the alarmingly rapid rate of a quarter of a mile in a quarter of an hour; and, the post-office being full two miles away, it would take us four mortal hours to go and return, to say nothing of the heat, which is dreadful in the sunshine."

"Never mind the heat; I dare say I have suffered as great in a crowded ball-room, with the thermometer at ninety-five degrees. If you will go with me, I will run all risks. The only thing I fear is that, going on such a lightning-express, we may run over and kill somebody before we know it. So come, let's make ready, and be off."

"Bring forth the steed!" she cried, mock-heroically.

"The steed is brought!" replied her uncle, in the same mock-heroic strain, laughing, as he gave the necessary orders; and very soon the ox-cart and driver appeared.

The cart was indisputably what would be called "rickety," and Tom, the ancient driver, was, to say the least, picturesque. But old George, the ox, was the most startling figure of all. Large, raw-boned, with grizzled curly forehead, enormous protruding eyes, and ears like an elephant, his black hide spotted with a yellowish-white, he seemed a monster Minotaur, as dreadful to behold as that which threatened destruction to Perseus in the Labyrinth of old. He was of the species known as "muley-cattle," that is, he had no horns; but, if lacking in that graceful adornment, he made up for the deficiency in other mulish respects, for he had stubbornness sufficient for a whole drove of mules, and would take a beastly pride in displaying it on every occasion, no matter how unexpected or unseasonable. As he stood now, drawn up in fine style before the front door, the deceitful creature puffed and blew as if his every respiration would be his last; while he shot out of the corner of his huge eye a malicious glance at Floy, as if to say: "You may subject men to your will, but not me, Miss Templeton."

"Poor creature," said Floy, misinterpreting his glance; "he is tired before he starts. It is cruel in me to want him to go so far. Let us try to walk, Gracie."

Old Uncle Tom laughed outright. "You let dat 'seetful ole beas' fool yer to deaf, missis," he said. "He done noffin' fur a week, but eat grass an' kick up his sassy heels. Git up dar, nigher de steps, you ole Satan."

The two girls got into the awkward vehicle

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without any further demur, and, seating themselves upon the fragrant hay, fondly deemed they were off. But not so.

"Hold on a moment," said Mr. Fordyce. "Since you scorn appearances, you won't object to make yourselves useful. I have been wanting to send a cradle and scythe to the shop, near the post-office, to be mended. Here it comes. Fasten it, Tom, across the end of the cart. But take care, girls, that it does not fall on you and cut you."

Old Tom now mounted to his seat, and cracked his whip. "Gee! Haw! Git up!" said he to the ox. "Good-bye," called out both girls, again.

The ox started off briskly, and went round the circle, until he came to the point where the road branched off to the gate. Then, instead of following it, he followed the circle; and, in spite of old Uncle Tom's "gee-hawing," brought the girls round again to the point from which they had started.

"What I tell you, missis? He know better'n dat," said Tom. "But git up, you ole Lucifer!" And he plied goad and voice vigorously.

Again the obdurate ox went round to the diverging point. Here Uncle Tom laid on the goad, sharper than ever. But old George made a plunge forward, and, by a strategic jerk, turned quickly and sharply into the circle again. The girls shouted with laughter.

Old Tom was now boiling over with wrath. "You comed it over me dem times," said he; "but I t'ink yer won't do it much mo'."

The second circuit being completed, the ox started on the third. When he came to the roadway, this time, he paused and looked down its dusty length. Old Tom plied goad and objurgation. But it was no use. Again he turned into the circle. The girls had ceased laughing now, and were becoming a little vexed. "This is too bad, after we have made up our minds to go," said Gracie.

"Oh!" said Floy, "he thinks he'll tire us out; but I am more determined than ever. He shall go, even if I have to lead him, like Charles Lamb's songstress, by the ear."

Mr. Fordyce, who had keenly enjoyed all this, now said, laughing: "Tell me, Floy: why should a woman have the advantage, in a contest with this particular kind of ox? Give it up? Well, because that ox is 'muley,' and a woman is 'mulier,' which, you know, my dear, is the Latin name for woman."

"Oh, fie! uncle, I didn't think you could be so ungallant, or make such a bad pun."

"Don't blame me, my dear; the ancients saw the resemblance long before we did. But stay: I'll see what I can do for you." And, sharpening a stick, he followed the cart, and, as the ox neared the road that led out of the circle, he gave him such a prick in the side that old George gave a thunderous bellow and dashed viciously in the required direction. He plunged along quite rapidly until the gate was passed, and then tried to see how slowly he could go, without actually stopping. Nevertheless, in due course of time, the girls got to the post-office, which was also a country-store.

"Shall we go in?" asked Floy. "Or shall we undertake the management of 'Minotaur,' and send Uncle Tom instead?"

"Oh, dear me! let's always choose the less of two evils. Besides, ma wants some sewing-cotton and a crochet-needle."

So the girls disembarked from the "Argo," as Floy called it, and went into the store. They had purchased the cotton and crochet-needle, had received their mail, and were laughing and chattering delightedly over a note, with an invitation to a large party, to come off in three days, when two elegant-looking young men rode up, and dismounted at the door. Here fastening their horses to the rack, they walked in, just as Floy and Gracie were leaving. Both gentlemen lifted their hats, not without glances of undisguised admiration. But this admiration was mingled with astonishment, as they beheld the two girls enter the ox-cart and drive a little farther down to the smithy.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed both girls, in a breath, as soon as they were out of hearing, each looking as red as a peony. "Was there ever such a 'contretemps'?" And Gracie added: "Thank heaven, they are strangers, and we are never likely to see them again."

Fate, however, had willed it otherwise. The young men had finished their errand at the post-office, and were about to mount their horses, when Gracie ordered Uncle Tom to give her the rein, and come and take the scythe and cradle into the smithy. But, when the old man came to take down the scythe, he let it fall; and Gracie, putting out her hand to catch it, the blade fell across her fingers, cutting them seriously. The blood gushed so freely from the wounds, that Floy shrieked, which brought the young men running to the spot.

"Oh!" cried Floy, "what can be done? She will bleed to death. It was all my fault."

"Do not distress yourself so much, I beg of you, madam," said one of the gentlemen, taking Gracie's hand. "The cut is not so serious as you think. I am a physician, recently settled

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in this county: George Merrill is my name; and, if you ladies will allow me the privilege, I will examine the wound, and do the best I can."

"Oh, yes, do anything—only save her life," cried Floy, beseechingly.

"Here, Clifford," said the young doctor, "help me a few minutes." Mr. Clifford Mansfield bowed gracefully, and with an air of deep concern; then advanced to the side of Dr. Merrill, who said: "I wish to take off the glove as gently as possible, so as to cause no more bleeding than can be helped: take hold of the hand, hold it steady, and I will rip off the glove with my penknife."

Mr. Mansfield, after casting a commiserating look into Gracie's face, who, save for a little pallor, was bearing the pain like a heroine, took the hand and held it firmly, while Dr. Merrill cut away the bloody glove. "Now, Cliff," said the latter, bending the fingers so as to close the gashes as nearly as he could, "hold the hand in this way till I return." With these words he left them, and went hastily into the smithy, returning directly with something wrapped up in his handkerchief. "This is a styptic," he said. "Now for a contribution of handkerchiefs, and with these cobwebs we shall do finely."

He took out, as he spoke, some light loose balls of cobweb, which he had collected in the smithy, and applied them to the wounded hand, which soon ceased bleeding, and hung, neatly bandaged, in a sling depending from Gracie's shoulder.

Floy was profuse in her thanks. But Gracie, with tears in her sweet eyes, which made them look bluer and tenderer than ever, said not a word; she only looked her gratitude, with a glance which went straight to the heart of the handsome young physician. "If you will tell me where to find you," he said, in a low tone, "and will allow me, I should like to dress your hand for you, to-morrow morning."

His admiring glance embarrassed and disconcerted her, and she replied, a little awkwardly: "No, thank you; I will not put you to so much trouble. Our family physician lives very near." Then, fearing lest he might deem her rude or ungrateful, she blushed and added, rather hesitatingly: "But we shall be very glad to see you, whenever you may pass our way."

Meantime, neither young lady had given any clue as to her name or residence. As the wound was now bound up, there could be no excuse for any lingering on the part of the young men. Bowing, they reluctantly went back to the post-office, mounted, and rode away.

"By Jove," exclaimed Mansfield, as soon as they were out of hearing, "they are two lovely girls. I wonder who they are. I did not know the 'rural districts' could produce such delicate and refined beauty."

"Yes, she was indeed a vision of delight," answered his companion, abstractedly, his mind running only upon Gracie.

"And seen, becomes a part of sight," laughed Mansfield. "You must be struck indeed, old fellow, if you were so dazzled by the charms of the blue-eyed lass as not to perceive the brown ones of her sister, if sisters they are. I have heard of ladies looking prettier for tears. I now know it.

> "'She looked so lovely, as she swayed
> The rein (of the ox-cart) with dainty finger-tips,
> A man had given all other bliss,
> And all his worldly worth for this:
> To waste his whole heart in one kiss
> Upon her perfect lips.'

"Really, we must find out who they are. Strange that I, at least, never saw them before."

"We will find out," said Dr. Merrill. "I, for one, shall attend every gathering, every church, in all this region, for I must see her again. We might turn back and ask: but that would look impertinent."

The party to which Floy and Gracie had been invited came off punctually. The giver, Beatrice Elliott, looked very handsome as she stood in the centre of her front parlor, graciously receiving the guests who had been invited to this, her birth-night reception. The Elliott family was one of the most aristocratic and influential in all the country round about; and they fully understood how to entertain, in a style becoming their wealth and position.

"Oh! Dr. Merrill and Mr. Mansfield, I am so glad to see you both," cordially exclaimed Miss Elliott, as these two gentlemen made their way to her and tendered the compliments of the evening. "Two of my dearest lady-friends have just arrived," she continued, "to whom I am particularly desirous of introducing you. I want you to pay them special attention; but I know you will not consider it an irksome task, at least after you have seen them. Ah! here they are, entering now." She hastened eagerly forward, as she spoke, to meet and greet her guests. Dr. Merrill and Mr. Mansfield glanced carelessly towards them. Both gave an involuntary start, when they saw who the girls were. First came Floy, "more fair than words can say," her lithe and graceful figure clad in a vapory garb of gauzy lace, like a light summer cloud, while the few jewels which she wore glistened like imprisoned dewdrops in the morning sun. But neither

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"gems from Bagdat" nor "pearls from the gulf of Ormus" could compare in loveliness with the lustrous brightness of her eyes, or the almost transparent fairness of her complexion. Immediately behind her came gentle Gracie, with her tender blue eyes and sunny hair, her child-like mouth wreathed with smiles and dimples. Pale-blue satin and marguerites set off her flower-like beauty to great advantage. But, to the surprise of all, she had, suspended from the shoulder, a ribbon loop, and in it lay her white-gloved hand.

"Oh! Gracie, darling, what is it?" asked Beatrice, anxiously, after receiving the two girls most affectionately.

"Nothing of much consequence, dear. Only a slight accident, several days ago. But I am afraid I shall not be allowed to dance," she finished, ruefully.

"That will be too bad, and you so fond of dancing," said Beatrice, with much concern. "But don't grieve," she continued, "I have some gentlemen-friends here who can make the 'fly-slow hours' pass pleasantly." Then, turning, and seeing Dr. Merrill and Mr. Mansfield at her elbow, she presented both, in due form, to Floy and Gracie.

Dr. Merrill's remark, as he led Gracie off for a promenade, was characteristic of the physician. "How is your wounded hand, Miss Fordyce?" he said, but with such a look of mischief, that all reserve melted away at once, and they were soon chatting gayly together. As Floy and her companion in the promenade passed them, he was saying: "What a wise physician you must have, to forbid your dancing this evening: now I may hope to have more of your society than I should otherwise have been favored with. I am debtor to Dr. Haslett for life."

Floy, on being introduced to Mr. Mansfield, had cast a questioning roguish glance at him, out of the corner of her eye, and found him looking amusedly at her, with pretty much the same expression. Both immediately laughed, and Floy said: "You recognize me, then?"

"Who, having once seen you, could e'er forget you?" he replied, gallantly.

"Especially in an ox-cart," she added, laughingly.

"A vehicle which my memory shall hereafter ever hold sacred."

"And then," remarked Floy, demurely, "it is such a safe mode of traveling. Probably that was the reason why Clotilda and the early queens of France went in them to meet their royal bridegrooms." And then she gave him a graphic and very amusing account of the whole circumstance, especially the episode at setting off.

"One would have imagined," he said, when she had concluded, "that Ariadne had tamed the Minotaur, and subjected it to her service. But why did you, like Boadicea, bind the cruel scythe to your chariot-wheels?"

They chatted gayly in this fashion until the dancing commenced; but, after a single waltz, he was compelled to surrender her to other aspirants. They danced again together, later, however, and Mansfield was more enraptured than ever. Never before, he said to himself, had he felt such an interest in a new face. But then Floy was brilliant and entertaining in an unusual degree; and Mansfield was, himself, too intellectual and cultivated to admire mere physical and inanimate beauty. He had carried off high honors from college, and, after seeing something of society and the world, in a two-years' trans-Atlantic tour, he had returned home and settled himself in the metropolis of his native State, to practice his profession, the law. Already, he was marked as a rising man, and many predicted for him a brilliant future. Just now, he had come to the country to rusticate for a month or two.

Everything passed off delightfully to all concerned, especially to Floy and Gracie, and to George Merrill and Clifford Mansfield. At parting, a game of lawn-tennis was arranged for the next afternoon but one, to take place at Mr. Fordyce's, consisting of Floy, Gracie, Beatrice Elliott, and Fannie Dinsmore; the gentlemen being Dr. Merrill, Clifford Mansfield, Ethelbert Elliott, and Maurice Grey, one the brother, and the other an admirer, of Beatrice.

In view of Gracie's wounded hand, which, fortunately, was her left one, she was granted the privilege, as far as the laws of the game would allow, of being assisted by Dr. Merrill, who was only too happy to serve her. She had removed her hand from the sling, and declared she felt no inconvenience from the hurt; but Dr. Merrill—in order, perhaps, that he might remain ever near her—sagely gave it as his medical opinion, that she must use that hand as little as possible. Floy was chosen by another gentleman, before Clifford could prefer a claim, much to the disgust of the latter. However, she fully compensated him, after the game was over, by singing for him, in a clear flute-like voice, several of his favorite songs.

Tennis, boating-parties, rides, and drives followed each other in quick succession, until the time was near at hand for the "fragrant summer-time" to end. Clifford Mansfield resolutely closed his eyes to the fact that he must soon return to his musty books in a distant city; but Dr. Merrill blessed the day when he first decided to serve an apprenticeship to his profession in the country.

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The sweet thought thrilled to his heart that, after summer visitors had all departed to their homes, Gracie, who had become the light of his eyes, would be left; and, in the hazy autumnal afternoons, he might hope to have her all to himself, in many a drive or walk in the gold and crimson woods—the sweetest time of all the year for poet and lover.

The last evening of Mansfield's stay came. The young lawyer had a fine voice, as became his profession of an orator; he was an exquisite reader; and, to every treasured volume, the music of his tones lent an additional charm; at least, so said many of his lady-friends. He had often, during the summer afternoons, as they sat out under the shade of the trees, or swung in the hammocks, read, at the solicitation of the girls, selections from their or his favorite authors. Now, on this last evening, as he and Floy sat alone, and he laid aside "Maud," in the gathering twilight, he repeated, in a low tone:

"Go not, happy day,
From the shining fields;
Go not, happy day,
Till the maiden yields."

He had not told her what day he intended going, though she knew the time was near. Now, as he repeated these lines, he gently laid his hand upon Floy's, as it rested on the hammock, and, looking at her seriously, he said:

"I go away to-morrow, Miss Templeton. This has been the happiest summer of all my life. You, who have, no doubt, received the homage of so many devoted hearts, must at once divine the cause. I love you; and, whether I am to be rejected or accepted, this summer must ever remain a golden era in my life. Neither time, distance, nor separation can ever dim its great splendor. But, before I go, tell me: may I hope—just a little?" He ventured, as he spoke, to press the hand upon which he had laid his own.

Floy did not reply at once, neither did she entirely withdraw her hand; but, looking far away towards the dying sunset, she murmured, as if to herself:

"O'er the hills, and far away,
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Across the night, across the day,
Thro' all the world, she followed him."

Autumn came and went. Winter—in the country, cold, desolate, drear: in the city, bright and gay—came and went. During February, just before Lent, Gracie received a long letter from Floy. At its close, she wrote:

"Come at once; next week, I am to be married to Mr. Mansfield. We will leave immediately thereafter, on an extended tour."

Gracie went, and acted as bridesmaid; and, as she kissed the bride at parting, whispered:

"Be sure to get back by the middle of May: for Dr. Merrill and myself are to be married then."

And all this came of the ride in the ox-cart, with old George for steed: old George, whom, to this day, Floy calls THE MODERN MINOTAUR.

UNWON.

BY MARJORIE MOORE.

My heart is heavy to-night, with a dull dumb leaden ache,
A longing for peace and joy that it is not mine to take;
I cannot hush it to rest with prayer or song or spell—
There is never a balm in the world for the pain of loving too well.

It dwells with me day by day—that calm unchangeable face:
I read its every line of tenderness, truth, and grace.
I should know if it thrilled with love, or stirred with passion or pain;
But, alas! I seek for a sign, only to seek in vain.

Oh, that those deep dark eyes would falter, when mine they meet—
Or a smile would bloom on the lips, for a moment, glad and sweet!
I could even better bear that his soul should be angrily stirred,
Than to know that I have no power to move him by deed or word.

I watch for him hour by hour, till my heart is a traitor grown;
It thrills at the thought of his voice, at the sound of his step on the stone.
The wild rose blooms in my cheek, in spite of my soul's command,
At the calm untender clasp of that gentle strong white hand.

You may find a day that is gone in eternity's soundless deep,
You may smile on a grass-hidden face, in the magical land of sleep;
The joys of the beautiful past are safe in the kingdom within,
But a thing forever lost is a love you have failed to win.

I must face the bitter truth, though my soul be wild at the thought;
Forever without a king is the palace my dreams have wrought.
Both hope and fear are vain: my heart must carry its tears
Through a dragging round of days that have turned to weary years.

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THAT HORRID DRESS.

BY HELEN J. THORNTON.

THE Whartons were coming home from a small party, one evening, on foot, as the custom was in their village. Mrs. Wharton had a nubia around her head and shoulders, and was holding up her dress with one hand, while the other reposed on her husband's arm. They had been married about a year, and were talked of everywhere as a model couple. Mr. Wharton was a successful lawyer, and was already spoken of as a probable Member of Congress.

"What nonsense you women talk," said Mr. Wharton, directly. "I did think, Molly, that you at least were above that sort of thing."

"Why, my dear, what in the world is the matter?" His wife spoke sweetly, and evidently in some surprise. "I did not observe that the conversation was different from what it usually is. There was no malicious gossip," pausing a moment to reflect. "No, none: of that I am sure. Millport is more free from that, I will say, than most other towns. We are, I flatter myself, too charitable and cultivated for that. We talk of things rather than of persons."

"Oh, no, there was no gossip," answered the husband; "but there was what was almost as bad—"

"Indeed, dear, for the life of me, I can't make out what you mean," interrupted his wife.

"Do you mean to say you were not aware that the whole talk with you all was about dress? Yes: dress, dress, dress—nothing but dress—and the magazines for ladies. What was the last style: the beauty of the costumes in 'Peterson,' especially; and all that stuff."

"Dear me! and is that such a crime? Don't you men talk of politics and business? And doesn't dress interest us as much as such things do you?"

"What? Has a woman—a sensible woman, like you, at least—no higher interest in life than dress and fashion? How a basque should be cut? Whether a polonaise suits everyone? Are the high hats becoming? Pshaw! it is disgusting—"

"Disgusting, dear? That's a strong word," interrupted his wife again.

"But not a bit too strong. Now, when we men talk about business, it is because the welfare of our families depends on it. When we talk politics, it is because the welfare of the country is at stake—"

"Oh!" interrupted the wife, once more, this time not quite so meekly; "and dressing in good taste—for that's what talk about the fashions means—has no relation, I suppose, to a woman's welfare—"

"Not a bit," promptly put in the husband, interrupting in turn. "On the contrary, it's the silliest chatter possible."

"Oh, dear!"

"Now, if a woman had sense, she'd dress neatly, of course; but not absurdly fashionable. She wants flounces, and furbelows, and laces, however, and—and all sorts of nonsense."

"You'd have us dress like a draped Greek statue, I suppose," said the wife, demurely: "a waist high up, just under the arm-pits, and all that."

"Well, pretty much so. Only think less and talk less about it. Gracious powers! that an educated woman in the nineteenth century should be the slave to fashion. Dress sensibly: that's all."

The conversation ceased here: for the couple had reached their own door: and Mrs. Wharton was not sorry: for she could not agree with her husband, and she disliked useless discussion.

A few days after, at the breakfast-table, Mrs. Wharton handed an elaborately-engraved card of invitation to her husband.

"The Benthams are going to give a grand party," she said, "and have asked us. It will be quite a ball, I fancy, from the character of the card, and the notice in the corner that there is to be dancing. Shall we go?"

"Why not? We are not, I hope, too old. And you dance beautifully, Molly."

His wife hesitated. Something was plainly on her mind. She drummed on the table with her fingers—an unconscious habit of hers when thinking. Her husband noticed it, and spoke.

"What is it, dear?" he said. "I see you have something on your mind."

"Well, the truth is, Jack, I have no dress quite fine enough for the occasion, and I should not like to go and disgrace you by wearing one of my old shabby affairs."

"Is that all?" Her husband took out his pocket-book, as he spoke. "Here: take as much as a dress will cost, and have it made up in time. No; I shouldn't like others to outshine you."

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And he rose to go to his office. But, when he reached the road, he turned back, and said: "Only, Molly, let it be a sensible dress: for once, cast the fashion-books aside. You understand?"

"Yes, dear: it shall be as you wish," replied the wife, meekly. But, if her husband had seen a certain twinkle in her eye, he would have known that there was mischief in the air.

The night of the ball—for everyone now understood it was to be a real ball—came at last. Mr. Wharton had expected to accompany his wife, of course; but, at the final moment, a client came to see him on important business, and hence he had to send a hurried note, saying:

"I will join you, Molly, at the Benthams', later. Don't wait for me."

The ball was in full swing when he arrived. The rooms were crowded. Every lady, it would seem, had bought a new dress for the occasion. As Mr. Wharton advanced to greet his hostess, he admitted to himself that he had never seen their wearers looking so well; but he solaced himself with the reflection that his wife, in her dress, would outshine them all. "She has such taste," he reflected, "and I saw the material, which was superb."

He was not long in discovering her. He was assisted in this by seeing some giddy young girls pointing with their fans, and tittering. Following the direction of their eyes, to see what it was that amused them, he beheld his wife, in her new dress—and such a dress!

Yet, for the life of him, he could not tell what was the matter with it. The material was rich enough for a queen; the fit was excellent in its way; a severe simplicity, if anything, was its chief characteristic. Plainly, Mrs. Wharton, in having it made up, had followed, as nearly as she could, his ideal. Yet, somehow, it was a very odd dress. She looked—not to put it too fine—like a lunatic escaped from an asylum. Other eyes besides those of the girls were following the wearer; and a slight smile, only half suppressed, was on every countenance. He heard, too, a voice, close at hand, exclaim: "Goodness, what a fright Mrs. Wharton has made of herself." And then another whisper: "Hush—here comes her husband." And then he was at Molly's side, and the first words he uttered were: "Let's get out of this as soon as we can: for everybody is laughing at your horrid dress."

Molly knew her husband too well to hesitate; but, as he was shawling her in the hall, she asked, innocently, looking down at her gown:

"My horrid dress, you said, dear—didn't you? Why, it's exactly what you told me to get: it has no flounces, or furbelows, or other nonsense."

"I wish to goodness it had," retorted Mr. Wharton, as they left the house: "it wouldn't be so odd. Why, you look as if you had come out of the ark. Were you crazy when you had such a dress made?"

"But, dear, it is sensible: for it doesn't cramp me; and it's artistic—as near like the Greek as this colder climate permits; and—"

"Oh, hang it all!" broke in her husband. "The long and short of it is, I have made a fool of myself. I couldn't, at first, see what was the matter with your dress; but I see now: it's different from anybody else's—eccentric, odd, outlandish. It don't do to dress unlike others: it makes a body appear like a lunatic."

"That's just it, my dear," said Molly, meekly, with an affectionate squeeze of the arm. "To be odd is, socially, to ostracize one. To affect to know better than others how to dress, and especially to attempt to carry out the idea, is considered conceited. I may add that I think it unlady-like. And I am glad," with another pressure of the arm, "that you agree with me, after all."

They walked a few steps in silence. The husband was chafing silently at the absurd figure his wife had cut in that horrid dress. Directly, the wife spoke again:

"You see, dear, that a wife likes to look well, because that pleases her husband: yet no woman can really look well who sets herself up against the fashion. If I were to wear this Greek dress down High Street, to-morrow, even the children, who know nothing about fashion, but who would see how queer it was, would hoot after me. To look pretty is as much a business to us women as to make money is a man's business. That's why we talk so much about the fashions. It isn't silly, after all, you see. If we get behind in our knowledge of styles, we look odd; and even a man, though he can't tell why, knows that our dresses are horrid."

"Oh, hang it! don't be too hard on a fellow—"

"And the lady's-magazines which you spoke so sneeringly of, the other night, are as necessary to a woman who wishes to know the latest styles as the reports of the stock-market or the commercial exchange are to a man—"

"Yes; I admit it all—"

"I developed this dress out of my own consciousness. But, you see, though I have taste—at least, you say so—I only succeeded in making a fright of myself, because I ignored the fashion. It's a horrid dress, after all—now, isn't it, dear?"

And all her husband replied was to say, gruffly, that it was a HORRID DRESS.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

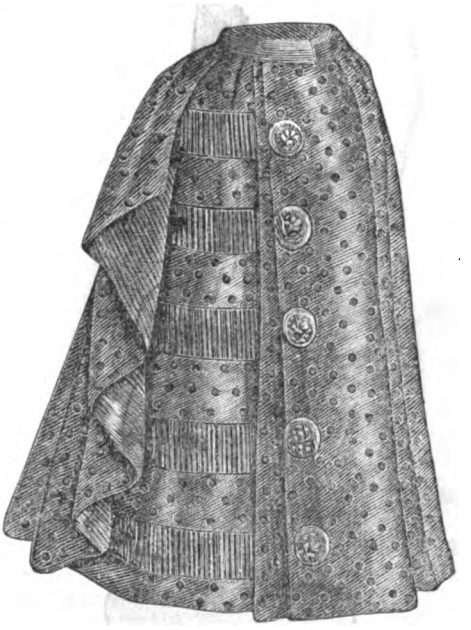
BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a costume for either house or street, composed of woolen material and velveteen. The skirt has a narrow plaited frill of velveteen, put on in wide shallow plaits, thus requiring but little fullness. Over this is a kilted skirt of the



No. 1.

woolen, which is put upon the foundation, which holds the plaited ruffle at the bottom. The overskirt is draped in front to form a point, being plaited high on both sides. The back-drapery is doubled under upon the left side, laid in deep side-plaits at the waist, and arranged to fall flat at the sides, and one looping in the back. A round waist, with full front, forms the underbodice. Over this is worn the velveteen jacket. This jacket is cut rather long, and perfectly plain all around, quite narrow over the bust, and not meeting at the waist by at least an inch or more, where it is fastened by an inch-wide strap of the material. Standing collar, plain tight coat-sleeves, with turned-back cuff. The sleeves, in our model, are slightly fulled-in



No. 2.

at the shoulders. This is a matter of taste entirely, as both plain and fulled sleeves are equally fashionable. The jacket is finished all around by a piping of satin; or it may be simply bound with silk braid. Four and a half yards of velveteen, and eight to ten yards of woolen, for the skirt, will be required for this costume.

No. 2—Is a model simply for the skirt of a dress, over which a bodice of the same material may be worn, or a velvet basque. The latter is quite the rage in black, or of the prevailing color of the skirt-costume. This skirt has a large double box-plait forming the front. On the left side, it is continued in deep kilt-plaits, forming

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the side-panel. The right-side panel is plain, with bands of the dotted material put on cross-wise. Six of these bands are used, as seen. The front is ornamented by large ornaments of passementerie. The back-drapery falls straight, and arranged to fall in plaits at the right side. The materials used in our model are dotted and plain or pin-striped silk; but any combination of two kinds of same material, or even two kinds of material, like satin and silk or satin and fine cashmere, will be effective.

No. 3.—Is a walking-dress, of dove-colored plain and striped woolen. The hair-lines of the striped fabric may be colored, if preferred. The



No. 3.

body, of the stripe, is pointed in front, and trimmed at top with a square vest of the plain material, enclosed by a band of brown velvet, with pointed ends prettily drawn through a buckle. The neck is finished by an upright collar of velvet. The sleeves have pointed cuffs of velvet, ornamented by a buckle. The over-skirt, of the plain woolen, is prettily draped to fall in a point on the right side, where it is drawn up high. The left side falls in a straight panel-shaped piece, crossed near the waist by a band of velvet, and the back is arranged in very elegant folds. The underskirt is quite plain, and of the striped material. Eight yards of striped woolens; six yards of plain; three-fourths of a yard of velvet. Twelve buttons; one large buckle; two smaller ones.

No. 4.—Is a stylish combination of plain and figured cashmere. The kilted skirt is of the plain cashmere. The bodice is cut in a close plain basque, even all around, and without fullness at the back. On to this is draped the overskirt, thus forming a polonaise, much more elegant, and more easily fitted and draped, than when cut in one. After the bodice is finished, then take the piece of material, and begin at the left side; bunch up a group of plaits, pin upon the edge of the basque, and bring it to a point at the front of the waist; then arrange the fullness for the opposite side. The back-drapery is formed by looping the material in



No. 4.

one long loop, with the under part falling straight, as seen in the model. Fasten all the drapery across the back and at the right side on to the basque as far as the point in front. The left side is loose, and fastens with a patent hook-and-eye under the back-drapery, after the dress is put on. Tight coat-sleeves and standing collar. Cuffs and collar are of the plain cashmere. Any self-colored cashmere for the under-skirt, with the figured cashmere having a ground of the same shade, or else entirely contrasting. For a contrasting color, olive for the plain, with a figured design upon a pale-blue or pink ground, will make a very dressy combination. These figured cashmeres are much worn by young girls. Six to seven yards of figured material, and six yards of plain for the kilted skirt—all of double-fold material.

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No. 5—Is a paletot, for a little girl, of ribbed cloth or corduroy. It is cut to fit the figure in front, and the back has two box-plaits. The



No. 5.

shoulder-cape is adjustable, and fastens under the standing collar. The edge of the paletot, cape, collar, and sleeves are trimmed with wide worsted braid an inch and a half wide.

No. 6—Shows the back of a dress for a little



No. 6.

boy. The front corresponds. It is made of flannel or tweed, and trimmed with pin-striped velvet or woolens cut on the bias. The middle of the back is laid in flat plaits, and gathered in four rows at the waist; a wide belt begins from this gathered bunch. The front is arranged in a similar manner. The skirt is plaited in under the belt. A deep turn-over collar and the cuffs are trimmed to correspond.

No. 7—Is a nursery-pinafore for a child of three years, made of butcher's-blue or turkey-red twill, with embroidery to match. The square



No. 7.

yoke, cuffs, and pockets are made of the embroidery.

No. 8—Is a cover, of nainsook, trimmed with embroidery, for baby, before putting on drawers. The illustration shows how it is made.



No. 8.

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CORSAGE ESPAGÑOL: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



The newest thing, appropriate for out-of-door wear, this fall, is called the "Corsage Espagñol," an engraving of which we give here. On a SUPPLEMENT, folded in with this number, we give diagrams of full-size patterns for its several parts, by aid of which diagrams any lady can cut out the patterns for the corsage. As we have often remarked, the patterns, after being cut out, should be fitted to the figure, and any alterations that may be necessary be made before the material is cut into. These Spanish jackets are the most fashionable things of the year, and this one is the very newest, having just appeared in Paris. It may be made either of velvet, silk, or cashmere. It consists of four pieces, viz:

No. 1.—HALF OF FRONT.

No. 2.—HALF OF BACK.

No. 3.—HALF OF SIDE-BACK.

No. 4.—SLEEVE: UPPER AND UNDER PART.

The letters show how the pieces are joined. The darts, it will be seen, are marked on No. 1.

The trimming is of wide worsted braid, suit-

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able for either velvet or woolen material. We give the front and back view of the corsage, showing how the trimming is put on.

The fullness in the postillion forms three hollow box-plaits. The braid trims the front only; forms the collar; and the corsage fastens by three bands of braid, which are finished with a short loop and button. The waistband is of the braid, and is finished to correspond. The sleeves are trimmed with plaited ruffles of lace, separated by a similar band of braid.

Allow half-inch seams on the pattern.

Three to three and a half yards of single-width material will be required. Nine buttons and five yards of braid.

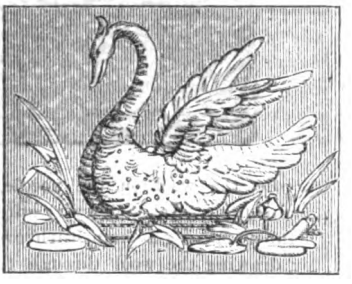
We also give, on the SUPPLEMENT, a design for a splasher, furnished by a pupil of the Art School. For the description, see below.

BAG FOR FANCY-WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, a new and pretty model for a lady's work-bag, printed in the appropriate colors. This bag is made of colored China silk, satin, or pongee. Our model calls for olive satin for the outside of the bag; the inside is lined with a rose-pink. Trace the disks upon the satin—it is very easily done: use a circle two inches in diameter—and arrange them in groups and singly, until the whole is covered, then darn them in with filoselle of rose-pink. If preferred, all the disks may be of different colors, being careful to select such colors as may correspond with the foundation and with each other. In our model, the disks are darned upon a white foundation; but this was only to show more plainly how the darning is to be done. The bag must be large enough to carry even a big piece of work: a good size will be sixteen inches long by twelve inches wide, allowing three and a half inches for the top-frill. Run a casing for the strings, which may be of silk braid or narrow satin ribbon, rose-color. For the fringe, use brass curtain-rings, one-inch size, and crochet them over entirely with silks of the color of the embroidery. After this is done, tie in tassels—five into each ring.

TWO DESIGNS IN EMBROIDERY.





Two designs in embroidery, intended for the corner of a handkerchief or the centre of a pin-cushion. The work is done in satin-stitch—or outline, if preferred—and in wash-filoselle.

DESIGN FOR A SPLASH-TOWEL.

We have received numerous requests for a design for a splash-towel. Accordingly, we give one on the SUPPLEMENT, which is alike appropriate and humorous.

The design is given entire, except a small bit of the border, for which there was not room. But any lady can fill this in for herself.

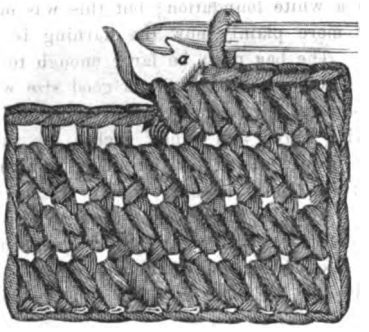
The design is to be worked in outline-stitch, on mummy-cloth, butcher's-linen, crash, or any other suitable material.

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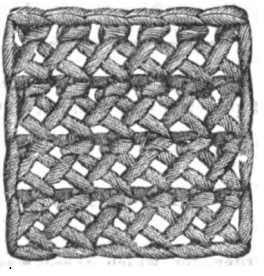
CROCHET-STITCHES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

No. 1.—For any round work, comforter, petticoat, frocks, etc., etc., this is a very useful stitch, as it is thick and close. For flat work—*i. e.*, work done in backward and forward rows—you have to commence always for every row at one side of the work. First row: Make a chain the length required, and on it work a row of single crochet. Second row: Two chains. Put the needle under the first single crochet-stitch, draw the wool out on the needle; put the needle

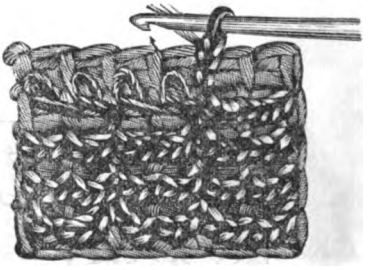


under the next single crochet, draw the wool out. Take the wool on the needle, and draw through all the loops on the needle at once. * The needle under the last single crochet-stitch again, draw the wool out as a loop; the needle under the next single crochet, draw the wool out to a long loop: the wool on the needle, and draw through the three loops on the needle. Repeat from * throughout the row or round. Repeat this row as often as required, always working under the chain at the top of the preceding row.



No. 2.—For scarfs, comforters, clouds, etc., this is a useful stitch. It should be worked with a coarse needle and fine wool; it then represents a lattice or herring-bone stitch. Make a chain the length required. First row: * The wool before the needle; take up the next chain, draw the wool through the loop, keeping it before the needle. The wool on the needle; draw through the two loops on the needle. Repeat from * in every stitch. Second row: Work like the previous row, always taking up the back of the chain of the previous row.

No. 3.—This an admirably warm stitch for children's winter-clothing, presents for poor people, etc., etc. It is simple crochet tricotée, with a row of looped crochet worked over it. Suppose you wish to make a trimming for a jacket: choose the wool the color required, make a chain of twelve stitches, take up all the loops, one after the other, and work off. Second row: Take up each long loop successively, and work it off. Third row: Hold the side of the work towards you, make one chain, put the needle between the first long loop and the edge-stitch, take the whole of the long loop on your

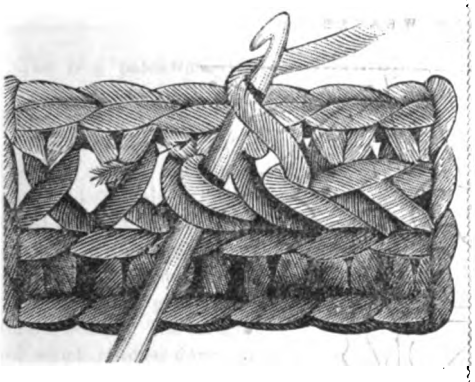


needle, the wool on the needle, and make a chain-stitch. Take up every stitch in the same manner, making a chain-stitch over each; finish by drawing the wool through the edge-stitch. Turn back, hold the edge of the loop towards you, the chain-stich row from you; make a chain, one single on the next chain-stitch, * three chains, miss a chain, one single on the next. Repeat from *, work a single on the last chain. then take up the row of loops in the second row: these will be found just above the row of chain-stitches and loops. Repeat these two rows throughout.

No. 4.—This shows the manner of joining two stripes together. Work first, on the edge of the stripe, a row of double crochet, keeping the wool

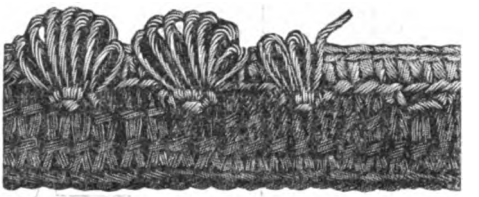
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before the needle throughout the row. The same must be worked on the opposite stripe. Join these two rows with a row of single crochet, then, over each row of lattice or open crochet, work



a row of chain-stitch with a lighter-colored wool or silk. The engraving shows the manner of taking up the stitch only.

No. 5.—The engraving shows the manner of ornamenting plain double crochet or crochet tricotée with little tufts, in imitation of the materials now so fashionable for dresses, etc. The wool is passed over a mesh, and worked into the loop five, six, seven, or eight times, according to fancy. At the end of a tuft, pass the needle at the back of the work to the stitch where you desire to work another tuft. The tufts can be



made, as you work the foundation, by passing the wool several times round the first finger of the left hand, and then working it in with the stitch by slipping the hook under the loop on the finger; draw the wool through, and work a chain-stitch firmly over it, then a stitch in your stitch on the work itself.

DESIGN FOR A CHAIR-BACK, ETC., ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for a chair-back, cushion, etc.; two engravings, one of the chair-back complete, another a detail, in working-size, of one-quarter of pattern. The embroidery is executed on yellow Panama canvas in various colors of moss-wool and floss-silk. The star-devices of the centre square are worked in cross-stitch and point-russe. The vandykes of the border are buttonholed with red wool, and finished with a loop-fringe composed of colored wools and metal threads. The sprigs in the corners are composed of white wool, for the foundation of the star-flowers, which is afterwards shaded with red, brown, and yellow silk, and French knots in the centre. The buds consist of blue, brown, and red wool, heightened with silk; the stems of brown wool and yellow silk; and the leaves of olive-green wool in various shades. The stitches to be used are clearly discernible in the detail.

CHAIR-BACKS IN RUSSIAN CROSS-STITCH.

In the front of the number, we give, as an extra illustration, two designs for chair-backs, in Russian cross-stitch, printed in the appropriate colors. This kind of embroidery is daily becoming more popular, and deservedly so: for the colors are so few that glaring infringements of good taste can but seldom happen; and, when a design is once commenced, the work is so purely mechanical that all may delight in it.

Both these patterns will be found very effective, looking even more so than they do now, when they are enlarged to the size of a chair back.

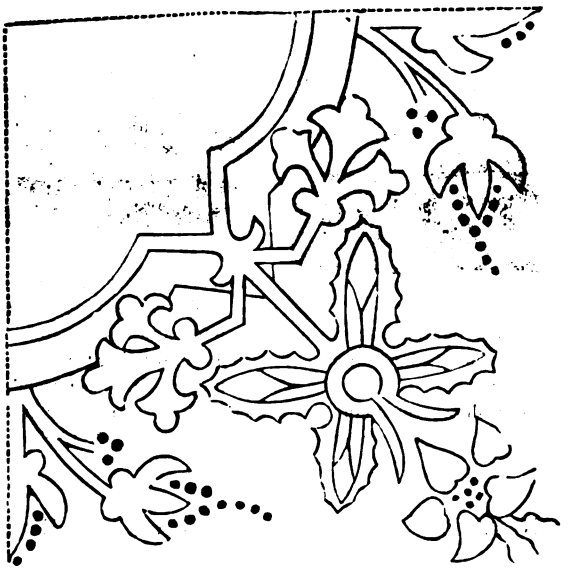
BABY'S BOOT, ETC.

In the front of the number, we give a design for a baby's boot, in braiding, the material to be cashmere or kid, etc., etc. On the same page, we give a very pretty pattern in embroidery.

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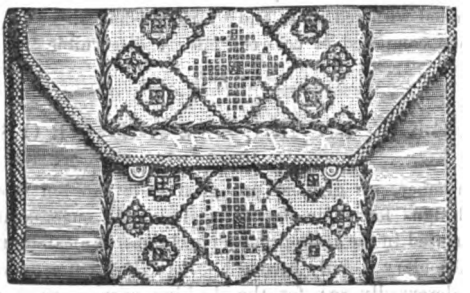
DESIGN FOR END OF TIDY OR CORNER OF TEA-CLOTH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This square design, being one-fourth of a mat in outline-work, or for two corners of a square tea-cloth, or for solid satin embroidery done in filoselle, cream-color or a golden-brown, for the two ends of a chair-tidy, to be gathered up in the centre, placed on a chair, then arranged over the back of the chair, the two ends falling in front in this form: Λ.

NEEDLE-CASE, IN CROSS-STITCH.



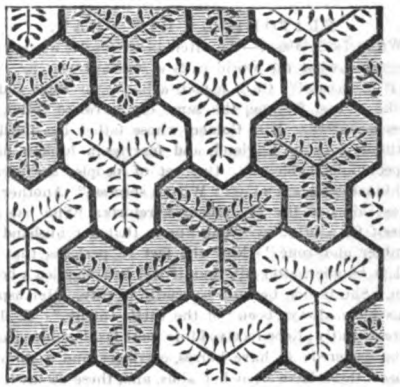
The needle-case shown in our design is done in cross-stitch on canvas, the foundation being of dark-blue watered silk ribbon of the exact width required. The worked strip of canvas is laid on this, and sewed down in feather-stitch. The edges are finished with a cord, and the inside is furnished with pockets and needle-leaves of flannel. We have lately seen these cases used for covers to the purchased needle-books, which are slipped inside an elastic band. The design on the canvas is to be worked in either one or two contrasting colors with filoselle, or it may be made up of a variety of colors, giving a Persian effect.

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PATTERN FOR PATCHWORK.

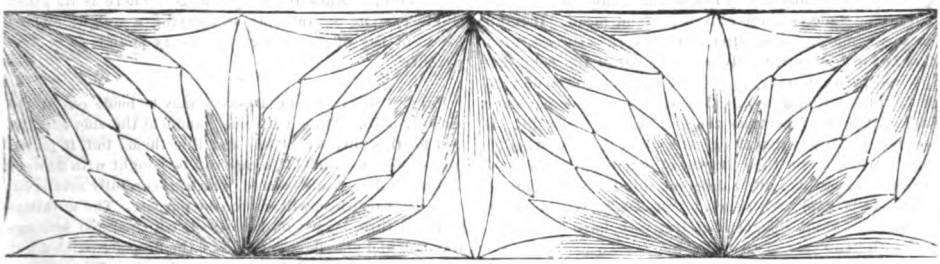
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This is a patchwork-design, of different colored pieces of silk. The shape, much larger, is first cut in tin, or in a thin piece of lead, or even card-board or stiff writing-paper. Each piece of silk is embroidered in the centre, or may be left plain. The pieces are afterwards sewed together on the wrong side, turned on the other side, and pressed with a hot iron. The seams may be covered with outline-stitch, or couched with gold thread or gold-colored saddler's-silk. The couching-silk — that is, the silk which stitches down the gold thread—to be a dark-scarlet.



BORDER IN OUTLINE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



A design for a border or galloon, in outline-work. It makes a pretty border for trimming dresses, or a border for a square tidy of gold-color sateen-cloth. The fine washing-silk for the embroidery should be of a red cinnamon-brown. The pattern is transferred on the material with carbon-paper. The outlines are all done first in long stem-stitch, and the darker parts are then filled in with long stitches, as if they were done with a pen.

NAME FOR MARKING.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

What Is Success?—We often hear it said, when a girl has made what the world calls a brilliant match: "Oh, what a success!" Or, if a man achieves, by some sudden stroke, a vast fortune, the same cry is raised. But are these successes? Miss Golden, whose father has piled up millions, goes to England, and marries a broken-down impecunious nobleman. One set of people, the merely fashionable set, exclaims: "What a success!" Another set, whose aims in life are different, retorts: "She has sold herself for a title: everyone knows that her husband is a gambler and roué." Now the fact is, perhaps, that the girl is happier, after all, than if she had married a better man. She is not, herself, especially worthy. Her aspirations have always been "of the earth, earthy." To dress extravagantly; to be received into most fashionable circles; to be flattered; to have horses, carriages, and a country-house: these have been her aims, and, these secured, she is content. Has she not, therefore, had what is—to her, at least—a "success"? People of loftier views often wonder at such girls. But why? The girls have got what they wanted, and the only thing they could appreciate. To say they have made a failure of life, is, from their point of view, a mistake.

Of course, there is another way in which to regard this question. It is also a very much higher and nobler one. For such a "success," after all, is low and mean. It fulfils no great object. Life, after that pattern — success, after that fashion, is worthy only of the beasts of the field, that die, and perish forever. The soul has nothing to do with it. All the loftier aims of existence are surrendered, when such a "success" becomes the ambition of one's life. It was not in this way that the great souls of the past, whether men or women, won their crowns of immortality. What is really "success" is quite a different thing. Noble natures could not be happy with such a "success." Would a Joan of Arc, or a Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, have been satisfied with "success" of that kind?

The right way is to be self-sacrificing, to do what is right, to follow the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount: that is the road to true "success." "Do unto others as you would be done unto": that will bring real "success," the only "success" worth having.

Change Your Underclothes Often.—Physicians tell us that, every day, two pints of dirty water pass through our skin, in the form of insensible perspiration, and that, in this dirty water, there is not less than a quarter of an ounce of absolutely poisonous matter. With this poisonous matter, also, is mixed the oily secretion given out from the sebaceous glands; and, of all this refuse and impurity, the chief part is taken up by the clothes. Hence the necessity of frequent changes of underclothes, if you would be healthy.

"The Island of Diamonds."—Our older subscribers will remember a strikingly original story, under this title, which appeared in "Peterson" a few years ago. We take pleasure in saying that another novelet, from the same pen, will be published, next year, in these pages. The story will be one of the days of Algerine corsairs and Christian slavery, and is, we are assured, founded on fact. The title will be: "The Corsair's Captives."

As The Autumn Passes On, and winter approaches, chest-diseases and rheumatism will prevail most. You cannot, therefore, dress too carefully out-of-doors, nor take too much pains to keep the blood pure and the skin in working order. Remember it is the quality, not the quantity, of the clothes we wear that tells. Most people wear too much clothing, positively making their bodies a burden to themselves by it. Let the clothing be warm, then, but not heavy. Chest-protectors may be worn by the delicate, by night as well as by day. Keep up the strength in winter by good food and healthful exercise, and do not forget that soups, sugar, and fatty meat can be well borne in winter, though they produce indigestion in warm weather. The temperature of the bed-room in winter should be about fifty-five or sixty degrees: never much below, and certainly never above that.

Girls, Do Not Stoop, for nothing is more ungraceful. Avoid shoulder-braces, however, to cure you of the habit, for that is like bearing on crutches to strengthen the limbs. "Nature," says a medical expert, on this subject, "furnishes the needed braces to keep the shoulders in position; and, when you use the artificial, these natural ones become weak for want of exercise. The best way to cure stooping shoulders is to carry a weight on the head a half-hour morning and evening. Make the weight large. There is no other single exercise so valuable as carrying a weight on the head. A bag of sand weighing twenty pounds is a good weight."

Pretty Waste-Paper Baskets may be made out of old milking-pails. Those with one handle at the side are the best for this purpose. Paint and line them; but, if painting is found too difficult, scraps can be bought with flowers and butterflies, ready colored, which, if carefully arranged, and then varnished, will answer the purpose. The milking-pail and three-legged milking-stool, both painted sealing-wax red, and placed on one side of the fireplace, with a pot of flowers in the pail, have a very pleasing effect.

Back Numbers Can Always Be Had by writing to us and enclosing the price, viz: eighteen cents for each number. "I have tried repeatedly at the news-agents'," writes a lady, "for back numbers; but they say they cannot get them." Now this is not correct. They can always be had, but news-agents often will not take the trouble to order them, and hence reply that they cannot be had. In such cases, write to us.

"The First of the Monthlies."—This is what the Albion (Ind.) New Era, with others, calls this magazine. "It is always the first," it says. "The last number is unusually attractive: every lady ought to receive it."

Now is the Time to send for a specimen of "Peterson," in order to be early in the field, in getting up a club for 1886. We always send specimens, gratis, when written for by persons really desirous of getting up clubs.

The Ladies Prefer "Peterson."—Such is the verdict of the Santa Barbara (Cal.) Independent. "It is the first of the magazines," it says: "the ladies prefer it."

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THE "FORGET-ME-NOT," AND OTHER PREMIUMS.—On the second page of the cover, this month, we announce a new and very beautiful premium *to persons getting up clubs for "Peterson" for* 1886, viz: the "Forget-Me-Not," an album of friendship, crowded with blank pages of the finest hot-pressed letter-paper, in fancy colors, for writing verses, autographs, etc., etc. This exquisite gift-book, the *most elegant and costly we have ever published*, will be, in addition, illustrated with steel-engravings, etc., etc., and bound in patent vellum or morocco, gilt. It will be an ornament for any centre-table. More original in its character, and more beautiful, than either the "Golden Gift" or the "Pearl of Price," every lady should have a copy of it. To earn a copy, it is only necessary to get up a club for "Peterson."

Another of our premiums will be a large steel-engraving, executed in the highest style of art, size twenty-one by twenty-seven inches, called "The Angel of Paradise." It is a companion-picture to "Not Lost, But Gone Before," which we published several years ago, and which was so much sought after. Everyone who has the latter should have the former. To secure it, you have only to get up a club for "Peterson." See second page of cover. Or both it and the "Forget-Me-Not" can be had by getting up one of our larger clubs.

Another of our premiums will be *an extra copy of the magazine for* 1886. Many persons will prefer this to any other premium. But it, and one or both of the other premiums, can be earned by getting up one of the larger clubs. See, again, second page of cover.

In short, for 1886, "Peterson" will not only be more desirable than ever, but the premiums for getting up clubs will be more beautiful and costly. *Now is the time to get up clubs.*

AMERICAN STORIES BY AMERICAN WRITERS have always been a specialty of this magazine. Instead of copying second-rate tales from second-rate English magazines, without a cent of expense, as our cotemporaries generally do, we have spent thousands of dollars, yearly, on American writers. Many authors, now eminent, owed their earliest encouragement to "Peterson."

WHEN PEOPLE ECONOMIZE, they generally begin with books, periodicals, etc., etc. Yet food for the mind is certainly more important than the pampering of the body. It is a sign of a low state of culture when eating and drinking, etc., etc, are indulged in at the expense of the higher qualities. No, economize in anything, rather than in books and magazines.

"SHOULD BE SUBSCRIBED FOR BY EVERYONE."—The Rock Island (Ill.) Union says that "Peterson should be subscribed for by everyone, regardless of sex. All the stories, novelets, and other articles are excellent," it says. "A glance at the last number ought to make a subscriber of anyone who does not already subscribe."

"PRODUCTIONS OF MASTER-HANDS."—The Whitney (Texas) Messenger says: "The engravings in 'Peterson' are the productions of master-hands: the reading is both instructive and interesting: the magazine has no superior."

DESIGN FOR SPLASH-TOWEL.—We have been asked, by numerous fair subscribers, for a design for a "splash-towel." We give one, accordingly, on the Supplement, this month, and a very pretty one, furnished by the Art School.

THE ARTICLE OF WHICH OUR FAIR SUBSCRIBER asks: "Where can it be had?" was advertised in our advertising-department last month. There is hardly anything, which a lady wishes, that is not advertised in "Peterson."

"EVERY LADY SHOULD TAKE IT."—So says, with hundreds of others, the Tonica (Ill.) News, when speaking of this magazine. "It makes glad every household which it enters," are its words. "Every lady should take it, is the verdict of the scores, in this vicinity, who enjoy its delightful reading and its useful fashion-plates."

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

A History of the People of the United States, from the Revolution to the Civil War. By John Bach McMaster. Vol. II. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This second volume more than sustains the reputation which its author won by the first. That told the history—social, political, and otherwise—of these United States from 1783 to 1790. This continues it from 1790 to 1803, a period which includes the proclamation of neutrality, the Jay treaty, the election of Jefferson, and the purchase of Louisiana, all events of first-class importance. The pictures of social life are as graphic as ever, but are given, we think, at disproportionate length, involving, in consequence, a comparative neglect of the political events, which is the more to be regretted, as the Constitution was given, so to speak, its practical interpretation during those thirteen eventful years. Then there is another serious fault in this otherwise very superior history. Mr. McMaster frequently sacrifices truth to brilliancy of expression. In order to be epigrammatic, he is often unjust. His character of Washington, for example, is one-sided; so far as it goes, it is true, perhaps; but it does not tell the whole truth. Mr. McMaster leaves the reader with the impression that Washington's distinguishing trait was common-sense, whereas it was wisdom, a very much rarer and loftier gift. His portraits of others of our great men are even more depreciatory: and depreciatory, not because he wishes to be unfair, but because he takes too narrow a view; because, in a word, he is wanting in breadth of mind. This, to sum up, is the great fault of the book. Not even the brilliant manner in which the story is told, not even the painstaking research that distinguishes the work, can condone for so serious an error, and one so fatal to the real truth of history.

Aulnay Tower. By Blanche Willis Howard. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Ticknor & Co.*—Among the rising authors of America, this one holds a prominent and enviable place. We are always glad, therefore, to welcome a new book by her. But we are particularly glad to see this handsome volume, because it is an assurance that the new firm of Ticknor & Co., which succeeds that of J. S. Osgood & Co., intends to follow conscientiously in the path of its predecessors, back to the now almost historic period of Ticknor & Fields. Of all the various American publishing-houses, these firms, beginning with Ticknor & Fields, and continued down to J. S. Osgood & Co., have done more for native authors than any others; and as it was with regret that we heard that J. S. Osgood & Co. had failed, chiefly through their liberality in the cause of American literature, so it is with pleasure that we see they are to have a fit successor in this new firm of Ticknor & Co., which evidently intends to carry on faithfully the traditions of those older houses.

The Tinted Venus. A Farcical Romance. By the author of "Vice Versa." 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co*—Mr. Anstey, in this novel, more than recovers the ground he lost in "The Black Poodle" and the "Giant's Robe." In fact, "The Tinted Venus" is even better than "Vice Versa," the story with which he first made his reputation. As a humorist, Mr. Anstey is not excelled, either in England or in America.

Annals of a Sportsman. By Ivan Tourgenieff. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Henry Holt & Co.*—This popular work has been capitally translated by Mr. F. P. Abbott. It is published in the usual neat style of that enterprising firm, Holt & Co.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"PETERSON" THE BEST: BUT TO BE EVEN BETTER.—There is no verdict so reliable as that of the editor. He sees all the publications, and, when he pronounces one the best, his opinion may be relied on as correct. Hence it is that the unanimity with which "Peterson" is pronounced the cheapest and best has such significance. Again we have, this month, hundreds of notices to this effect. Says the Augusta (Me.) Age: "'Peterson' is again ahead, and always will be ahead: it overflows with choice literature; it has a beautiful steel-engraving; and the supplement, with its dress-pattern, is worth a year's subscription." Says the Summerville (Ga.) Gazette: "A choice number; the steel-engravings splendid; the fashion-plate superb." The Lake Village (N. H.) Times says: "As bright and sparkling as ever. Each succeeding number seems to be better than the one preceding: 'Peterson' should have a place in every home." The Lexington (Tenn.) Progress says: "The last number is one of the handsomest we have yet seen: its stories are all good; its poems gems of beauty; its engravings and colored plates works of artistic excellence; and its descriptions of fashions complete. We cannot say that 'Peterson,' this month, is better than usual; but, if there is such a thing as reaching the highest point of excellence, we think that 'Peterson' deserves the credit for this high position." The Mentone (Ind.) Gazette says: "A full column would not do justice to all the departments, especially its splendid original stories." The Dover (Del.) Delawarian says: "This magazine ranks, with us, far above all others. The steel-engraving is splendid; the double fashion-plate will delight the ladies; the literature is far ahead of that of other periodicals of its kind." The Norristown (Pa.) Herald says: "Though 'Peterson' makes many promises entailing large expense, it fulfils them all." Says the Chelsea (Mass.) Telegraph: "Everything to delight, and nothing to offend." The Seneca (Ohio) Advertiser says: "Fills a want in every family that no other magazine does." Scores of similar notices are omitted for want of room. But, superior as "Peterson" is, in 1886 it will be even better. Tell your friends this; begin to canvass for subscribers; and send in early. Try which can get the largest club.

DO YOU DREAD WRINKLES?—The death-blow to youthful looks, and a sure warning that age is creeping on, are those same *dreaded wrinkles*. To defy them, to remove them, and also to prevent their coming, *use Palm Kosmeo*. It keeps the skin smooth and free from chaps and pimples.

Palm Kosmeo used in combination with Palm Poudre, nothing can be finer as a complexion-cosmetic. My own personal use is proof, and I am justified in saying to my thousands of customers: Try it, and be convinced of its merits. Also Extract of Turkish Rose-Leaves, a very fine indelible tint for the cheeks and lips.

Prices, Palm Kosmeo, $1.00 and $2.00 a box. Kosmeo Poudre, 50 cents and $1.00 a box—can be sent by mail. Turkish Rose-Leaves, 50 cents and $1.00 a bottle—cannot be sent by mail. These goods are only sold by me. Send for catalogue of Hair Goods. Mrs. C. Thompson, 32 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

"CARRIES OFF THE PALM FOR STEEL-ENGRAVINGS."—The Bristol (Tenn.) News, in noticing our last number, says that this magazine is ahead, as usual, adding: "'Peterson' carries off the palm for steel-engravings, it being about *the only magazine that furnishes the genuine article*."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE as a brain food.—Doctor S. F. Newcomer, M.D., Greenfield, Ohio, says: "In cases of general debility and torpor of mind and body, it does exceedingly well."

AS THE FALL SEASON APPROACHES, ladies are again faced with the everlasting problem of what to wear, and what will be the most serviceable, economical, and stylish goods to use. As we predicted last year, velveteens are still eagerly sought after, and promise to be just as much the rage this season as they have been for the last three years. The demand has brought out numerous brands of varying qualities; but the majority has proved a loss and disappointment to the purchaser. We are glad, however, to be able to point purchasers to a brand that can be relied on—that is, the "Arcadia" velveteen. Its colors are rich and lustrous, pile deep and close; and we have found, from personal experience, that its wearing-qualities are excellent. Those who have used it in seasons past will do so again; and all who try it will be abundantly satisfied. It can be used with charming effect in combination with cloth or silk dresses.

TO OUR LADY-FRIENDS.—The amount of imposition practiced on persons who are obliged at short notice to buy crape is incredible. Dealers supply them at such times too frequently with inferior goods, which would be avoided if ladies knew what brand of goods to call for. Poor crape is almost worthless after being worn a short time, while a good article is economical in the matter of dress. For durability, fineness of texture, excellence of finish, and cheapness, the new "Imperial Brand" of crape just introduced is admitted by experts to lead all others. If our lady-friends will remember this when the occasion for the use of the article arrives, they will not be obliged to duplicate their dresses at the end of six weeks.

PRACTICAL SCIENCE.—It is a practical science of no mean importance that relieves housekeeping of its drudgery. This is accomplished in the kitchen, the laundry, and house-cleaning by the use of James Pyle's "Pearline"—a purely scientific article—which has, in a few years, become a necessity to many families. We advise our patrons to try it. "Pearline" does its work easily and quickly, and is harmless to fabric or hands; but don't tamper with any of its numerous imitators: they are dangerous.

"LITERALLY SPARKLING WITH GEMS."—The Luling (Texas) Signal says: "The last number of 'Peterson' is literally sparkling with literary gems, the latest fashion-plates, and a magnificent steel-engraving. We know of no lady's-book that is as attractive in every department as 'Peterson,' and, the price being only $2.00 a year, places it within the reach of all."

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

FISH.

Chowder.—Cover the bottom of the pot in which the chowder is to be cooked with slices of pickled pork, or, if preferred, use a large teaspoonful of lard. Take any kind of firm fish (cod and bass are thought best), lay them over the pork or in the lard. If pork be used, first fry it slightly; if lard, make it boiling hot. Strew over the fish a layer of chopped onions, if liked, one of split crackers (biscuits), pepper, and salt. Spices are used, but are not necessary. Another layer of fish, onions, crackers, and seasoning, until all the fish is in; dredge with flour, just cover the fish with water. Stew gently; half an hour will cook one of moderate size. Take up the chowder, thicken the gravy by adding a teaspoonful of flour to a teacupful of butter, and add this to the gravy; stew two minutes. Add wine or catsup, if liked. Oyster or clam chowder may be made in the same way.

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Fresh Herrings.—Cut off the heads, and well clean the herrings; place them on a gridiron over a bright fire, and broil for ten or twelve minutes, according to size. Serve very hot, with the following sauce in a tureen:

Mustard Sauce for Red Herring.—Knead a dessertspoonful of baked flour and a teaspoonful of flour of mustard with three ounces of butter, and stir into a gill of boiling water; boil five minutes; add a teaspoonful of vinegar, and serve.

MEATS AND POULTRY.

Potato Pie, made with Neck of Mutton.—Take one and a half pounds of the middle of the neck of mutton, the portion which lies between the scrag and the fatty part. Cut this, bones and all, into pieces of about one inch square. Place these in a pie-dish with plenty of thinly-sliced potatoes, putting first a layer of meat, then one of potatoes, then another layer of meat, and plenty of potatoes at the top. Add a seasoning of salt and pepper, and fill the dish with milk. Lay a fairly thick suet crust over all, and bake for about an hour and a half.

Dormers.—Half a pound of rice, boiled till soft. When cold, chop quite fine with a little thyme, salt, and pepper. Mince two pounds of meat. Mix all together, and shape into rolls or egg-shapes with a beaten egg and bread-crumb. Fry, and serve with a gravy made of jelly from meat, thickened with a little flour or corn-flour mixed with a little sauce-and-water, and browned with burnt sugar or burnt onion.

Beefsteak with Tomato Sauce.—Take one and a half dozen ripe tomatoes; skin and scald them; put them in a saucepan, with half a pint of good beef-gravy; season with salt and pepper, and put them to stew for one hour. When the steak is nicely broiled, pour this sauce upon it and send it to the table.

Chicken Dressed with Tomatoes.—Fry the chicken a light brown; put it into a dish; then pour into the pan in which it was fried, one quart of boiling water, one onion chopped fine with parsley, four tomatoes a little stewed, one tablespoonful of butter rolled in one tablespoonful of flour. Let it stew for fifteen minutes, and then pour it upon the fried chicken, and serve. This receipt is for two large chickens.

VEGETABLES.

Haricot Beans, Boiled.—Put the beans in plenty of cold water; when they boil, throw in a little salt; let them boil about two hours, and, when the skin begins to crack, strain away all the water, which put aside to help make soup, and put a thick cloth over the beans. Put the saucepan on the hob for one hour, for the beans to steam; by this time, the little water left with them will have dried up, and the beans will be thoroughly cooked and mealy.

Haricot Beans, Fried.—Prepare the beans as in the foregoing recipe; put a little sweet dripping into a stewpan, let it come to a froth, then put in the hot cooked beans, with a very little chopped sage, toss them about with a wooden spoon till they are a pale-gold color; add a little pepper and salt, and serve very hot.

Mashed Potatoes.—Boil some potatoes, and pass them through a coarse hair sieve. Put them into a saucepan with a good lump of butter, and salt to taste; add a little milk, and work them well with a spoon on a slow fire for some minutes, adding small quantities of milk as they get dry.

Potato Pudding, to be Eaten with Meat.—Eight ounces of boiled potatoes, two ounces of butter, a cup of milk, and a little salt. Beat all to a froth, and bake it.

DESSERTS.

Cold Puddings.—(1) Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of tapioca in cold water for two hours; boil one quart of milk with the rind of a lemon; strain it, boiling, over the tapioca; add nearly a cupful of sugar and the well-beaten yolks of three eggs. Let it boil until it thickens a little; turn it into a glass dish, and, when cold, put over it an icing made of the whites of the eggs and some powdered sugar. (2) Line a plain mold with a custard made as follows: Dissolve, in a pint and a half of milk, one ounce of gelatine, two ounces of sweet almonds; add the yolks of five fresh eggs, stir it over the fire till it becomes thick, then line a mold gradually with it; when firmly set, put in layers of apricot-jam and layers of sponge-cakes soaked in brandy till the mold is filled up; lastly, a layer of custard; set it on the ice for a few hours, then turn it out carefully.

Birds'-Nest Pudding.—Pare and quarter tart apples, and place them in a buttered dish or tin. Then make a batter of three eggs, a cupful of sugar, half a cupful of sour cream or milk, a little saleratus, and a little salt. Pour in the batter, and bake thirty-five minutes.

Fritters.—One and a half pints of flour, one pint of milk, and three eggs. Boil the milk, and thicken with a little more than half the flour, and, when cold, beat in the eggs and the other part of the flour. Drop from a spoon into boiling lard.

CAKES.

Sugar Cakes.—One pound of flour; three-quarters of a pound of butter; three-quarters of a pound of sugar; the yolks of four eggs, a little cinnamon and nutmeg; two tablespoonfuls of brandy, and a little rose-water.

Tasty Little Cakes.—Queen Cakes: One-half pound of flour, one-half pound of butter, one-half pound of finely-powdered sugar, four eggs, one-quarter pound of currants, twenty drops of essence of lemon, baking-powder. Bake in small patty-pans, which must only be half filled. Shrewsbury or Coffee Cakes: Ten ounces of flour, one-half pound of butter, six ounces of finely-pounded sugar, one egg, half a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon and baking-powder; roll out thin, and cut into shapes. Gingerbread Snaps: One and a half pounds of flour, one-half pound of butter, one pound of molasses, one pound of sugar, a teaspoonful of ground ginger, the same quantity divided between cloves and cinnamon, baking-powder; roll out thin, and cut into shapes. Currant Tea Cakes: Two pounds of flour, six ounces of sugar, six ounces of butter, and one-quarter pound of currants; baking-powder. Rice Cake: One pound of flour, one-quarter pound of ground rice, one-quarter pound of flour of rice, ten eggs, one pound of loaf-sugar (powdered), and one pound of butter.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Lock Box 409, Marblehead, Mass.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

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MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD, AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A. M., M. D.

No. XIII.—WILD-CHERRY—WITCH-HAZEL.

WILD-CHERRY—*Prunus Virginiana*, or, more correctly, *Cerasus serotina* vel *Virginiana*—"prunus" representing the plum family, "cerasus" the cherry genus. A tree from forty to sixty feet high, with large spreading branches. Racemes of flowers three to five inches long; drupes globose, small, dark-purple or purplish-black when ripe, bitterish to the taste. The wood is a pale reddish-brown, hard and close-grained, and still esteemed by cabinet-makers. The bark, though a rather unpalatable bitter, is a good, tonic. Mothers can take an ounce of the bark of the roots, cut fine or bruised, and steep for twelve hours in cold water, two pints. This makes a good tonic, and even an expectorant, taken freely. Its virtues are perhaps mainly due to a crude form of hydrocyanic acid, which the bark as well as the berries contain. Hot water is believed to destroy this active medicinal principle. In some country-places, the berries are still gathered when ripe, and steeped in rye whiskey, and thus taken, medicinally, by some who would be ashamed to take the whiskey straight. The bitterness of the berries, no doubt, gives a medicinal tone to the rye, and at the same time eases the conscience. The cold infusion or the "bitters" often is beneficial in cases of general debility, some forms of dyspepsia, and in convalescence from fevers.

WITCH-HAZEL—*Hamelis Virginica*. Spotted alder: snapping hazel-nut. An under-shrub, from six to twelve feet high, in moist woods and thickets, with straggling flexuose branches. Leaves four to six inches long, subcordate at base; petioles about a half-inch in length; flowers greenish-yellow, clustered in threes on a common peduncle about half an inch long; seeds black and shining, in a capsule. Flowers in October. The twigs of this shrub have furnished a species of divining-rod, as well as those of the apple-tree.

The botanics esteemed this tree highly as an astringent in diarrhœas, general bleedings, etc. It is useful in any case where a part is enfeebled and there is a sluggish circulation. Hence mothers can use it in common catarrh, chronic sore throat, disease of the tonsils, relaxed pillars of the fauces, palate, etc. It will often cure old cases of hemorrhoids, internally and locally.

It is a good dressing for enlarged veins, erysipelas, burns and scalds, etc. For all these purposes a cold infusion may be used, or the leaves tinctured: alcohol one part, water three or four parts. Its chief notoriety of late has been obtained by an extensive advertisement under the head of Pond's Extract, Humphrey's Vegetable Pain-Killer, etc. These are simply very weak distilled products of the witch-hazel, and all druggists now have a "distilled extract" containing but five or six per cent. of alcohol, colorless or nearly so, very cheap, and by the use of which mothers can derive perhaps all the benefits that can be obtained from the higher-priced proprietary articles. "Pond" and "Humphrey" call it a universal panacea—no other medicine is needed in the household, they pretend, for all the ills to which mankind or womankind is liable. For general use, the writer must refer mothers to their printed circular or little book, for a guide in the use of this mild and harmless "extract."

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

CAUSES OF "MALARIA," ETC., ETC.—As this is the season of the year when "malaria" is particularly prevalent in certain districts—whether in the ordinary "chills and fever" form or the more dangerous "typhoid" fever—it may interest our readers to know what is the latest medical theory about the origin of this poisonous and deadly germ, and the best means of combating it.

Formerly, the doctors taught that "malaria" originated only in marshy districts. The fact that malaria is so often to be found in marshy districts led to this conclusion. But it has been shown, by repeated experiment, that in marshy regions it is only the ground *partly soaked with water* which gives the germ its vitality, and which enables it, helped by the warmth of the sun and the currents of the air, to rise from the ground, and to become, when inhaled and domesticated in the human body, the enemy that it is to the life and health of men.

As we have already said, the disease is believed to come from poisonous germs, which, under certain conditions, are propagated, alike in hill-regions and in flat districts. Now, therefore, the question arises as to the means by which the evil can be best combated. The experiments hitherto made have no pretense to finality. Arsenic has for some years been used in cases where quinine fails; and it has the advantage over quinine that it can be taken in small quantities for a long time without doing any appreciable harm to the patient, and sometimes, apart from its curative effects with regard to the particular disease, with a good result on his general health. But arsenic has a bad name, and, as it must be administered cautiously, it will be very hard to convince people, in offering them doses of it, that they are taking what is good for them.

The remedies which the popular imagination gets hold of seem in the long run to be the best; not that they are in themselves any better than, or so good as, other, but that people will take them willingly. Quinine—or, as it was first called, Jesuit's bark—was originally a merely empirical medicine. The decoction of lemon, which has been suggested as an alternative prophylactic against malaria, may or may not prove successful. It is only as an experiment, though an experiment already borne out by many beneficial results, that he has brought it forward. The subject, however, is still so much in the preliminary stage of controversy that it would be premature to express any definite opinion upon it. Nor do those who are most active in working out the subject wish it to be understood that their conclusions are final.

Among the many supposed cures for malaria, the most popular of all has been the eucalyptus. An essence made from this tree has often been found efficacious. Planting the eucalyptus about the house is believed by many to keep off "malaria." The common "sun-flower" is also thought to be a preventive, by assimilating, like the eucalyptus, the poisonous germs for itself. In all "malarious" districts, it is wise to keep indoors, in early morning, until after breakfast; as the system, then fortified by a good meal, is more able to resist "malaria" than before. It is also advisable to keep indoors, or on a piazza, or otherwise under cover, after sun-down.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLACK CASHMERE AND BLACK STRIPED VELVET AND SATIN. The petticoat, which is plain, is made of the striped material. The cashmere skirt is cut long and full, and simply draped. The double-breasted jacket has wide revers; is made with plaits at the back, and is made of the striped velvet and satin. Bonnet of black velvet, trimmed with light-pink ostrich-tips.

FIG. II.—WEDDING-DRESS, OF WHITE SATIN. The front of the skirt is covered with white lace, which falls over a wide plaited flounce; the sides are laid in three wide side-plaits and the long train is edged around the bottom with lace, put on in coquilles; the long-pointed waist is edged with lace,

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and there is a full lace plastron and lace epaulettes. Sprays of orange-blossoms are in the hair, at the neck, and side of the bodice. Long tulle veil.

FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS, OF BLUE NUN'S-VEILING. The skirt opens at the side, over cream-colored ruffles; the underskirt is plain, and is laid in full wide plaits at the back; the drapery in front is drawn up the side under a blue satin rosette. The very long-pointed waist has a Medici collar, is gathered slightly on the shoulders, and opens over a white silk-muslin plastron. The sleeves and bodice are trimmed with lace laid over the blue material.

FIG. IV.—EVENING OR RECEPTION DRESS, OF VIOLET VELVET. The front is made of lilac silk, brocaded in violet velvet; the remainder of the skirt falls in straight deep plaits; black lace is draped across the front, below the waist, and a long sash of watered ribbon of the colors of the front of the dress falls on the right side. The bodice is of plain violet velvet, and has a black lace chemisette, and trimming about the neck.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF ALMOND-COLORED CLOTH. The front is made of stripes of the cloth doubled up loosely at the bottom, and falls over a dark-brown velveteen petticoat; a narrow plaiting of the velveteen is placed between the cloth stripes. Three shorter loops of the cloth, lined with velveteen, fall below the waist. The back of the skirt is laid in full plaits, but it fits closely over the hips; it is trimmed with an appliqué of brown velvet, or a braided pattern would look equally well. The jacket has an appliqué of brown velvet, and velvet revers; it opens from the front, over a yellow cloth vest. Almond-colored felt hat, trimmed with brown velvet and a yellow bird. Muff of brown velvet.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN CAMEL'S-HAIR. The skirt is edged with a narrow knife-plaiting; above the hem is a band of small plaid silk; the pointed front of the tunic is also trimmed with a band of plaid silk; the back drapery is plain. The bodice is cut with a deep habit-basque at the back, and is trimmed in front with bands of the plaid. The plaited vest is of green silk. Felt hat, faced and trimmed with dark-green velvet and cock's-plumes.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GRAY MOHAIR. The underskirt is of plain merino, edged with a broad band of striped mohair; the front drapery is of the plain mohair, lined with the striped mohair; the right side is cut much longer than the left, so as to turn the striped side out, carrying the end to the waist, under the basque. Or the skirt may be cut the same depth all across the front, and simply faced with the striped material; the back is arranged in water-fall drapery. The bodice is made with deep basques, and opens over a plain pointed vest, which is fastened by invisible hooks and eyes at one side. The basque is cut round at the back, and has revers and cuffs of the striped mohair. Gray felt hat, trimmed with wings.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BROWN CASHMERE AND BROWN BROCHÉ. The skirt is made of the broché edged by a deep band of velvet, and a narrow plaiting; the overskirt of the cashmere is draped back and front. The jacket is fastened at the front by one button, and is trimmed with the broché. The vest is of the velvet, and rounded in front. Felt hat, trimmed with velvet and feathers.

FIG. IX.—HOUSE-DRESS, FOR MOURNING, of black camel's-hair. The skirt has fan-plaitings of black silk inserted in the front. The tunic is draped in folds in the front, and carelessly bunched at the back. The bodice has a plain round vest, which fastens with hooks and eyes under the very stylish Spanish jacket, which is cut round at the back, and is edged with a small ball-fringe.

FIG. X.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF STRIPED WOOLEN MATERIAL. The tunic opens in front over the plaited skirt, and the long back is draped to the back of the bodice. The waistcoat, collar, cuffs, waistband, and border are of velvet.

FIG. XI.—JERSEY JACKET, OF DARK-BLUE STOCKINET. It is trimmed with a broad galloon, and the pockets are trimmed with cord.

FIG. XII.—HAT, OF BLACK STRAW, trimmed with a plaiting of black satin, and full black feathers.

FIG. XIII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF IRON-GRAY CASHMERE, trimmed with a galloon of a darker shade. The underskirt is trimmed with many rows of the velvet. The tunic in front is draped beneath the back-breadths, and both are trimmed with rows of the velvet. The pointed bodice has a pointed waistband, also trimmed with the velvet. The lower part of the sleeve is also encircled with rows of velvet, while the upper part is slightly puffed.

FIG. XIV.—BONNET, OF BROWN FELT, trimmed with brown velvet ribbon, and feathers of two shades of brown.

FIG. XV.—TOQUE, FOR A YOUNG CHILD. The crown is of red cashmere, the brim is of seal, and a small fur head ornaments the side of the crown.

FIG. XVI.—JACKET, OF STRIPED VELVET. It is made with plaits to fit easily over the large tournure, and is close-fitting behind; in front, it is made without gores, so falls rather loosely, and is trimmed with large mother-of-pearl buttons.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Everything is worn, and nothing is very new in style or color. We gave, in the September number, as we also give in the present one, the very latest models for dresses, etc., in the greatest variety. In them it may be noticed there is rather a leaning to less drapery and a more simple style of looping, for general wear.

The tournure is still in favor, and is worn much too large, by some persons, for elegance.

Vests, real or simulated, are very fashionable, or some trimming which gives the effect of a vest.

Basques and habit-bodices are general, though waistbands are exceedingly popular, especially for slender figures and young people.

Lace jackets, lined with richly-colored silk, are very fashionable, and velvet ones, of a contrasting color from the dress, are worn, both in the house and for street-use, if the color is sufficiently quiet for the latter. These jackets serve well to wear out old skirts, and help much to add a variety to the wardrobe.

Sashes are growing more and more in favor, and are worn in several different ways. For young women, they are frequently tied around the waist, in a large loose bow, on the left side at the back. They are also worn with the long loops and wide ends falling over the skirt at the back, thus forming the necessary drapery. In the latter case, they are tied around the waist. Very wide watered ribbon makes the most elegant sashes, though the material of which the dress is composed is frequently employed, and the whole width used.

Jackets and mantles, long and short, close-fitting and loose, are all worn. The rather short mantle and medium length jacket are considered more dressy than the very long ones.

Gold and silver braid are still used, but much more sparingly than was the case some time ago, as when too much tinsel is put on it has a tawdry effect.

Bonnets and hats are still worn high and narrow; but the height, with well-dressed women, is not exaggerated.

The hair continues to be dressed up on the top of the head, in a loose fashion, though physicians now say that much neuralgia is produced by this fashion, and that incurable headaches are often caused by the straining of small strands of hair and hard hair-pins. The catogan style has not as yet become general, though it is worn by young girls. When the hair is universally worn low on the neck, the day of the Medici ruff, high collars, and bodices, will have passed.

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OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The reign of the plain full skirt is at an end. It was destined, apparently, to a short-lived popularity, in spite of its grace and becomingness. It was too easy to make and copy, and the streets of Paris soon swarmed with all kinds of straight skirts: some plaited, and others merely gathered, and many of them without either shape or flow of lines. The plain skirt has died; peace to its memory, for it promised an era of simple and convenient dressing, and the promise has not been fulfilled. In its stead, is now shown the long full overskirt, falling in curves in front and at the back to the hem of the dress, and showing the underskirt at the sides. Or else the overskirt is made as long as the underskirt, and is cut up at the seams so as to part and show the latter, which is of a richer material than the former. Very large-patterned brocaded velvets are used for underskirts, in which case the overskirt is a mere scarf-drapery, with puffed loopings or straight folds at the back, the color matching the groundwork of the velvet. Striped velvets in dark rich tints are a good deal used for the underskirts and vests of cloth dresses: dark-ruby and marine-blue stripes, for instance, going well with marine-blue cloth. Worth has just finished a very handsome costume in this combination, which is intended for a New York leader of fashion.

Another tasteful walking-dress on view at his establishment has just been completed for the Princess Paz, wife of the Archduke Louis of Bavaria, and daughter of Queen Isabella of Spain. It is in black cloth, the seams bound with black velvet, trimmed spirally with silver braid. The underskirt is in Pekin velvet, the stripes black and white.

Very short pointed corsages continue in vogue, with folds of the material used for trimming the dress arranged fichu-fashion over the bust—that is, if the trimming be in soft material, such as surah, cashmere, or crèpe de Chine, for such a style would be impracticable in the heavier stuffs. With this style, half-loose sleeves are sometimes shown, with undersleeves made of the trimming-material. For instance, a corsage in dark-blue satin, figured with tiny strawberries, had the fichu and undersleeves in dark-blue surah. A sash, in flat straight folds of the surah, lined with the same material, was attached to the back of the skirt.

Elbow-sleeves of lace are again worn in full dress or in demi-toilette. They are no longer made to fit closely over the arm, but the lace is gathered into a band, of the material of the dress. A small bow is placed on this band, at the curve of the arm. These full half-sleeves are much more durable than the tight-fitting ones used to be, and are even more becoming.

Lace skirts are no longer the height of fashion. They are too pretty and convenient to disappear very suddenly, but, whenever any particular style of toilette is imitated in cheap material at the great dry-goods stores of Paris, its days are numbered. And lace skirts, ranging in price from six to fifteen dollars, have been on view in those establishments throughout the whole of the past summer.

Jersey waists are still very popular, being too convenient to be easily set aside. The later styles are, in some instances, very elaborately ornamented. The latest of these is called the Theodora, and is finished around the throat and wrists with a flat oxydized silver chain in a pointed mediæval pattern. The cuffs and collar and the basque edge are also sometimes embroidered very elaborately with small jet beads of a color matching that of the material. Velvet corsages will be a good deal worn with skirts of silk, or satin, or lace, this winter.

The full plaited ruchings of crèpe-lisse, that have so long been worn at the throat and wrists, are entirely out of fashion. Bias bands of transparent muslin of varying widths are worn, sometimes with a plaiting of lace set inside the band. This makes the trimming more dressy. Ruchings of plaited lace, in black or in colors, and narrow bias bands in colored crape, are also worn. Very pretty sets for the sleeves and neck are shown, composed of a double bias fold of cream étamine, embroidered with tiny red rose-buds with green leaves. Ruchings with colored chenille dots and with admixtures of gold and silver are also worn. Bands of imitation lace have replaced those of English embroidery for collars and cuffs, on wash-dresses and on cashmere costumes.

Bonnets are shown in the quaintest and prettiest shapes imaginable. The crownless form, with the two sides meeting in a sharp ridge along the top, is much liked, and is very becoming. The trimming, of high-standing loops and ends of ribbon, with a long spray or two of flowers, is placed directly in front. Two small birds, set head downwards, with their tails high in the air, are sometimes set at the side of such a bonnet, replacing the ribbons and flowers. Velvet is indisputably the favorite material this season. A new trimming for it is formed of flat spangles about the size of an old-fashioned three-cent piece, in corrugated metal, colored of the same shade as the bonnet-material. Two rows of these are sewed all around the edge, and are very decorative. Jet bonnets are made up over heavy corded faille, and are trimmed with jet flowers and small black cock's-plumes. Bonnet-strings are of medium width, and are composed of ribbon, either in velvet or satin, but the former is the more fashionable. The round hats are shown in all possible styles and shapes: the pointed Tyrolean, the Henri IV toque, the round Directoire hat, and even the broad-brimmed picturesque Rubens hat (the latter in felt, with the brim lined with velvet), are all on view in the show-rooms of the fashionable milliners.

The newest color of the season, so far, is the royal blue (bleu du roi), a superb dark rich color, supposed to be the same as that of the groundwork of the royal Sèvres, but of a more brilliant tint. Grays and browns will also be much worn in all their different shades.

The lowering of the garniture in the necks of dresses has brought about a pretty innovation, in the shape of a half-inch wide piece of ribbon tied around the throat in a bow with short ends, which bow goes at the side of the wearer's neck. This ribbon is either in pale-pink or pale-blue watered silk or satin, or else in black velvet. Pale-pink is worn with black dresses, and pale-blue or black velvet with white ones. This fashion has a very picturesque and Watteau-like effect.

The prettiest novelty in jewelry is a trefoil formed of a sapphire, a diamond, and a ruby. Two small ones form the earrings, and a larger one the pin, and they are also set on the side of a bracelet or mounted as a scarf-pin.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF DARK-BROWN CASHMERE, WITH LIGHTER-BROWN DOTS. The bottom of the skirt is edged with a band of dark-brown velveteen; the tunic is draped and untrimmed; the jacket is of brown cloth, with collar and cuffs of brown velveteen, and edged with small ball-fringe; felt hat, of the lighter shade of brown, trimmed to correspond with the jacket.

FIG. II.—BOY'S SUIT, OF HEATHER-COLORED TWEED. The knickerbockers are close-fitting; the jacket is plain, and worn with a large linen collar and cuffs.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF PLAID WOOLEN. The skirt is plaited; the jacket is of dark-blue cloth, opening at the throat with revers, and double-breasted, with two rows of buttons. Hat of dark-blue felt.

FIG. IV.—CAP, FOR SMALL BOY. It is made of dark-red cashmere, full, and gathered on the top into a red rosette; it is trimmed with red cords.

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LES MODES PARISIENNES. P

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A FEATHER IN HER CAP.

Engraved expressly for Graham's Magazine

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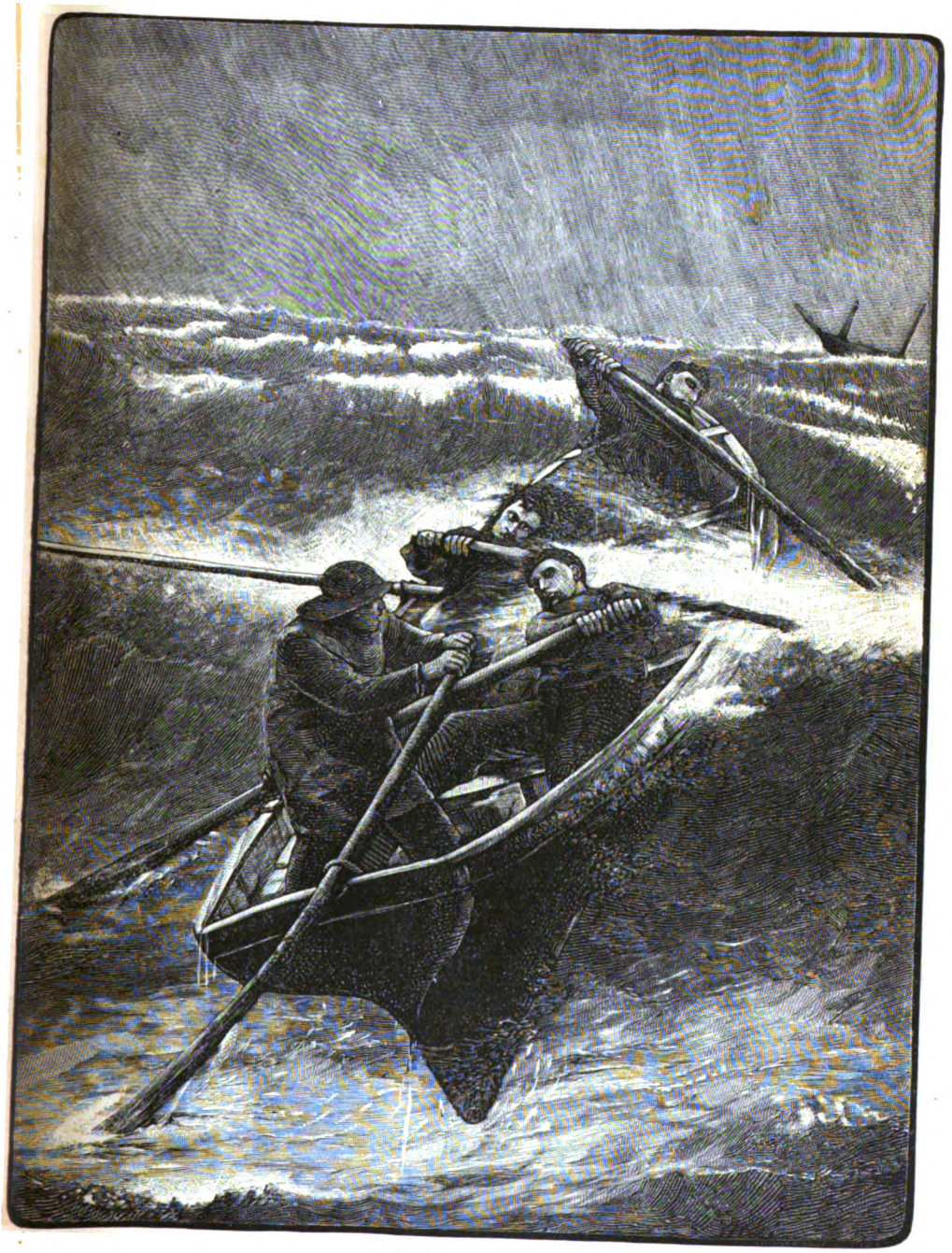


TAWNY OWL, FOR FIRE-SCREEN: TO BE EMBROIDERED, OR PAINTED IN OIL

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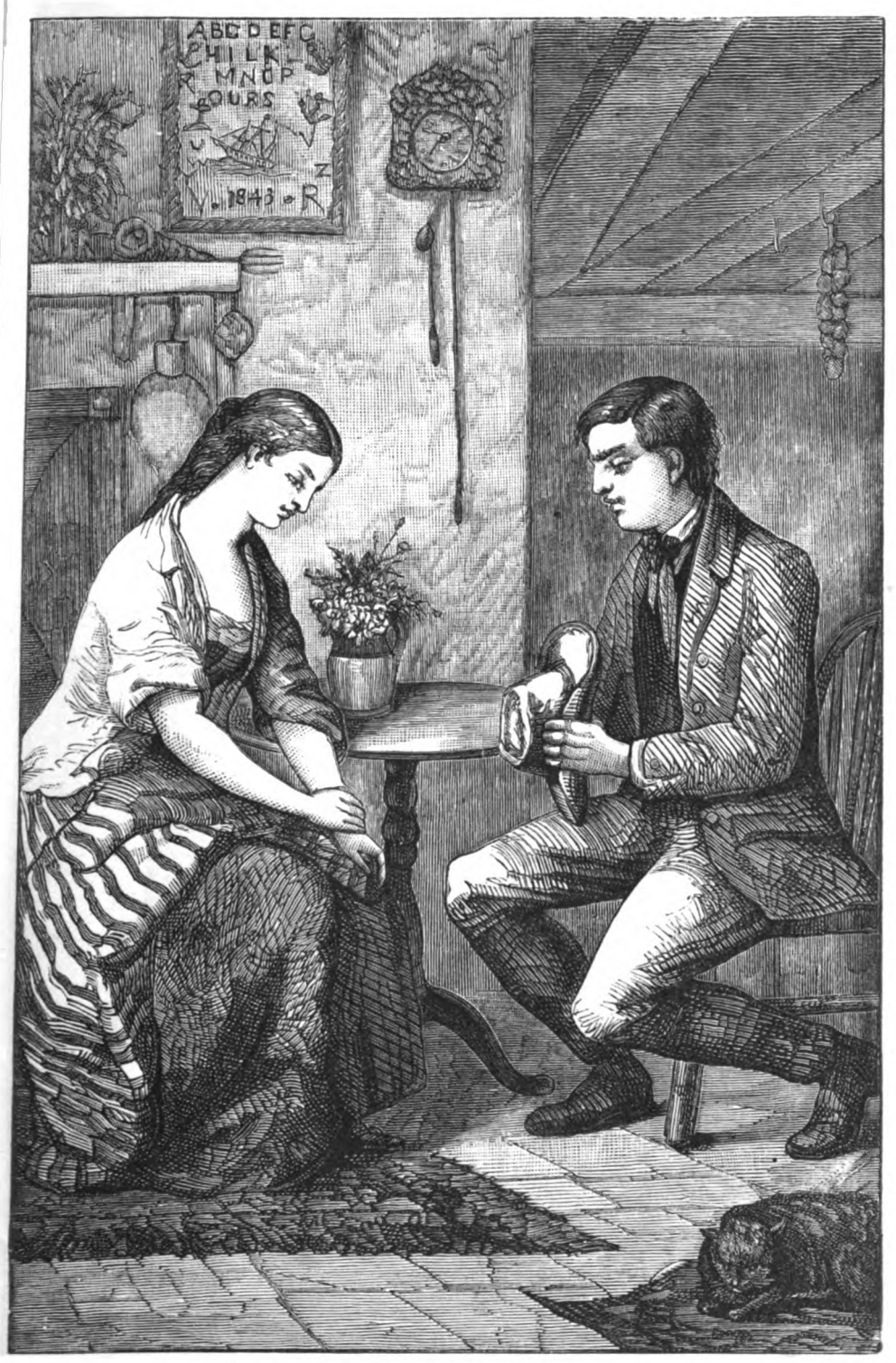
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TO THE RESCUE. [*See the Story.*]

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POPPING THE QUESTION. [See the Story.]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER. FUR SHOULDER-CAPE. SEAL TOQUE.

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VISITING-DRESS. HOUSE-DRESS. THROATLET. MUFF.

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WALKING-DRESS. CLOAK. COLLAR.

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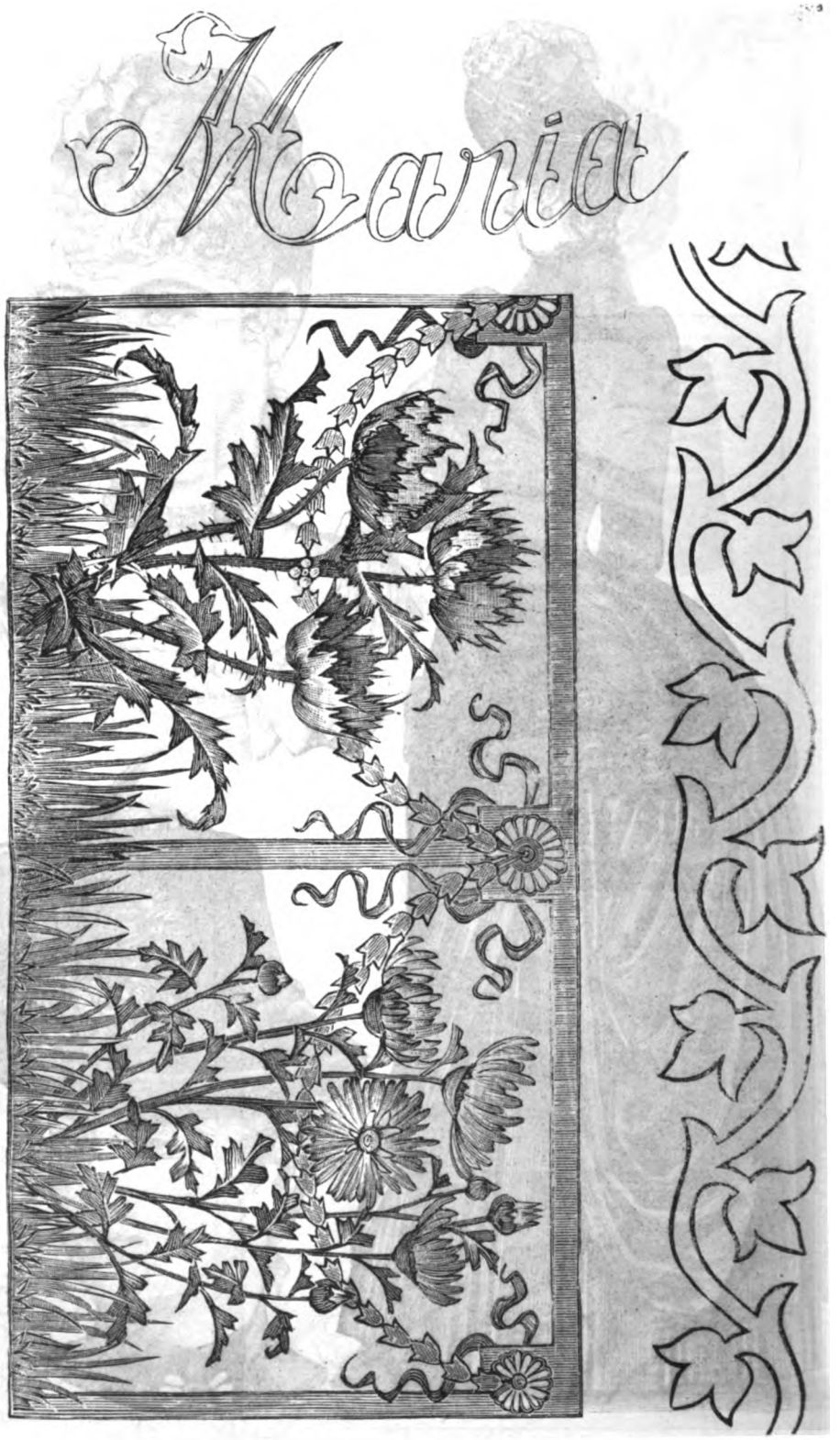
VISITING-DRESS. NEW STYLE OF HEAD-DRESS. HAT.

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WALKING-DRESS. HEAD-DRESS. HAT

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DECORATED PIANO FRONT. BRAIDING. NAME FOR MARKING.

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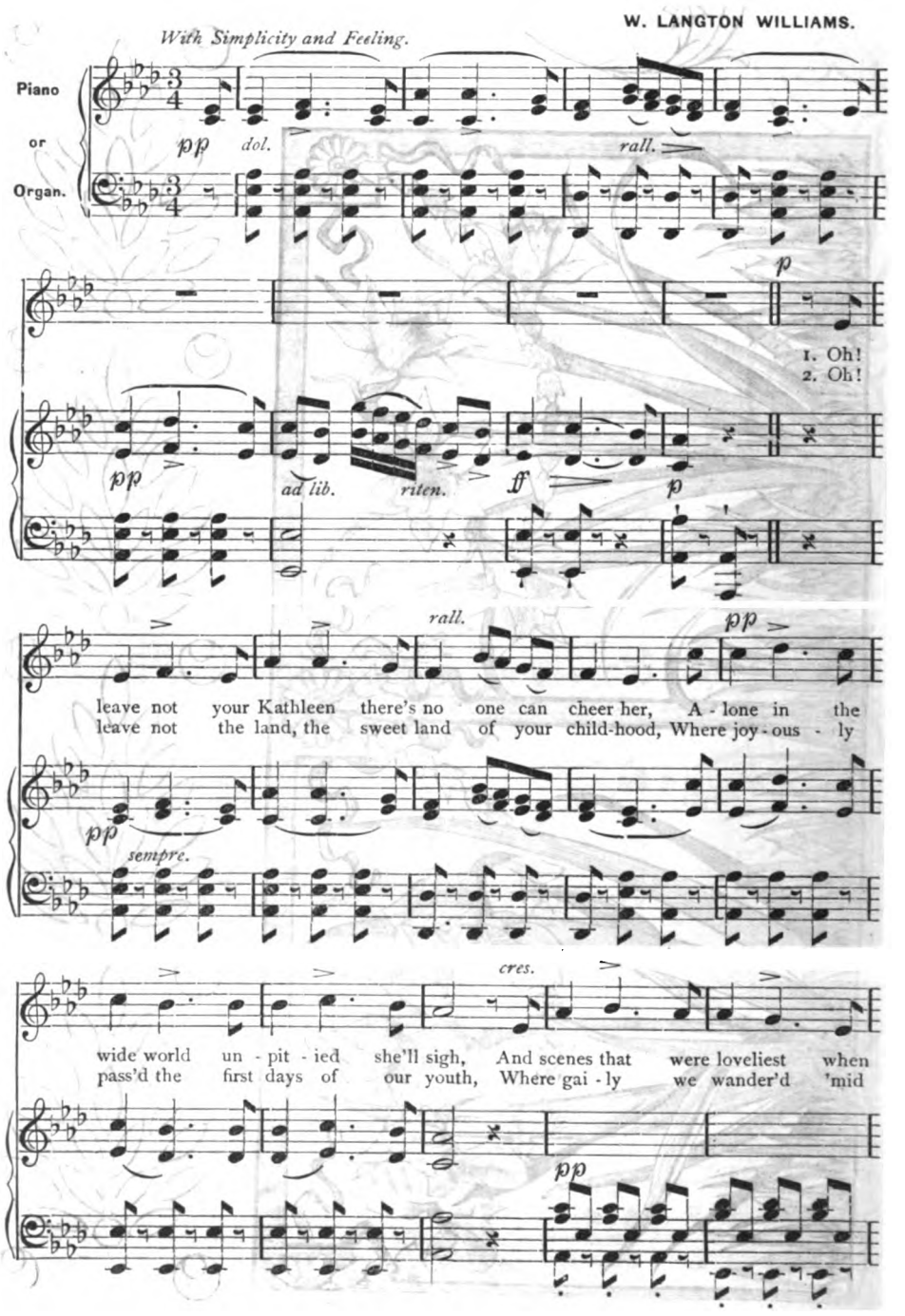






DECORATED PIANO FRONT. EMBROIDERY. NAME FOR MARKING.
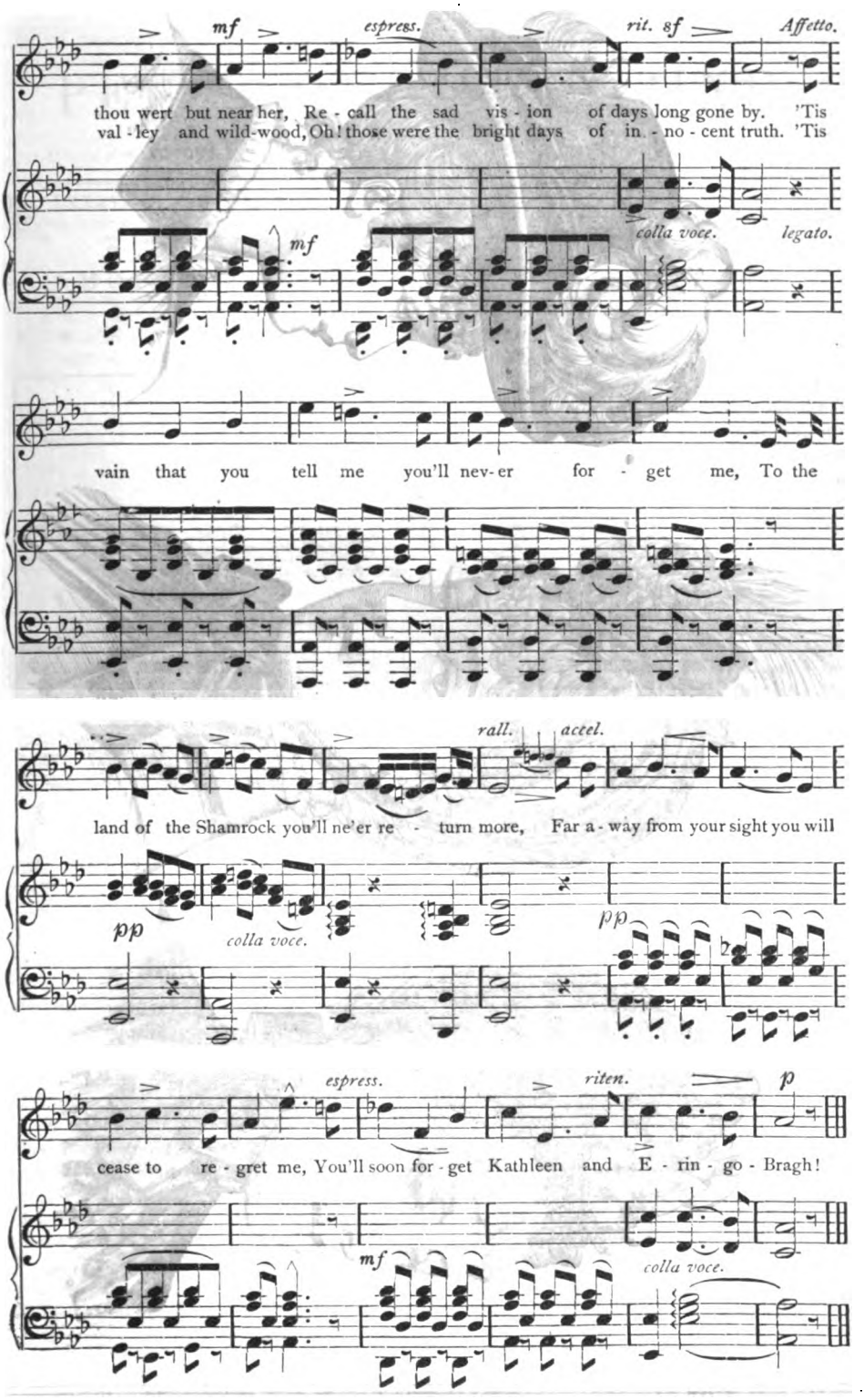
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YOU'LL SOON FORGET KATHLEEN.

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BONNETS. HAT.

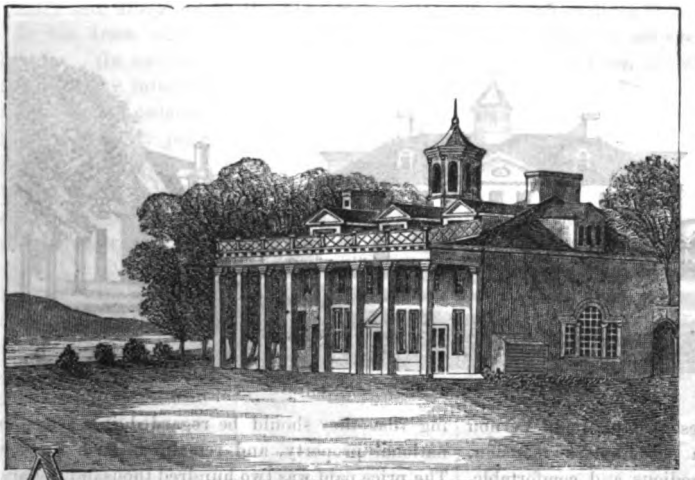
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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1885. No. 5.

MOUNT VERNON, PAST AND PRESENT.

BY J. Q. THROCKMORTON.



EASTERN FRONT OF MOUNT VERNON.

A VISIT to Washington City is not complete without a trip to Mount Vernon. Fortunately, the venerable mansion is comparatively near, and a steamboat runs twice a week to it, from the Federal capital. The desire to see the home of Washington, always natural to an American, was intensified, in our case, by the sight of his uniform, his sword, his table-china, and his other personal accessories, which are preserved at the Smithsonian Institute.

The distance from Washington City is but fifteen miles, and the steamboat carries you there in less than two hours. As we approached Mount Vernon, we saw that the mansion stood on a gently-swelling height, on the right bank of the river. The boat stopped at a little landing, and we were soon on shore and ascending the bluff. The winter was not yet over, but the air was comparatively mild, though, when we left New England, a week before, snow was on all the hills, and the air was as biting almost as in the Arctics. The old oaks, however, were bare, and the wind, mournfully sighing through them, gave a somewhat melancholy tinge to our thoughts, as we paused for a moment, to look around, before going on to the house.

The view surpassed our expectations. There were, indeed, no mountain-ridges in sight, such as we were accustomed to at home; and towards the west the horizon was quite shut in by woods, with a few enormous pines towering into the sky; but, southward, the prospect was really noble, for in that direction we saw the Potomac sweeping majestically on, between swelling banks and wide stretches of landscape, until lost in the far dim distance.

"How calm and majestic it is," we said, thinking aloud; "how like Washington himself." "Yes," replied one of our party, "and Washington—think of it!—looked on it hundreds of times: standing, perhaps, just where we do, and seeing the sunlight," for it was a bright clear day, "glint on the sails in the river, just as we see it now."

Somehow this thought gave us a new interest in the place. We turned to walk on to the mansion. Our first impression was rather disappointing. We had read so much of the stately old Virginia times, of the generous hospitality displayed in its great houses, and of the high position which Mount Vernon had held among those aristocratic dwellings, that we had expected something quite different: an imposing structure of stone, at least, and with dimensions in keeping

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with these proud traditions of the past. We found it, on the contrary, a rather unpretentious edifice of wood, two stories in height, and not quite a hundred feet long. A wide piazza, reaching to the roof, stretched along the eastern front, and above this were dormer windows; but there were generous chimneys at each end, indicative of the good cheer of the "olden time"; and a cupola adorned the centre of the roof, as was the fashion in so many of the larger dwellings of our great-grandfathers, both in Virginia and in the North. Compared with some of the palatial



WESTERN FRONT OF MOUNT VERNON.

country-houses of the present day, Mount Vernon sinks, relatively, into a second-class mansion, but one, even yet, commodious and comfortable.

A little reflection, however, brought us to a juster view of the situation. Mount Vernon, though not as stately as some other of the mansions of the old Virginia aristocracy, is still above the average, and, considering when it was built, deserves all that has been said about it. We had, in fact, given ourselves up to our imaginations, and had expected too much. The house was built originally by Lawrence Washington, the elder brother of the General, in 1743, and named Mount Vernon, after the famous admiral, with whom Lawrence had been in the West Indies. On the death of its first occupier, without children, the property came into the possession of George, who, in 1784, added the wings to it, at both ends, and erected the high pillared porch on the east front. In his time, the estate consisted of several thousand acres, divided into farms devoted to different kinds of culture: for the General was a practiced agriculturalist, and kept himself abreast of the progress of his day, as his correspondence with Sir James Sinclair and others in England abundantly shows.

At present, only two hundred acres remain. The mansion had been neglected, more or less, for many years, when, in 1858, a society was formed for its purchase, called the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association. The then owner, Mr. J. G. Washington, a great-nephew of the General, though at first unwilling to part with the family mansion, began to find that the constant influx of visitors, which grew annually greater, rendered the place more and more unfit for a private residence. He consented, finally, therefore, to dispose of the grounds immediately around the house, and the house itself, with the understanding that they should be regarded, in a sense, as national property, and remain as such forever. The price paid was two hundred thousand dollars. Since that time, the property has been kept in better repair, and a good deal done, by collecting stray bits of the original furniture, to make the place resume something of the aspect it had in the time of Washington.

Before we entered, we looked backward to the Potomac, and saw that the ground sloped down to the river, forming a lawn of five or six acres, which, in summer, or early spring at least, is no doubt beautiful enough, but which was now brown and sere, the winter wind whistling drearily through the long dead grass. Then we turned to go in.

One word about Washington, however. The impression is common that the General was quite a rich man. This was hardly so, even when his fortune was measured by others in his day; and, as compared with the millionaires of our own generation, he was comparatively poor. His letters give abundant evidence of a straitened income, at times, and of the necessity for thrift and economy, which he rigidly practiced. Nevertheless, though not living in the style of some of the great tobacco-planters of the James River, he

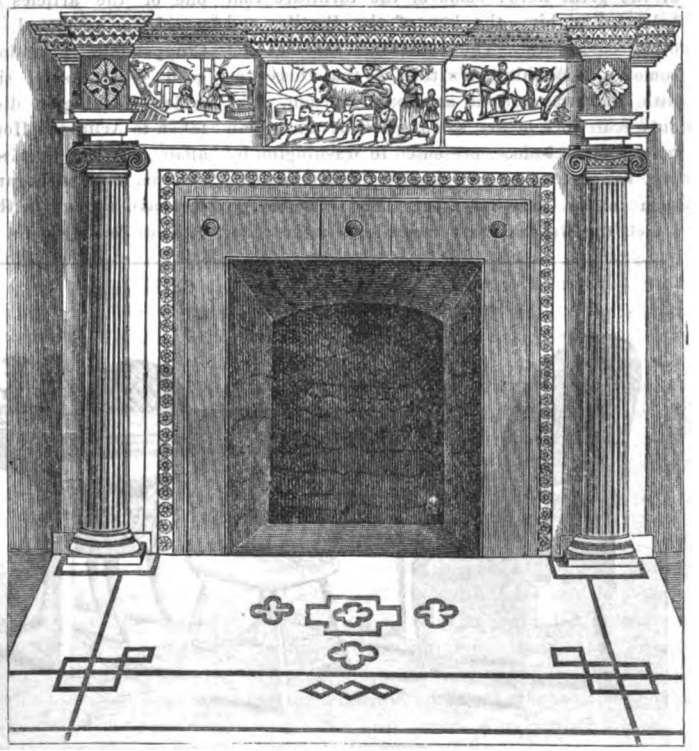
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always maintained a generous hospitality, and kept the state of a true Virginia gentleman. Tradition still tells of the "chariot" in which he was accustomed to drive to Pohick church, of which he was a regular attendant. It was built of mahogany, had green Venetian blinds, and the Washington coat-of-arms blazed out gorgeously on its panels. Four horses drew this elaborate affair; a footman sat on the box beside the coachman; and, on special occasions of pomp, it is said, two outriders, in livery like the others, accompanied it. This, however, was not peculiar to Washington: it was not any affectation of style on his part: for all the wealthy planters, a century ago, drove out in the same way.

In his dress, also, Washington followed the fashions. He had all his clothes from London, until the war interfered, and was very particular in what he ordered. Indeed, in his younger days, if we may judge from his letters to his English correspondents, he was the least bit of a fop. Even later, his attire, when riding, was a laced hat, a stone-colored coat with gilt buttons, a blue surtout, buff breeches, and boots with gilt spurs. This, however, was not near so gay as the costumes of many others: the well-known Elkanah Watson, in his memoirs, describes himself as riding from Providence to Boston, about the time of the first year of the War of Independence, in a scarlet coat. While he was President, Washington wore, on important occasions, a black velvet suit, with silk stockings, and silver buckles in his shoes, and, at his side, a dress-sword, as was still the fashion. At Mount Vernon, in his later years, his attire, though always dignified, was very much simpler.

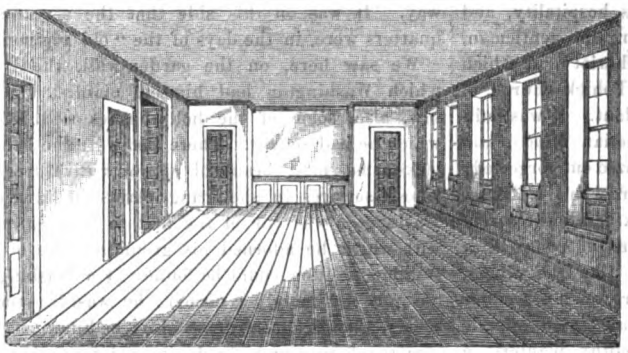
Before going into the house, we walked about it. There is no piazza at the back, or the west front, as it is sometimes called. Originally, this west front was the principal one, and was approached by a carriage-drive, which made a broad sweep in front of the great central doorway. It was on this side that the servants' quarters were, in the days of the "old régime."

We saw here, on the garden-wall, the ivy which Washington had himself planted. We saw, also, some of the holly-bushes still left, which he had set out. There also were the hemlocks, that most beautiful of our native trees, whose services in sheltering plants, in winter, Washington was one of the first to realize, and with which he adorned his grounds wherever a suitable position could be found. For Washington was not merely a farmer: he was, in some senses, a landscape-gardener also; he knew every variety of tree and shrub, its habits, and the conditions under which it thrived the best; and to this he added an eye for the picturesque, so that he could tell exactly where to plant, both for beauty and for utility. We recalled, as we stood there, a passage in one of his letters, in which he names the best trees for lawns, explaining that he meant those which did least damage, by their shade, to the grass beneath. He almost turned Mount Vernon into a woodland idyl, so to speak, sowing acorns, opening vistas, and transplanting trees. The very day before he died, and when suffering already from the cold which caused his premature decease—a cold which he



ITALIAN MANTEL-PIECE AT MOUNT VERNON.

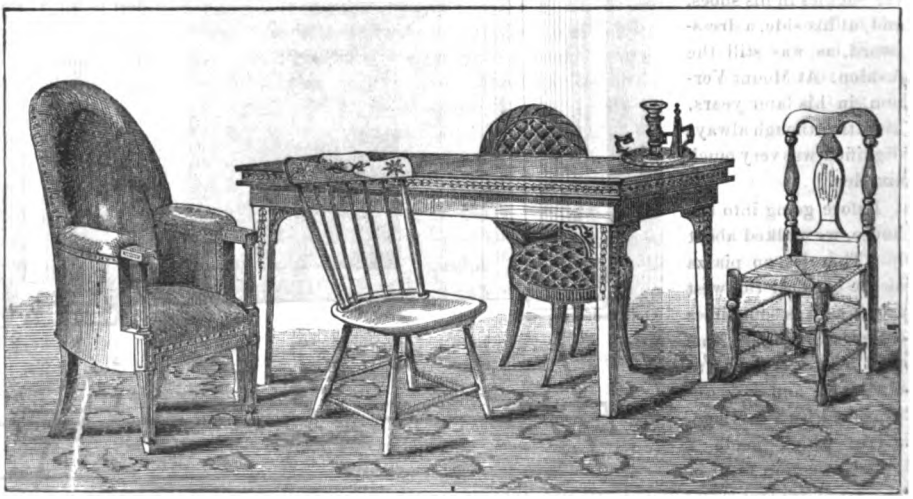
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ROOM AT MOUNT VERNON.

had caught from being exposed, on horseback, to a storm of December sleet—he walked out on his lawn, to mark the places where he wished certain trees to be planted. It is on this western side that the view, as we have said before, is shut in by woodlands.

We found the interior of the house to be, at first sight, almost as disappointing as the exterior had been. There are but six rooms on the ground-floor, of which only one—the drawing-room—is of any size. They are now kept in excellent repair, and show more or less relics of the great hero: some of the furniture that belonged to him, the key of the Bastile, and other curiosities. The esthetic craze had not come up in Washington's time, so that there was little that was artistic at Mount Vernon. The only real work of art, so to speak, is an Italian marble mantel-piece, presented to Washington by Mr. Vaughn, an English admirer, and now to be seen in the drawing-room. The chamber in which the General died is retained in the same condition as at the time of his decease. Most of the original furniture, however, has disappeared, having been removed to Arlington House, after the death of Lady Washington, and so eventually lost to sight. The library-chair of the General, and his escritoire, or writing-desk, were bequeathed to Dr. Craik. Other articles passed to different persons or acquaintances, or disappeared gradually, no one knows how or where. In this way, nearly everything that was in use at Mount Vernon during the period of Washington's residence there became scattered, and the "places that knew them know them no more forever." It is easy, however, to rehabilitate much of this lost furniture: for the inventory of it, made after Washington's death, is still in existence. There was plenty of old-fashioned Windsor chairs, and even split-wood chairs, such as are yet to be found in dilapidated Virginia mansions. But there was also very considerable costly mahogany furniture; a pretty spinet, still to be seen, one of the articles saved from the general wreck; a sideboard, somewhat in the style of Chippendale; girandoles, table-services, and a good deal of solid silver plate. The bed on which Washington died was one of the things taken to Arlington House. It was quite a roomy affair, not less than six feet wide, high-posted, and made of mahogany. The spinet of which we have spoken is the one which the General gave to Nellie Custis, and for which he paid a



OLD FURNITURE AT MOUNT VERNON.

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OLD TOMB AT MOUNT VERNON.

thousand dollars, an enormous sum for those days. One of our party sat down and played a few chords on the jangling wires. It was like a voice from the dead, however: an audible sigh, as it were, out of the half-forgotten past.

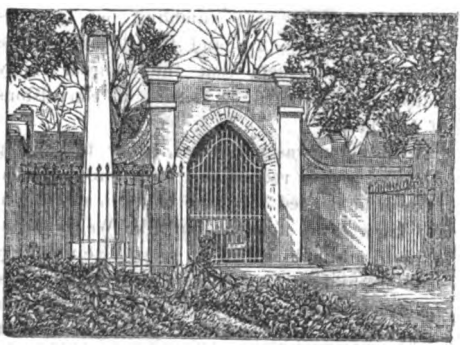
Other portions of the furniture were also comparatively costly. In the great drawing-room, at the time of Washington's death, there were, as appears from the inventory made by the executors, twenty-seven mahogany chairs, valued at ten dollars each, which would be equivalent now to twenty dollars, at least. In the smaller drawing-room, however, called the little parlor, the chairs were common Windsor ones, such as are seen in our engraving of the old furniture at Mount Vernon, valued at two dollars each. But the front parlor, the dining-room, three of the bed-chambers, and the long hall passage, had again the more expensive mahogany chairs, though they were not quite as costly as those in the great drawing-room.

But, with all this, in their own personal habits, both the General and his wife were simple and plain: the chamber in which Washington died was one of the least elegant in the house, and its furniture was quite unpretending. After his death, Mrs. Washington had only three chairs in her bed-room, inventoried at a dollar each; a carpet, appraised at but three dollars, and which, therefore, could not have been either new or handsome: and a few other insignificant articles: the whole, leaving out the bed and mattress, valued by the executors at twenty-three dollars only. It will be seen that, especially when a widow, Mrs. Washington lived with Spartan simplicity.

Everything about the house looked bare to us, and desolate, as is always the case in houses that are not occupied. It was very different in Washington's time. Hardly a day passed, after he resigned his commission, that there were not visitors, sometimes quite a crowd. They were usually asked, with true Southern hospitality, to stay to dinner, which was at half-past two; and those who brought proper letters of introduction, or were otherwise known to the General, were invited to remain over-night. A good many of these guests, as Washington hints in one of his letters, came merely from idle curiosity; but they were none the less graciously received: though, as he remarks, he would have enjoyed better the company of some of his old friends. His courtesy was more than mere conventional good-breeding. Elkanah Watson, to whom we have already referred, caught a severe cold, when on a visit at Mount Vernon, which greatly concerned Washington: so much so, that, after the guest had retired, the General appeared at the chamber-door, bringing, himself, a huge bowl of hot tea, which he insisted would do good to the patient.

The drawing-room is quite the most spacious in the house. It was used, therefore, on great occasions, as a dining-room. While we stood in it, and looked around, we thought of the many great men who had feasted there: Lafayette, Volney, Rochambeau, Du Chastelleux, Brissot, Langdon, Patrick Henry, Knox—everyone, almost, of eminence at the time. The dinners, on ordinary occasions, were plain enough. In one of his letters, the General asks an old friend to pay him a visit, though he adds: "I can give you only mutton and a glass of wine." Under especial circumstances, however, the dinners were quite elaborate: more like they had been, in Philadelphia, during the years when he was President. Washington always dressed for dinner, except in rare instances, when he came in late from visiting his farms, and when no strangers were at table. Tea was served at nightfall. The evening was spent in writing letters, or playing whist, unless when guests were present; then conversation generally occupied the hours until bed-time, which was never later than ten.

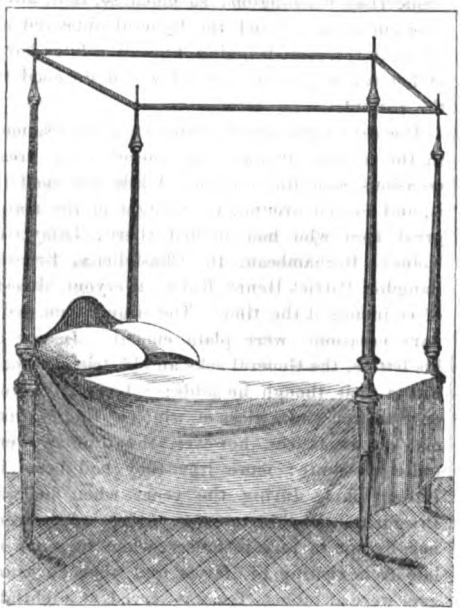
It is a great mistake to suppose that Washing-



NEW TOMB AT MOUNT VERNON.

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ton never unbent. His usual bearing, indeed, was that of a dignified reserve. This, however, was less because he did not enjoy social intercourse, than because he never cared to speak unless he had something to say. But he possessed a keen sense of humor, and laughed heartily at a good story or at the pranks of his adopted children, especially bright Nellie Custis, his favorite. There is an anecdote of his coming suddenly, in one of his walks, on some acquaintances, who were on their way to Mount Vernon on a visit: they rode, as was usual in that day, on horseback; and had stopped, to brush their



BEDSTEAD ON WHICH WASHINGTON DIED.

clothes and make some slight additions to their dress, in the shade of a wood; but one of them, on opening his saddle-bags, found that they had been exchanged accidentally, at the last inn, for those of a fancy-soap peddler; and the sight of the cakes of soap tumbling out, just as Washington came up, and the dismay of the travelers, was such, that the General fairly rolled on the sward, it is said, in convulsions of laughter.

Washington was not averse, either, to dancing or other social recreations. On one occasion, indeed, he danced for three hours in succession. He knew little of music, but, like Walter Scott, enjoyed a simple ballad or song. He was very fond of children, if they were little girls: boys, he declared, he could not understand or get on with. There is a well-known picture of himself, his wife, Miss Nellie Custis, and Miss Nellie's brother, representing the usual family group at Mount Vernon, which is a fairly truthful representation of the daily life of the great hero. Mrs Washington—Martha Washington, as she was called in earlier life, Lady Washington, as people distinguished her after her husband became President—had one peculiarity: she was invariably knitting; the knitting-needles were always in her hands, and their click was heard all through the conversation; the sole time when she was not knitting was when she was at table or asleep. Tradition has it that the only person of whom the General was afraid was this excellent spouse, and that visitors sleeping in the next chamber to that of the General heard, more than once, a "Caudle" lecture delivered for his benefit. But then, doubtless, this was a mistake. Or, if not, it must be remembered that Martha Washington had brought the General quite a handsome fortune, and that perhaps this made her a little too positive sometimes.

Washington, like all Virginia gentlemen of the "olden time," was fond of hunting. Lord Fairfax was often his companion in the chase. But this was before the war. The old peer stuck to his royalist opinions, which would have prevented such companionship, even if Washington had been at home. On hearing of the surrender of Cornwallis, Lord Fairfax took to his bed, and died of a broken heart, it is said. At one time, the General tried stocking Mount Vernon with deer; but the experiment did not succeed: and, as he advanced in years, he gave up even hunting. He retained, however, to the last, his practice of horse-exercise. He was, indeed, one of the best riders of his day, and, though always distinguished-looking, never appeared to better advantage than when in the saddle. It was his custom to make the rounds of his farms nearly every day, thus keeping a watchful eye over the condition of his crops; and it was during a ride of this description, that he was caught, one December afternoon, in a storm of sleet, which brought on the quinsy sore-throat of which he died.

The management of Mount Vernon, indeed, absorbed nearly all his time. The estate consisted of three thousand two hundred and sixty acres of pasture-land and plough-land, the rest being in timber. There were fifty-four draught-horses on it, twelve mules, three hundred and seventeen head of cattle, three hundred and sixty sheep, and a great number of swine—these last, however, running wild in the woods, and eating the mast which made, and still makes, a Virginia ham, properly cured, the rival of the best Westphalian. All this great estate he kept, more or

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less, under his own personal supervision. During the war, it suffered seriously from neglect, and to a less degree during his Presidency; and his great ambition, when once back at Mount Vernon, was to make his farming a practical success. In this, he followed out his rule in life: "Whatever you do, do it with all your might." He corresponded with Sir James Sinclair, Arthur Young, and other eminent writers on agriculture, in England; and, to the day of his death, was interested in new breeds of sheep, in the economy of supplanting horses with mules for farm-purposes, and in everything that tended towards true progress.

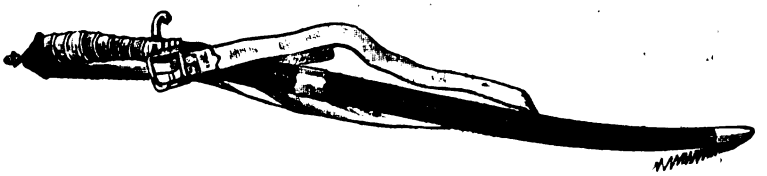
About three hundred yards south of the mansion is the old family vault, which had fallen into neglect toward the close of Washington's life, and which, only a short time before his death, he had ordered to be repaired. Here his body was laid, and remained until 1832, when it was removed to a new vault, having first been transferred to a beautiful marble sarcophagus, made by Struthers, of Philadelphia. This new vault is on the edge of a deep wooded dell, very picturesquely situated, and is kept in thorough condition. An open grating permits a view of the sarcophagus within. The wife of Washington lies at his side. Various members of the Washington family are interred elsewhere in the vicinity.

What we have here written, as to the personal habits of Washington, formed the subject of conversation as our party went from room to room, and afterwards, when we talked over our visit, on our return to the Federal city, in the little steamer.

"I am so glad," said one, "that we went to Mount Vernon: I knew Washington, the hero, well enough, from history; but of Washington, the man, I was, I confess, profoundly ignorant. Now, however, that I have seen where he lived, and have plucked of the very ivy he planted, I realize, for the first time, what Washington was at home. Thank you, ever so much, for all you have told us: as also you, Betty," turning to the one who had suggested the visit, "for saying it would never do to go back to New England without seeing Mount Vernon."

"Yes," I said, "it was not only Mount Vernon as it is now—every visitor can see that for himself or herself—but the Mount Vernon of the past, that I have sought to bring before you."

We can only add that we hope our readers will be as satisfied as our little group of listeners, on that mild February day, when we went to MOUNT VERNON.



WASHINGTON'S SWORD DURING THE WAR.

PERFECTION.

BY HELEN A. RAINS.

THE act that brings us only grief,
Though planned for others' needs;
The carefully-collected sheaf
That proves to be of weeds;

The measures that, so long unsung,
Are only known in part;
The feeble words upon our tongue,
That fail to reach the heart;

The lay—the offspring of a thought—
The noblest, purest, best,
Whose consummation would have wrought
The poet's grand bequest;

The tint of trees, the wild-bird's wing,
The hues the rainbow weaves;
The perfect grace of outlining
Of clouds, on summer eves;

Th' ideals that we have in view,
The heights we would attain,
So much above what we can do—
Mark human effort vain.

Our life's best work, how little boast,
Since hands but reach and fail!
And human wisdom, at the most,
Sees not "beyond the vail."

But there is that within each breast,
A spark of heavenly flame,
That shows the fruitlessness of quest
Based on an earthly fame.

Immortal shall those visions be
In God's own dwelling-place:
Perfection at its height will see
The angels "face to face."

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TO THE RESCUE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ISLAND OF DIAMONDS."

I.

THE coast of Maine is admitted to be one of the most picturesque in the world. It is indented everywhere with bays, some large like Penobscot, some small like St. John's; and these bays are studded with islands of every size; while off the coast lie other islands—Deer Island, Fox Island, Isle au Haut, Moneghan—all large; and, flanking them seaward or nestling under their lee, smaller ones; until you reach the mere rocky islet, or even reef, the latter covered with water at high-tide. On some of these islands, you find French fishermen, descendants of the Acadian settlers, who still retain so much of their habits and old-fashioned dress, that you might almost think yourself in Brittany itself.

Many of these islands are uninhabited, except by these French fishermen, while others are quite fashionable summer-resorts. On one of the former, a few years ago, two young men could have been seen, sitting in front of a fisherman's cabin: one an invalid, slowly convalescing; the other in the full maturity of health and early manhood, but with a look of settled melancholy on his high-bred handsome face.

"I am glad to see you reviving so fast, Frank, under this stimulating air," said the latter. "You see now that I was right, in bringing you to this out-of-the-way place, where you could have perfect repose, instead of letting you go, as you proposed, to Mount Desert: where the racket, even in the quietest hotel, would have brought back your fever."

"Yes," answered the other, "but I wish I could see you improving also. However," as the other gave an impatient shrug, "I suppose mental ailments are not cured as speedily as bodily ones. Still, as I have told you before, Jack, I think you take a wrong view of that matter. I don't believe Kate meant to throw you over. It was a lover's quarrel, and, if you had been a little patient, all would have come right."

"You mean well, Frank," replied Jack, after a pause; "but you do not understand the affair. No one ever does, in cases of this kind, except the parties themselves. Pray—"

"Come, come," said the other, interrupting, "don't go off on a high horse. All I mean is that, if Kate and you could meet, things, I believe, might be explained. I am sure," with an emphasis on the word, "that she loved you."

"I thought so once," answered Jack, "and, if I thought so still—"

But here he broke off suddenly, and took a turn or two, up and down, in front of the cabin. Coming back presently, he said:

"It is no use, however, to indulge in such idle dreams. Kate deliberately threw me over, after agreeing to go to the Jerome Park races with me, and went with that young cad, Belgrave, on his new drag, instead. Then, when I expostulated, she— Well, well, I took back her ring, that she snatched off and handed to me: and that's the end. The last thing, you know, that we heard, before leaving New York, was that she and Belgrave were to be married, early in the fall."

"That's true: and that she is now in Paris, buying her trousseau. Still, as I said before, I believe she doesn't love that bull-calf of a young millionaire, and does love you."

"Bah!" retorted the other, cynically, "she never loved me. It's money she's after, like all the rest of her sex. I'm only a struggling young lawyer, and have but a small fortune; while Belgrave has ninety thousand a year, and can give her a town-house, a villa at Newport, a four-in-hand, diamonds—"

"And break her heart," interrupted Frank. "I know Kate pretty well, and she's too noble a nature to be satisfied with such things; she may be driven by pique into marrying Belgrave, but it will kill her if she does. For God's sake, Jack, fling aside your pride, and make an effort, before it's too late, for a reconciliation."

"Never!" cried the other, with a vicious pull at his mustache. "Never! She and her cad of a millionaire would laugh at me as an infatuated fool. Enough of this, my good fellow. I know you mean kindly. But Miss Mortimer is a subject we can never agree upon. As for you, isn't it time you were going in? The air is rather fresh here as evening draws on, and to-night it is sharper than ever: a storm must be brewing."

"There has been one, and a severe one, out at sea," replied Frank, "from the way the swell has been coming in all day. I've been watching it break over Gifford's Reef, out yonder: sometimes it went as high as a schooner's masthead."

"Yes, it was the cyclone that we read about,

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off Florida; it has passed on, towards Europe, a little to the southward. And now we are going to have the 'return game,' as a player would say: a gale from the eastward; and, between the two, the spray to-morrow will be driven up, even to this old rattle-trap. Yes, you'll have to keep indoors, Frank; and you had better be going in now."

II.

It was about four o'clock in the morning, just as the gray of the dawn was coming on, that Jack was roused from sleep by the roar of the wind and the thunder of the surf on the rocks close at hand. As he sat up in bed to listen, the tempest shook the hut to its foundation.

"It's a regular snorter, and no mistake," he said to Frank, who had also awoke. They occupied the same room, though in different beds. "The wind must be going at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Hark! what was that?"

For, over even the boom of wind and wave, they heard what seemed the reverberation of a distant cannon.

"It is nothing," said Frank, after a pause. "We mistook the sound, thank God! It was only the breakers."

"No, there it is again!" cried Jack, leaping out of bed. "A signal-gun! Great heavens! it must be a ship on the reef, outside." And he began to dress hurriedly. Frank also got up. But Jack interposed, sternly.

"Lie still," he said; "or, if you will dress, keep within the shelter of the house. It's as much as your life is worth, in your weak state, to face this gale. I'll go and see what is the matter."

Jack had scarcely reached the front door, when he was joined by the three fishermen who lived in the house, and whose lodger he was.

"A schooner has struck the reef," said the elder, the father of the other two. "She'll be sure to go to pieces. An hour will settle it."

Through the faint light of dawn they could just distinguish the wreck, with her bow high out of water, her foremast broken off half-way up, and the sea dashing over the forecastle at every surge.

"She's been tryin' to make the bay," said the old man, "but hasn't allowed enough for the set of this swell, and so has gone on the reef. Ha! her back has just broken. She'll not hold together long now. They are gettin' out the boat, aren't they? Jim," to one of the others, "run in and get the glass."

The glass was soon brought: an old-fashioned one, nearly two feet long, that only a practiced eye could see through at all. The fisherman adjusted it to his eye.

"Yes, they're goin' to launch the yawl—and someone is bein' helped into it—a woman—but she draws back—they push off without her—God Almighty!—"

Jack, even without the glass, could see all this, for he had an eagle eye. The fisherman's exclamation was caused by the sudden swamping of the boat, which had scarcely pushed off from the wreck, when a huge roller took it, lifted it bodily in air, and flung it down, shattered, on the reef, alongside of the schooner. The crew was seen, for a moment or two, struggling in the water; then all that remained were two solitary figures on the deck, one that of a woman.

The old man shut the spy-glass with a snap.

"It's a yacht," he said, "and not a common trader; you can see that by her rakish air and clean run. I s'pose that's her owner and his wife, maybe. They're rich swells, no doubt, to afford to keep such a beauty, only for pleasurin' a bit in summer. But I wouldn't give my old boat, or my poor cabin here, for all their millions now. No, I wouldn't swop places with them, for the whole airth."

"Can nothing really be done?" said Jack.

"Nothin'. The yacht'll part before an hour, even if she holds together that long—"

"See here," cried Jack, seizing the speaker's hand. "You're a brave old fellow; and your sons are as brave. I will risk my life, if you will risk yours. I can't stand idle here, and see a woman drown before my eyes."

The fisherman shook his head. "It would be a temptin' of the Lord," he said.

"On the contrary, the Lord would be with us," answered Jack, "as He is with all good deeds. Come: a hundred dollars if you will go."

Still the old man shook his head.

"A hundred for each of your sons."

"It's no use," replied the old man. "Money couldn't buy us. If we went at all," looking now out to the wreck, as if the least bit irresolute, "it would be, as you say, for the sake of the Lord."

Jack was quick to see this hesitancy.

"It's not as if you were like others," he said. "For most men, even good seamen, it might be too great a risk. But you can handle a boat as I've never seen boat handled before. You know every foot of that reef. You can steer up to the wreck safely, when no other man could. We haven't a life-boat, to be sure; but your whale-boat is as good as one—or will be quite—in your hands. Think—it is a woman! What if it were your own daughter out there?"

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The old man was moved at last. "I had a darter once," he said, his voice breaking, "but she died young; and it nearly killed mother and me. Maybe, there's someone will take it as hard if that gal out there is drowned. Boys," turning to his sons, "what do you say?"

"Whatever you say, father," answered the elder, with alacrity.

"Can you row?" said the old man, turning to Jack. "I've seen you rowin' often, and you're pretty good at it; but do you think you can hold your own in such a sea as this?"

"Look at my arm," answered Jack, thrusting up his sleeve and displaying the muscles of a Hercules almost. "I pulled the best oar at Harvard, and am not out of training yet. I have rowed in almost as heavy seas before. I could hold on all day, I think."

"Very well," said the old man, calmly, "come on, then. I'll just put on my coat and pilot-hat. Jim will take the bow-oar, and Ned the stroke, and you the one between. You'd better leave your hat behind: it would blow off. Go bare-headed, like the boys."

Frank had come to the window, and overheard this conversation, and now watched breathlessly what followed. The fisherman's craft—not a dory, but a substantial well-built whale-boat—was lying in a sheltered cove, just below the house: it took but a moment to push her out into the open; and, in another moment, she began to fight her way seaward, breasting the surges like some living sentient thing.

Frank had never been the witness of such a terrible struggle before. His heart leaped to his throat, and almost choked him, when the first incoming wave struck the boat, as she turned out of her little harbor and faced the angry sea; for the great billow hit her with a noise like some mighty trip-hammer, and with such force that, for a moment, it seemed as it would shatter her to pieces. But, after an instant's check, the gallant boat rose again, though the foam drenched her crew to the very skin.

For five, ten, fifteen minutes—even longer—Frank watched the boat. Sometimes, it would disappear, sunk in a trough of the sea; and once it was so long in emerging, that Frank cried aloud, involuntarily: "It is gone!" But, after what seemed an age, it rose again, facing the tumultuous surges as defiantly as ever.

III.

MEANTIME, there was silence on board the boat: the crew pulling at the oars: the old man having as much as he could do to keep her head to the sea. Once, Jack glanced over his shoulder, to find out how near they were to the wreck. The yacht, at that moment, was about fifty fathoms off, and he could discern the two figures, but indistinctly only, for the spray broke over them almost continually. The woman was crouching down under the bulwarks, while her companion stood over her, trying vainly to break the force of the waves that deluged them every alternate moment. It was at this juncture that the old man spoke.

"The pinch comes now," he said. "If we ain't keerful, we shall get swamped, as we come up to the yacht, or we may smash ourselves ag'in her. It's worse goin' up to a wreck, like this, than bein' caught in the breakers even. I remember onct, when I was a youngster, jibin' in my dory, in the surf, off Cape Cod; and, in two minutes, that old boat was kindlin'-wood, and I a-swimmin' for my life. Steady, steady—hold her there till I give the word. Now!"

Jack never knew exactly how it was done. As he sat rowing, his back was to the wreck, of course; but he watched the old man's face, and fancied he could see, in its varying emotions, the progress of the story. He knew that the boat was close to the wreck; that the old man had waited his chance, and had now shot up under her lee; that he had called to those in the yacht, with directions what to do, and had received an answer; that, a moment after, a wave lifted them quite to the level of the deck; that a ringing shout followed: "Now for it!" that a woman's almost helpless form was swung into the boat, her companion leaping after her; and that, instantaneously with the order "Give way!" the old man had headed the boat from the wreck, and they were once more riding the tumultuous waters; only, this time, with wind and wave in their favor, instead of against them. The danger was over—comparatively, at least.

"Why, heavens! is that you, Jack?" cried the rescued man, as he looked about him. "How did you come here?"

There was a stir in the bottom of the boat. The other rescued passenger was not wholly insensible, as Jack had supposed. She half rose on her elbow, and looked up at Jack. Such an appealing besecching look! For the first time, Jack saw her face distinctly, and recognized—Miss Mortimer!

"Yes," went on the other, "I and sister Kate have been yachting along this coast all summer. We had just left one party of guests at Mount Desert, and were running down to Portland, to pick up another set, when somehow the skipper plumped us on the reef, last night. Kate was so demoralized that, when the crew launched the

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yawl, she would not get in; and I, of course, staid and took my chances with her. Lucky it was, too: for the others, as perhaps you saw, were all drowned—"

"I thought—thought Kate—Miss Mortimer—was in Paris," stammered Jack. His brain was in a whirl. He hardly knew what he was saying. He trembled so, he could scarcely manage his oar, and was only recalled to himself by the quick stern "Steady!" of the old fisherman steering.

"So you heard that abominable rot, did you?" said Fred Mortimer. "Kate hasn't been abroad, and never had any thought of going, or—or—of anything else."

He blurted this last out defiantly, in spite of a frightened glance from Kate; for he was saying to himself: "Here are two fools, made miserable for want of a few words of truth, and I am going to be the one to speak them."

Jack had turned his face away, his mouth sternly set, after that first recognition; but now he looked down at Kate, who was lying almost at his feet, in the centre of the boat. Something in his glance gave the poor girl courage. She could not take his hand: he was too busy with his oar for that; but she laid her soft fingers on his knee, and pressed it tenderly. "Forgive me," she murmured. "It was all my fault. Oh! I have wanted so, ever since that day you left so angrily, to get a chance to explain."

The voice of the brother, who was sitting in the stern-sheets, by the old man, broke in here.

"What?" he cried, in answer to something the latter had said. "It is Jack, then, and not you, to whom we owe our lives? My dear Jack," his voice breaking, "you're the noblest fellow ever born; for you didn't even know who we were: and you risked your life for those whom you thought strangers. God bless you!"

When the boat shot into the little cove, it was Jack who stooped and lifted the still weak Kate in his arms, and carried her up to the house. How she clung to him! How she kept murmuring: "Forgive me, Jack!" How she said, again and again: "Oh! thank God, not only that we were saved, but that you saved us."

No one ever was told what was said at the private interview which took place between Jack and Kate, later in the day. Sufficient it is to know that all was satisfactorily explained. Kate had, perhaps, flirted a little; had even proposed to try her lover's patience; and had, at the last, gone too far. But she had been sincerely repentant, ever since she saw how angry Jack had got. It was not her fault that idle gossip had fabricated the story of her engagement.

Frank heard more than anybody else; but what he heard was very little, after all. It was told when he and Jack were alone together.

"You were right, my dear boy," said Jack. "A little patience on my part would have saved both Kate and me from a summer of agony. I was angry, and made a fool of myself, and that's the whole of it."

Jack and Kate are the happiest couple in New York, and will, we predict, always continue so; for they have learned wisdom from suffering, and have had their first and last quarrel.

IN DREAMS THOU ART MINE.

BY PERSIS E. NEWMAN.

In that brief hour when thou art mine,
All happiness, all bliss divine,
Comes o'er my soul.
The weary years are then forgot,
The hours of pain remembered not,
In that glad hour.

The happy past comes back to me:
Thy form, thy face, again I see;
Thy voice I hear;
The blessed, sacred, hallowed spot,
Where, soul to soul, we stood revealed—
Entranced, bewildered, lost in thought:
Too sweet for words to tell.

O rapturous moment! Love revealed!
No need for words: they are too poor
To tell that hour.
A blissful silence o'er us steals;
Soul speaks to soul; a union sweet
Unites and binds and blends in one
Our hearts for aye.

Fate severed us: our dream was brief.
For years a deeply-buried grief
Hath burdened us;
But still our love remains the same,
Unchanged through time and grief and tears—
Grown stronger, waiting for the time
Beyond the grave.

We met again, in after years—
Met but to mingle our sad tears:
All hope was dead.
The parting came. Oh, who can know
Such agonizing human woe,
Save them who've loved and lost below
All that was dear?

Oh, blissful dreams come oft to me;
Make glad this heart, that knows no joy
Apart from thee.
Awaken memories of old;
Awaken scenes to all unknown
Save Him to whom my soul belongs
To all eternity.

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CECIL DARE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CHAPTER IV.

It may be moments, it may be years. I begin, as the smoke thickens, to find respiration difficult. Still, I am calm: I am ready to face the inevitable. Yet, surely, this is death. Death! And I so young. I murmur a half-articulate prayer. Then I drift off into semi-unconsciousness.

Suddenly, the door bursts open, and I am brought back, by the crash, to life again. I see Walter Endicott coming through the smoke, stooping low, so as to get the fresher air near the floor. He utters some broken exclamations, I hardly realize what; takes me up in his arms; and, still stooping, dashes back to the door, and hurries to the floor below.

Then, all at once, I find ourselves out on a balcony—there was none on the upper story—and I see a ladder thrust up towards us. "It is our only chance," he says; "we must go down it—are you afraid? Let me carry you."

But I draw back, and refuse. I am, all this time, hot with the shame of having been in his arms—he, almost a stranger! I tell him that I am strong; that I can rely on myself; that I am no coward. I actually almost repulse him. He draws back—hurt, as I fancy—and lets me, without other words, have my own way.

We are at the bottom. We are safe. Then, without a word this time, he lifts me in his arms again. I am carried to a carriage, and we drive on and on. The reaction has set in. My strength seems all departed. I do not speak. By and by, I even lose consciousness once more. Then, I suddenly revive, to see a lady bending over me, weeping, and to realize that I am in a bed, in a strange room.

"You are Mrs. Devereux," I say; "this is Mr. Endicott's house, isn't it?"

After that, I lie quietly, and finally an odd lethargy comes over me, that deepens into forgetfulness, and I sleep profoundly.

My sleep is a dreamless one, and, as there is no booming bell to rouse me at six o'clock, I slumber on till towards noon, and then I wake.

I see the sweet-faced old lady still sitting by my bed, and call out stupidly:

"Oh, dear me! You haven't sat there all night?"

"Not a bit of it," she answers, kissing me. "I looked in, a few moments ago, and you were stirring, so I knew you would soon wake. How are you—quite rested?"

"Oh, yes," I say. "Why, it all seems like a dream: the fire—my being brought here—everything."

"I wouldn't think about it yet," she cautions. "It is now eleven o'clock: would you like to get up? Your trunks have been brought here: thanks to your friend, Miss Hartley, all your things were saved."

"Was the house burned?"

"The main building is ruined; but there were no lives lost, and most of the furniture was saved. I will tell you all about it after you are up."

But I am a persistent creature, and still ask questions; and Mrs. Devereux, possibly afraid of exciting me by opposition, finally offers all the information she can. The Dormer Hall inmates are all settled, for the present, at a hotel; parents and guardians have been telegraphed; the pupils will return to their homes. As the session would have closed in two weeks, this break-up of the school is not of much consequence.

My luggage is brought in; I have a luxurious bath; array myself in one of my prettiest dresses, and make my way downstairs. In the lower hall, I encounter Mr. Endicott, who is a good deal moved at sight of me. Somehow, for the first time, I fully comprehend the awful danger from which he has preserved me, and I try to utter words of thanks; but am stopped by a rush of tears, which I have great difficulty to check.

Old Mrs. Devereux appears, and sends him away for a little; and, by the time I have eaten my breakfast, I am quite myself again; and henceforth behave sensibly enough in regard to my late adventure, having no wish to enact the part of heroine in any way.

As I rise from the table, Mr. Endicott comes in, and I suddenly recollect to wonder why Harry Mallory is not visible, and to ask about Lou Hartley.

Old Mrs. Devereux immediately assumes a stateliness which is imposing, and her mild features take an expression of severity of which I should not have believed them capable, and Mr. Endicott laughs and frowns.

"Mallory is not here," he says. "But I have a letter for you, from your friend Miss Hartley—"

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"A very undesirable friend," Mrs. Devereux interrupts. "My dear, Miss Hartley eloped, last night, with Harry Mallory."

It takes me a good while to recover from my astonishment, even after reading Lou's hurried note; and, when I do, instead of being sympathetic and congratulatory, as Lou writes she is certain I will be, somehow I feel shocked and disgusted. I cannot talk about the matter, and my two companions perceive this, and change the subject.

When I am alone, I read Lou's epistle over, and find that she is generous enough to have left a letter for Miss Pollard, in which she has explained how I came to be out of the grounds. In fact, before the day ends, one of the governesses calls to see me, and brings me a note from the head of the establishment. I am blamed only for not having confessed the exact truth; but, on the whole, I am treated leniently; and Miss Pollard adds that she has sent word to my guardian of the disaster. It will be as well for me to remain where I am, under Mrs. Devereux's guardianship, until I am summoned home. Miss Pollard even condescends to say that she shall be pleased to welcome me again when school begins.

"So, you see, I am let off very easily," I say to Mr. Endicott, when we discuss the letter.

"Why, the old Sphinx knows that she ought to be gibbeted," he cries, indignantly. "You might have been burned to death."

I remember now to ask how he found out I was there, and he briefly explains that, going with the rest of the crowd to the house, he met Lou Hartley, who had just recollected me—nobody else had. I shudder at the thought of my narrow escape; but we do not talk much about it, then or later.

I bear up well enough during the day, though I feel oddly unsettled and nervous, and fancy that it is because I am so grieved at poor Lou Hartley's having been so foolish as to displease her family and Harry's by this runaway-marriage.

But Mrs. Devereux has been watching me, and before night a doctor is called in, and the upshot of the matter is that I am forced to lie in bed for a day, and to consider myself an invalid for two days more. The latter portion of the time, however, passes only too pleasantly: for I lie on a couch in the library, and Mr. Endicott reads and talks to me, while Mrs. Devereux crochets diligently at a distance which is sufficient to make our conversation inaudible to her, as she is somewhat hard of hearing.

No news has come from my guardian, and, when I am about again, we all three drive into the town, to see Miss Pollard: but the poor lady is seriously ill, and cannot be interviewed, and the teachers and pupils have all departed.

"You will hear shortly," Mr. Endicott says. "I hope you are not tired of your present quarters."

I answer with less warmth than I ought, because I feel that my cheeks and eyes are more eloquent than is desirable, and leave him rather abruptly, on the plea that I must write at once to Syracuse and hasten my guardian's movements.

The next four days are the very happiest I have ever known, though they are apparently so eventless that they merit no detailed chronicle. Mine has been a very solitary life. I do not remember my mother, and my father has been dead four years. My guardian is a distant relative, his family and I not congenial: I have only been once at their house—even spending my vacations at Dormer Hall, whither I was sent soon after my father's death.

I have never had any very intimate friends among my school-companions until within the last five months, in which Lou Hartley has made one of our number; and, though I appreciate her affection, I have never felt that any stronger bond held us together than our mutual love of fun, and the interest I have had in her as a girl with a romantic love-affair on her hands.

So now, to meet with old Mrs. Devereux's gentle affection—which from the first she bestows openly on me, because she fancies I resemble a lost daughter—and to have the society of a man who is deferential and chivalrous, and handsome as a knight of romance, besides being wittier than any novel I ever read, and learned and accomplished into the bargain, ushers me suddenly into a glory of sunshine which blots out past and future—the whole world, save this magical spot whither fate has conducted me.

Four days go by. I learn by accident that Mrs. Devereux came to the house, intending to remain only a short time—has stopped, in fact, on her way to some watering-place—and I get a little anxious lest I am detaining her, and wonder why no news comes from Mr. Ashford. That evening brings a letter, however. I learn that he did not receive Miss Pollard's communication, and answers mine as soon as he gets it. He will not be able to start till towards the end of the week, as he is detained by important business; but he seems to think I am with Miss Pollard, and treats the delay as a matter of slight consequence.

I am troubled at first; but Mrs. Devereux assures me that she can wait as well as not: that she is glad to be with her pet, Walter; and adds so many sweet things about the pleasure my

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society gives her, that I feel quite overpowered by her kindness. I only wish that she were my guardian, and that I never need leave her—all which I try to express as well as I can, and am conscious that I fail signally: for, when I feel things deeply, I am not good at words.

The next day passes, serene and happy as its predecessors. In the afternoon, we three enjoy a long drive, and, when we get back, Mrs. Devereux has a cup of tea, and goes to her room, to take a nap, and dinner is put off in consequence—a fact about which I am profoundly indifferent, having staid my hunger with sweet-cake, and which Mr. Endicott is glad of, as I force him to eat cake also; and he declares that, after endangering his stomach with such trash, he shall have no appetite for a week.

The sunset has come on, and we go out into the garden among my favorite white lilies, of which there are three great beds, that fill the whole air with their delicious perfume.

As we stand among the beautiful blossoms, there steals over us both a sudden quiet, for which there seems no reason, as the pair of us has been in higher spirits than usual all day.

We stand absently gazing off at the splendor of the sunset; we turn at the same instant, and our glances meet. I read in his eyes a truth which I may have guessed before, though I have never admitted the knowledge to my soul, and there flashes upon me another certainty, which, suddenly as it comes, seems so natural and familiar that I am not even startled, though that is entirely new and unexpected.

Walter Endicott loves me, and my whole heart has gone out towards him: that is what I learn in this supreme instant; but quick in the wake of that intuition comes a presentiment that this is the happiest moment of our lives: beyond lie tempests which must so utterly desolate the garden of Eden in which we have been wandering during the past week, that no trace of its beauty will be left when the storm clears—if clear it ever may.

I think my first impulse is to falter some excuse, and run away before he can utter a word; but I have no time to carry my wild idea into effect; for he speaks, and, in odd contrast to the revelations in his eyes and mobile features, his words are calm and ordinary enough.

"Our third gorgeous sunset this week," he says, "and this the most beautiful of all."

"Because it is the last," I answer, not meaning to speak aloud. And he asks, quickly:

"No, no! Why should it be? What do you mean?"

Now, as my reply was a response to that strange premonition in my soul, not to him, I am seized with a burning embarrassment, and wish I had died that morning, in accordance with the exaggeration natural to my age; the direst martyrdom that might have hindered my uttering such foolish words would appear welcome.

"I really don't think I meant anything," I say, with an idiotic little laugh, for which I could beat myself with satisfaction.

"I wonder if you have the faintest idea what days of rest these have been to me," he goes on. "Each day has been a perfect poem—"

He pauses, and glances at me again; he does not finish the quotation, but his eyes do: "And you the sweetest rhyme therein." I want him to know that I understand, yet I have a mortal fear, all the same, that he will; and I hasten to give another idiotic laugh, which dies in a sort of gasp, and I say:

"No wonder; after having had such a noisy visitor as Mr. Mallory so long, even school-girl dullness must be a rest and relief."

"Are you fishing for compliments?" he asks, smiling, though his voice is grave. "If you were anybody else, I should fancy so; but you are so direct and frank, I know you are not."

Now I begin to tremble in such an absurd manner that I sit down on a rustic bench and stammer something about being fatigued by our drive. In spite of myself, I glance towards him after a little, for he is silent. His eyes are fixed on me, and I see in them an expression of such reproach that I am heartily ashamed of my own folly—forget my unaccountable timidity, and believe myself capable of the frankness with which he credits me.

"They have been perfectly delightful days to me," I say; "the very pleasantest I have ever known."

He receives my enthusiastic honesty with a smile which brightens his dark face as if a gleam of the departing sunset had struck it.

"Thank you," he answers, in a low voice, which makes my inmost soul thrill; "it makes me very happy to hear you admit that. You would not say it if it were not—not quite true?" he asks, eagerly, yet with such an odd hesitation that, if I could think it possible in a man so stately and self-contained, I should set down to embarrassment.

"Indeed, I would not," I cry. "I always tell the truth—even Miss Pollard never doubts my word, though she doesn't like me at bottom; but she owns she can trust what I say."

"But, with Miss Pollard, you sometimes take refuge in refusing to speak," he says, with another of those bright smiles which soften his

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face in such a heavenly fashion. "If I were to ask you a question, I wonder if you would do so with me?"

I shake my head, while I feel my cheeks grow crimson, then pale—my heart beats to suffocation for an instant, then seems absolutely to stand still.

He bends toward me—he takes my hand, half whispering:

"Cecil—my beautiful Cecil!"

Then the garden-gate slams suddenly; he drops my hand, and we both turn mechanically in that direction. Two ladies are coming towards us. Mr. Endicott utters an exclamation which I do not catch, though it is one of not over-pleasant surprise, if I may judge by his face.

"My sister—Mrs. Rexford," he explains; "and the lady with her is—"

He moves forward, so that I lose the name, and Mrs. Rexford hurries towards us, calling gayly:

"A nice brother you are, not to send or come to meet us. What do you suppose Josephine will think of such inhospitality? Is it possible that you did not receive my telegram?"

"I certainly did not," he answers, kissing her cheek as they meet, and then shaking hands with the other lady—a girl of three or four and twenty: handsome, in a certain bold defiant style which I do not admire.

I sit still and watch the three; my odd presentiment of a few moments since recurs to me, realized. The sky and landscape grow cold and gray; the latest glory of the sunset has faded suddenly. I feel and know that the brightness of these last days has faded with it.

"I made up my mind quite suddenly to come at once," I hear Mrs. Rexford say, across this under-current of thought which fills my mind, "and Josephine was persuaded into accompanying me."

"I can only hope we are not unwelcome as well as unexpected," the handsome girl says, with an appearance of doubt plainly affected.

Mr. Endicott makes a hospitable reply, then says something in a low tone to his sister. Both ladies look at me. They all move forward. I am introduced to Mrs. Rexford and Miss Lovel; and both ladies, while cordial, manage to look surprise at finding me there.

"You did not see Mrs. Devereux?" Mr. Endicott asks his sister.

"No; she is lying down."

"Miss Dare is staying with us," he adds, and explains briefly about the fire, and they wonder and exclaim, and I bitterly resent their manner, honeyed as their words are.

We all return to the house, and the new arrivals go upstairs to make some changes in their dress before dinner. I retire to my room, also, and presently Mrs. Devereux peeps in, having just awakened from her nap. I tell her of the unexpected visit, and she hurries away to greet Mrs. Rexford and her friend, and I see nobody again till I descend to the library.

As I enter, I perceive that Miss Lovel is the only person in the room; and I would gladly retreat, but she comes eagerly forward, exclaiming:

"Oh, here is the little heroine—Mrs. Devereux has told us all about it. And Walter saved you! I have three minds to be jealous of you, for enjoying such a privilege; but I won't. I mean to like you hugely, for he says you are the nicest sweetest child possible—not a bit like schoolgirls in general. So now you are to count two new friends—remember that! Though, after all, I suppose you must learn soon to look on Walter and myself as only one. I may as well tell you, and get the awkwardness over."

The rest are in the library before I have time to speak; then we go out to dinner, and I am very gay, and Mrs. Rexford and Miss Lovel are cloyingly sweet to me, and yet I am made to feel strangely uncomfortable, and wish myself leagues away. Oh, I wish heartily that I had perished in the burning house, and so had been done with life and its miseries.

CHAPTER V.

I SCARCELY close my eyes all night, and, when I fall asleep, towards daybreak, my dreams are so dreadful that even the tedium of those long wakeful hours is preferable.

At breakfast, I learn that the delayed telegram has arrived, and, into the bargain, one which obliges Mrs. Devereux to leave by the first train. It is a great grief to me to part from her; she feels the farewell-speaking also: kisses me, tells me how fond she has grown of me, and talks about a visit that I am to pay her at some indefinite time. I see Miss Lovel watching, and abruptly repress my emotion; I do not choose to show myself gushing and school-girlish, with her by.

Mr. Endicott has some business which occupies him this morning. He is anxious and worried, too—that is evident; but somehow I feel in no mood to expend sympathy on him, and am glad to be left to my own devices.

I am greatly annoyed that my guardian defers sending for me. I would gladly join Miss Pollard at the hotel, but the news to-day is very unfavorable: she is so much worse that no one can see her. Matters only grow more unpleasant to me as the morning wears on. The tiresome petty

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law-suit which is tried to-day keeps Mr. Endicott absent; Mrs. Rexford succumbs to a sick headache, and goes to her room; and, at luncheon, Miss Lovel and I are alone. How sweetly she talks, yet how she does manage to torment me—even to make me feel acutely that my being under Mr. Endicott's roof seems odd, and that I ought to be mortified by my guardian's delay.

For once in my life, I am too miserable for my hot temper to give me any assistance, and at last I rise abruptly from the table, saying that I shall go for a walk.

"Towards the town?" she asks, and I comprehend that she wishes to insinuate I hope to meet Mr. Endicott as he returns; but I only reply in the negative, with a composure which gratifies my pride. "I mean to drive, later," she continues, "and I think Mrs. Rexford will go. I wish you would wait and accompany us."

"I need the walk: I am used to long ones," I answer, and at last succeed in getting away.

I leave the grounds, walk quickly off up the high-road, turn into a route which is new to me, and, several hours later, I find myself still miles away from the house, on the skirt of a wood, and I am once more in a difficulty.

I have taken some wrong turn: cannot find the road by which I came. In fact, I am lost. There is not a house in sight; and the afternoon, which has been from the first gray and gloomy, holds now menaces of an approaching storm. A chill mist, which is almost like a fine rain, spreads about and deepens into a fog which is fairly like that of late autumn. Altogether, my plight is far from agreeable.

I walk a long way before I see a house; then I learn that I have got so far out of the direct route to Mr. Endicott's place, that my best plan will be to keep straight on to the town. I reflect that there I can find a conveyance, if it is very late: and on I plod. Sometimes the fog lifts, so that I catch glimpses of the familiar steeples, and know that I am in the right road; but it is chilly, and I shiver in my thin garments.

I am not more than a quarter of a mile from the town, when I hear a horse's feet approaching. As I step out of the road, I am recognized by the rider.

"Miss Dare!" he calls. It is Mr. Endicott.

He dismounts and walks on by me, leading his horse. I am forced to explain just what has happened. I think he seems vexed, but I do not care.

Just as we reach a house, the rain begins to come down. We take refuge there, and receive a cold welcome from a cross old woman, who soon leaves us to our own devices. Mr. Endicott fastens his horse under a shed, and then joins me as I stand in the porch.

"An old man out there," he says, "tells me that presently his boy will be home, and will go into the town to hunt up a carriage. You won't mind waiting?"

"It would be of no use to mind—"

He interrupts me with a grave smile, and says:

"Yes; I have had ample proof that you know how to submit to the inevitable."

I forget Miss Lovel, her personal revelation, and her insulting insinuations in my regard: forget even my own bitterness of spirit and soreness of heart. Remembering only the awful peril from which he saved me, I catch his sleeve and cry brokenly:

"It seems so long ago; yet it is always in my mind, as if it were not yet over."

"Poor little girl!" he says, with another of those smiles which change his face so magically; then he adds: "But I suppose that is an impertinence: you are so brave and self-reliant."

"I'm afraid a good deal of that is bravado," I answer, shaking my head, and beginning to laugh from sheer dread of breaking down.

"I want to ask you something," he goes on, quickly. "What made you so unlike yourself this morning?"

"Was I, indeed? I don't know—"

He raises his finger in imitation of the way I have mimicked, for his benefit, a favorite gesture of Miss Pollard's, when appealing to our consciences.

"Well," I say, unhesitatingly, "I suppose I do know. I was uncomfortable, though I really could not tell just why."

"Miss Lovel has been putting out her talons," he says.

Then I remember the engagement—everything. I flash angrily round upon him.

"Ah, I comprehend," he rejoins, with perfect composure. "You have already been told the story. Oh, yes, we were engaged once. Thank heaven, that time is not now, though."

Before I can fully take in the entire meaning of his speech—before he, hesitating perhaps over some thought which he does not find easy to express, has spoken again—a carriage rounds the curve in the road, and we see Miss Lovel seated therein, and by her side is that much-prized acquaintance of Miss Pollard's, the Senator's sister; who, by the way, has always honored me with her disfavor, because, to stop her habit of using French phrases, I once said to her: 'Let us talk one language or the other,' and she could not talk the other, and, as Lou Hartley expressed it, loathed impertinent me in consequence.

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The house is close to the road; of course, they perceive us; at Miss Lovel's command, the carriage stops; she calls out:

"Well, neither Mrs. Falconer nor I expected to play angels of mercy, but we will. Get in, both of you, for mercy's sake, and explain later why, if you wanted a tête-à-tête ramble, you did not choose better weather."

I am simply dumb—head well elevated. Mr. Endicott first arranges for his horse being sent home, then briefly explained that he met me, and that I had taken a wrong road, else he should not have done so, and adds gravely:

"As Miss Dare was Mrs. Devereux's guest, and obliged to be left in my sister's charge till Saturday, you may fancy how glad I am that my house and its master are not to be blamed."

When he speaks, I do not understand the full significance of his words and demeanor—many months pass first; but that is no matter. Both ladies suddenly change their manner: once, the political lady tries to "Miss" me—in feminine parlance; once, Miss Lovel attempts to be sweetly insolent; that is all. Neither essays the task again, though I do not speak, and Mr. Endicott only asks some appallingly polite question.

We are at the house: having, on our way, deposited safely at her temporary sojourn the great lady of the neighborhood. Mrs. Rexford rushes out into the verandah, at the sound of our wheels.

"Such people!" she cries, gayly. "Thank goodness, my dear Miss Cecil, that you have come. All sorts of good news for you—bad for us, because your guardian is here, and declares that you must be ready to leave by the seven o'clock train."

I am out of the carriage—well, I am in her arms, and she is kissing me and whispering:

"Dear girl, I shall never forgive my wretched head. I have not seen you all day. The news is, that old aunt of yours—I know she was a stranger, so, even with your sensitive nature, it cannot be a grief—is dead. She leaves you her fortune. My sweetest girl, I am so glad!"

I don't know very well what happens during the next few moments. I know that Endicott, not having heard his sister's words, tries to stop me, whispering:

"I want to tell you—let me—my whole life—"

Then, somehow, I am swept on by Miss Lovel, I can't tell how. She and I are alone in the library for a moment; these are her words:

"I think you have conquered; but he loves me. He wants revenge for my coquetry; besides, you have so dreadfully damaged your reputation for him that he must ask you to be his wife."

Then my guardian and I are alone together. How courteous, how deferential, he is! We must catch the seven-o'clock express, because we go to my aunt's funeral, and have barely time—the news was late in reaching him.

Then the others are present; Mr. Endicott frantic with haste: one of his oldest friends, spending the summer in the town, has fallen from his horse and been seriously injured, and the message has just arrived. We have only a moment together; this is what he says:

"You must go, and I must let you. May I come? Will you marry me?"

"Never!" I break in; "never! Shame on you for daring to insult me!"

He is gone first, after hurried apologies to my guardian. Mrs. Rexford is very loving; I hear Miss Lovel say this to her, though without in the least realizing what the speech means:

"Of course you change—she has more money."

Then my guardian and I are starting. The farewells are brief. I am mad to start: I fear that I may yet meet Mr. Endicott again

We catch the express. We speed away through the stormy night. I have only one distinct thought: he would have married me from pity.

I appreciate his chivalrous feeling; but I pray heartily that I may never see his face again.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE SHIPS AT SEA.

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

The sea-gull soars, the sea-gull dips,
The wind blows fresh and free,
Like flocks of swans, the snow-white ships
Go sailing past at sea.

Full-freighted with the hopes and fears
Of futures yet to be—
The prayers of wives—a mother's tears—
They pass away at sea.

Oh, happy ships! oh, happy home!
When they return so free.
Alas! no ship shall ever come,
Shall ever come to me.

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THE HIGH TOWER OF ST. JOSEPH'S.

BY MRS. EMMA W. DEMERITT.

CHAPTER I.

THE old sexton swung the massive Cathedral doors together, and turned the key in the lock. Then he stepped back on the pavement, and gazed up at the great tower, which rose nearly three hundred feet above his head, with its slender graceful spire distinctly outlined on the dusky evening sky.

"I could almost do it now," he muttered, "if it were not for these giddy spells. A curse upon this cruel illness, which has palsied the stoutest arm, and weakened the strongest nerves, in all Vienna! But I must find someone to take my place," he continued, as he drew his hat down over his eyes, and started for home. "It would never do for the Emperor to miss the customary salute from the tower."

All Vienna was astir. The gay capital was evidently donning its holiday robes. On every hand were preparations for some important event. Platforms dotted the public squares; bits of scaffolding clung to the façades of the principal buildings; huge wooden arches spanned the main avenues; while here and there tasteful groupings of the national flag made glowing patches of color on the cool gray-and-white background of stone and marble.

On the morrow, the Emperor would make his formal entry into the city. There was to be an imposing procession, with a review of imperial troops, ending with concerts at the principal theatres, a grand display of fireworks, and an unlimited flow of wine and beer. Upon such state occasions, it had been the old sexton's custom to take his stand on the narrow stone ledge which encircled the Cathedral tower, and from this giddy height to wave the imperial flag, as the Emperor passed in the street below.

But age and sickness had so weakened the old man's nerves that he dared not attempt the perilous feat, to-day.

He would miss hearing his name in all mouths; he would miss the cheers of the populace, the answering salute from the imperial troops; and, worst of all—for stronger than the old man's love of notoriety was his love of gain—he would miss the handsome sum of money with which the Emperor always acknowledged the daring act of homage. The old sexton ground his teeth at the thought, muttering:

"If either of the two at home had been a boy, I would have had someone to take my place, and we should have had the money all the same. But they are nothing but women—weak timid women—good for naught but to spend money."

"There goes old Caspar of the Cathedral," said one of two young men, whose greeting the sexton had returned with an ungracious frown: "grim and silent as ever."

"The crusty graybeard!" exclaimed the other, looking back over his shoulder. "I wonder what devilry the old rat is plotting now? That black face means a gathering storm. Heaven pity the meek sister and the pretty step-daughter, if the thunder-cloud burst at home. Poor things! it gives one the heartache to think of them. With the old man's miserly ways and his fits of ill-temper, 'tis but a miserable life they lead."

"Why don't they leave him, then?" asked the first speaker. "No one would blame them."

"I'll tell thee why, Gabriel: because he has all their money. He gave his sister no peace until he got her portion of their father's estate. Ah! little peace she has had since, poor woman! She'd much better have kept it herself. Besides," the young man lowered his voice to a whisper, and looked anxiously around, to make sure that there was no one within hearing, "they dare not attempt to run away: the old wretch might murder them."

"Alas! the pretty step-daughter," returned Gabriel, with a sigh. "There's many a handsome lad in Vienna would give his head for a word with her, but the old man guards her like a dragon."

"So, ho! And so you, Gabriel, are a little touched, as well as the rest of us. I've seen the time when my heart beat fast at the sight of that trim figure, with the golden hair and downcast eyes, tripping along to Sunday service between old Caspar and the good Elsa. There isn't one of us whose heart-strings haven't thrilled at the sound of her low sweet voice; and many a night we've stood in the street below, and looked up to the light burning in her window, and watched for her shadow flitting back and forth. But that's past and gone. 'Twas but a foolish passion on our part, for the maiden had eyes but for one lover. It was a pure waste of heart-agony. But come: let us be going. I have a ribbon to buy

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for my sweetheart, to wear on her pretty brown braids to-morrow."

And so, with laugh and jest, the youths passed on, and were quickly lost in the busy throng.

CHAPTER II.

In the meantime, old Caspar kept on his way. He hurried through the crowded, bustling city, until he came to the dark narrow street in which he lived. As he turned the corner, he caught a glimpse of a young man hastening away from one of the houses. He stopped short, and watched the retreating figure until it passed out of sight. Then he raised his hand, and shook it with a threatening gesture.

"Make the most of your stolen visit, young man," said he; "for I have a plan for frightening you love-sick swains from my pretty maiden yonder."

In a few moments, he reached his home, and, mounting the steep flight of stairs, entered a room where two females were busily engaged in preparing the evening meal. The older was a middle-aged woman, whose sad face told of suffering and patient endurance. The younger was a girl not more than eighteen years old, with a plump graceful figure and a complexion like a rose-leaf. Her fair hair was parted in a rippling mass over her smooth forehead, and was gathered at the back in a thick tress, revealing the lovely rounded contour of cheek and chin. In addition to these purely Saxon charms, she had an unusual and striking beauty: a pair of soft brown eyes, shaded by long curling lashes.

Both women glanced timidly at the old man; but they found the expression of his face anything but reassuring, and went on with their work without speaking.

"A pretty pair of snails, you two," he snarled, dropping into a chair, and throwing his hat on the floor. "Have I not told you again and again to put my supper on the table when you hear my step on the stairs?"

"But one cannot be always ready, you know, Caspar," returned his sister, meekly, as she set the pot of smoking chocolate before him.

"Bah! Cannot? But thou must: 'tis thy business to be ready. For what were women made, if not to wait upon their lords? But you have been loitering or gabbling, perhaps, with visitors. A woman's tongue should ever be idle, and her hands ever busy; but you two reverse the order, and keep the tongue wagging, while my supper waits. Let it not happen again."

His heavy eyebrows met in a frown, and his glittering eyes sought the young girl's face.

"Who was it whom I saw leaving the house a moment ago?"

The color faded from her cheek. Lie, she would not, come what might. She raised her clear eyes to the old man's stern face.

"It was Fritz," she said, simply.

"Fritz, indeed!" he sneered; and he imitated the drawing of a bow across a violin. "The fal-la-ing fiddler! Have I not forbidden him the house? The sneaking stripling of a fiddler! Much good may this visit do him: for 'twill be his last. Listen, my pretty Lena: I have a plan for providing thee speedily with a husband."

He rubbed his long thin hands exultingly.

"A man of spirit he shall be, and no puny twanger of catgut. So fair a maid deserves a brave mate. Trust to me for that. To-night will decide thy fate. Hush!" for the young girl had thrown herself forward with an imploring cry. "Cease thy whinings: for I like not the music of a woman's tongue. Bring the rest of my supper at once: for I must be off in time to catch these young swaggerers before they go home for the night. Go, pretty fool: for fool thou art, Lena. With such a face and figure as thine, thou mightst have wedded a titled nobleman, and had money and jewels without stint."

"Thank heaven, the child has no such ambition," muttered Elsa.

"Where's thy pride, girl?" continued Caspar, in an angry tone. "I verily believe thou wouldst be content to share the hut of some beggar woodcutter. 'Tis time I looked after thy interests a little more sharply."

Caspar hastily swallowed his supper, and left the house. As soon as the door closed behind him, the two women looked in each other's face apprehensively.

"Oh, what did he mean by those cruel words, Aunt Elsa?" cried Lena. "And what new cloud is this in our sky? Will the sun never shine for us?"

"Heaven only knows," returned the older woman, stroking the girl's golden hair with a soft caressing touch. "My poor child!"

"I have tried to be dutiful and industrious," said the girl. "I have done my best, all these long weary years, to please him; but he has never given me a kind word. I sometimes think perhaps, if I had been his own child, it would have been different."

Elsa shook her head. "It would have made no difference, Lena. It is his nature to be harsh and exacting. It was the same with thy mother as long as she lived. It has been the same with me as with thee. There is no room in his heart for love of anything save gold."

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"But why does he hate Fritz so?" sobbed Lena. "What has the dear boy ever done to deserve such treatment?"

"He hates him as the bad ever hate the good: for the one is as upright and noble as the other is artful and wicked. Oh, I have such dreadful thoughts now and then. He is my brother; but —may heaven forgive me—I sometimes forget that we are children of the same mother."

In the course of an hour, old Caspar returned. They heard his heavy step on the stairs, and a muttered oath as he flung open the door. He walked straight to the table, and brought his fist down with a thud.

"Idiot!" he muttered. "He is the very last one of all the world who I thought would have the courage to accept. Sit you down," he added, turning to the women: "you may as well know what has happened."

"I told thee, girl," and he nodded in a surly manner at Lena, "that I would speedily provide thee with a husband. That was my errand down-town to-night."

A frightened look passed over the girl's beautiful face, as the old man continued, gruffly:

"I went straight to the public house on the Platz: for I well knew, if I wanted to meet a crowd of young men, that was where I should most surely find them. And I publicly announced, and pledged my honor—and caused it, moreover, to be put in writing—that whoever should take my place on the ledge of the tower, to-morrow, and wave the imperial flag as the Emperor passed, should have the hand of my pretty Lena here.

"It turned out as I had thought: they stared, and shrugged their shoulders, and shrank back. I thought I had rid my door-step forever of thy lovers, when forth steps a young man—pale, but determined—and calls out, in a ringing voice: 'I accept the offer, Herr Caspar.' Now, curse him, who do you think he was?"

Lena bent eagerly forward, and stood with her hands clasped on her bosom, her red lips apart, and a questioning look in her large brown eyes.

"Fritz! Fritz, of all others!" said the old man, in his fury raising his voice to a shriek. "I thought, if anyone had the hardihood to accept, it would have been the carpenter, Hans—a man bold and daring—a man after my own heart; and his trade, moreover, had learned him to carry a steady head. But the meek fiddler, who has been sitting in a corner and fal-la-ing and tweedle-dee-ing all his life—who ever would have thought of him?"

Lena stood in the middle of the room, moaning, in a low piteous voice:

"Fritz! my Fritz! Oh, my Fritz!"

A cruel smile passed over the old sexton's face.

"But old Caspar is not outwitted, for all that," he said. "It won't keep me awake: I shall sleep soundly enough, never fear. My pretty maiden will wait in vain for her lover to claim her. It takes a steady head to climb the little winding staircase in the tower, let alone to stand on the tiny ledge outside. He'll fall, and be dashed to pieces. 'Twill serve him right, too, and 'twill rid me easily of a pest."

He took up a lighted candle, and turned toward the door.

"Go to bed, both of you," he said; "I want an early breakfast to-morrow: for I have much to do yet on the decorations of the Cathedral."

"Can we help, in any way, Caspar?" gently asked his sister.

"Help? No! You are of no use on such occasions. If Lena there had been a boy, I might have had someone to send up ladders and climb scaffolding, instead of risking my neck as I now do."

He shuffled out of the room, grumbling, as he spoke, and closed the door with a violent jar.

CHAPTER III.

"Aunt Elsa," cried Lena, wildly, "I must go to Fritz at once. It is madness for him to think of such a thing."

"Not yet, my child. Thou must have patience for awhile. Oh, it was a cruel thing for Caspar to do. If the carpenter—Hans—had accepted his offer, I shudder to think what a hard lot would have been thine."

"He is a bold bad man, Aunt Elsa. The step-father well said that he was a man after his own heart."

"Hush! For aught I know, someone," and Elsa motioned with her head toward the door by which her brother had left, "may be listening. We must linger here for a while yet, as if putting things in order for the morrow. After that, let us go to our rooms, as if we were preparing for bed as usual. Then, when Caspar is asleep, we will seek Fritz. Come, dear heart: it will give us a few quiet moments for prayer; and, surely, we need it now, if ever."

It was not long before the old sexton's room was darkened, and, as soon as the house was still, the two women put on their cloaks and stole softly downstairs and out into the deserted street. They had only gone a few steps, when they were met by the young man of whom they were in search.

"Come with me," said he. "Mother is waiting. She was sure you would come."

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He grasped Lena's cold little hands in both of his. "What—sobbing, little one?" he exclaimed, in a tender voice. "I want smiles rather than tears; they will better give me courage to win my bride."

In a few moments, they entered a room where the Widow Haller sat rocking, by a huge porcelain stove. The three women were soon locked in a close embrace.

"And hast thou come, Lena, to add thy entreaties to mine? The good God give thy tongue power to do what mine has failed to accomplish. Beg Fritz not to go."

But neither the tearful pleadings of the young girl nor the expostulations of the older women were able to shake the young man's resolution.

"It is of no use, sweetheart," he said, lifting Lena's drooping head from his bosom. "Ask me anything but that, and see how quickly I will grant it. My mind is made up: no power on earth can turn me. It is the only way, child, to free thee from thy dreary prison-life and cruel keeper. Do not vex and weary me by this useless asking, for I need all my strength and spirits for my morrow's work.

"Besides," a bright smile lighted his thoughtful face, "I shall succeed—never fear. We'll show them that love laughs at steeples as well as at locksmiths. And moreover, dears, I shall have the prayers of the three best women in the world, and those of the good priest besides. I saw him, but a moment ago, and his parting blessing lingers yet in my ears."

"But if thou shouldst fail?" And Lena's voice broke into a sob.

"I must not fail," he answered, gravely.

The four sat talking for a few moments, and then separated for the night: Fritz going home with Elsa and Lena, and taking a sad leave of them at the door.

The walk homeward through the cold air helped to quiet the young man's nerves, and, when he rounded a corner of the street and caught a glimpse of the Platz Cathedral, he was able to look without a tremor at the huge pile looming up darkly in the starlight. He stood for some time gazing at the slender spire, as if the sight had a strange fascination for him.

"There lies life or death, as God shall will," he thought. Then he measured the distance with his eyes.

"'Twould be a fearful fall," he murmured, calmly; "but I must not so much as give one thought to the distance from the tower to the sidewalk. It is safe enough, if one can but bring himself to believe it. Were the tower only twenty feet from the ground, a baby might balance itself on the ledge with the utmost security. It is the thought of the height that makes the feat so dangerous. If I can but banish that from my mind, I shall be as safe as I am at this moment on the firm pavement. None but grim old Caspar would ever have hit upon such a way of saluting the Emperor; and, for my part, I wish he had chosen a safer method of showing his loyalty. But, if I win, Lena's happiness is assured: for the old man dare not refuse to fulfil his part of the contract. Only I must not get dizzy. I wish I was more used to great heights."

CHAPTER IV.

A short walk brought him to his home, and, as he passed through the long hall on his way to his mother's room, a door was suddenly opened, a bright light streamed across his path, a slender figure flitted into the passageway, and a low voice said:

"I have been waiting for you, Herr Fritz. I knew your step on the stairs."

"How you startled me, Greta! I thought all in the house were asleep long ago."

"Asleep? I could not sleep, and I have been watching for you so anxiously."

"You look like a spirit, Greta, with your white shawl and pale face."

She was a deformed orphaned little dressmaker, who rented two rooms opposite the Haller apartment. Fritz and his mother, from the first, had taken a deep interest in the shy gentle girl, and by unnumbered acts of kindness had helped to make her lonely lot more bright and cheerful She was passionately fond of music, and, when the pain in her back was very bad, and she was obliged to lie in bed, Fritz would open the door of his room, and play on his violin for her for hours. And, at such times, she would look up to the Widow Haller, seated at her bedside, and say, with a grateful smile:

"I think, when my time comes, I should like to die thus, with your kind face bending over me, and Herr Fritz's beautiful music ringing in my ears."

She always wore a shawl, or sack, or loose mantle of some kind, which concealed her deformity so well that it was hardly noticeable unless one looked at her closely.

She stood before Fritz now, looking up at him with her wide-open pathetic gray eyes.

"Oh, Herr Fritz, is it true—all this about the Cathedral tower?"

"Who told you, Greta?"

"Your mother. And, do you know—she is breaking her heart over it? And there are other

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hearts, too, Herr Fritz, that are heavy and sad because of your willfullness."

She pressed her thin hands to her bosom.

"Greta, I am really angry with you. What if I succeed? You women all talk in the same strain: you seem determined that I shall fail."

"Not determined—but oh, so fearful!"

"Well, as I said before, what if I succeed?"

"May God so will it, Herr Fritz," she answered, solemnly. "But it is a frightful risk."

"And it is for such a treasure!" he replied, with a radiant smile.

"Yes, I can well understand," she said, with a little shiver.

"Greta, you are shivering; it is too chilly here: you will take cold. Let us go inside."

He led her through the open door into the tiny apartment. The warmth and the soft candle-light gave it an air of cosy comfort, in spite of the bare floor and scanty furniture. It was as scrupulously neat as a nun's cell. Spotless white curtains draped the narrow windows, while a few cheap prints, in frames of Fritz's making, hung on the walls. A bridal dress of shimmering satin, with garniture of costly lace, was thrown over the back of a chair, and the table was heaped with rolls of bright-colored silks and velvets and bits of ribbon and fringe. Greta did not sit down, but stood looking up at Fritz, who leaned his elbow on the tall chiffonier.

"Your mother still hopes that you will think better of this rash resolve."

He shook his head.

"Have you thought of the cost?"

"Yes, Greta. I believe I do not value my life as highly as the rest of you."

"I do not suppose that anything a poor little body like me could say would have any influence," she replied, sadly.

"Greta," he asked, impulsively, "if one you loved had a very hard and unhappy life, would you not do anything to help make a way of escape?"

"There is nothing I would not do or dare for one I loved," she answered, as impulsively. "Life itself would be of no account. But it is different with you, Herr Fritz. I should not be missed, but you have so much to live for. There are so many whose happiness is bound up with yours. Oh, my friend, your life is a very precious thing: you have no right to throw it away. You have been so kind—so kind to me," she continued, after a moment's pause. "Had I been a queen on her throne, you could not have treated me with more respect. All the joy I have ever known has come through you—and through your mother," she added, with some embarrassment. "I have often wondered what I could do to repay you. Perhaps the time is near when I can make some return besides my poor thanks."

"You can give me your prayers to-morrow, you know," said Fritz, gently.

"You would have had them without the asking, Herr Fritz." Here she uttered a sharp cry: "Oh, that dreadful, dreadful tower! I see it before me all the time. Is the pretty Lena willing that you should try? Were I in her place," and she flushed scarlet, "I would not let you do this terrible thing. You will get dizzy, and fall. Oh! I would stop you, somehow."

"You could no more stop me than could she. I have accepted Caspar's offer, and I shall make the attempt. All these useless appeals only unnerve me. It is time that I tried to get some rest, although I fear but little sleep will visit me to-night."

Greta darted forward, as he started for the door.

"Oh, Herr Fritz," she said, with great agitation, "I am a poor deformed little dressmaker. Nobody cares for me. I have nothing to live for. I shall be glad when the time comes to hide myself and my poor crooked back in the grave. Let me take your place. Let me creep out on the ledge, and wave the flag. If I fall, no one will be the sadder for my loss. Nobody will miss poor Greta."

Fritz was deeply touched by her earnestness. But he said: "It cannot be, dear Greta. You know not what you are asking."

But she threw herself on her knees at his feet, and, seizing his hand, covered it with kisses and tears.

"It is my prayer," she cried; "do not refuse me. Oh, Herr Fritz, let me do this one thing for you!"

Fritz raised her from the floor. "I thank you from the bottom of my heart, Greta, dear friend; but, when you think it over calmly, you will see that it is impossible. You are excited and tired. Try to get some rest."

She shook her head mournfully. "There is no rest for me while you are in danger," she said.

But he answered, soothingly:

"At this time to-morrow, God willing, I shall be safe back with Lena and mother and you, and we will laugh to think how needless was all our alarm and worry. And then, Greta, when Lena and I have a home of our own, there will always be a place and a warm welcome for the little woman who would have risked so much for our happiness. Now, good-night."

When Fritz reached his room, he was too excited to sleep. He took his violin from its case, and

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began to play, hoping in this way to quell the tumult in his mind. And, as he played, a restful peace stole over him, and he kept on far into the night.

After Fritz left, Greta threw herself in an agony of grief on her knees, by a chair, sobbing as if her heart would break. As the first notes of the familiar strain reached her ears, she raised her head and listened intently. Then she rose and placed the door ajar, so as to catch even the faintest pianissimo shading, and sank down in a forlorn heap on the floor, and gave herself up to the spell of the witching melody.

"For the last time," she said, with a wan little smile. "Oh, how little does he know! But Lena is good and true, and she will make him very, very happy."

CHAPTER V.

THE morning dawned clear and cold. It was the day of all others for a street-pageant. The sky was of the deepest blue, the crisp frosty air was strangely exhilarating. The showy uniforms of the officers, mingling with the many-colored national costumes of Hungary, Poland, and the Tyrol, made a kaleidoscopic succession of colors as the immense crowd surged through the streets.

The procession was due at the Cathedral shortly after noon; but, owing to some delay, it was nearly dark when the booming of cannon from the Platz announced the approach of the imperial cortége. The hours of waiting seemed as so many weary years to the impatient Fritz, who sat in a little room adjoining the organ-loft, and to the three pale anxious women, who knelt at the altar of a little chapel, their lips moving in silent prayer.

But old Caspar was in high glee.

"The luck is all on my side," he chuckled, rubbing his hands triumphantly. "This delay will try his nerves to the utmost."

Once or twice, he peeped slyly through the partially-opened door, and, to his dismay, beheld Fritz sitting quietly, without any signs of agitation.

"If he would but walk the floor, or drum with his fingers on the bench, or even bite his lips, I should be better pleased," thought the old sexton.

At the sound of the cannon, announcing the approach of the procession, Fritz sprang to his feet. At the same moment, old Caspar appeared, with a furled flag in his hand.

"There's no time to be lost, my brave Fritz," said he. "Thou mayest have perhaps five minutes to spare when thou reachest the tower, but no more."

Fritz reached out his hand for the flag.

But old Caspar shook his head. "Not so fast, my lad," returned he. "Although there is but little love betwixt us, yet, to show thee how fair a man I am, I will help thee as far as I can. Do thou go first, and I will follow, and hand thee the flag when thou art safely outside."

The first part of the ascent was easy enough, as the stairs were rough open steps, with a hand-rail for protection. Fritz tripped up quickly, leading the way; but old Caspar was obliged to pause once or twice, to get his breath.

The next flight was more trying, as the ladder was slight, and supported only by iron rods fastened to the wall. Up, up, they went, Fritz calm and hopeful, old Caspar grim and sullen.

"Wait till thou reachest the little winding staircase," thought the sexton: "thy step will not be so light, nor thy voice so cheery, my daring lover."

They reached the square platform at last, from which rose the tiny hanging staircase, winding upward until it ended at the little sliding-door which gave access to the narrow ledge outside, on which Fritz was to stand. So slight and narrow was this ledge, that it seemed hardly strong enough, or wide enough, for a child.

As one stood on the platform and looked below, it was enough to make the steadiest head swim to see the immense distance beneath, that was traversed only by the network of crossing stairs. But there stood Fritz, surveying it calmly.

The sight maddened the old sexton. "The ladder is not strong enough for two," said he. "When thou reachest the little sliding-door, thou must let thyself out, feet foremost, until thy toes touch the ledge. Then thou must creep around to the opposite side of the tower, and wave the flag. Go!"

Fritz made no reply, but went on, climbing up as nimbly as a cat. He reached the little door, and, looking fearlessly out, slowly and cautiously lowered himself to the ledge below.

Old Caspar followed more slowly, trembling from head to foot with suppressed rage.

He passed out the flag to Fritz.

"Feel thy way carefully," he said: "for thou hast but ten inches of foothold. When thou reachest the opposite side of the spire, slip one hand through an iron ring which thou wilt find there, and, when thou hearest the great gun on the Platz, wave thy flag. There is another ring just above the sliding-door: 'twill help thee greatly."

Fritz took the flag, and crept, step by step, along the narrow ledge. After a few moments' suspense, his voice sounded cheerily, and without a quiver, through the open door.

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"All right," it said; "I'm ready now for the signal."

Old Caspar's cheeks and lips were white with anger. His features grew distorted by passion. There was an ominous gleam in his wicked black eyes. He bent down over the door, and listened eagerly. As he lifted his face, it was as the face of some exultant demon. He had fastened the door so that Fritz could not return.

"Aye, cling fast, my sighing fiddler," he muttered: "for thy grip is for life or death. Thou wilt either fling thyself down in despair, or lose thy hold, and be dashed to pieces, when thou findest the trap thou art in. Thy sweetheart will wait in vain for her brave young lover."

He started, as he spoke, to go down. Suddenly, he paused, and hastily brushed his hand across his eyes.

"The giddiness again!" he exclaimed. "Oh, my, God, were I but safely below!"

With the words, he staggered, and stood for a moment, with his body swaying unsteadily to and fro. Then he missed his foothold, and, clutching wildly at the empty air, plunged headlong into the space below.

CHAPTER VI.

In the meantime, Fritz waited patiently for the signal; nor did he have to wait long, for in a moment more the great cannon thundered from the Platz. He held out the flag, and slowly waved it to and fro, and heard the answering salute from the imperial troops. Then he crept once more along the narrow ledge, and, steadying himself by the iron ring, he stooped and felt for the sliding-door.

It was closed! He pushed as hard as he dared in his cramped position, but he could not move it.

"Merciful God!" he cried, with a start which nearly caused him to lose his hold. "I see it all now! Old Caspar has fastened the door, and left me to my fate!"

For a moment, the shock made him faint; but the cold air, blowing freshly on his bared head, revived him.

His first impulse was to shout for help; then he smiled derisively at such childish folly. How could he hope to make his voice heard above the din of the crowded streets?

"Better keep my strength, instead of wasting it in useless shouting," he thought. "I shall need it all."

Then he thought: "Shall I drop the flag? The falling standard may possibly attract attention, and lead to a rescue. Yet no: the idea is absurd. No one will understand it."

Even in that moment of supreme peril, however, his unselfish nature asserted itself. "Besides," he said, "the flag might injure a passer-by, in its swift descent. I will not save my life at such a risk."

Other thoughts succeeded this.

"If there were only a moon to-night," he said to himself, "there would be a possibility of my escape: for someone might look up at the tower by chance, and see me. But, as it is— No, there is no likelihood of my being discovered. My doom is sealed."

He tried to keep back the despairing thoughts that nearly made him frantic: for he knew that, the more calm and cool he was, the greater would be his chances of escape. He stood there, clinging to the iron ring above the door, as motionless as if he had been carved out of stone.

When the evening chimes were rung, he bowed his head, and, with trembling lips, repeated the "Angelus." Once or twice, his arms ached, and he carefully shifted his position, to ease the strained muscles. One by one, the stars came out in the dusky space overhead, until the sky was studded with the glittering golden points. Then the great bells of the Cathedral slowly tolled the time.

"Two hours! No more?" he said. "Ah! it has seemed a lifetime!"

The chances were but slight, he reflected, that his absence would cause any alarm. It is true that Lena might miss him, for he had made arrangements to have word sent as soon as he had accomplished his perilous feat: friend Gabriel was to watch until he had waved the flag and reached the little door in safety, and then he was to set off without a moment's delay, and carry the good tidings to the three waiting women: but he had charged Lena, over and over again, not to think it strange if he did not come to her at once, as he had an engagement to play at one of the theatres, and there was no telling how late he might be detained—perhaps until the early morning hours.

As he thought of all this, he said:

"And old Caspar knew it! Oh, the cruel villain! he has well planned."

The hours dragged on. Fritz was shivering with the cold, for his scanty clothing was but an insignificant protection against the frosty night-air. His head throbbed with pain; every joint was stiff and aching.

"How long," he thought, "can I endure the terrible strain on body and mind? Would it not be better to throw myself down, and end it all? But there is poor little Lena: she would remain forever in old Caspar's power."

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No, for her dear sake he would try to hold on, even to the very last. Perhaps, in time, the good God would hear his prayer, for every breath that he drew was one agonized petition: "Oh, my Father, help!"

But the night wore on, and, every moment, death seemed to Fritz more inevitable. He could hardly hope to hold out much longer, certainly not until morning.

His brain, at last, began to give way, under the strain.

"Well, what of it? I will not have sc far to go," he said, "in order to reach heaven, as most people. Ha! ha!"

The echo of his bitter mocking mirth shocked him, however, and recalled him to himself. "Great heavens!" he cried, "I am not going mad, am I? Yet people have lost their reasons for less cause."

The great clock boomed out another hour.

"Am I fit for death?" he mused. "Only last Sunday, the good priest said that, if one wished to die happy, he must make his peace with the world; and, if there was any hatred or bitter feeling in the heart, it must be put away: for, if we did not forgive, neither would our Heavenly Father.

"Can I forgive old Caspar?" he thought. "Must I?"

Long and bitter was the struggle in Fritz's heart, for he was wrestling with the mighty spirit of hatred. At last, just as the Cathedral bells tolled the midnight hour, he raised his head toward the sky. It was pale and haggard, but a divine peace rested on it.

"I forgive him!" he cried. "Blessed be God for the victory! I am prepared, come what may. If God give me strength to hold out, all is well; if not—"

He shuddered, gave an involuntary glance downward, and went on, huskily: "If not, I am ready." Then he shut his eyes.

The constellations climbed higher and higher in the heavens. Then they slowly sank, until they neared the western horizon. The busy hum of the street had long ceased. Profound stillness brooded over the whole city. Fritz thought of Lena, his mother, and Greta.

"They are probably together," he said; "for their painful vigil is ended, and their hearts are filled with joyous anticipations. To-morrow, early, they expect to see me."

The night-air grew icy cold. But still that motionless figure stood on the narrow ledge: its pale weary face resting against the uplifted hand, which grasped the iron ring.

"Oh, God! who art ever near to those who need thee, be swift to hear and save thy child! Oh, blessed Virgin Mother! plead for thy servant!" Thus he prayed.

CHAPTER VII.

As soon as Gabriel carried the joyful tidings of Fritz's success to the anxious women, Elsa and Lena left the Widow Haller and started for home.

"Do thou go to bed at once, Lena," said Elsa. "This has been a trying time for thee. Fritz said he would not be able to come to thee before to-morrow. A good night's rest will bring back the roses to thy cheeks. Surely, thou wouldst not have him find such a pale little bride awaiting him, in the morning? Nor will we wait for Caspar. We never know when he is coming home, and he will be probably late: he will be celebrating the day somewhere. So, go to bed, child."

But Lena could not sleep. She was troubled and nervous: she knew not why. She drew a chair to the window, and sat for a long time looking out at the starlit sky. At last, her head drooped on the window-seat, and she was soon sound asleep. Ah! little did she suspect the truth.

It was early morning when her heavy eyes opened, and Elsa stood in the doorway, with an anxious, even frightened, face.

"Fritz has not come yet," she said; "and Caspar is not home. What can it mean?"

But, even as she spoke, there was a loud knock at the door. Elsa ran downstairs, and Lena's quick ears caught the words as the stranger entered. It was Gabriel. To explain his appearance, however, we must go back several hours in our story.

When Fritz parted from Greta, as we have described, she stood for a moment in the middle of the room, with her hands extended towards him, as if in benediction. A wistful smile was on her pale patient face, and her eyes shone with unutterable tenderness, as she watched him out of sight. Fritz, as he turned to close the door behind him, saw this; and he never forgot it, to his dying day.

Greta did not even attempt to go to bed. She was too anxious, and too restless in consequence. At times, she walked up and down the room, nervously twisting her fingers together. At times, she burst into sobs. Then she would fall on her knees and pray. "Oh, blessed Saviour!" she cried, "oh, holy Virgin! intercede for him, and save his life—only save his life! Make him happy—make him happy, no matter what becomes of me."

The hours wore on. As the time approached when Fritz might be expected home, Greta's

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nervous excitement increased. She knew of his engagement to play at the theatre, after the procession was over; and did not expect him, therefore, until after midnight. But, when the twelve strokes rang out from the neighboring church-tower, and he did not come, she began to fear something had happened. She was familiar with his step, and she now took her place, just within the door, to listen. The streets were profoundly still, by this time; but now and then the sound of a solitary tread rose on the night-air, so that Greta more than once caught her breath in a fervor of thankfulness, thinking it was that of Fritz. But the tread passed on. Now and then, also, the voice of some belated person, singing on his way home, was heard. But it was not the voice of Fritz.

"Ah," she said, suddenly, after one of these disappointments, "why did I not think of it before? Fritz has waved the flag successfully, has played at the theatre, and has been entertaining some of his friends at supper, to celebrate his triumph. That would explain why he is so late."

But, though one or two other belated persons went singing by, though occasionally one or two other silent pedestrians hurried past, no voice was that of Fritz, no step was his. The hours passed. Greta wept, and prayed, and walked the room, and wrung her hands, and wept and prayed again; but all to no purpose: no Fritz appeared.

At last, the suspense became intolerable. Greta felt that she must do something, or she should die. We have all felt thus, in moments of great extremity—at least, all who are of nervous organizations like hers. She threw on her hat and cloak hurriedly, crept stealthily downstairs, and closed the outer door softly after her. Then suddenly she began to run.

She began to run towards St. Joseph's. For, all at once, just as she turned the knob of the door, a suspicion of the truth flashed upon her. It came like a revelation. "Oh, why did I not think of it before?" she cried. "Old Caspar hates Fritz, and has played him some wicked trick—perhaps locked him in. Yes! that is it. If Fritz were not locked in, he would have been home long ago. But now—now—oh, holy Virgin!—he is, perhaps, lying dead at the foot of the tower, shattered and—"

The idea was too dreadful; she covered her face with her hands; she shuddered as in an ague-fit.

She ran on, nevertheless, all this while. St. Joseph's was not far off now: it was, in fact, only around the corner. She almost feared to turn that corner; but she ran faster than ever, nevertheless.

She had turned the corner. The high tower rose directly in front of her. But she did not look up. She was sure there was something horrible lying at its foot—something that froze her heart, even to think of—and yet which she must brave herself to meet; and she did brave herself, going straight up to it: a black shapeless mass on the pavement—the pavement that gleamed spectrally in the white light of dawn.

She started back—started back with a shriek—and then fell on her knees. But the cry was one of joy, not of despair: for what she had seen was but a shadow, cast by a bit of sculpture on the side of the Cathedral. She fell on her knees; but it was to kiss the spot, and to exclaim, with a flood of grateful tears: "Oh, thank God! thank God!"

Then she sprang to her feet as suddenly: for, faint and far, a shout seemed to come down from the very top of the tower. Her heart was in her throat. It was a voice that she surely knew. She rushed across the street, so as to see all the way up the lofty steeple, and there—yes! there—outlined against the morning sky, just reddening with the sunrise, was a human figure—that of Fritz himself!

She rent the air with calls for help, with shriek on shriek, with passionate cries. Then, as first one, and afterwards half a dozen, watchmen, roused from sleep at their posts, came running up, she fell to the ground, in a dead faint.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was Gabriel, as we have said.

"Where's the Fraulein Lena?" he cried. "For the love of God, let her come quickly. Fritz has been clinging to the spire all the night through. But he is alive. They are taking him down from the tower now. And old Caspar has fallen from the stairs. He may die: I did not stop to learn. Greta found it all out. If she hadn't, Fritz would have died." And, following him, they hurried to St. Joseph's.

A large and excited throng of people had gathered on the Platz before the Cathedral. In the midst stood Fritz, supported by two men. But his nearest friend would have failed to recognize him: his cheeks were sunken and sallow, his once brown locks were sprinkled with white as if by old-age.

The crowd drew back silently, and made way for Lena, who came running at a quick pace down the Platz.

Fritz started when he saw her, and feebly waved her back.

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"No, no!" he cried, sadly. "'Tis not thy Fritz. Thy young lover has become a broken old man. Thou wilt not care for such a scarecrow bridegroom."

But Lena had thrown herself on his breast; and, entwining her arm around his neck, she laid her soft rosy cheek against his face.

"Oh, my beloved Fritz," she said, brokenly, "it was all for me! for me!"

She lifted her hand, and stroked and stroked his hair tenderly.

"What does it matter?" she asked, smiling through a mist of falling tears. "In a few years, I shall be the same. Thou hast but grown old a little in advance of me. But oh! if I had only been the one to find thee. Dear blessed Greta—where is she?"

But they looked in vain for Greta. The girl had disappeared.

Old Caspar, when picked up at the foot of the staircase, was found to be mangled and senseless, but still alive; and, though it was many days before he regained his consciousness, he did live, though it was evident from the first that he would be a helpless misshapen cripple for life.

But a wonderful change had come over the old man: he was as patient and gentle and submissive as a little child. Elsa wondered at it, while she rejoiced.

"Thou art too good, my poor Elsa," he would murmur, as she hovered over him, trying in some way to minister to his comfort. "I have been but a sad brute to thee and to Lena."

But there was something weighing heavily on the old man's conscience, and the cloud did not lift from his spirits until, one day, with Fritz and Lena and the good priest at his bedside, he confessed his crime, and received forgiveness.

"Do not vex thyself, Elsa, with fears for the future," he said to her, one morning. "We shall be well provided for. By my miserly habits, I have saved much money. I am a far richer man than thou couldst imagine. There is enough to keep me and thee in comfort—yes, in luxury, if we cared for that—all our days, and to spare for a handsome dower for Lena. And then, when we are gone, Fritz must have it all. It is the best I can do to atone for my sin. It was a frightful fall, my poor Elsa," and he pointed to his misshapen limbs. "It ruined my body; but it saved my soul."

But where was Greta all this time? For none of her friends had seen her since that dreadful night. This is what happened.

When Fritz returned home, that day, he found a note from Greta, saying that she should thank God on her knees, day and night, for his escape. She wrote that "she had been called suddenly away from home, but that he would hear from her soon." Yet she gave no clue as to where she had gone.

As day after day passed, and she did not return, Fritz and his mother grew very uneasy over her prolonged absence. But, one morning, a large box came for Fritz, and, when he opened it, there, in all its purity and freshness, lay an exquisite bridal-dress, made as only Greta's deft fingers could make anything. On the top was a note, with his address.

He opened it with trembling fingers, and read the following words:

"BELOVED FRIEND:

"It is the bridal-dress for the pretty Lena. Tell her I have sewed in, with every stitch, my loving prayers and good-wishes. I shall never see you more. The dress was all I could do to repay you for your great kindness. On that dreadful night, I made a solemn vow that, if heaven spared your life, I would enter a convent, and devote the rest of my days to God's service.

"And, when you and your sweet wife think of me," she went on to say, "think of me as watching by the sick, visiting the poor, and teaching little children, and praying for you and yours always.

"Herr Fritz, farewell, and God keep you!

"GRETA."

THANKSGIVING DAY: 1885.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

We give Thee thanks, but not alone,
Dear Lord, for happiness.
How many, good as we, have known
Long months of sore distress!
Have seen their dear ones fade away;
Have wept above their dead;
Have, heart-wrung, heard from day to day
Their children cry for bread.

From all of this have we been spared;
And, if we won not wealth,
Still with sufficient we have fared,
And kept our strength and health.
No crushing sorrows have we had.
Our dear ones thrive and live.
And therefore, Father, are we glad,
And therefore thanks we give.

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POPPIN' THE QUESTION.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

If there's anything on this 'ere airth that I abominate, it's a bashful man. He's a dreadful trial to have round; and the way he upsets things, and raises Ned ginerally, is enough to decompose the most stiddy-nerved woman in the world.

Silas Hopkins is a bashful man. I guess you never seed one any more bashfuller. He don't know what to do with his hands, nor his feet, nor his hat; and, if he was to die, to cross a room without upsettin' sumthin', he can't. I'd as lief see a cyclone bu'st into my parlor, as to see him.

Not that I mean to say nothin' ag'in his character or habits. He hain't got no bad streaks. He don't chaw, nor smoke, nor go a-gunnin', nor ride no buysickles, nor run away with anybody's hoss, nor run after any offices, nor nothin' of that kind; but he can't seem to git by anything without hittin' it and turnin' it topsy-turvey.

About two months ago, he fell in love with our Mary Maria, and took to comin' to our house regular. Sometimes, he'd only jest walk past, and look at the house; sometimes, he'd ring the bell, and then turn and run like lightnin' down the steps, afore anybody could get to the door; and sometimes, he'd muster up pluck enuff to come in.

The fust time he come in, he put his hat on the table in the entry, and then he grabbed it up ag'in, and then he put it down, and then he seized onto my green sun-bunnit and put it on, hind-part afore, and never found out what was the matter till the cape of that bunnit hung down over his eyes, and he walked slam-bang rite into a Japan screen that Mary Maria had painted all over with no-tailed roosters and billyus-lookin' peacocks, and stove a hole clean through it; and warn't Mary Maria hoppin' mad!

She called him an awkward jackass. And he bowed and thanked her, and said: Yes, it was a cold day; and then he bowed ag'in, and asked her pardon, and said it was a warm day; and I told him to set down, and try and collect hisself. And down he sot, rite square into Mary Maria's basket of Kensington-work, that was on the sofy; but he got up quick, for there was about a dozen needles, of all sizes and descriptions, a-stickin' up, a-purpose to git into somebody. I pulled five out of his coat-tails, and got him sot down safely in an easy-cheer, and left 'em alone. Young folks is best alone on some occasions, I think. I hain't forgot when I was young once, and Jonas Potts come a-courtin' me. Law sake! how tickled I used to feel, when Jonas come into our front-room of an evenin', all slicked up, with oil and cologne on his hair, as sweet-smellin' as an apothecary-shop, and asked me to take a ride in his spring-wagon, behind the red colt, which had a habit of turnin' round and goin' t'other way whenever it seed anything white; but, law! what makes the difference, which way you're a-goin', when you're a-courtin'? But that's nothin' here nor there.

There was to be a picnic in Jones's woods, and Silas asked Mary Maria to go with him. How he managed to ask her, I never knowed; but he did.

Mary Maria, she went to cookin' like all possessed. You see, she wanted to show Silas what a good cook she was, I expect; and, if I do say it, I've learnt Mary Maria how to do things about as slick as any girl I know of. She made some cranberry-tarts, and some pound-cake, and some custard-pies, and some crab-apple sass, and, when it was all sot out, it was enuff to make yer mouth water. Bad luck seemed to attend it, though. The cat, she got into the pantry, and lapped out the in'ards of one of them custard-pies, and my youngest—which his name is Bob, and a mischievouser boy never lived—he stuck a toadstool into the frosting on the pound-cake; and didn't I spank him?

Mary had to bake another custard; and eggs is dreadful skeerce now, for most of our hens is a-settin', or a-wantin' to, and them tha. ain't settin' is off on a strike.

The mornin' of the picnic, it was kinder cloudy. It ginerally is when there's goin' to be a picnic. If ever there's an oncommon dry spell where you live, you jest git your church to vote to have a picnic for the benefit of the heathens in China, and you'll be sartin to git rain. It's an onfailin' resate.

Mary Maria dressed herself in her new summer silk, with a most almighty big new bustle, and pink ribbons on her hat, and she looked as pretty as a picter.

At nine o'clock, Silas driv up to the door. His hoss is old, but she's a frisky critter, and ain't very willin' to stand. Silas held onto the reins with one hand, and rung the bell with t'other,

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and that old mare a-backin' and jumpin' to one side, like a three-year-old colt.

"Whoa, there, Dolly!" says Silas, bracin' hisself ag'inst the doorstep, to git a better holt on her. "Whoa!" says he, "whoa, old gal! Good-mornin'," says he to me, as I went to the door; "is Mr. Potts to home?"

"Jonas?" says I. "Yes, Jonas is to home, shellin' corn out in the scullery. Do you want to see Jonas?" says I.

"Whoa, there, Dolly!" says he. "I beg your pardon: did I say 'Mr.' Potts? I—ah—that is—I should have said—whoa, Dolly! I should have said 'Mrs.' Potts."

"Wal, I'm 'Mrs.' Potts," says I.

"The dickens!" says he. "Whoa, there!—whoa, I say!" And he fetched a yank on them reins that drawed the old mare down onto her haunches; and she jumped forward and dragged Silas over the doorsteps, and rite through my bed of petunys; and he lost off his hat, which was a straw one; and a stray dog grabbed it, and galloped off with it: and another stray dog seed him, and laid hold of it; and, in less than a shake, they got a-fightin', and made two hats of it, and chawed them both up.

When Silas got his hoss anchored afore our door ag'in, I took pity on him, and sent Mary Maria out. She had her hands full of custards, and Bob brought out the basket with the pound-cake and other things in it.

Just as Mary Maria got her foot on the step, the hoss jumped forward; and Mary, she fell into the wagon, and sot the custards down on the seat, while she got her balances right. And Silas, with a "Whoa, there, Dolly!" fetched a spring, and into the wagon he got, and sot rite down plump into them custards, and driv off at a two-forty rate, bareheaded, and his hair a-flyin' out like a lunatic's.

"Stop!" yelled I. "Stop there, and have one of Jonas's hats," and I run after 'em with Jonas's best prayer-meetin' tall beaver in my hand; and, by cuttin' acrost lots, I overtook 'em when they was goin' up Saw-mill Hill, where the old mare kinder slowed down. And don't you think that bashful critter of a Silas hadn't found out that he hadn't any hat on? He clapped it onto his head, and, as his head was small, and Jonas's head was oncommonly large, it settled down and rested on his ears, and he was a sight to be seen!

They didn't go to the picnic. When Mary Maria come to herself, and saw the condition them pies was in, and the condition Silas's clothes was in, she made him turn rite round and come back.

When folks asked her why she wasn't to the picnic, she said she had the headache. It was lucky she didn't go, for it rained, pourin', and everything was all soaked through.

A few evenin's afterward, Silas called to our house. He was fixed up to kill. Mary Maria showed him into the settin'-room—she dassent trust him in the parlor. You see, she's kinder got this 'ere decorative craze that is goin' round, and the parlor is chuck full of what she calls "bricks and bats," and it needs a good deal of skill to navigate through it without knockin' sumthin' down, or fallin' over sumthin'.

Our settin'-room is old-style, but it is safe to be in. There's the sampler that I worked in '43 a-hangin' on the wall, and there's the old clock that was Gran'ther Smith's, and there's a picter of Washington on a white hoss, with his hat in his hand.

I was in the kitchen, a-moldin' out bread, and I never did see any bread act as that did. Ginerally, I don't have no trouble with my bread; but the very dickens seemed to be into this. The door was open atween the kitchen and settin'-room, and my hands was all stuck up with dough; and, of course, I couldn't shet it: so, naterally, I heerd what was said.

"It's warm, Miss Potts," says Silas, settin' rite on the edge of his cheer, with his hat doubled up in his hands, and his face as red as a b'iled lobster. Mary Maria, she was a-settin' opposite, on another cheer, by the little centre-table, lookin' down, and her hands sort of clasped, as a modest gal's should be.

"Yes, Silas," says she, in an encouragin' tone of voice: "so it is," but without lookin' up.

"Hotter than 'twas yesterday," says he.

"To be sure," says she.

"Fifteen degrees below zero," says he.

"Why, Silas Hopkins!" says she.

"I mean fifteen degrees above—that is to say, fifty degrees below at sunrise," says he, droppin' his hat, and gettin' down and pullin' it out from under the table; and then, jumpin' up suddenly, he struck his head ag'in a shelf of books, and sent the Bible, and the Gospel Songs Nos. 2 and 3, and the dictionary, and a bottle of pain-killer, and a box of tooth-powder, flyin' in all directions.

"Consarn the thing," says he, rubbin' his head, and clappin' on his hat. "It seems to me the weather is moderatin'," says he. "I seed two crows this mornin', and that is a sign of—of—let me see—it's a sign of hot weather, or cold, I forget which—I've heern my grandmother say."

Here, Mary Maria got up, and went and sot on the sofy. Silas got up, too, and sot down beside her, so sudden that the springs of that sofy went off like a pistil. I've had to have a new spring

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put in. Courtin' makes a good many extra expenses in a family.

"Maria," says he, in a courageous tone.

"What is it?" says she.

"Nothin' in pertickerler," says he, seemin' to lose all his courage, and droppin' his under jaw clear down.

"Oh!" says she, and she edged off a little ways. That made him set up nearer. It allers acts that way on a man, I've noticed.

He put his arm round the back of the sofy.

"That's a pretty cat," says he, noddin' towards old Tom, that was a-sleepin' on a rug.

"Yes," says Mary Maria, "he's tolerable handsome. Are you fond of cats?"

"Awfully," says he, and then he braced up. "Say, Miss Potts, did ever you hear the old sayin'? Now, did ye?"

"What is it, Mr. Hopkins?"

"That—that a cat that is fond of a man will make a good husband. No, no: that isn't it. It's a man that is fond of husbands will make a good cat. Consarn it all! I've heern it a thousand times, but I can't seem to git it through my head." And he fell back in despair.

"A man that is fond of a cat will make a good husband. Isn't that it?" says Mary Maria, softly.

"Oh, thank you, thank you," cried he; and he clapped his arm round her waist, and—my goodness! I heerd a smack that made the very winders rattle. Strange that young folks will be so foolish. I remember that Jonas Potts acted just about that silly. But then, that's all past and gone.

"Will you—will you—say now, Mary, will you be mine?" says he: and he riz up, and she riz up: and then there was an agonizin' howl from both of 'em; and I thought sure the lightnin' had struck 'em.

I rushed in, with a ball of dough in my hand; and Ponto rushed in, barkin' like mad; and there was Silas, a-kickin' out in all directions, and Mary Maria a-hangin' onto the back of the sofy and screamin' for help.

And what do you think the matter was? Why, that consarned Bob of mine had hid under that sofy; and, while they was a-billin' and a-cooin', he had tied their four feet together with a piece of fish-line; and, when they riz up, they didn't seem to have nothin' to stand onto.

I brought the carvin'-knife, and cut 'em apart, and told 'em not to be hard on Bob, for he had only "tied the knot a little ahead of time."

They are to be married next Sunday, and I've no doubt but he'll make her a good husband: for, as he says, he's fond of cats—no, the cats are fond of him.

"OUR FAREWELL."

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

I REMEMBER how cold, in the moonlight,
The lake looked, how glassy and still,
As we stood there, in silence, beside it;
And how o'er my heart crept a chill,
As cold and as drear as the water
That gleamed where the pale moonlight fell,
When I heard the harsh words that you uttered—
The words of your cruel farewell.

I remember how music came stealing,
Far out on the clear summer air;
How its sweet and enrapturing cadence
Seemed to jar and make discord, out there,
I recall how the laugh of the dancers
Floated out on the breath of the night;
But the tone seemed to mock all my sorrow,
As I stood 'neath the silver moonlight.

I remember the plash of the fountain,
I remember the soft summer breeze,
That wandered at will o'er the water
And over the leaves of the trees.
I remember, the sky was all studded
With stars, like the gems in a crown;
And how, on the lake's quiet bosom,
The same sky and stars were laid down.

But, above all the mirth of the dancers,
Above all the music and sound,
I heard the calm tones of your whispers—
The whispers that made my heart bound.
As you spoke, in the silvery moonlight,
The words that in measured tones fell,
I saw my fond dream rudely broken:
For the word that you spoke was "farewell."

Oh, say, in your heart, does there linger
No thought of that beautiful night,
When you spoke the cold words of our parting,
By the lake, in the silver moonlight?
Does no mem'ry, like music, come stealing
O'er your heart with a vague weary pain?
No longing for days that were happy—
But, alas! that come not back again?

Oh, oft, in the beautiful moonlight,
I stand on the shore of the lake,
While o'er my heart steals softest music,
Which sweetest of memories wake:
Then, with the soft fall of the fountain,
Comes, in tones like a funeral-knell,
The word that you uttered to me, love,
The saddest of all words: "Farewell."

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THE COLONEL'S FIRST LOVE.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

I WAS barely twenty years old, when, as lieutenant in the Third African Chasseurs, I was stationed with my regiment in the newly-subdued city of Constantine, in Algiers.

One morning, soon after the arrival of our troops, in descending the great marble staircase of the Public Treasury, I nearly fell over a little girl of sixteen, who, barefooted and with her long gauze sleeves tied behind her back, was employed in wiping off the marble steps with a great sponge. She was an Arab girl, and was exceedingly pretty: such great dark eyes, such rose-red lips, such a mischievous expression, and, despite her menial occupation, such lovely hands and feet—they were worthy of a princess. I perceived all this at a glance, and paused to speak to her. But the little imp let fall her sponge, upset her bucket, and, taking refuge in a corner, hid her baby-face behind her uplifted arm. The gauze sleeve became unknotted, and veiled the mischievous countenance, of which I could no longer see anything except two laughing eyes, sparkling behind the airy tissue. She did not look at all frightened, despite her attitude of alarm. I pretended to be very angry, and drew my sword, as if to spit this fluttering bird, whereupon the gauze barrier fell, and a merry peal of laughter responded to my threats. The ice was broken: we were no longer strangers.

Whilst my pretty antagonist readjusted her sleeves and head-dress, I asked her:

"What is your name?"

"Manarph," she said, in Arabic, meaning: "I do not understand you."

This I did not then know, however. So I ran over the different names that I knew: Fatma, Zorah, Mouna. At this last, she stopped me.

"Arab, 'Mouna': French, 'Mounette'," she said.

"Will you give me a kiss, Mounette?" I asked.

"Manarph."

I tried to suit the action to the word; but she escaped from me, springing up the steps like a gazelle. Arrived at the top, she looked back at me, and put her finger to her lips.

"Kiss—kiss—kiss," she said, repeating the word, though evidently not understanding its meaning. I had a good mind to go after this apt pupil; but the captain of my company was waiting for me at the door, so I hurried downstairs.

But, the next day, I returned to the Treasury, and found my little Arab girl there before me, hard at work. As soon as she saw me, she cried out:

"Kiss—kiss—kiss," like a child saying a lesson, and then, blushing, she drooped her pretty head. I gallantly imprinted a kiss on the crimsoned cheek she held up to me. Then we took a seat in one of the niches, and commenced a polyglot conversation, wherein a few words of Arabic on my part, and some French phrases on hers, were eked out by glances, gestures, and not infrequent peals of laughter. I descended from my pedestal, at last, completely bewitched by the naive and singular charm of my wild little companion.

To our first interview, succeeded many others. Never was there a more docile messenger than I was, when any business was to be transacted at the Treasury: a dispatch to be carried, an account to be made up, a draft to be cashed. On the other hand, the marble steps were kept white as snow and slippery as ice; a vigilant sponge effaced every foot-mark, and continual rubbing with pumice-stone prepared sprains and tumbles for the unwary. The great staircase was usually deserted at the hours of our meetings. If by chance anyone was heard approaching, I spread open, on my knees, a portfolio stuffed with papers, and pretended to be diligently searching therein for some important document, while Mounette, supple and agile as a cat, would spring to her bucket, and not unfrequently would overset it right in the path of the intruder.

What joyous hours those were that we spent, chattering together, in the cool shadows of the great marble-lined hall! Our conversations were odd enough, thanks to Mounette's limited knowledge of French and mine of Arabic; but we helped out our lack of words with signs and laughter, and were as merry as though we had the whole dictionary of the Academy at our command. My little friend was permitted to rummage in my pockets, as a reward for learning a new word, and I took care that she should never fail to find something to repay her for her search—fruit or bonbons, usually: for she was a greedy little kitten; but sometimes, also, a

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string of beads or a new ribbon: for she was very fond of dress, as well as of dainties. Once I gave her a pocket-mirror, wherewith she was delighted. She laughed, looked at herself, touched her eyes, put out her tongue, made endless faces, and finally, slipping the mirror into her corsage, she said:

"Mounette—pretty. You—good."

I had, in my pocket, another little packet, containing a bracelet of amber beads. I held it up, and said, insinuatingly:

"Do you love me, Mounette?"

My question obtained the answer that she usually made to all my questions:

"Manarph."

I quietly put the packet in my pocket, and responded:

"Very well; we shall see about that."

Whereupon Mounette threw her slipper at my head, pounced upon her bucket and sponge, and ran away. I saw her no more that day, and, when next we met, it cost me not only the amber bracelet in question, but a pair of pink coral sleeve-buttons from my jewel-box, to make my peace. That was our first quarrel.

My visits to the Treasury staircase were naturally often interrupted by the exigencies of military duty—such as drills, reviews, etc., etc. I presently became aware that, on such occasions, a little figure, wrapped in a white bournouse, with no feature visible save a pair of sparkling black eyes, was invariably to be seen, at our departure and return to the barracks, prowling about the gate. At this epoch, I was entrusted with the superintendence of the drill-ground for cavalry-practice, and I was particularly charged with the duty of teaching the new recruits how to make their horses leap over fences and ditches. I had told Mounette of my new functions, and, as the drill-ground was very far from the city, I said good-bye to my little comrade for some days. We started very early the next morning, and I was rather surprised at missing, from its station beside the gate, the white phantom that ordinarily awaited the moment of our departure. Arrived at the drill-ground, I found a series of hedges and ditches prepared for the leaping-practice, and placed alternately. I was not altogether pleased with the arrangements: the hedges seemed to me to be too high, and too near to the ditches. As the horse that I rode was an excellent leaper, I determined to try the course myself. After a short gallop, to warm him up to his work, I took the road, and the first hedge was crossed without difficulty. At the moment that my horse gathered himself up to leap the little ravine that succeeded, I saw, at the bottom of the hollow, a white form, stretched out at full length, and two black eyes looking at me with an eager gaze. It was too late to check my horse. I gave a sudden start, which alarmed him; and, frightened, too, at the sight of that white object, he failed to take the leap as he ought, but fell short, just touching the edge of the ditch on the other side. I felt the ground give way beneath his hoofs; and then he crashed backwards into the ditch. I was out of the saddle in an instant: for, fortunately, I was unhurt. My first thought was of my poor little friend. She was lying insensible at the bottom of the ditch, white as the linen in which she was enveloped. Luckily, my horse had not touched her. But a stone had struck her on the forehead, and she was in a swoon; though, for some moments, I thought that she was dead. I clasped her cold hands in mine; I kissed her closed eyelids; and oh! how I regretted the childish folly that had caused the catastrophe.

When she opened her eyes, and found her head resting on my arm, she looked up at me with a long tender gaze.

"Mounette so happy," she sighed, at last.

"Suppose I had killed you, you imprudent child?"

"Mounette dead—you sorry. Mounette is happy."

"Then you do love me—just a little?"

She glanced at me anew, this time with reviving mischief in her great dark eyes. For a moment, she seemed about to speak; then, swift and light as a bird, she darted from my clasp.

"Manarph," she cried, with a laugh, and then, throwing her veil around her, she hastened away.

Throughout the rest of the day, I was busied with my duties on the drill-ground. The sun was very hot. I was eager and anxious to fulfill my new functions to the very best of my ability, and so consequently neglected to take any, even the most obvious, precautions to guard against the insalubrity of the African climate. The next day, I was seized with illness. The disease proved to be fever of the country, in its worst form. I can vaguely recall the long days of suffering, and scorching thirst, and delirium, that succeeded. When at last my long-scattered senses returned to me, I was on board a transport bound for Marseilles. I had left Algiers for ever. I never saw the Treasury building or my little comrade again. Yet, with returning health, her image returned to me. I often recalled our merry hours on the great staircase; and the remembrance of our childish love—the earliest, purest, and sweetest of my life—has never been effaced from my memory.

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Years have passed since then. I married, and have been happy, both as husband and father. Yet, from time to time, there rises before me a vision of a pair of great dark eyes, a mouth like a pomegranate-flower, and a lithe slender form, draped in snowy linen, while a laughing voice whispers in my ear: "Manarph!"

Last winter, I was present, with my eldest son, a gay young lieutenant in the Thirtieth Hussars, at one of the Presidential balls at the Palace of the Elysée. Leaning against a pillar of the ball-room doorway, I watched the youngster whirling with his partner, a golden-haired American girl, through the crowd that filled the hall. The waltz came to an end; the dancers drifted past me, on their way to their seats. One pair came directly towards me, and I started with surprise on beholding, in the young girl who leaned upon her partner's arm, the living image of Mounette, the Arab girl of Constantine. There was the clear brunette skin, the low brow, the splendid eyes, the lovely little mouth, the slender form, that I remembered so well: set off, however, by white tulle and shimmering pearls, while the dainty feet were encased in satin slippers. The small hands, hidden in long perfumed gloves, held, moreover, instead of a wet sponge, a fan of plumes and mother-of-pearl. Yet so wonderful was the resemblance, that, oblivious of the lapse of years, I stretched out my hand towards her involuntarily, with a murmur of "Mounette!"

She did not hear me, fortunately, but passed on, and was lost in the crowd. All through the evening, I watched this dazzling little beauty, seeming to behold, amid the white clouds of her vaporous dress, the delicate image of the Arab girl, with her floating gauze sleeves and her short skirt flowered with great red blossoms. Once, while passing near me, she dropped her fan. I hastened to pick it up, and to restore it to her, and her smile and her "Thanks, Monsieur," brought vividly before me the great staircase of marble, and the little hands that pillaged my pockets of bonbons and trinkets.

Just before leaving, I met one of M. Grévy's secretaries.

"Who is that young lady who is dancing in the second quadrille—the brunette in white tulle, with a crimson rose in her hair?" I asked.

"That is the daughter of General de Lamaro."

"Her mother must be a Spaniard or an Italian, to judge by her eyes and complexion."

"No; Madame de Lamaro is an Arab lady—the daughter, it is said, of a great chief. Her father was murdered in an insurrection, and his family was hidden for a long time in Constantine. I am told that her story is a perfect romance."

"And what was her name before she was married?"

"Ah, that I cannot tell; but her husband always calls her Mounette."

The mystery was solved. It was the daughter of my unforgotten and earliest love that I had before my eyes.

I had known General de Lamaro, in the days when we were both young lieutenants, and I hastened to renew the acquaintance. He was glad to meet one of his old comrades of the African campaign, and before the ball broke up he pressed me very warmly to come and see him. This was the end I desired, and for which I had maneuvred; and, a few days later, I went to pay the promised call.

The General was not at home, but Madame would receive me. I must confess that my heart throbbed painfully, as I awaited her coming. She entered, a noble-looking and elegant lady, still handsome, with superb dark eyes, dignified and graceful in her rich dress of ruby velvet. She greeted me with perfect ease and cordiality, evidently seeing in me only one of her husband's former comrades. We conversed for some time about the last new novel, the freshest novelty at the Opera, the most recent exhibition of pictures. Then I contrived to introduce the subject of my Algerian sojourn. I spoke of my first military experiences, of Constantine, and of the Treasury building, with its great marble staircase. Gradually, Madame de Lamaro abandoned the nonchalant attitude she had at first assumed. Her slender hand clasped the arm of her chair, she leaned forward and fixed her eyes on my face, and I could read recognition in their troubled gaze. Nor was I less agitated than was she. The name of "Mounette" was trembling on my lips. She saw my emotion, and, rising, rang the bell. A servant entered.

"Tell the General that Colonel de Saint Amant is waiting to see him." Then, turning to me, she added, with an accent of perfect composure: "I beg you will excuse me for leaving you, sir, but I have a pressing engagement which requires my presence."

I bowed in silence as she withdrew. She reached the furthest end of the room, drew back the heavy curtain of tapestry that veiled the doorway, and paused upon the threshold. For a moment, those beautiful eyes looked back at me, with something of their old playfulness in their lustrous depths

"Manarph," she said to me, in a softened tone.

Then the heavy tapestry fell, and hid from me forever My First Love.

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MY UNCLE'S LOVE-AFFAIR.

BY ALICE MAUDE EWELL.

"NED," said my mother to me, one day, "Ned, I have a piece of news to tell you."

"Indeed!" I remarked, with the responsive eloquence so often expressed without waste of words by that most useful interjection.

She went on: "I have just had a letter from Madge, and she is going to bring a young lady friend home with her, for the holidays."

"Indeed!" said I again, with a different shade of eloquent meaning—implying several mingled emotions. The first was pleasure. Madge was coming home, and I was fond of Madge. Yes, in spite of some provoking girlish airs: in spite of her open contempt for my awkwardness, shyness, and stammering tongue: in spite of her teasing saucy ways, and want of reverence for my superior age, I had still some remnants of brotherly regard for Madge. But a strange young lady coming, too! Gracious goodness! what positive terror in the very thought. For, ungallant as it will prove me to have once been, I was not at all fond of seeing young ladies.

The next few weeks, after this announcement, were a time of trembling for me, and of bustle and preparation for my mother, who was getting all things ready for the stranger guest. I would have been glad to run away, if I could; but was obliged to stand my ground, with a quaking heart—quaking more and more, as the hour of trial drew near.

It arrived all too soon. The carriage had been sent to the station, tea was in preparation, the best china out as for a festival, my mother daintily dressed and nervously expectant; and I hanging uneasily about, feeling, more than ever before, ugly, shy, and miserable.

When at last they came, when I heard their talk and laughter, I was quite overcome with cowardice. I retreated to a distant room, and, taking up a book, tried to read; though, indeed, so little interested was I, that the volume may have been upside-down, for aught I knew.

But Madge did not long leave me in solitude. I heard the two girls, when they entered the house, chattering, laughing, cooing away; heard my mother's welcoming tones; then, presently, in Madge's voice: "Where is Ned? Ned! Ned!" And, the next moment, she had burst upon me with a dozen kisses, and half led, half dragged me into the presence of the dreaded young lady.

"Florence dear, this is my brother Ned," I heard her say, as from a long way off; whereupon I made an awkward bow, and sat down in the fearful presence, looked at the floor, and felt very miserable. But presently my downcast eyes, traveling across the floor, rested on two pretty little feet, cased in the daintiest silk stockings and slippers, giving a glimpse of slender ankles and graceful drapery above. Altogether, it was a temptation to look at the face, and I did so; but I started, and grew very hot, to find that the young beauty was looking straight at me. I turned my glance away in a hurry, sure that she was laughing at my distress. Yet those bright, arch, lovely eyes had done their work sufficiently well—no less than made a conquest, then and there, of my virgin heart. I had fallen in love. Although this fact might seem to prove an idiotic state of mind, I remember that it had a brightening effect. I was astonished at my own advances in ease and talkativeness from that moment, and think Mistress Florence was aware of it, too; there was a shade of respect in her manner toward me, which made me feel twice as old and wise as before; while, at the same time, she was so gay, so sweet, so winning—ah, I had forgot: no compliments. But, anyhow, I was silly enough to fall more and more in love, though I did not lose my appetite. Florence was kind, the weather delightful, I just twenty-two. The next few days passed in a sweet dream; rudely disturbed at last, as all sweet dreams must be, and by the singular behavior of my uncle.

My uncle—the only one I ever had—was something of a character; indeed, very much of a character. He was a bachelor: middle-aged, handsome, dark-browed, imperious, oddly indifferent to women, and much given to having his own way. I was no favorite of his; but, alas! Madge was, and, coming to see her soon after her return—he lived about a half-mile from us—it so happened that he saw Miss Florence, too. From the moment that his critical sharp gray eyes fell upon her, with an admiring expression I had never seen them show before, I felt intuitively—jealous wretch that I was—that Uncle George was my rival; it seemed to me, so dangerous a rival that I hopelessly gave up at once all idea of opposing him. He talked to

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Florence a good deal, praised her singing—I don't believe he knew a jig from a dead march, though his taste was correct on that occasion—and was really devoted to her, in his peculiar condescending way, that evening, and many evenings after; while poor miserable I, all my reflected light shut off, grew more and more sulky and resentful, fought shy of my lady-love, and made a goose of myself generally.

I used to sit apart from the others, when my uncle was there—silent and angry, watching them. Florence appeared to notice my changed demeanor: sometimes I saw her eyes fixed upon me, half wondering, half deprecating. "What have I done to make you angry? Why are you so different to me now?" said those lovely eyes. But still their effect on me was lessened by the encouraging glances which they certainly gave to my uncle.

The holidays were drawing to a close, when one evening found me returning home from a long ride. When I came in sight of home, the sky was bright with sunset; evening-breezes were just beginning to stir the hot dry atmosphere; and, to enjoy them at my leisure, I dropped the bridle-rein on my horse's neck, and rode at a snail's-pace. Presently, I came in sight of two people walking slowly along, and, drawing nearer, saw that it was Miss Florence and Uncle George. The sight gave me a jealous pang.

But I noticed soon that she was walking quite far away from his side, and seemed to preserve a demure silence. As for my uncle, he sauntered along, his hands in his pockets, with an air of cool enjoyment. They soon heard the tramp of my horse's feet, and both looked around quickly, my uncle unconcerned and smiling, as if in high good-humor, while she, when she saw who it was, grew very red, and started quite from him to the other side of the road.

"Why, Ned, my boy," cried Uncle George, "is that you? Why, you came on us like a ghost. Miss Florence and I have been taking a walk."

Florence looked at me anxiously, and added a note of explanation: "Madge is sick with a headache, so I came out alone for a walk, and Mr. Darell overtook me."

My suspicions were all aroused by that sudden start and blush. She stood on the bank, looking rather wistful and altogether bewitching. I was seized by a sudden impulse, and stopped short.

"Shall we let you pass?" asked my uncle, taking his stand near her.

"No," I answered, quickly, as I jumped down, slipped the bridle over my arm, and edged myself in between them. In this fashion, we marched to the house, Uncle George the only cheerful one in the trio. As soon as we got there, Florence ran away upstairs, to see Madge, and did not come down again; while, after a little desultory chat, my uncle took his leave for the night.

I sat down and pondered on what I had seen. I found it no little of a puzzle. I was sure that something like love-making had passed between them. But I could not understand how matters really stood. If Florence had accepted him, why was she so silent and depressed? If, on the contrary, she had refused him, why was he so hilarious? I couldn't make it out. My uncle was in earnest, I knew: he was always inexorably in earnest about whatever he undertook; but that sweet anxious half-imploring glance she had given me had thrilled me through.

The next day, Madge's headache still continued, and Florence was so busy nursing her that I did not have a chance to speak half a dozen words to her all the morning. I wished myself in Madge's place disconsolately, and tried to find comfort in the idea that I might see more of the gentle nurse that evening. The afternoon was a hot and sultry one, and, Florence still being invisible, I sought refuge in the shady garden, where, in a sort of arbor, formed by a grape-vine trailing over an old apple-tree, I had made a comfortable seat. The garden lay under a glare of August sunlight, seemingly quiet and deserted. The sultry air was dry and hot as the breath of an oven. The gravel-path fairly scorched my feet, as I walked hastily adown it to gain the shelter of my favorite tree. Drawing near the arbor, I heard a rustling sound within, and stopped at the entrance in surprise, when I saw Mistress Florence herself, who had just risen in much confusion, and stood wiping her eyes with a tear-wet handkerchief. Those pretty eyes were red with crying, her pretty cheeks were flushed and damp. She seemed quite taken aback at sight of me, saying never a word, but standing, with drooping head, wiping the tears away. She looked so charming, that it was hardly possible not to rush forward and clasp her in my arms. However, I restrained this impulse, and contented myself with gazing ardently in silence.

"Why, how you startled me!" she said, with a quaver in her voice, and a poor apology for a smile. "Madge has gone to sleep, and I came out for a little fresh air; but it is cooler in the house, and I am going back again."

She was passing me, when I put my arm across the way, and stopped her. I don't know what made me do it; but I forgot all my resolves about making a show of indifference. I only wanted

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to know the cause of her tears, and comfort her, if she would let me. She looked up at me—I was a head and shoulders taller—and flushed scarlet.

"Stay a little," I said, imperiously. "Tell me: what made you cry?"

"Nothing," she faltered, growing still redder. "I wasn't crying."

"Pshaw! you were crying: I saw you," I said, with more truth than politeness. "Tell me what it was."

She hesitated a little before speaking: "A wasp stung me, and it hurt."

"Where did it sting you?" I asked, resolved to get at the bottom of it.

"On my hand," said she, and put the hand behind her, in a great hurry. But I was not to be imposed upon.

"Let me see the place," I said, sternly, taking the little soft hot hand in my own, which thrilled at its touch in a most singular manner. "Show me the place where it hurt you."

"Right there," indicating a small rosy fore-finger. I looked at it closely, but did not detect any spot or swelling; and I said:

"I don't see any mark—I don't believe it was that you were crying about. It was something else, and you must tell me."

She flared up, saying: "It is nothing to you, sir; and I won't answer such impertinent questions," trying to snatch away her hand. But I held it tight.

"But you must tell me, or I won't let you go," I said. She began crying again, as if her heart would break. "Oh, Mr. Ned!" she sobbed, "I'm the most miserable girl in the world. Oh, I wish I had not promised. What shall I do? Oh, me! oh, me!" And she sank back upon the seat, sobbing so piteously that I was distracted with love and pity. My curiosity was also excited. I sat down by her, and again took the little hand in mine, and this time it made no resistance.

"What makes you miserable? What did you promise?" I asked, tremulously. Here came a fresh burst of sobs and some broken sentences.

"Oh, me! What will I do? I'll have to marry him, because I promised. Oh, Mr. Ned! I am so wretched." I was bewildered, but began to suspect what was the matter.

"Have to marry whom?" I said.

"Mr. Darell. He said I must, and I promised."

"Well," I said, in an argumentative tone, "but you need not have him against your will. What made you promise, if you don't want to marry him?"

"Oh, I didn't mean to say 'yes,' but I was so frightened—and then, he didn't ask me at all. He just said he liked me, and was going to marry me, and I was so startled that I said 'yes,' before I knew it."

It has occurred to me since that Miss Florence's conduct then was not the most sensible and strong-minded in the world. Indeed, some people might even call it silly. But it did not strike me in that way at the time. I felt only sympathy with her, and anger with my uncle. "He ordering this angelic being to marry him in 'that fashion, indeed!" I thought, adding aloud:

"Confound him! That's just his way. And you don't like him?"

"Oh, I like him very much; but not—not in that way," with a smile and blush. "Then he is so old, and—and I don't want to marry him."

"Yes," I said, with a pleasant thrill, "he's very old." I was not old, at any rate, if he did have the advantage in every other way.

"What must I do, Mr. Ned?" she asked, appealingly. "He will be so angry, if I tell him; I am afraid. What must I do?"

Now, I had never had any definite intention of making love to Miss Florence—singular as the statement may appear. My love, though honest and warm, was modest as to hopes, and indefinite as to purposes; but now came a sudden change. I was still holding her hand; her pretty face was turned to mine, her lovely eyes bewitchingly upraised. Ah, it was no wonder that I lost my head. My heart beat fast. For the first time in all my life, that hateful shyness melted quite away; my vague wishes suddenly took shape, and, carried away by resistless impulse, I said—

But really, gentle reader, for I'm convinced that only a very gentle and patient reader will have got thus far, you must excuse me here, for I have quite forgotten what I did say. It was something silly, I have no doubt, and there needs no apology for my skipping on to what happened afterwards. I vaguely remember sitting on the rustic seat, by Florence's side, squeezing her hand very tightly, and sometimes even kissing it in an idiotic manner, in a state of blissful rapture, triumphant in the knowledge that she loved me: me, and not my uncle; that she had liked me best all the time, and had been secretly grieving over my coldness and changed demeanor; that she would never, never, never marry anyone but me.

We sat there and talked a long while, Madge and her headache forgotten, along with everything earthly but ourselves and my uncle. The affair between him and Florence, I said, must come to an end at once; that was certain; but

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she seemed to have such a dread of speaking to him, such a fear of his anger, that I gallantly offered to see him myself, that very night, and break the dreadful news as gently as possible. My recent jealousy of Uncle George gave place to condescending pity. Believing that the loss of such a treasure as my Florence must plunge him into the lowest depths of despair and gloom, I pictured him raving, tearing his hair, haggard, and heart-broken. "How will he receive my communication?" I wondered, feeling the sincerest pity for him, though I confess that, oddly enough, I was burning to see him, and inflict the blow. If the gentle reader have never felt in this way, he or she is at liberty to reprove me.

I thought he would have come that evening, to see his lady-love—his lady-love, indeed!—and waited till dark, but he did not make his appearance. Then I went to look for him, at his own house. I found him at home, and walking restlessly about his big, bare, dreary sitting-room, smoking away, but with such a look of trouble and perplexity on his face as I had never seen there before. Perhaps a little disappointment mingled with my surprise at this: he was already "put out" about something, and the sensation I was going to make might not be so great, after all. The general effect of ill-humor with him was an increase of hauteur; but now he greeted me with most unusual kindness, shook hands, asked me to have a smoke with him, and, altogether, behaved in an extraordinary way.

I took a seat, and watched him moving uneasily about. Once he paused, and made some remark on the beauty of the night. Then there was a dead silence, for I was wondering how to begin the conversation I had in view. We remained thus for some minutes; but, finally, he dashed his pipe down with such emphasis that it was broken, came up to me, and, laying his hand on my shoulder, quite confidentially, said, with evident effort:

"Ned, my dear fellow,"—he had never called me so before—"I have got myself into a confounded scrape, and I want you to help me out of it." I was startled, and forgot my discretion.

"What do you mean?" said I, in a flurry. "Do you mean about Miss Florence?" He actually blushed scarlet.

"You know it all, then?" with a sort of groan. "I suppose she's told everybody, and you've all been laughing at me, making such a fool of myself. Confound it all! A man of my age to be making love to a school-girl. What a simpleton I have been."

He sat down near me, looking the picture of despair, and I stared at him in utter amazement. Could it be possible that he had repented already, and wanted to break with such an angel as that? I was somewhat glad, for it made my course easier, and a little amused; but I felt that the glory of my triumph was spoiled. But why so sudden a change?

"Why, it was only yesterday," I cried, "that you—"

"Yes," he interrupted, "I know; I know. But I got to thinking of it, last night, and I've come to the conclusion that it wouldn't do at all. I've been free all my life, and I couldn't stand being bothered with a wife now. Besides, she'd not be contented: she'd worry my life out. Oh!" with another groan, "I must get out of it. But the mischief is, how? The poor girl seems very fond of me, and I don't want to distress her or hurt her feelings. Indeed, I don't think I'd have done it, if she hadn't let me see that she fancied me."

His complacency was so provoking that I could scarcely hold my tongue; but I would not relieve him yet of his perplexed mind. I sat calmly, enjoying his distraction, with a delightful consciousness of power.

"Ned, my dear boy," he said, after a pause, jumping up as if struck by a new idea, "if some young fellow—somebody that she would like, you know—would prevail on her to change her mind, it would suit me exactly, and be better for her in the long run. Don't you think so?" He looked at me appealingly, but I pretended not to take the hint.

"Well?" said I.

"She is a very pretty girl, Ned," he urged: "I don't think I ever saw a sweeter little girl. I think, if I were you, she'd suit me exactly. Don't you think her pretty, Ned?"

"Yes," I said, cautiously, "I think her rather good-looking."

"Good-looking? Why, she is a perfect little beauty; and such a sweet affectionate creature—a perfect prize. Ned, my dear boy," clasping my hand in a most affectionate way, "why don't you make love to her yourself?"

I managed to restrain my laughter, and remained demurely silent. He continued, in a persuasive tone:

"You couldn't do better, and I'd take it as a great favor. I would help you out with those improvements on the plantation you've been saving up for so long, or do anything in my power to repay you. Come, Ned: I think you will have decidedly the best of the bargain."

"Well," I said, reflectively, "it is a good offer. But how can we manage it?"

"Oh, that's easily done. I can cool off gradu-

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ally—or, maybe, pretend to be jealous—while you grow more and more devoted. She would soon change her mind: women are so fickle, you know—not like men. Well, is it settled?"

I hesitated for a moment, considering the matter. If I accepted my uncle's offer, I must let him remain in ignorance of what had passed already between me and Florence, and so be deprived of my triumph. The offer of help, without which I might have to save and work on in single blessedness for years to come, was not to be despised. But I was aware that obtaining it by such a deception would not be quite the thing; and then I did feel that nothing could compensate me for losing the pleasure of telling him the truth. I proceeded to feel my way cautiously.

"But how do you know," I asked, "that she will like me? Suppose she insists on remaining devoted to you—what then?"

"Oh, never fear. She will change her mind fast enough. She's very fond of me now, I know; but she will soon get over that: women are very easily satisfied."

"Perhaps all women are not alike," I said, stiffly, and hot with indignation.

"Well, just devote yourself to her, and be as charming as you can. You are a good-looking fellow, Ned," surveying me critically; "very good-looking. True, that mustache of yours might be a little more perceptible," with a furtive smile beneath his own very heavy and handsome one; "but any girl might readily fancy you. Well, is it a bargain?"

But that smile decided me. He had been laughing at me, it seemed, while he wanted to use me for his convenience; making fun of my mustache, too: pricking me in a most tender point. Never mind. I would wound his vanity, too. I jumped up from my chair excitedly.

"You needn't trouble yourself about getting her off your hands," I cried, in a lofty tone. "I'm very glad to find you don't really care for her, as I came to tell you that she says she can't marry you, and only answered 'Yes' because she was frightened. She has loved me all the time, and she begged me to come, this evening, and ask you to release her from her promise. It's a pleasant surprise to find that it is just what will please you most."

He was no little astonished, and, I thought, somewhat crestfallen, but in a moment had almost embraced me, in his relief and gratitude.

"Why, you sly rascal," he cried, nearly shaking my hand off, "why didn't you tell me at first? I think you've done the very best thing possible. I'd no idea that you were smitten with her. It's certainly a lucky thing for me." I wondered if he would withdraw the offer he had made me, and was quite relieved when he referred to it again. "And she don't care for me, after all?" he said. "Well, women are fickle creatures, and I was a fool to think she did. But, Ned, I'm willing to stand by what I said just now. I've never done much for you, my boy; but I'll stand by you now."

I went home, across the dewy fields, that night, under the soft star-shine, feeling as if I trod on air—leaping all the fences in my way, in a spirit of joyful activity. When I drew near the house, there, at a front window, all in shimmering white, with white flowers in her hair and expectancy in her eyes, sat—somebody. I drew near, outside, and was greeted by a soft anxious voice:

"Well, did you tell him? And was he very angry? What did he say?"

"Oh, he was fearfully savage," I said, gravely. "If you choose me instead, there is no telling what the result will be; and I really think you will have to marry him, after all."

But, seeing that she took this much to heart, I hastened to tell the uncomplimentary truth. It took some time in the telling and discussion, during which I still remained outside. Presently, Florence rose, and drew back a little from the window.

"Madge is asleep," she said; "her headache is better now. I don't know where your mother is; perhaps she is taking a nap, too, and and— Won't you come in?"

And I went in.

A LOVE-LYRIC.

BY BENNETT BELLMAN.

In the dusk, the day is dying,
O'er the hills the sun has flown;
I sit here, alone and sighing,
Thinking of you, love, alone.

In the spring, amid the grasses,
I plucked flowers at your feet.
Said I: "Where your footstep passes,
There the flowers grow more sweet."

And I know that, up in heaven,
Should you press its golden bars,
That your footsteps, passing even,
There, would beautify the stars

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THE WILLERTONS.

A SEQUEL TO "THE MOTHERLESS GIRL."

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1884, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XX.

A STRANGE thing happened while Miss Marsh and the young Englishman sat on the bank of the lake, that day. Neither of these persons observed it: they were too deeply absorbed in each other for that; but a man, who had been loitering, as many others might have done, among the bits of scenery that are everywhere presenting themselves in the Park, seemed to have found special objects of interest in these two persons: for he drew nearer to them very cautiously, keeping within shelter of the foliage till he obtained a vantage-point where he could watch their movements and see their faces with some degree of certainty.

It was only the man, however, in whom this cautious individual seemed to take interest; but he was so anxious to obtain a close view of his features that for one moment he came out of his covert, and was near enough to distinguish the tones of the young Englishman's voice and get one full glance at his features. Successful in this, he retreated into the thicket and moved out of sight, walking swiftly and muttering to himself, as if laboring under a sudden shock of excitement that had deranged all his power of serious thought.

Had Miss Marsh seen this man, she would have recognized him as Antoine; but he escaped her notice, and passed away without detection. Had any person observed the two girls, as they left the Park, that day, the change that had come upon their bright young faces would have challenged surprise. They spoke but little; but, when they did exchange a word, the ripple of their voices was like that of drowsy mocking-birds answering each other in sweet joyousness. It seemed as if the grass they trod upon had become elastic, and possessed of some subtle perfume. To them, a strange new loveliness had come upon the whole world.

When Antoine opened the door, and the two girls passed him, he gave a quick anxious look at Miss Marsh, and seemed for a moment surprised by the change in her face. When he glanced at Gertrude, that surprise deepened into absolute bewilderment: for the same look of intense happiness was upon both, and this left all his conjectures at fault. The girls went to their rooms, scarcely conscious of his scrutiny or of the keen anxiety in his own countenance. They were too blissfully pre-occupied for any thought of him.

Once in her own apartment, Gertrude threw off her bonnet, and, sitting down on the couch, drew a deep, deep breath. Then, starting up, she went softly toward Miss Marsh, took her face between both hands, and kissed her upon the lips more than once.

"Oh, I cannot help it! One's heart is not large enough to hold everything. Help me, dear, to bear so much more happiness than I ever expected in this world. He loves me! he loves me! I did not believe it; I did not even dream of it: for no one ever was so repelling, so deadly cold. But he loves me, and has loved me all the time."

Miss Marsh looked into the happy face close to hers, and smiled so brightly that Gertrude kissed her again with passionate gratitude for so much sympathy.

"You cannot think how beautiful the world seems to me now," she continued. "Your own sweet face is more lovely than I ever saw it before. I did not think that human sympathy could exist to that extent. This is to have a sister indeed!"

Miss Marsh turned crimson; she felt like a hypocrite, in thus accepting a false construction on her own emotions; but she was naturally reticent, and sometimes morbidly shy. It seemed impossible for her to reveal the joy singing at her heart, as Gertrude had done.

"I am glad—very glad," she said; "but it is not all because of you. Something has been said to me—I am more selfish than you dream of—"

Here Miss Marsh broke off.

A gleam of the truth broke upon Gertrude; she clasped her hands together, and laughed joyously.

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"You, also? Oh, how delightfully strange! So, that was why he ran away from me so abruptly? He was in haste to offer you the pretty farm. But ah, here comes the trouble: that farm is afar off over the sea, and I shall be here always."

Miss Marsh became serious. Was she ungrateful to be so very happy? How could she part from this, her kindest and best friend, now that they had learned to love each other so dearly?

Gertrude saw her dismay, and met it with a renewal of caresses.

"Never mind," she said. "Oceans are nothing, when two friends really love each other. They cannot part us: I feel that from the bottom of my soul."

The blue eyes of Miss Marsh filled with tears.

"It seems ungrateful for me to think of myself at all," she said. "I ought to have remembered that."

"You shall remember nothing that can stint the joy of a day like this. If I permit myself to do that, we might as well sit down and cry together: for there is a curse upon me, which no one but mamma can remove; and even she may not have the power."

"A curse?" repeated Miss Marsh.

"Yes, the worst of all curses for a young girl who wishes to lead a natural life and enjoy all the blessings God bestows on his people: Gold! gold! The iron chains of a prison are nothing to that, for the moral rust of it sinks into the entire nature. It stands between you and all faith in humanity, fills you with doubt, humiliates you in your own estimation, makes you distrustful of even generous motives. But for that, I should this day have been the happiest mortal that breathes; and I am—I am: for he has given me back the faith one ought to have in noble feeling. Because I am rich, he has kept aloof from me; because I am rich, he refuses to share his life with mine. But one thing is certain: he loves me, and hates the obstacle that lies between us as much as I do. He will never speak to my mother, but I will; and now kiss me, dear: clasp your hands, and put up a little prayer for me, while I go to mamma and plead with her for my life."

There was a sort of desperate bravado in the girl, as she said this, born of a resolution so wild and vague that she could not have explained it herself. On her way through the hall, she met Antoine, and, even in the excitement of the moment, observed that he was unusually pale, and looked at her with a degree of keen earnestness that was singular; for he was a man who seldom looked anyone squarely in the face.

He stood back, as she passed, and bowed low, as if about to address her; but she hurried on, entirely occupied by her purpose.

CHAPTER XXI.

Mrs. Willerton had been restless and hard to please, for many days after the first excitement of Lord Oakford's proposal: for his conduct since then had been far less ardent than she had a right to expect, and the secrecy he imposed on her was a most irritating restraint on her vanity, and took away half the glory of her conquest.

Instead of pressing his suit with the protestations and eagerness that her supreme self-love required, he seemed quite content with the present condition of things, and sometimes absolutely amused himself with her but half-suppressed impatience, as we tantalize a child by withholding the candy we have taught it to expect. Being quite secure himself, he was in no haste to complete the least agreeable part of his enterprise.

Instead of finding the wedding-day urged upon her, it seemed to drift farther and farther out of sight, after each visit of her suitor. Notwithstanding his careless indifference to her wealth, and equally careless assertion of his own, she found him gravely anxious regarding the effect the legislation of England might have upon his estates. Indeed, he more than once alluded to the suspense in which great land-holders were kept, as a reason why his supreme happiness must be delayed for a time.

"The value of large estates has been so reduced," he would say, "that no man can be certain of his income from year to year, especially a nobleman who, like myself, holds a considerable portion of his property in Ireland. Of course, these things will be changed, after awhile," he would say, with lofty indifference; "but, just now, this derangement in affairs makes it impossible for a man to decide on any given course of conduct for the present."

When Mrs. Willerton suggested that perhaps he might permit her to meet this exigency out of her own ample income, he shrugged his shoulders, and waved his white hand, and smiled forbearingly, as if she could not comprehend how impossible it was that anything of that kind could meet the case.

"These estates must be considered in my marriage-settlements, which temporary complication shall not diminish by a single farthing: that, I am resolved upon."

Mrs. Willerton was embarrassed and greatly distressed by the difficulties that rose between her ambition and its accomplishment. Indeed, it is impossible to disentangle the soaring vanity

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and absorbing passion that combined in the woman's nature, since her acquaintance with the young man who had possessed himself of her whole being. She would have recklessly secured to him half—nay, the whole—of everything she had on earth; but her husband's will had left his estate in trust, and thus beyond her legal control. True, the income was very large; but she had lavished it wastefully, and Oakford's shrug of contempt when she had ventured, with real diffidence, to offer it, stung her to the soul. She did not understand that this seeming rejection was only the prelude to a future acceptance that should seem an obligation conferred.

This woman was really a person of generous impulses. She had no idea of hoarding money, and sometimes lavished it on worthy objects, giving herself the happiness of pure benevolence. Proud of her wealth, and sometimes ostentatious to the verge of vulgarity, she felt his scorn of it both as a humiliation and a proof of personal devotion; but it wounded her that she could not, in her whole fortune, offer him an equal proof of the adoring love that possessed her. But for the daughter in whose behalf she had been chained down to a life-income, her marriage might take place at once, with all the éclat with which she had hoped to set the fashionable world of both hemispheres in a tumult of envy and admiration.

With all these difficulties on her mind, it is not strange that the lady had allowed her love for Gertrude to be crowded into abeyance by the wiles of a man who had not failed to instil some of his own resentment against the girl who had refused him, into the bosom of her mother, who was insidiously brought to look upon her as the real obstacle to her own supreme happiness.

When Gertrude came into her mother's presence, that day, with her heart brimming over with happiness, yet timid in its fears, a cloud came over Mrs. Willerton's forehead, and she shrank a little from the caressing arm that stole lovingly over her shoulder.

"Oh, mamma, you must be glad to have me come to you, this morning, for I never wanted you to love me so much in all my life. If I have done anything wrong, that has made you seem to be angry and want to keep away from me, just give me one of your dear old kisses, and forgive me, before I say another word; for, oh, what I want is so much, that I dread to speak of it. Kiss me, darling mamma, and promise not to be hard with your own girl."

Touched by this child-like appeal, Mrs. Willerton turned her head and kissed the trembling lips that were offered to hers, a little coldly, but with some relenting kindness. She said:

"Well, Gertrude, what is it that you want now? Has the companion become tiresome, or—"

"No, no, mamma; she is an angel."

"Then what on earth can you have set your heart upon? Why, child, you are trembling all over; I can really feel your heart beating like a frightened thing."

"That is because I am sure that you will be offended with me more than you ever were in my whole life; and the idea makes me almost faint, because I love you so dearly, and—and—love him so much."

Mrs. Willerton started: the sting of an old jealousy shortened her words.

"Him? Him? Of whom do you speak?"

"I knew that the first mention of him would make you angry. But, oh, mamma, he isn't to blame. No one ever tried harder not to love a girl than he did. You cannot think how cold and hard, how terribly proud, he is. It almost broke my heart at first, for, if I am proud, things do hurt me more than you would believe. It was my own fault, if he spoke out at last. I never shall get over the shame of it, so don't reproach me. I cannot think of it without blushing, and that is punishment enough. I say this to exonerate him; for he knows how deeply he is bound to you, and thinks it dishonorable to have loved me at all, after your generous regard for him, which he never can forget—never! That is why he will not let you know his misfortune in loving your daughter. You will never hear of it from him; but I cannot endure life without telling you the exact truth—even though it separate us forever. Besides, oh, mamma, I had hopes—so faint, they seemed like madness—that perhaps you might stand my friend, and encourage him a little. He could not give me up, if you did that." As Gertrude said this, she bent down and looked pleadingly in her mother's face, then, with a sharp breath, cried out:

"Mamma, mamma, why don't you speak to me? Your eyes are closed; you are white as death. What have I done? Oh, what have I done?"

The girl fell upon her knees; seizing the two hands that lay helplessly in her mother's lap, she rubbed them, wrung them in a passion of fear, and strove to kiss them into warmth, while she only wet them with her tears.

"Oh, mamma, what have I done? What have I done?"

The woman opened her eyes, saw the frightened young creature kneeling at her feet, and pushed her away, while the single word "Viper!" broke from her white lips.

The girl started up from her knees in wild alarm.

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"Oh, mother, what have I done to deserve this?"

"What have you done? Ask your own deceitful heart if there is anything left undone, that can wound or bring distress, that you have not attempted. You understood from the first that my very life was at stake in this, and, with such craft, impish craft, laid yourself out to circumvent me; but it is not accomplished yet. Never, till he meets me face to face and tells me so with his own lips, will I believe in such treachery."

The woman wrung her hands till the jewels on them brought a tinge of blood, from the sharp points of their settings. There was no mistaking the anguish that broke forth in her words and distorted her features.

Gertrude was silent and dismayed. She had expected anger and reproaches, but nothing like this.

"Mamma," she faltered, at last, "if there has been any deception, Mr. Stewart has not been guilty where you are concerned. Nor have I been guilty of any concealment, more than that of shielding from observation feelings that a girl may innocently hide, even from her own mother, when she has the shame of thinking they have not been shared. You have no right to call me a viper because I failed to tell you what pained me to acknowledge to myself."

Mrs. Willerton sat staring at the girl, wildly and dumb. She did not in reality understand her. One word alone was ringing through her brain.

"Stewart? Stewart?" she repeated. "What share has he in this?"

"None, mother, except that he has dared to love me; and, with my entire soul, I love him."

"You love him?"

Mrs. Willerton broke off with an hysterical laugh, which was more like sobs than merriment.

"He told me everything—of his deep, deep poverty and ignorance, and spoke, oh, how gratefully, of your goodness to him. It was that which gave me courage enough to come to you, for never in my whole life have I honored you so much or loved you so well."

The girl saw relenting in her mother's face, and, with it, a great sense of relief, as if some horrible strain of the nerves had been gradually relaxing. Once more she drew close to her, and wound an arm around her neck lovingly, as of old.

"You will not be severe on him or on me? Indeed, indeed, we have not deserved it. He is even prouder than we are, mamma, and will never, never think of asking for me, even though he knew that you would not refuse. Certainly he will ask you for nothing else. It is only your riches that can separate us."

One of those sudden revulsions that spring out of a relaxation of great pain, moral or physical, had come upon the woman thus appealed to. She gently returned her daughter's caress, and after awhile said, languidly, but with some show of compliance:

"Well, what is it that you hoped from me?"

"Only, mamma, your approval and help. Once sure that you would accept him, nothing but this horrid money-matter need stand in the way, and that would amount to little. If you would just disinherit me for engaging myself against your wishes, we should understand; but the world would pity you, and let us alone."

Mrs. Willerton listened, without any sign of the impatience that Gertrude had expected of her. She seemed even to be deliberating on what had been said, as if some new and absorbing train of thought were suggested to her mind. Her countenance had softened in its expression. She muttered to herself, almost with a smile:

"Strange, strange; but how natural!"

This encouraged Gertrude to go on, and reveal all that lay at her heart.

"How kind you are, not to be angry with me, after the disappointment I must have given you about that English lord: for you must have set your heart upon his acceptance, or he never would have made his proposal in that abrupt way."

Mrs. Willerton started out of her absorption, and looked with widely-opened eyes on the girl.

"What English lord?"

"Oh, there is but one that I know of, in this country; and I wish he had never come to torment me."

"What English lord, I say?"

The woman's voice was sharp as steel now, and her eyes as bright.

"Lord Oakford, of course, mamma. You must have known of that, or he never would have dared to haunt my walks as he did, and force his offer upon me. I knew well enough that the rebuff I gave him would set you against me, and would have told you how it wounded me to oppose your wishes; but you have seemed to be resentful, and avoid any explanation. That has made me timid—"

Gertrude broke down suddenly. Her mother had risen to an upright position in her chair, and, seizing both her hands, held them with painful force, while her face was sternly bent toward her.

"Gertrude Willerton, do you dare to say that Lord Oakford has ever, in his whole life, expressed a wish to marry you?"

Gertrude was frightened. There was some-

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thing terrible in the agitation that shook the woman from head to foot, and even imparted itself to her.

"Of course, mamma; you have been vexed with me about it, ever since he surprised me in the Park, and pleaded with me to marry him, like some actor in a play: going down on his knees, and protesting that he had crossed the Atlantic because of his great love, that had urged him to it."

There was so much honest truth in Gertrude's face, as she said this, that the mother slowly relaxed the hold on her hands, and drew back in her chair, so overwhelmed that she was unable to speak Gertrude, dreadfully frightened, fell upon her knees again.

"Oh, mamma, what does this mean? Am I killing you?"

Mrs. Willerton found her voice, but it was so harsh and husky that the girl scarcely recognized it.

"Get up from your knees," she said. "Sit there quietly—if quiet be possible to you—and repeat this to me, word for word, I am curious to know how far crafty invention can reach Sit down, I say, and let me hear your lips frame this story twice in the same way. it will be marvelous if they can."

Gertrude's proud temper was aroused by this almost insane speech; but there was so much of real anguish in its rude force, that she controlled her own bitter sense of insult, and, seating herself, described the interview, word for word, and action by action, as it had taken place between Oakford and herself, among the trees behind that stone panther, when she had so ruthlessly rejected his offer of marriage

As she went on, the woman listened without speaking a word, evidently searching for some flaw in the narrative, that might assure her of its falsehood; but the girl was resolutely calm now: wounded by a keen sense of her mother's distrust, she went on firmly to the end

"And you refused this young nobleman, in order to make way for that street-Arab, Samuel Stewart—or Swart, as he used to pronounce his name? That would seem unbelievable, to most people," said the mother, with a faint sneer creeping over her pale lips

"Still, it is the truth, mother."

"On your honor as a lady? For certainly you ought to have some feeling of the kind, after the education I have given you"

"Upon my honor as a lady—if you demand so much"

"I shall demand more than this, before your strange story can gain credit with me," answered the mother, with forced calm. "On what day did this wonderful scene take place?"

Gertrude reflected a moment, then said, quietly enough.

"I can tell you exactly: it was on the fifth of this month."

A blaze of light flashed over Mrs. Willerton's pale features, and there was triumph in her voice as she said:

"On that very day, Lord Oakford offered me his hand in marriage, and I accepted it."

During some seconds, Gertrude sat gazing on her mother in mute surprise. Then she arose, pale as the woman herself, and deadly calm.

"I did not think that villainy could reach so far as that," she said; "but in this man it is sublime."

"This last insult is more than I will permit his lordship to bear," retorted Mrs. Willerton, kindling into scornful wrath. "Perhaps you will have the courage to repeat this story in his presence"

"In his presence, or that of the whole world, if you desire it. But, oh, mother—"

Impelled by a generous impulse of compassion, Gertrude drew nearer to the deluded woman, who put her back with a haughty reach of the arm.

"You will require all your marvelous powers of speech when my affianced husband comes. I expect him in half an hour. Perhaps you will allow me a few minutes of repose till then Have no doubt that I shall summon you when he comes"

Sick at heart, and weary with emotion, Gertrude left the room.

CHAPTER XXII.

OAKFORD had promised to be at Mrs. Willerton's residence at a certain hour of that day, and it was now close upon the time; but, to the disturbed and impatient woman waiting for him, the minutes seemed turned into hours. She took the tiny watch from her side half a dozen times, and more than once held it to her ear, thinking that it had ceased to beat, the pointers moved so sluggishly. Once she went into the drawing-room and compared it with the antique clock, and then came upon her a remembrance of the day when she had stood before that grand antique with Lord Oakford's arm around her waist, and with it came the thrill of his first kiss, all the more impressively because it had been so seldom repeated.

With all her confidence in Oakford, this woman would have given half she was worth to be assured beyond a doubt that Gertrude's story

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had been a boastful untruth. The girl had always been frank and honest as the day; but the hope and ambition of the mother's future depended on some proof of her falsehood that would be tangible and conclusive.

In hopes that her lover could give this proof, she waited his coming with intense anxiety. Though a weak vain woman, Mrs. Willerton was by no means an inert one. Where her own interests were concerned, she was vigilant and capable enough; but jealousy was one of the strongest of her passions, and that was terribly at war with the love that combined so many elements of selfishness that a single doubt was enough to disturb her whole being.

Thus she sat, with the little watch glittering in her hand, counting the minutes, or, stung with fresh impatience, would pace up and down the drawing-room, watching the hands of the clock, as she passed to and fro, restless in her impatience as a wounded man who longs for the help of his surgeon.

At last, Antoine appeared. He had ceased to present Oakford's card, but usually preceded him—opening doors and sweeping back draperies with the obsequious movement of a well-trained foreign servant. Since the young nobleman had, in a fit of sudden irritation, allowed himself to inflict a blow across the man's face, there had been a dark sullen expression there which a less secure observer might have considered ominous; but Oakford had this servile creature so firmly in his grasp, that these signs of revolt failed to disturb him, especially as he had found no cause of reproof for neglect since that little encounter. He had spoken a few brief words to the man while surrendering his hat and cane in the reception-room, and the low-spoken answer still flushed his face a little when he met Mrs. Willerton in the drawing-room. She received him with some display of dignity, which he made haste to appease by bowing over her hand until his lips touched it. Then, as Leicester might have escorted Queen Elizabeth up her state chamber, he led her into the private parlor where she had usually preferred to receive his visits. Always on the alert, quick-witted, and self-possessed, he led her to her favorite seat, among the cushions of an Oriental couch, and placed himself on a low chair at her feet, carefully arranging her cushions before he sat down.

"Do you know, my queen, I had a sort of presentiment, this morning, that something had happened that might make my visit of more than usual importance. Tell me what it is, in those eyes, and the curve of that sweet mouth, which convinces me that this vague feeling is real. What is it, my love, that has discomposed you? Am I not your affianced husband? Have I not a right to count every impulse of the angelic heart you have given to me?"

As he said this, Oakford drew the lady's half-averted face down to his, and kissed it.

You could harldy blame any woman for accepting the caressing homage and apparent feeling of a man so handsome in himself, and reverential in expression. She drew a deep sigh, the lace upon her bosom quivering like snow-flakes. It was impossible to help the movement. She laid her hand softly on his head, pretending to arrange the waving masses of his hair; but he could feel that her fingers trembled, and knew that any difficulty that might have arisen between them was sure of an easy conquest. If he ever trembled, it was with premeditation. His nerves were always at command. They certainly were so now: for he did not even start when Mrs. Willerton said, with a bungling attempt at playfulness:

"Pray, tell me whom it was that you came across the ocean to seek: me, or my daughter Gertrude, the heiress?"

Oakford lifted his large eyes slowly, and smiled upon her.

"Can you ask me that, adored one? Am I not here, at your feet?"

"But I have my daughter's word that you have offered yourself to her."

"Your daughter's word? Offered myself to her? There, there; you cannot be in earnest."

"She was very much in earnest when she told me this, not an hour ago."

"And you believed her? Oh, my angel, do not say that!"

There was plenty of well-dissembled feeling in his voice and manner now. His head was thrown back haughtily; his sensuous mouth curved with resentful scorn.

"Offered myself to your daughter? When and how? Tell me this, if you are really in earnest. If anything threatens to separate you and me, I have a right to know it; and, however much I may honor Miss Willerton for her mother's sake, there are limits of forbearance which even she must not approach. We Oakfords are a proud race, and do not allow our honor to be wounded, even by a lady. Tell me, I beseech you, what does all this mean?"

"My daughter must tell you with her own lips; I cannot force myself to repeat all that she has said to me."

Oakford arose to his feet, and drew himself up haughtily.

"You distrust me, then? You wish to bring me face to face with my accuser? Me, an Oakford?"

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"No, no!" exclaimed the lady, terrified by his imperial demeanor.

"Excuse me: you shall be satisfied. I love you well enough to sacrifice all hereditary, all manly, pride, rather than leave a doubt upon your mind. When and where can I see Miss Willerton?"

The woman held out her hands in eager appeal.

"I do not demand it; I do not wish it. One word from your own lips is enough. Only say once again that you love me, and only me, and I will believe you, against all the world."

"But, in this, dear lady, my honor has been impugned. I cannot allow that to be questioned. I have hinted, with great delicacy and hesitation, at the very embarrassing position in which the young lady placed me, in Europe. With a wish to prevent anything of this kind, I have studiously avoided all chances of seeing the young lady since I came to this country, and have never even inquired for her. Now I must ask for that pleasure, if such it be possible to be. After that interview, it will be time enough to decide upon our future relations."

Mrs. Willerton held out her hands imploringly: she dreaded to hear the sentence completed.

"Nay, I insist. Between you and me, there must be entire confidence or nothing."

Oakford reached out his hand toward a table near him, seized a hand-bell, that stood among other costly ornaments, and rang it violently.

Antoine appeared.

"Pray, take my compliments—Lord Oakford's compliments—to Miss Willerton, and ask her to award him the honor of an interview in this room. I shall await her pleasure."

Antoine went out. Oakford did not seat himself again, but paced the room, up and down, looking towards the door now and then, with a smile of impatient scorn on his lips.

Mrs. Willerton cowered down among her cushions, half frightened, half exultant. She gloried in his lofty show of innocence, but fairly shivered with the dread of losing him, if his pride should be too deeply wounded.

Only a few minutes elapsed before Gertrude Willerton came into the room, with a quiet dignity of manner that was in contrast with the excitement visible in the two persons she was called upon to confront.

Oakford came forward, and would have led her to a seat; but the mockery of his politeness was but ill-concealed, and, without seeming to observe it, she passed up the room, and placed herself near Mrs. Willerton.

"This gentleman has sent me a message. Thinking that it came also from you, I have obeyed it," she said, bending her head toward her mother.

"Lord Oakford denies every word of the story you told me scarcely two hours ago," said the lady, "and thinks it due to his honor and mine that you should explain your motive in bringing it to me. I was content to consider it as one of the harmless little romances you delighted to fabricate as a child, but he cannot accept the explanation."

Gertrude turned her eyes with a look of indignant wonder on the young man, who bore the gaze with unflinching steadiness.

"Does this gentleman desire an explanation from me? I should have thought it quite unnecessary," she said.

"How can it be considered unnecessary, when I hear a report like this of myself before I have had the honor of even speaking to you on this side of the Atlantic? You perhaps did not know how greatly a romantic account of this kind might affect my honor."

There was a gleam of sarcastic humor in the girl's face, as she answered this adroit speech.

"After the denial you have made, it would seem very difficult to find, in your character or conduct, what men call honor."

A swift flush arose to Oakford's face, but it passed away in an instant. Slightly bending his head on one side, he gave the indignant girl a sidelong glance that conveyed as much craft as audacity, and said, with some prolongation of his natural English drawl:

"Ah, now, my dear young lady, isn't this speech a rather sharp reminder of any lack of attention that I may have been guilty of in former days? My excuse must be apparent to you, now that I am the affianced husband of this dear lady."

Gertrude turned away from him with supreme contempt. Mrs. Willerton rebuked her angrily.

"Gertrude, Gertrude, why will you persist in this?"

"I persist in nothing but the truth and my thorough detestation of this man. Oh, mother, mother, he is totally unworthy of the trust you give him. Every word he speaks or insinuates is an imposition on your generous credulity."

"It appears to me," said Oakford, glancing at Mrs. Willerton's disturbed countenance, "that it is your own wildly romantic story that taxes this lady's credulity. There, now, have a little compassion on a fellow who has only sinned in adoring one lovely being too devotedly for a thought of anyone else. Now, pray, confess the falsehood you have made up so cleverly. Having

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failed in its effect, you can afford to admit that it was a dainty joke. Say, now, have I spoken to you, or even seen you, since my arrival in this country?"

"I will answer you, because it shall not be said I have avoided anything by silence. I have seen you, and spoken with you."

"Pray, be so good as to repeat, in this presence, when and where, Miss Willerton."

"You forced yourself upon me. I was resting in the Park, on the fifth of this month. I have already given my mother the date."

"And offered you my hand in marriage, and all that?"

"Yes; I have submitted even to that humiliation."

"Perhaps you could name the hour, as well as the day? As this is a question of veracity between a young lady and myself, the smallest detail may have its importance."

"I can remember the hour exactly: for I was waiting for Miss Marsh, who had remained behind, interested in some antiques of the art-gallery, and looked at my watch less than a minute before you appeared: it was just one o'clock."

A swift flash of light came into Oakford's eyes. He had been successful beyond his own expectations. Without speaking another word to the young lady, he went up to Mrs. Willerton, and bent his knee to the cushioned stool at her feet.

"You have heard this young lady, and perhaps believe her: for she is your own child, and speaks with an appearance of truth that is marvelous; but you cannot have forgotten that one supreme hour of my life, when you sealed, with your own sweet lips, the promise to become my wife. We were standing near the old clock, in yonder. Can you remember the hour? Was it enameled on your heart, as it is on mine? Try and remember, loved one: for on that depends the proof that must give your belief to the story this young lady has told you, or my denial of it."

Mrs. Willerton seemed to be taxing her memory for a moment; then her face flushed, her eyes kindled, and, leaning forward, she laid her hand caressingly on Oakford's shoulder.

"I remember; I remember perfectly. How could I help it? The clock was striking two. The music of it is with me yet."

"And I had already been with you nearly three hours. How is it possible, then—"

Mrs. Willerton interrupted him, pressing her hand down upon his shoulder, that he might not change the position that seemed to enthrone her in the presence of a daughter who had attempted to become a defeated rival. She turned her face angrily on the girl.

"Go," she said, "and remember you are no longer a daughter of mine. Hereafter, this maligned and most noble gentleman will take your place in my life."

Gertrude stood in the centre of the room: she seemed to have grown taller within the last minute, so upright was her figure, so queenly the bending of her head. A terrible sense of wrong broke through her gray eyes, enlarging them as storms swell a spring.

"Mother!" her voice rang out loud and clear, as she uttered this one word: "mother, you have wronged me; you have been very cruel; but the time will come—it is sure to come—when you will repent of it in keener bitterness of soul than I can ever wish for you. That man will avenge the wrong you have done me."

Having said this, Gertrude left the room—proudly at first; but, while passing upstairs, she began to tremble, and, on reaching her own room, fell upon the couch, faint and ill.

CHAPTER XXIII.

When Mrs. Willerton found herself alone with her young love, she raised him from the hassock at her feet, and made room for him by her side. "Forgive this strange girl—she is so young."

"Forgive?" said Oakford, with a theatrical dash of feeling. "How can one help it? Disappointment has driven her wild; but these fancies soon cure themselves. The most ardent love must perish when there is no hope. Let us forget the whole affair: it is only an episode in our lives, that can be easily arranged."

"It is an episode that has changed doubt into a resolution, with me," said Mrs. Willerton. "I do not know how to express what I wish to say. Indeed, it seems almost indelicate for a lady to—really, I cannot go on while you are looking at me so earnestly."

"What was my angel wishing to say? Is it that she thinks me a laggard in love, that I do not press her for the wedding-day? Believe me, dear, the fault does not rest in the heart that is your poor slave, but in the land-laws, and those horrid Irish disturbances, that are unsettling the entire nobility of England. One can hardly venture on making a settlement till something is done to insure the collection of rents."

Mrs. Willerton moved restlessly.

"I was not thinking of settlements—at least, of any that you can make—only, of—of insisting that you should let me come to your relief, and give you the control of my income: I am so

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anxious to make some little atonement for all the humiliation that girl has brought upon you.

"But you have no power to raise large sums, such as are required on the other side; and, if you had, it would be impossible for me to accept them," said Oakford, absolutely trembling with the greedy hopes she inspired.

"But I would insist—I do insist," exclaimed the lady. "The conduct of that girl has decided me; I will no longer consider her in the matter."

As she spoke, she went to an escritoire that stood in the room, and returned with some sheets closely covered with writing, in her hand.

"Read these," she said, with a smile that was almost triumphant; "and then say if it be impossible for the woman you love to be generous."

Oakford received the papers, and moved to a window, that he might read them more clearly. It took him a long time to make himself master of their contents.

"It is a strange state of things: but tell me, how can it affect us?" he said, at last. "Was it written expressly for me?"

"No; I had another purpose. It was to accompany my will, written before I had the happiness of knowing you. But for what has happened to-day, it would not have been read till after my death, when Gertrude would have been possessed of everything, both by her father's will and mine; for no mother ever loved a child better than I have loved her."

"But there is a love stronger than that," whispered Oakford.

"A thousand times," she answered; "a love that forbids a woman to give herself where she cannot bestow everything else. Therefore, you must not refuse me, when I say that all I have shall be yours."

Oakford shook his head.

"The people of our house give settlements: they do not accept them," he said, proudly. "The trouble over yonder only involves a little longer waiting; at least, I hope it does not threaten any disappointment greater than that."

Mrs. Willerton's countenance fell; a horrible dread seized upon her. Did he mean a possible separation? The very thought made her faint.

Oakford saw this, and the high nobility of his pride appeared to relent.

"How pale you are—tears in your eyes, too. My angel, I would do anything on earth to save you from a moment's pain—even sacrifice my own pride. Let me reflect a moment."

Here the young man put a hand to his forehead, and appeared to be working out some problem.

"It might be done," he said at last, "by making a settlement on the estates hereafter; but that would involve great trust in myself."

"Do you doubt that? Oh, Oakford!"

"No, my love, I do not; but the delay of our marriage for a few months, or even years, would be better than the slightest risk to your fortune."

"Ah, this is cruel; you will persist in thinking that I can doubt you," pleaded the lady.

"But that would involve a separation, while I return to England. Or an immediate marriage; and you may not be prepared for that."

These words thrilled the woman from head to foot. Her hands clasped themselves, as if seized with a spirit of congratulation. Oakford, who did not appear to observe, saw the fire flash from under her drooping eyelids.

"There would be no time for splendid preparation or publicity of any kind. All that must come on the other side, when you are presented on the estates as their mistress. Are you willing to make so great a sacrifice as this, for a fellow who loves you well enough to accept a humiliating position, rather than run the smallest chance of losing you?"

Mrs. Willerton's hand stole into his. Its rings flamed like a little diamond-mine in his palm, as he bent down and kissed them with more warmth than he had ever kissed her lips.

"Is this my answer?" he questioned.

"Is it not enough? I will convey everything to you on the day of our marriage, and never dispute your control while I live."

Oakford started up. The exultation of his success could no longer be restrained; he was indeed overwhelmed with happiness.

"Enough?" he repeated. "If some angel had put the keys of Paradise into my hand, I could not have felt happier than now."

Oakford left the presence of his affianced wife, that day, in a wild whirl of exultation. His eyes flashed; his cheeks were burning crimson; his step so light that he seemed to tread on air. He met Antoine in the hall, and, seizing his arm, almost dragged him into the reception-room, and closed the door.

"Congratulate me, Antoine; congratulate yourself, for the day of your emancipation is at hand. What! you look sullen yet? Is that playful little lash, that I gave your face, grinding your temper yet? Forget it, my Antoine, or let me beg pardon here, and wipe the sting of it out. The whole thing is in my hands—or will be, after a little ceremony is over; for, by Jove, it gives me everything in the end; besides, it relieves you of the contract at which you revolted so. The young one is nameless now, and we may leave her out of the account. But you do not

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seem to comprehend: one might as well talk to lead."

"I am listening, and I comprehend; my part in this adventure is closed."

"Closed? Why, man, are you demented, or only shamming? Your part of the programme is only changed. I could not endure the life she promises three months—"

"You're talking at random: and this matter is too serious for that. Before I can understand all that is expected of me, a little calm detail will be necessary. I may be compelled to do many things that are repugnant and dangerous, but not blindly. I have done that once, but no one shall ever tempt me again. What does it mean?"

"It means just this, my Antoine: I was beginning to think, you know, that an interest in this woman's estate, depending on her own life, would hardly pay a fellow for selling himself. One had to endure her, you understand, so long as he could get the money: for this reason, I was designing to hedge off neatly with anything that could be got without an absolute ceremony; but this last interview has changed everything. That idea of turning back the clock was a master-stroke; you did it so well, too. Everything hinged on that: for it has disinherited the haughty young princess, and given me a fortune, with no encumbrances that one cannot get rid of in time: an immense one, too—greater than I ever dreamed of. I could, perhaps, have obtained it just now, before the marriage; but the attempt was dangerous. She is no fool, and might have shied at the suggestion."

Antoine listened with deep attention, but veiled a sinister expression of the eyes with their downcast lids.

"Still, it seems to me that my share in this enterprise is ended. Your wonderful powers of fascination cannot require my help," he said.

"My Antoine, how dull you are! I never needed such ability as yours so much. There will come a time when this fair lady will be troublesome. Have I not said that it would be impossible for me to sustain this high-toned love-making? After the property is well in hand, my entire emancipation must depend on the performance of your contract—or, rather, when you can have an opportunity of being your own master, with a neat little sum, perhaps, to retire upon. But, till then, you must be content in your present rather desirable position. I will make it more worthy of your acceptance by such perquisites and opportunities as will keep your hand in, till she becomes absolutely unbearable. Then, if she cannot be avoided without clamor, she will disappear, you know. This is the present programme, my Antoine—do you understand?"

"I understand."

"And are ready to perform your part? Let me assure myself of that," questioned Oakford, a little anxiously.

"I'm ready to perform my part."

Antoine was always a man of few words; and those that fell so hoarsely from his lips contented his unfeeling task-master, who went away more than satisfied. But the man watched him disappear, with both hands clenched and a gleam of hate in his eyes.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

ONLY.

BY MARIA CALLAHAN.

Only a sunny chestnut head;
Only two starry eyes,
Glancing coyly up at him
In sweet half-shy surprise.
Only a flower-like girlish face;
Only two tempting lips,
Pouting prettily, fresh and sweet.
What wonder their nectar he sips?

Only two cheeks, so fresh and fair;
Only long curly lashes,
Through which blue orbs glance shyly out
In laughing gleams and flashes.
Only a maiden, young and fair,
In robes of snowy white,
That the stars are kissing lovingly,
As they bathe her in silvery light.

Only a boy, so tall and strong,
With curly nut-brown hair;
Only a fair young honest face,
And trustful noble air.
Only two loving arms outstretched,
In a gesture swift and appealing;
Only a low quick boyish voice,
All trembling through with feeling.

Only a low "I love you, dear,"
And she creeps into his arm,
And is there held fast against his heart,
All safe from doubts or harm.
Only a long sweet kiss exchanged,
And—what does all this seem?
Only that two young lovers are dreaming
Away love's bright young dream.

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THE MISSING THANKSGIVING-LOAF.

BY ELLA EDWARDS.

It was Wednesday, the day before Thanksgiving. I had just finished my baking: half a dozen pumpkin-pies, three loaves of currant-cake, two loaves of brown bread, six of white.

"Yes," I said to myself, "if I bake a pan of rolls for supper, I will have enough of bread to last until Saturday." For, as my family consisted of but six persons, I could tell precisely how much bread they would consume in any given time. Then I took a look at the turkey—a noble specimen—which was hanging ready for the morrow's dinner, and, feeling its fat sides, said to myself: "Oh, how the children will enjoy him!"

I was very tired, so I did not carry my bread to the cellar, as I usually did as soon as it was done. I had a long white table, out on the back porch, and here I turned my bread out, arranging my cakes and pies in a row on the other side. I then proceeded to lay the cloth for supper.

As I was doing this, a little barefoot girl came to the kitchen-door, and, looking in and hesitating, said, at last, very timidly:

"Please, ma'am, could you give me a loaf of your white bread? Jim is real sick, and—"

I did not give her time to finish. I was cross, as I always am when tired. "A loaf of white bread?" I cried. "Why don't you, as well, ask for a lot of cakes, or a Thanksgiving turkey? Do you think bread and turkeys grow on trees, and cost nothing?" And I turned to push her out of the door. But, before I could do this, the child was gone.

Very soon, my husband came in. He was in haste for his supper. "I have to meet a man down-town, to arrange some business. So hurry up, dear—hurry up," he said.

We sat down to the meal, and my bread and cake were forgotten until supper was over, and, by this time, it was quite dark. Then, when I went to take my bread to the cellar, one loaf of white bread was missing. I could hardly believe my eyes. I counted the loaves, over and over, three times; but, every time, the result was the same: there were only five loaves.

"That impudent little beggar has stolen one," I cried, at last, the whole thing suddenly flashing on me. "Well, I might as well have given her one, and saved her the sin of stealing. There is no use, however, in grieving over spilt milk." So I carried my bread to the cellar, washed my dishes, put the children to bed, and then seated myself in my low chair, with my Bible in hand; for I always read a few verses of Scripture before retiring. I read a double quantity, that night, because the morrow would be Thanksgiving. Suddenly, my eyes fell on this passage: "I was ahungered, and ye gave me no meat." I read no farther. My conduct, that afternoon, rose before me, in all its cruelty. "What have I done?" I cried. "I have turned a little child from my door, empty-handed, and she, perhaps, starving: for, now that I think of it, she did not look like a beggar. She was clean, even if ragged; and a shy timid little thing. And to-morrow is Thanksgiving. Oh, oh, my wicked temper. Even if tired, I had no right to be cross." But, alas! I could not undo what I had done.

All through that Thanksgiving Day, my conscience kept reproaching me. I could hardly give my attention to the sermon, for a voice within me was saying: "You pretend to be thanking God for His mercies, this past year. He has kept you from sickness; has spared your loved ones from death; He has blessed you with plenty, while others have been starving. And yet—and yet, you turned a poor little child from your door, who said she had a sick brother, and who only asked for a loaf of bread. Do you think the All-Merciful Father believes in the sincerity of thanksgiving from one like you?"

At dinner, it was the same. When the great succulent turkey came in, almost floating in its rich brown gravy, and when I saw the children's eyes fixed on it so expectantly, I could not help thinking of the wan wistful face I had seen, the day before, and conjuring up the face of the sick brother, still more wan and wistful, no doubt. And the text of Scripture seemed suddenly to blaze out, in letters of fire, from the opposite wall: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me." I thought the meat would choke me. I said to myself: "Ah! how happy your little ones are, while the others probably are famishing." And I seemed to see, also in letters of fire: "I was ahungered, and ye gave me no meat: I was athirst, and ye gave me no drink. Depart from me, ye cursed."

Strange to say, too, my loaves lasted until Saturday. We had enough, without the missing

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one. It was as if the widow's cruse had been filled up. All this made me more remorseful still. It appeared like a reproach from heaven. "Could you not trust me, oh, ye of little faith?" it seemed to say.

Two years passed. I had forgotten the stolen loaf—when, one Saturday evening, just as I was laying the cloth for supper, a nicely-dressed girl and boy came to my kitchen-door. The boy lifted his cap, and, handing me a two-dollar bill, said:

"We have come to pay you for that loaf that Nellie stole, two years ago, on Thanksgiving Eve."

It all came back in a flash. I looked eagerly at the little face. Yes: it was that of the same girl.

"We were very poor, just then," the lad continued, "and I had been sick. But the fever was broken at last; and I was, oh, so hungry, that night; but we had only corn-bread, with molasses, to eat, and my appetite shrank from it: for, till father died, we had always had delicate fare. I did want some white bread so bad; but mother hadn't a cent of money, and we were so poor we did not dare ask for credit: she knew it would be refused. I was so hungry, I told Nellie I believed I was starving. She did not tell me what she was going to do; but, about dark, she came in with a loaf of white bread—oh, such nice white bread: how sweet it tasted! I was too hungry to ask questions, or inquire how she got the bread; and mother had gone out to look for some work, so she knew nothing about it. She would have starved before she would have eaten it, or allowed us to do it. Even I did not know how Nellie got the bread, until after I was well; and, somehow, I seemed to get well from that very night. Then Nellie told me how tempting the bread and cake looked: how she hung around the house until you sat down to supper; how she then stole up on the porch, and slipped one loaf into her apron. We are not thieves—at least, never but that once," said the boy, drawing himself up proudly; "and then not thieves in the really bad sense. There is the pay for the loaf, and our thanks with it. It was the best bread, as I've said, I ever ate; and I believe it saved my life. I hope your little boy," pointing to Georgie, "will never be as hungry as I was that night."

Before I could speak, or recover from my surprise, the children had bowed and were gone, leaving the two dollars on the table.

But I have never used that money. I folded it up, and put it in my bureau-drawer; and, every time I open that drawer, I have a sermon preached to me, and the text is always the same: "I was ahungered, and ye gave me no meat."

And, every Thanksgiving Day, I remember that incident, and give thanks, with a fuller heart than ever before, for the mercies I have received.

GOLDEN DEEDS.

BY HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

While we read of ancient heroes
Who are sung by bards of old,
Whose great deeds with pens of silver
Are inscribed on shields of gold,
Dream we not of days far onward,
When, perhaps, some golden deed
Of our own may be recorded,
Which for glory thus may plead?

Dream we not a crown immortal,
Such as theirs, may deck our brow,
In some dim and misty future,
While the precious potent Now—
Now, the real time for doing—
Slips so fast and far away,
That we find, when we awaken,
It is lost to us for aye?

"MEA CULPA."

BY HUGH FRASER MAXWELL.

In sack-cloth and ashes I sit.
Have pity, dear Lord, and forbear!
The judgment, the sentence, are fit,
Though leaving me hopeless despair.

And yet I did what I thought right:
I erred not from guilty design.
We stumble, poor mortals, in night,
Unless we have guidance like Thine.

Oh! could I live over the past,
Oh! could I have known what to do,
I might, blessed spirit, at last,
Forgiveness find, even from you

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a combination-costume, suitable for a home-toilette. The underskirt and tunic are of plain self-colored camel's-hair, cashmere, or ottoman silk. The underskirt is formed of box-plaits, put on to a foundation. The tunic, which is long and full, is draped high upon the right side, and edged on the front with a band of bias velvet, three inches wide. The back is in looped-up folds, which form a bag-like drapery, one corner of which hangs down, instead of being caught up to the waist. The bodice is of chenille or velvet dotted camel's-hair; or, if



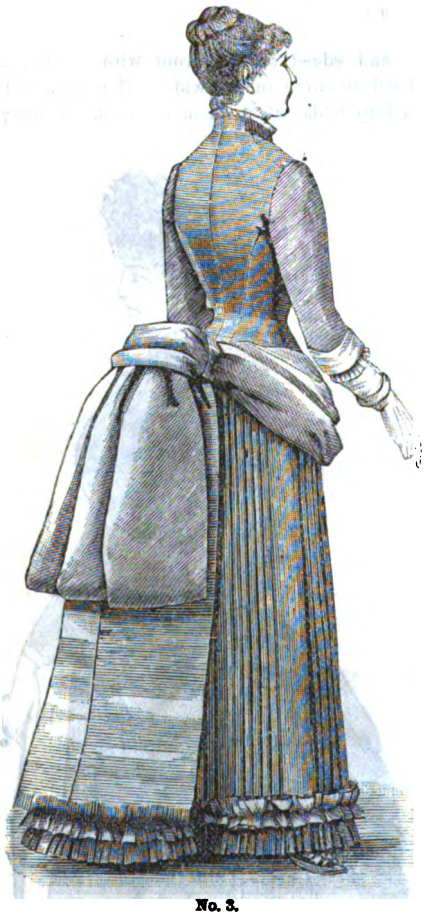
No. 1.



No. 2.

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the underskirt be of silk, the bodice may be of figured velvet, or silk with velvet spots. It is a simple basque, with a Fedora plastron of surah corresponding with the colors of the costume.



No. 3.

At the waist, it is confined by an oxidized clasp. The velvet collar and the edge of the basque are trimmed to match, either with oxidized beads, braid, or passementerie. Tight coat-sleeves. Eight to ten yards of material, double-width, for the skirt. One yard of velvet, cut on the bias, three and a half yards of dotted material, for basque, single width, or two yards double.

No. 2—Is a walking-costume, for the early autumn. It is made of pin-striped woolens. The skirt is kilt-plaited on to a narrow yoke, or on to a foundation-skirt of silk, alpaca, or silesia. Silk is the most desirable, as being much lighter in weight than either of the other materials. An old silk skirt makes an excellent foundation. The overskirt forms a long drapery both back and front, being simply arranged to open high on the sides. The bodice is a plain round basque, buttoned up close with tiny crocheted buttons. Tight coat-sleeves, with a small turned-up cuff bound with braid, as the only trimming. Ten to twelve yards of double-fold material. Two dozen buttons will be required for this costume.

No. 3—Is a home-toilette, of pale-blue nun's-veiling and cream surah. The underskirt or foundation is of blue silk or sateen. The edge of the skirt is trimmed with a narrow plaited ruffle of the nun's-veiling. The front and sides of the skirt are covered with kilts and box-plaits of the nun's-veiling. The ruche that heads the narrow kilting around the edge of the skirt is of the cream surah. The bodice is of the veiling,



No. 4.

while the plastron on the bodice, and the folds which trim the sleeves, are of the surah. The paniers and sash are also of the surah. Seven yards of double-width veiling, and seven to eight

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No. 5.

yards of surah, will be required. An old evening silk skirt can be utilized for the foundation.



No. 6.

No. 4—Is a stylish and effective model for a costume of black. The underskirt may be either of brocaded camel's-hair, with velvet figures, or brocaded silk and velvet. The skirt is entirely plain, with a tiny plaited ruffle at the bottom. The tunic is short and full in front, and the back, like No. 8, is formed to fall in a bag-like drapery, short and full. The waist is round, with a belt of leather or velvet, fastened with a clasp. The front of the waist has two side-plaits, forming the fullness. Standing collar and tight coat-sleeves, buttoned high on the back-seam. No trimming. Seven yards of



No. 7.

double-fold material for waist, tunic, and plaiting for the edge of the skirt, six yards of single-width for skirt, and twelve buttons will be required.

No. 5—Is a simple and stylish paletot, for a girl of six to eight years, made of diagonal cloth or tweed. The fronts are double-breasted. Straight at sides. The back with the fullness of the skirt gathered, instead of plaited. A band, pointed at both ends, stitched and ornamented by four buttons, covers the seam. Rolling collar. Coat-sleeves with turned-up cuff.

No. 6—Shows a nobby little overcoat for a boy

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No. 8.

of four. It is made of marine-blue cloth; is double-breasted, buttoning with large bone buttons. It is worn over a striped sailor-blouse. The sleeves may be slightly fulled into the cuff, as in the illustration, or simply a plain coat-sleeve with turned-up cuff.

No. 7.—For a girl of four to six years. Is of dark-red cloth. The fronts are coat-shape, with the fullness of the skirt at the back laid in side-plaits under a wide belt of the same. Large bone buttons ornament the sides and button the front. The shoulder-cape is made separate, and the paletot can be worn with or without it. Large coat-sleeves and deep collar complete this garment.

No. 8.—For a little girl of four years. Red cloth, with serge silk plastron and bands of Astrakhan cloth. The frock simulates two flounces at the back, and is bordered at each side of the front with the Astrakhan. Standing collar and cuffs of the same. A tiny bow of satin ribbon ornaments the right side, as seen.

CHASSEUR JACKET: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

The object of this department, as our old subscribers know, is to furnish, every month, the most recent and stylish novelty of its kind—a waist, a wrap, a jacket, a polonaise, a child's-dress, etc.—and also a full-sized diagram-pattern, so that anyone, even without the aid of a mantua-maker, can cut out the article for herself. In this way, the subscriber gets, during the year, the twelve most stylish affairs that appear, and so is kept abreast of the progress of fashion, with the latest novelty always at command. All these patterns are the newest out in Paris, which is the headquarters of taste in fashion: Berlin, London, and even Vienna, only imitating, and generally for the worse, the Parisian styles. While the patterns given in "Peterson" are of this kind, those of others are the patterns of second-rate dressmakers in Philadelphia and New York. If you wish to know what are the real fashions, you must seek them in "Peterson." We are not interested, as others are, in any dry-goods store or milliner's shop, and have no motive, therefore, for palming off old styles in stock. We aspire to lead the fashion: we have always done it, and we shall always do so.

For this month, we give an outside jacket, called the "Chasseur," an engraving of which is annexed. Folded in with the number is a SUPPLEMENT, with full-size patterns for each of its six pieces, viz:



1.—HALF OF FRONT, which is double-breasted.
2.—HALF OF SIDE-FRONT.
3.—HALF OF BACK.
4.—HALF OF SIDE-BACK.

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5.—Sleeve.

6.—Collar.

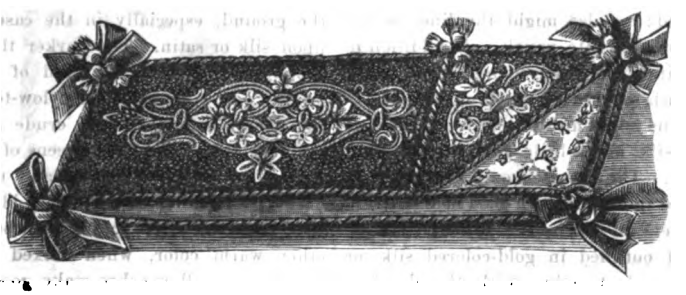
The letters and notches show how the pieces are put together. Make the jacket of cloth, and trim with military braid—either plain or mixed with gilt. The cuffs and pockets are not given on the Supplement; but this is not necessary: they are so simple that anyone can cut them out. Three rows of braid, and one row of buttons, are all the trimmings required.

For the benefit of new subscribers, we would say that, after cutting out, in old newspaper or any other paper convenient, the several pieces, you should fit them on to the person who is to wear the jacket, before cutting into the material, reducing or enlarging, as may be necessary. It is only with this kind of patterns that this can be done: for, if one set fail, you have the diagrams to fall back upon, and can make new ones: "cut-paper patterns," as they are called, if they do not fit at once, are utterly worthless.

We also give, on the Supplement, two new and beautiful designs in embroidery, for descriptions of which see elsewhere.

GLOVE-SACHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The top flap is made of reddish-brown plush, and embroidered with a simple design in gold thread. The back of the sachet consists of a reddish-brown satin, and it is lined with an old-gold satin, which is also used for the corner of the top, as seen.

The edge of this pretty sachet is trimmed with a silk cord of gold, and silk to match, and finished with reddish-brown bows made of narrow satin ribbon. The inside may be either quilted or tacked, and is to be filled with sachet-powder sprinkled on cotton.

DECORATED PIANOFORTE-FRONTS.

BY FREDERICK MILLER.

In the front of the number, we give two beautiful illustrations for decorating piano-fronts, either in painting or embroidery. They should have appeared in the last number, but were unavoidably postponed.

There are few places that better repay the time spent upon beautifying them than piano-fronts: that part which in many pianos is occupied by fretwork and plaited silk. It is a capital situation for putting in a little artistic decoration. The first thing to be done towards decorating this part of a piano is to carefully measure the opening that receives the fretwork; and it may be necessary to remove this fretwork, to take the size accurately, though this is not often the case.

The plaited silk is often stretched over a light framework of wood; and, where this is the case, the old silk can be removed and the painted silk tacked on to the existing framework. In some cases, the silk is tacked on to the framework of the piano; and it is perhaps hardly necessary to have a framework made, as the silk to replace the old front can likewise be tacked on the framework when finished. There must be sufficient silk to allow of its being turned over and round. Some of the fine colored satins, such as those used for embroidering, will be found to be a very suitable material for painting on, if you decide to paint the design.

The plan of painting the lights on thickly, and

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the darks on thinly, so that the material shows through, may be resorted to in the case of silk or satin. The colors need not, in any case, be painted on very thickly, as very little body of color is required to cover; and the less thickness of color there is upon the silk, the better chance there is of the color standing. Peacock blues and greens, olive-green, and old-gold are effective colors for painting on. Old-gold is more difficult to treat, as certain tones of green are not effective upon it; and being, as it is, a sort of middle tint between dark and light, unless some care be exercised, much of the work painted upon it is apt to be lost.

When the design has been painted, the bronze colors may be employed to complete the effect, and an outline of gold would enrich the design. The festoon at back of flowers might be put in wholly in gold; so also might the lines which divide the space up into panels. In addition to the gold outline, the flowers and leaves might be finished with touches of the bronze colors.

These designs might also be effectively worked in crewels or silk, and a little gold thread might be introduced. The leaves should be worked in crewels of good substance, with good bold stitches, and the flowers in silk. The festoon at back might be just outlined in gold-colored silk, or with gold thread, together with the dividing lines; though, of course, there is no reason why these ornamental features should not be omitted, should it be thought that the work is sufficiently effective without them.

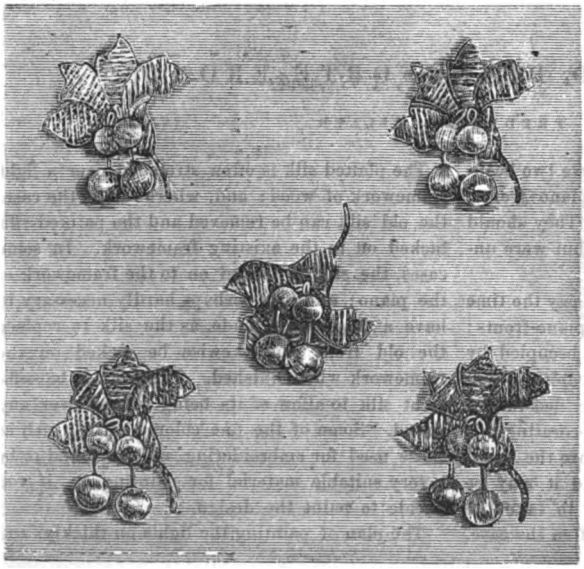
There are plenty of decorative schemes, besides the one given, that would make effective piano-forte-fronts. A head of some great musician, supported on either side by foliage or cupids; or cupids holding a medallion of a musician; or, again, cupids playing on musical instruments, with flowers and butterflies; or, again, a field of flowers, with birds and butterflies; these suggest themselves to everyone, and only want to be carried out to be effective.

The backs of cottage-pianos are also capital places to decorate, more especially as it is the custom in many homes to have the piano standing in the room, with the back exposed to view.

Be careful to make the colors harmonize with the ground, especially in the case of paintings upon silk or satin. The darker the color of the ground, the greater the need of care to avoid crudity, as a comparatively low-toned color on the palette will look quite crude and harsh on the dark silk. Make the greens of yellows toned with burnt [illegible] and use indigo for dark-greens [illegible] blue. Antwerp-blue always requires toning with burnt sienna or other warm color, when mixed with yellow. Cobalt and yellow ochre make good gray-greens with white.

EMBROIDERY FOR DRESS-TRIMMING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

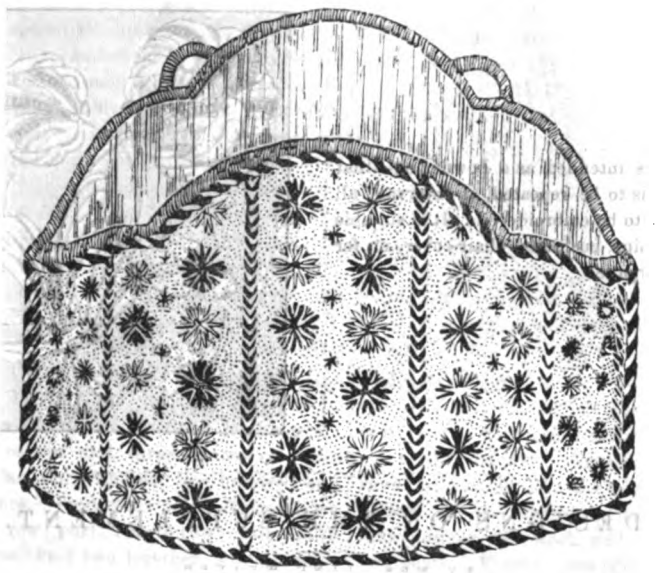


This work is done on light cloth, in chenille, and with silk drop-buttons. Very pretty for the front or side-panels of a dress, or for a wrap, either on cloth or silk.

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WALL-POCKET, OF JAVA CANVAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This pretty and simple design for a wall-pocket is worked upon Java canvas, of either écru or maroon color. The stripes are first marked off by working the herring-bone stitch in garnet, of gold-colored filoselle. The stars are done in a variety of colors, observing to make one dark, and the next light, until the stripes are filled up. The little stars in between are of the same color as the stripes. Mount on card-board, and line with silk or sateen—any pretty color. The edge is finished with a cord. The back is also of card-board. The inside lining is fluted, and the outside plain. Finish both the front and back with a binding of braid or ribbon, making two loops to hang it by, as seen in the illustration.

TAWNY OWL, FOR FIRE-SCREEN, ETC., ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a new and particularly effective design—Tawny Owl—which may be used for a fire-screen or other purposes, according to the tastes or wants of the fair embroiderer, etc., etc. It would make an especially pretty Christmas or New-Year's gift, and we publish it thus early in order to give time to work it.

The owl may be embroidered in the colors seen in the picture, and designated below. It is to be done in satin or Kensington stitch. Any lady can work it easily from the design.

It is suitable, also, for painting in oils or water colors, for a panel or for a fire-screen, or, when painted, to be cut round and fixed to a Japanese hand-screen. The colors are three shades of fawn-color, the lightest being almost white, and two shades darker; also a dark-brown, and very slight lines of black on some of the feathers. The eyes are an amber-brown and transparent of yellow ochre, without any body-color. Painted on wood, and the shape cut round the painting, it forms a pretty ornament for a bracket in a wall-corner of a staircase; or, painted on gold-ground oatmeal-cloth, the owl makes an ornamental splash-screen.

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LILIES IN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This bunch is intended as a powdering—that is, the pattern is to be repeated, at intervals, all over the article to be embroidered. It is suitable either for curtains, cushions, chair-cover, or for a small counterpane.

DESIGNS ON THE SUPPLEMENT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the SUPPLEMENT folded in with this number, two new and beautiful designs for embroidery, for which we are indebted to the Decorative Art School:

1.—ORANGES: Fruit, Flower, and Leaves: a design for the end of sideboard-scarf, etc., etc. It may be worked in either Kensington-stitch or outline-stitch.

2.—GRAPES: Fruit and Leaves: a design for a dessert-cloth, etc. This, also, may be worked in either Kensington-stitch or outline-stitch, and is particularly pretty.

FOLDING-CHAIR.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

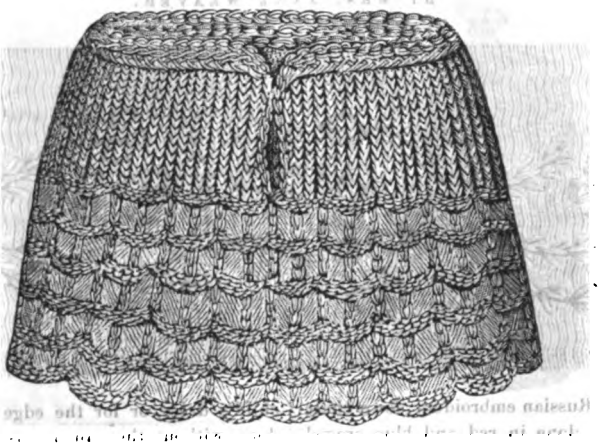


Any camp-stool or folding-chair frame can be used. Pieces of tapestry, sail-cloth, or stout brown linen form the back and seat. Baden-work or crewel-embroidery is the favorite decoration of these chairs, and a running spray, in the same style, is worked on the arm-straps, usually of strong webbing.

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KNITTED PETTICOAT FOR A CHILD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

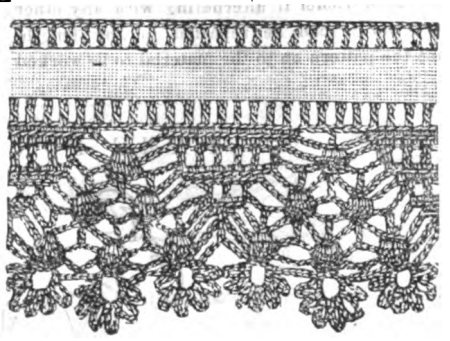


Red and white double Shetland lamb's-wool; two ounces of red and three ounces of white required. Cast on, with red, two hundred and sixteen stitches. First row: purl. Second row: plain. Third row: purl. Fourth row: plain. Fifth row: slip one, knit two together, knit three *, make one, knit one, make one, knit three, knit two together, knit one, knit two together, knit three, repeat from * to end of row. Sixth row: purl. Seventh row: like the fifth. Eighth row: purl. Ninth row: like the fifth. Tenth row: purl. Eleventh row: like the fifth. Twelfth row: purl. Thirteenth row: like the fifth. Fourteenth row: join on white wool, and purl the row. Fifteenth row (continue thirteen rows with white): purl. Sixteenth row: plain. Seventeenth row: purl. Eighteenth row: purl. Nineteenth row: like the fifth. Twentieth, and following rows: alternately like the fifth and sixth of first pattern, till the thirteen white rows are worked; then join on red wool, and again repeat from fourteenth. Repeat these patterns till there are three patterns of red and two of white. Join on white wool, and work, in brioche-stitch, forty-eight rows; the first row, you will have three stitches to take together at end of row.

For band: Knit one, take two together for first row, then work six rows of moss-stitch thus: knit one, purl one, and cast off. Join the skirt by sewing from the bottom up to the brioche-stitch. The result will be a seasonable as well as pretty petticoat for your little one.

CROCHET EDGING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This design can be very easily copied, as it is very clearly designed. Plain braid is used for the upper band. It is suitable for trimming children's frocks or pinafores. When carried out in wool, the braid must be a worsted one.

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BORDER IN RUSSIAN EMBROIDERY.

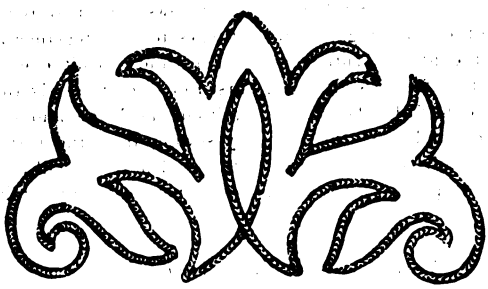
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This border in Russian embroidery, for a chair-back, etc., etc., is done in red and blue crewel, on cream-colored canvas or étamine. It is an appropriate design for the bottom of a child's dress, or for the edge of a towel, etc., if done without the canvas, as is easily the case with those who are in the habit of working much in crewels or floss-silks.

DESIGN FOR BRAIDING IN GOLD BRAID.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This design is very pretty for various purposes. It is much richer if alternating with any other color, and it can be repeated to any length. Trace the pattern on to the material to be worked by using tracing-paper. It is very easily done, and we have given directions for the use of tracing-paper a number of times. Use gold braid alone, or alternating with any other color.

NAME FOR MARKING.

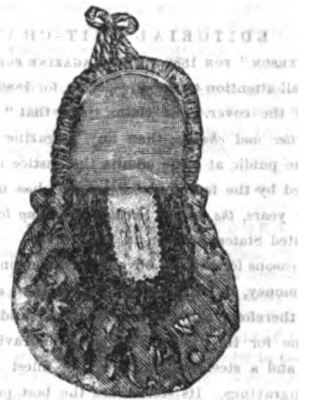


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NEEDLE-CASE AND WORK-BAG COMBINED.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This useful article for a lady's work-table can be made of scraps of silk and velvet. The foundation-back is of card-board, covered with silk or satin, with the pocket-piece of brocade. The outside of the top flap, and the inside to match, are made of velvet. Finished with a silk cord.



BORDER: DOUBLE CROSS-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This design can be carried out either with filoselle on a satin ground, or with ingrain colored cottons on a linen ground. The stitch is that known in Paris as 'point-de-diable,' and this pattern repeated is useful for tea-cloths, towels, dressing-table covers, tidy, etc.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1886. THE MAGAZINE FOR THE TIMES!—We call attention to the Prospectus for 1886, on the last page of the cover. We claim there that "Peterson" is both *better and cheaper* than any magazine of its kind. That the public at large admits the justice of this claim is proved by the fact that "Peterson" has now, and has had for years, *the largest circulation of any lady's-book* in the United States, or even in the world.

The reasons for this are obvious: "Peterson" gives more for the money, and of a better quality, than any other; is really, therefore, the most economical; and is just the magazine for the times. Its steel-engravings are the finest; and a steel-engraving is the finest and costliest of all engravings. Its stories are the best published; no lady's-book has such contributors: and all the stories *are original*. In its fashion-department, it is pre-eminent: its styles are the newest and most elegant; and its superb colored plates are all printed from steel, the only ones in the United States! It combines art, literature, and fashion in a way no other does. Where but one magazine is taken, "Peterson" should be that magazine. Every family that pretends to culture and refinement should take at least one magazine.

We continue to offer four kinds of clubs. For one kind, the premium is the unrivaled illustrated album, "The Forget-Me-Not," or the large engraving, "The Angel of Paradise," whichever is preferred. For another kind, the premium is a copy of "Peterson" for 1886. For still another kind, there are two premiums: "The Forget-Me-Not," or "The Angel of Paradise," *and* a copy of "Peterson." For our very largest clubs, the magazine and both the album and engraving are given—*three premiums in all!* No other magazine offers such inducements. Only our immense circulation enables us to do it.

Now is the time to get up clubs. Every lady will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merits and cheapness be fairly put before her. It is really the only one that always keeps its promises: what we say we will do, we do. *Be first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. *Do not lose a moment.*

AMONG OUR ORIGINAL NOVELETS, next year, will be one by Edgar Fawcett, Esq., author of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "An Ambitious Woman," and other brilliant society novels recently published. All of our novelets for 1886, however, as their titles indicate, will be unusually interesting.

A CHEERFUL AND ACCOMPLISHED WIFE.—The Exeter (N. H.) Protest says, very appropriately, that "the best way to have a cheerful and accomplished wife is to subscribe for 'Peterson' for her." Just so! A "Daniel come to judgment."

WHAT COLORED BONNETS TO WEAR.—The famous savant, Chevreul, who has made the harmony of colors his special study, says that a black bonnet, with white, pink, or red feathers or flowers, suits a fair complexion. It does not go badly with brunettes, although the effect is not so good, but they may add orange or yellow flowers or feathers. A dead-white hat is only suitable for florid complexions, whether blondes or brunettes. Gauze crape or tulle bonnets suit all complexions. A white bonnet for a blonde should have white or pink flowers; blue is still better. Brunettes should avoid blue, and rather choose red, pink, or orange. Light-blue bonnets are especially suitable for fair persons; they may be trimmed with white flowers, or even yellow or orange, but not pink or violet. For dark persons who venture to wear a blue bonnet, yellow or orange is indispensable. A green bonnet sets off a pale or slightly-colored complexion; it may be trimmed with white, red, or pink flowers. A pink bonnet should not be too near the face, but should be separated by the hair or by a white or green inside trimming, the latter color especially. White flowers, with an abundance of leaves, produce a good effect on pink. Dark-red bonnets are only suitable for persons with highly-colored complexions. Avoid yellow or orange bonnets. Violet is not to be recommended, unless separated from the face, not only by the hair, but by yellow accessories also. The same precaution should be taken for yellow bonnets, which can only be worn by brunettes, with blue or violet trimmings.

THE WAY GIRLS ARE EDUCATED IN VIENNA might be imitated to advantage in more than one city in America. They are kept at their studies until they are about fifteen years of age. They then go through a course of teaching in the pantry and the kitchen under some member of the family, or sometimes under trained cooks for a year or two years. Thus, they learn to do everything themselves, and to know the value of things long before they commence housekeeping, as wives, on their own account; and, though they may never be required to cook a dinner, they become independent of cooks and servants. By the bye, the Viennese women, with all this, are among the handsomest in Europe.

A BATH OF SUNSHINE, if we may call it such, is better, in its way, than even a bath of water. Plants wither in the shade. So do human beings. The only girls that have rosy cheeks are those that take daily exercise in the open air, especially on sunny days. Your bloodless, pale, languid girls are those who keep in the house, and seem afraid of out-of-doors.

WIDE CHOICE OF PREMIUMS.—We will send either "The Pearl of Price" or "The Golden Gift," for getting up a club, if preferred to the "Forget-Me-Not." This gives a wide choice of premiums

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NO TRASHY DECEPTION.—Subscribe for "Peterson's Magazine," and get a first-class lady's-book, instead of the trashy deceptions that make promises only to break them.

IF EVERY SUBSCRIBER for 1885, for "Peterson," would get us one more each, we should add more than one hundred thousand to our list for 1886. Can't it be done?

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THE "FORGET-ME-NOT," AND OTHER PREMIUMS.—On the second page of the cover, this month, we announce a new and very beautiful premium *to persons getting up clubs for "Peterson" for* 1886, viz: the "Forget-Me-Not," an album of friendship, crowded with blank pages of the finest hot-pressed letter-paper, in fancy colors, for writing verses, autographs, etc., etc. This exquisite gift-book, the *most elegant and costly we have ever published*, will be, in addition, illustrated with steel-engravings, etc., etc., and bound in patent vellum or morocco, gilt. It will be an ornament for any centre-table. More original in its character, and more beautiful, than either the "Golden Gift" or the "Pearl of Price," every lady should have a copy of it. To earn a copy, it is only necessary to get up a club for "Peterson."

Another of our premiums will be a large steel-engraving, executed in the highest style of art, size twenty-one by twenty-seven inches, called "The Angel of Paradise." It is a companion-picture to "Not Lost, But Gone Before," which we published several years ago, and which was so much sought after. Everyone who has the latter should have the former. To secure it, you have only to get up a club for "Peterson." See second page of cover. Or both it and the "Forget-Me-Not" can be had by getting up one of our larger clubs.

Another of our premiums will be *an extra copy of the magazine for* 1886. Many persons will prefer this to any other premium. But it, and one or both of the other premiums, can be earned by getting up one of the larger clubs. See, again, second page of cover.

In short, for 1886, "Peterson" will not only be more desirable than ever, but the premiums for getting up clubs will be more beautiful and costly. *Now is the time to get up clubs.*

A NEW AND VALUABLE RECEIPT for cooking veal-cutlets is as follows: After having pared, salted, and peppered the cutlets, put them on a gridiron, five minutes for each side, over a brisk fire, and then place them immediately on a buttered dish by the fire. Meantime, while the cutlets have been grilling, prepare this sauce: Mix two tablespoonfuls of flour and three eggs; season with salt and pepper and a very little nutmeg. Mix with two small glasses of milk carefully, and pour over the cutlets; then put the dish in the oven, and serve when the cutlets are well browned.

THE BEST CURE FOR PIMPLES is to live on plain nutritious food; to exercise freely; to take plenty of sleep; to wash with soap and water frequently; and to ventilate the rooms where you live and sleep, so as to secure always pure air In this way, you keep the blood pure and the skin healthy. This is an answer to MARIA.

"BEST IN THE UNITED STATES."—The Magnolia (Ark.) Banner says: "We have received the October number of that prince of publications, 'Peterson's Magazine.' No one ever sees this magazine without praising it as being the very best in the United States. If you want a magazine, this is the one for you to subscribe for."

WE REPEAT OUR WARNING, that we do not give premiums to subscribers for subscribing. If any canvasser tell you so, know, from that fact, that he is a cheat. If a magazine be not good enough, in itself, for the price that is asked for it, it is not worth taking at all That is a self-evident proposition to all people of sense

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"A FEATHER IN HER CAP."—Our steel-engraving, this month, representing grandmother getting "a feather in her cap," is after a picture by John Morgan, one of the most popular of living English artists. Grandmother and grandchildren are alike irresistible in this picture

"I BEGAN TOO LATE."—Every year we receive letters, saying: "If I had commenced earlier, I could have sent you an even larger club, *but I began too late.*" Don't make such a mistake this year, but begin immediately.

AS OUR READERS WILL SEE, the author of "The Island of Diamonds" not only promises us a novelet for next year, but has sent us a stirring story, "To the Rescue," which we give in this number, with an illustration.

NO OTHER MAGAZINE of equal merit is as low-priced as "Peterson." No other is, therefore, as cheap on the whole. No other gives premiums really as good, for getting up clubs. Get up a club, therefore, for 1886.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Poems. By Matthew Arnold. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: MacMillan & Co.*—Matthew Arnold, though one of the best of living critics, has never achieved popularity as a poet: that is, popularity in the sense in which Longfellow had it, or Tennyson has. But this may also be said of Browning. We are not sure but that a poet, in order to be popular, must write a good deal of commonplace. A celebrated critic once said that he was the greatest orator who was able to interpret ordinary ideas and emotions, only in language a little better, and with an imagination more fervid, than ordinary people. If this be true of oratory, it is equally true of poetry. Matthew Arnold, himself, if criticising the poetry of another, would be very apt to lay down this very rule. But the rule, as applied to himself, excludes him, for the most part, from popularity as a poet. A few of his poems, indeed—the "Merman," notably—will always be popular. But, like Browning, he is *caviare* to the majority. His admirers would say that this is because his flight is higher and further than can generally be followed. Perhaps this is so. At any rate, the present is a very neat edition of his poems, which we can conscientiously recommend to such admirers.

Zoroaster. By T. Marion Crawford. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: MacMillan & Co.*—In this novel, or rather romance, Mr. Crawford returns to the field in which he first won his spurs: the mystical character of the old Hindu religion furnishing a background, as in "Dr. Isaacs," to his story. He has shown his art in introducing but few figures on the canvas, and the result is a very striking and effective composition, as well as a very original one.

At Bay. By Mrs. Alexander. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Henry Holt & Co.*—Nobody understands better how to write a love-story, pure and simple, than Mrs. Alexander. "Her Dearest Foe" was a master-piece in its way, only equaled by the "Quits" of the Baroness Tauthaus. This new story is rather more melo-dramatic, and more in the manner of Hugh Conway. "At Bay" is far ahead of fictions generally.

Aldrich's Poems Household Edition. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*—A very pretty volume, uniform with the "household editions" of Longfellow, Whittier, etc. Mr. Aldrich is pre-eminent, among American poets, for a delicacy of treatment that is almost feminine. The volume is illustrated.

The Hunter's Hand-Book. By an "Old Hunter." 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A very useful hand-book, so to speak, for persons about to "camp out." It contains a description of all the articles required in camp, with hints on provisions and stores, and receipts for camp-cooking, etc., etc.

A Vagrant Wife. By Florence Warden 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: D Appleton & Co.*—This is by the author of "The House on the Marsh," a weird novel, that recalls the still more uncanny "Wuthering Heights." The present story, however, is not quite up to its predecessor.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

NOW FOR "PETERSON" FOR 1886.—It is universally conceded that "Peterson" is the *cheapest as well as best* of the lady's-books. It alone has such contributors as Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Frank Lee Benedict, Rebecca Harding Davis, Mrs. John Sherwood, Edgar Fawcett, Lucy H. Hooper, Mrs. Jane G. Austin, and the several authors of "Josiah Allen's Wife," "The Island of Diamonds," "Creole Blossoms," "The Second Life," etc., etc.: to say nothing of a score of others. The money spent by "Peterson" for original stories alone is more than that of all the other magazines of its kind. Moreover, it alone gives real steel-engravings, and not cheap lithographs. It alone has double-sized steel-plates of the fashions, colored by hand, as in the high-class Paris magazines. It alone has a Paris correspondent for the fashions. *Now is the time to get up clubs for "Peterson" for* 1886. The newspapers, North and South, East and West, all bear testimony to its superiority. If we had space, we could quote something like a thousand notices, received during the last month, to this effect. We must content ourselves with but two or three, as specimens, taken indifferently from every section of the country. Says the Liverpool (Ohio) Gazette: "A model of excellence and beauty; the literary department, if possible, better than ever before; we cannot recommend this magazine too highly." Says the Keyport (N. Y.) Enterprise: "Choice reading, handsome engravings, reliable information on fashions." Says the Richmondville (N. Y.) Phœnix: "A home comfort: every family will find it so." Says the Dubuque (Iowa) Herald: "A superb number: sustaining, in every feature, the reputation which this sterling periodical has justly earned." The Clinton (Wis.) Herald says: "Who ever knew it to appear in any but an interesting form and style?" Says the Plaquemaine (La.) News: "One of the best magazines for the household; with a high-toned morality; fulfils all the requirements of a lady's-book; the price so low as to place it within the reach of all." The Dallas (Oregon) Times says: "Takes the lead of all the fashion-monthlies, both in the artistic side and in the merit of its articles; the plates are the finest published; the illustrations of the fashions always to be relied on; in this department, especially, it leads all others." But enough. Now get up your clubs for 1886!

DO YOU DREAD WRINKLES?—The death-blow to youthful looks, and a sure warning that age is creeping on, are those same *dreaded wrinkles*. To defy them, to remove them, and also to prevent their coming, *use Palm Kosmeo*. It keeps the skin smooth and free from chaps and pimples.

Palm Kosmeo used in combination with Palm Poudre, nothing can be finer as a complexion-cosmetic. My own personal use is proof, and I am justified in saying to my thousands of customers: Try it, and be convinced of its merits. Also Extract of Turkish Rose-Leaves, a very fine indelible tint for the cheeks and lips.

Prices, Palm Kosmeo, $1.00 and $2.00 a box. Kosmeo Poudre, 50 cents and $1.00 a box—can be sent by mail. Turkish Rose-Leaves, 50 cents and $1.00 a bottle—cannot be sent by mail. These goods are only sold by me. Send for catalogue of Hair Goods. Mrs. C. Thompson, 32 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE is a preparation of the phosphates of lime, magnesia, potash, and iron, in such form as to be readily assimilated by the system. Descriptive pamphlet sent free. Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

SAVE MONEY BY SUBSCRIBING to "Peterson." In fashions, receipts for cookery, patterns for embroidery, etc., you will economize more than ten times its cost.

SEND FOR A SPECIMEN to get up a club with. "Peterson" challenges comparison with others. It does not wish to deceive anyone. Judge for yourselves!

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Lock Box 409, Marblehead, Mass.

No. 274.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in bright, but not in dim.
My second's in dive, but not in swim.
My third is in arrow, but not in bow.
My fourth is in rain, but not in snow.
My fifth is in hat, but not in coat.
My sixth is in horse, but not in goat.
My seventh's in silver, but not in gold.
My whole is a famous romance of old.

Needham, Mass. JULIE MURPHY.

No. 275.—CHARADE.

My first is a taper.
My second is a dwelling.
My whole is a tower where my first is placed.

Boston, Mass. ZANITA.

Answers Next Month.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS AND POULTRY.

Irish Stew.—This is best made with the lean end of a neck of mutton, or with a loin; the thin end can be roasted, and the chump be used for Irish stew. Cut off every particle of fat, and use it in other ways. Cut the meat into pieces. For a pound, take eight medium-sized potatoes and four onions; cut both into slices half an inch thick, and again slice the onions across. Mix together a teaspoonful of salt and half the quantity of pepper. Then, at the bottom of a saucepan, put a layer of potatoes, then a layer of onions; then sprinkle pepper and salt, mixed, a layer of meat, and again a layer of onions; and sprinkle, over the whole, half a pint of boiling water. Sprinkle pepper and salt, and let it cook over a clear fire for two hours.

Beefsteak-Pie.—Take two pounds of tender beefsteak, and boil it in a little water until half done; have dish lined with paste; cut up the beef in small pieces, and put in the dish; add, to the water that it was boiled in, one onion, pepper, salt, and half a wineglassful of wine; let it boil up, and pour upon the meat; cover it with a crust of paste. Put a roll of paste around the edge of the dish. If beef be not tender, it can be improved by putting it upon a board and pounding it.

Boiled Chickens.—These often come up cooked to rags because they have been put into cold water. Make a large saucepanful of water boil very fast; then put in the chickens, and let them boil quickly for an hour, if large; if small, three-quarters of an hour. The instant they are done, throw them into cold water, for a moment only; take them up on a hot plate, and peel off the skin, which is done instantly. Serve with either white sauce or parsley-sauce over them.

The White Sauce is made like butter-sauce, only with milk instead of water, and a little essence-of-mace added, but not so much as to discolor the sauce.

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Parsley-Sauce.—Take a handful of parsley, and pick it free from stems; then wash it, first in warm water, and instantly in cold water; put it into a saucepan of fast-boiling water, with a little salt, and boil it one minute. Chop it fine, squeeze the water from it, put it into good butter-sauce made with water, not milk. Good-flavored sausages, each cut in three and fried brown, and then rashers of bacon partially fried, then rolled round and fried brown, to be served on a separate dish.

VEGETABLES.

Beet-root.—Wash and scrub the beet-root with a brush. Take care not to break the skin or cut the beet-root before boiling, as, by so doing, the color is spoiled. Put it on in boiling water, and let it boil until tender. A large beet-root will require three hours, a small one half that time. In France, beet-roots are sometimes baked. After the baker has drawn the bread, he puts them into the oven, and they remain for some hours. When cool, the skin is taken off in the same way as when boiled.

Hominy.—To fry it in cakes, turn the hominy when done, as in previous instructions, into a pie-dish, and, when it is cold, cut it into thin slices, dip it in batter made with one egg beaten with a piled teaspoonful of flour, and fry it in plenty of boiling dripping or lard. Serve hot. This may be eaten with roast meat, or served as a sweet, the top of each cake covered with marmalade or jam.

Horse-Radish Sauce, for Roast Beef and Mutton.—Grate the horse-radish, on a bread-grater, into a bowl. Then add two tablespoonfuls of cream, with a little mustard and salt. Mix them well together, and bruise them with a spoon. Then add four tablespoonfuls of the best vinegar, and bruise them well together until thoroughly amalgamated. Vinegar and cream both to be cold.

Apple-Sauce.—Pare and slice some apples, put them in a stewpan, with very little water. Cover them, to keep in the steam. When soft, mash them, and add sugar to the taste. Ripe quinces make a good sauce, prepared in the same way as directed for apples. Or, apples and quinces may be mixed in equal proportions.

DESSERTS.

Plum-Pudding.—One and one-half pounds of suet, one pound of sugar, one pound of currants, one pound of raisins, stoned, one-half pound of flour, one-half pound of bread, grated, one-half pound of lemon-peel, one-half pound of almonds, blanched and cut in thin strips; salt, nutmeg, allspice, and cinnamon, to taste; mix together with nine eggs and one glass of brandy. Boil twelve hours, in a buttered cloth, tied tight. Put a plate at the bottom of the pan.

Clifton Pudding.—Boil a teacupful of rice for nearly an hour, in a cloth, putting it on in cold water. Have ready sweet sauce, made of half a pint of milk (or water), one tablespoonful of flour, and three lumps of sugar; pour this over just before sending to table.

Fritters, for Children.—One pint of milk, one egg, well beaten, flour to make a rather stiff batter. Before dropping into the boiling lard, add one teaspoonful of Borwick's baking-powder.

CAKES.

Corn Bread.—One large tablespoonful of lard, half teacupful of brown sugar, one teacupful of flour, three teacupfuls of Indian meal, two small teaspoonfuls of cream-tartar, one small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, one egg, one saltspoonful of salt, enough sour milk to make a batter about as thick as for cake, or thinner; beat eggs, lard, and sugar together, then add flour, meal, and milk gradually with the salt and cream-tartar; when just ready for the oven, mix in the carbonate of soda, put in tins, and bake in a good oven, but not too hot. Bake about three-quarters of an hour, or until done. If the tins have paper at the bottom, they bake better, and do not stick. If you have not sour milk, sweet will do, but buttermilk is the best of all. These cakes can be kept in the tins, and heated up the next day.

Yule Cakes.—Half a pound of fine sugar, sifted, two pounds of flour, two tablespoonfuls of brewer's yeast, or one-half an ounce of yeast, four ounces of butter dissolved in a quarter of a pint of fresh milk. Make it up into a dough, and leave it to rise—covered—for an hour, on a warm hearth. Then strew, into the dough, half a pound of Sultana raisins, well washed and dried; half a pound of stoned raisins, cut in halves, a quarter of a nutmeg grated, one ounce of allspice—not mixed spice—four ounces of chopped candied peel; work the whole up well, then make the dough into cakes, bake a light brown, and ice them with caster sugar, beaten with white of an egg, and then put into the oven to harden.

SANITARY AND TOILET.

Mustard-Plaster.—In making a mustard-plaster, no water whatever should be used, but the mustard should be mixed with the white of an egg; the result will be a plaster which will draw perfectly, but will not produce a blister, even upon the skin of an infant, no matter how long it is allowed to remain upon the part.

FLORAL DEPARTMENT.

THE HYACINTH.—Of all bulbs for winter forcing, none is more beautiful or seems to give more general satisfaction than the hyacinth; and yet, simple as is the operation of forcing it into flower, many fail from a lack of knowledge on what seem like very plain, yet all-important, points. The bulbs can be forced either in pots, or regular glasses made for this purpose.

Bulbs intended for glasses should be started about the middle of October. The operation is very simple. Fill the glass with water, placing the bulb on the top of the glass, taking care that the bottom of the bulb touches the water; then place the glass in a box, with the lid shut down, in a dark closet. Here it should remain until the bud is well out of the bulb. If this be not carefully noted, and you bring the glass out to the light, as many do, as soon as it has fairly started to make roots and top, the flower will bloom invariably just in the neck of the bulb, and of course be imperfect and very unsatisfactory. The water should be changed every ten days, to keep it from becoming impure. In changing the water, do not draw the roots clear out of the water, or you may break the half of them off in putting them back again, as they are very easily broken.

Draw the bulb far enough out of the glass to enable you to pour the old water out and run in the fresh. After you have forced bulbs in this way, they have so exhausted themselves as not to be good for anything again, and it is not worth while to attempt to save them.

If you prefer to force them in pots, the earlier they are potted the better, say about the first of October. They will, if good bulbs—and no other kind would be advisable to plant—require a four or five inch pot. The soil should be equal parts of sand, well-rotted manure, and good garden soil or loam. They should be potted with the tops of the bulbs about one inch below the surface of the soil, and pressed firmly around the bulbs, and then give a good watering, to thoroughly wet the soil. They should then be plunged in a box of earth, short manure, or sand, about four inches below the surface of the soil. The box should then be placed in the cellar, and there left until they are well rooted. They can then be uncovered, cleaned off nicely, and taken to an upstairs sunny window, where it is not very warm.

Having placed them in a window, take empty flower-pots of exactly the same size as those in which the hyacinths are growing, and turn them upside-down over the bulbs. This leaves them dark, with the exception of the little hole

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at the top, which affords just enough light for what is wanted—namely, to draw the flowers out of the bulbs. When this is accomplished, you may uncover them and bring them down to your window, and they will be a success; and, if your selection of colors be good, they cannot fail to be the admiration of all, as nothing that we know of is much prettier than a beautiful show of double or single hyacinths.

GARDENING FOR AMATEURS.

NOVEMBER.—Flower-beds not to be dug, but cleaned by taking away all rubbish that may be lying near the flower-stalks. This, to prevent mildew. When this is done, spread over the tops of old plants that have been cut down, and also around them and other younger plants, a dressing of half-decayed leaf-mold. Place it also round and close to the stems of evergreens. If any digging be done in a flower-bed, in the process of "tidying-up," as it is termed, the roots, which need all protection, will be killed by the frost.

Prepare compost for potting by raking up dead leaves and mixing them with ashes, either wood or coal ashes, a small quantity of lime, and any soil. Put all in a convenient place out of notice; throw house-slops over, occasionally, to promote decay.

Take in any choice plants, and put them in a greenhouse or other place where the temperature is not higher than sixty degrees.

Geraniums to be lifted out of the earth, but with a little earth round each plant, packed together in a box, and put in a dry but cold place, out of reach of frost. The plants are not to be cut or pruned in any way; take off dead leaves, but no others till they wither and drop off. To all, air must be given freely till frost appears.

Salvias, fuchsias, and other plants of a similar nature, when cut down, to be covered with sifted coal-ashes for protection. Tepid water to be given to all plants that are taken indoors; but only now and then, when they require it. Drainage to all plants must be good.

Transplant roses that have been four years in the ground, and especially when they appear declining, and give a good dressing of farm-yard manure.

Cuttings of roses to be planted in the beginning of November. Tea-roses to have the protection of hand-lights; but such as Marechal Niel, Souvenir de Malmaison, and others, may be planted in the open ground. Each cutting should have a heel, the cuttings put in two inches apart, and be watered well, then protected from frost by mats, etc. The soil should be made firm, and a layer of sand put on the surface.

Tulips, hyacinths, violas, daisies, and primroses to be planted. Where flowering plants have been removed, their spaces should be filled with dwarf-evergreens in pots.

Plant the bulbs of tiger-lilies, also the sweet-scented lily of Palestine.

Bulbs of various kinds to be planted.

Water all plants with tepid water, winter or summer. Cold water chills them. The cactus will bear boiling water, but should be starved in the winter, and be kept in a nearly dark place, and in one temperature; on a staircase, not exposed to much light, is a good place for cactus-plants.

Cleanse the surface of herb-beds, and put fresh earth on the surface.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF ALMOND-COLORED WOOLEN. It is made on a foundation. The sides are laid in lengthwise plaits, and around the bottom is a plaited flounce. The tunic is of the same colored woolen, figured with brown velvet. In front, there is a long square drapery; at the back, it falls in full plaits; above this, the puffed drapery consists of a long piece gathered up at each end, and plaited in below the waist. The straps which fasten the front and back of the tunic together are of brown velvet, passed through oxydized buckles. The jacket is of the plain woolen, with a simulated vest, and is trimmed with brown velvet. Felt bonnet, trimmed with coffee-colored lace, brown velvet, and wheat-ears.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLUE CAMEL'S-HAIR. The bottom of the skirt is ornamented with several narrow false tucks. The tunic is draped, and quite full and rather short at the back. The tight-fitting bodice is fastened with oxydized-silver buttons, from the right to the left side of the waist. The cuffs, collar, and waistband are of velvet. Light-brown felt hat, trimmed with blue velvet and light-brown wings.

FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS, OF REDDISH-BROWN SATIN AND ÉCRU SURAH SILK, FIGURED IN BROWN. The train and bodice are of the satin. The entire front of the dress is of the figured material, trimmed with fringe to match it in color. The bodice is made with a vest of the surah, which forms a full trimming on the right side, where it is ornamented on the shoulder with a large rosette of satin ribbon. Satin ribbon, with rosette, on the neck.

FIG. IV.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF DARK-GRAY CASHMERE. The skirt is ornamented with three bands of embroidery, done in the color of the dress. Small paniers extend from the front of the waist to the back, and from beneath them falls a puffed drapery, with long sharp ends ornamented with the embroidery. The bodice has a plaiting in front, of silk the color of the cashmere, and a long sharp-pointed plastron of cardinal-red silk. The collar, bow on the shoulder, trimmings of the vest, and long loops and ends of ribbon are of the cardinal-red.

FIG. V.—VISITING-DRESS, OF YELLOWISH-GREEN SILK, BROCADE, AND VELVET. The skirt is made principally of the plain green silk, which falls in straight folds at the back, is gathered at the front of the waist, and caught up in graceful folds on the right side. A wide panel of brocaded silk and dull-brown velvet is placed on the left side. The bodice is composed of the brocaded silk, with a full vest of the green silk, and has a collar and shoulder-trimmings of velvet. Hat made of the green silk and brown velvet, and ornamented with a cockade of green satin ribbon and red roses.

FIG. VI.—VISITING-DRESS, OF BROWN VELVETEEN. The skirt is in lengthwise plaits at the back, with full loopings of the velveteen over the tournure. The long apron-front is full and much wrinkled. The sides are trimmed with broad bands of gray Astrakhan-fur. The short close-fitting jacket has a band of the fur on the basque; a large collar and cuffs of the same. The small muff is also of Astrakhan. Brown felt hat.

FIG. VII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF DELICATE GRAY NUN'S-VEILING. The skirt is composed of several false tucks or folds. The deep paniers (the one on the right side being much longer than the other) and the drapery at the back are gathered to the waist. The bodice is full, has a cream lace plastron, and is made full at the back. Oxydized ornaments are at the bottom of the waist, and on the band at the throat.

FIG. VIII.—THROATLET, OF SEAL-SKIN, lined with satin, and fastened in front, with a bow of brown Ottoman ribbon.

FIG. IX.—MUFF, OF BLACK VELVET, embroidered in silver, and edged with black fox-fur. A black satin ribbon passes through the muff, to hang it by, around the neck. A muff could easily be made of brocaded satin or velvet, or it might be embroidered in colors to match a walking-suit.

FIG. X.—WALKING-DRESS OR VISITING-DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN CLOTH. The back of the skirt falls in undraped

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folds; the front is ornamented with velvet flowers, appliquéd on the cloth. The bodice is of plain green cloth, and is ornamented with a green feather-trimming around the bottom, the neck, and sleeves Brown fur would also look well as trimming.

FIG. XI.—CLOAK, OF BÉGE-COLORED CLOTH, lined with brown silk. It is Princess shape, and open at the back, showing the dress beneath; or it may be made with a large plait at the back. The bottom, as well as the hood and sleeves, are trimmed with pinked-out brown silk ruchings; the hood is quite deep and pointed. Bége-colored felt hat, trimmed with brown Ottoman ribbon.

FIG. XII.—COLLAR, of white linen, trimmed with lace and ribbon.

FIG. XIII.—VISITING-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE CLOTH. The skirt is trimmed with false tucks in front, and at the back it is simply draped, and falls in full folds. The deep shoulder-cape has a small hood, which is lined with pale-gold colored satin. Hat of blue spotted cloth, trimmed with blue satin ribbon and pale-gold feather.

FIG. XIV.—HEAD-DRESS, OF THE CATOGAN STYLE, as it is termed in France, or Washington style, as it is termed in this country. The back-hair is combed low down at the back, and, if not very plentiful, is puffed over a frisette, and tied with a ribbon. This is an especially pretty way of dressing the hair for young people, or those with thin faces. In fact, it is more becoming, though, perhaps, not so stylish, as the present mode of wearing the hair high on the head.

FIG. XV.—HAT, OF SEAL-SKIN, with a narrow border of mink-fur. The feathers are shaded brown, with a small aigrette in the centre.

FIG. XVI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-GRAY CAMEL'S-HAIR. The skirt is laid in wide plaits, alternating with clusters of narrow ones. The tunic is quite full, with long pointed drapery in front, and a full rounded drapery at the back. The close-fitting jacket is trimmed with black Astrakhan-fur. The black felt bonnet trimmed with quillings of black velvet ribbon and dark-gray feathers.

FIG. XVII.—HEAD-DRESS, OF FORGET-ME-NOTS and loops of pink ribbon.

FIG. XVIII.—HAT, OF MUSHROOM-COLORED FELT, of the flower-pot shape. The brim is bound with dark-brown velvet, and the same encircles the crown. Tuft of fancy wings and ostrich-tips.

FIG. XIX.—BONNET, OF BLACK LACE, trimmed with bunches of rich purple grapes.

FIG. XX.—BONNET, FOR LIGHT MOURNING, of black crépe, trimmed with dull-black silk and black feather pompon and bird.

FIG. XXI.—HAT, OF GRAY FELT, for a young girl, faced and trimmed with black velvet and gray feathers.

FIG. XXII.—SHOULDER-CAPE, OF MINK-FUR. It is shaped on the shoulders, and has a turned-down collar. The bow in front is brown, to match the satin lining.

FIG. XXIII.—SEAL TOQUE. The shape is entirely covered with seal-skin, and the star-shaped bow is of velvet of a lighter shade of brown than the toque.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Woolen fabrics have, for some time past, been worn for ordinary walking-dresses, almost to the exclusion of silk, velvet, etc., which are reserved usually for more ceremonious occasions. But these costumes are often exceedingly stylish; and a good fit, becoming color, and suitable trimming will make them also proper for almost any occasion. This season, woolen dresses are often made up of plain and figured materials of the same colors, the figured being usually employed for the underskirt, and as a trimming for the bodice, the plain used for all the other parts of the costume Of course, this mode may be reversed, if desired. The figured goods are usually of a rough twill, and the plain material is also of a rather rough texture.

Velvet and plush are also employed for the trimming of these costumes; the vests, collars, and cuffs, etc., being of velvet of a color to correspond, or in good contrast with the woolen stuff.

Figured or striped materials will be largely used, this winter, thus showing that the "combination-dresses" have not gone out of fashion. Stripes of velvet alternate with stripes of woolen, in some of the new goods, and are made up much as the figured all-woolen materials are.

Tailor-made suits are now frequently of quite, rather glossy, smooth cloth, thus differing from those lately worn. In Paris, nearly all tailor-made dresses are of this description; though, in England, the rather rougher cloth is preferred.

Cashmere and camel's-hair have lost none of their popularity with those who like quiet dressing, and these are made very stylish by velvet trimmings, or by the new plaid velvet trimmings.

Silks, poplins, and velvets are made up very much as the woolen goods are, the trimmings being usually of jet, chenille, or lace.

Woolen lace or yak is extensively used, this season, not only for trimming dresses, but for mantles, cloaks, etc., etc.

Jerseys are as popular as ever. They are much too convenient to be thrown aside, and come in colors to match nearly all dresses. They are no longer the plain, hard-looking, unshapely things they used to be, but are woven with seams, and are trimmed with lace, gimp, etc., etc.

The plain cloth basque, made usually of a darker shade than the skirt with which it is worn, continues popular. This is made in the postillion-shape, and is untrimmed.

The new colors are all so beautiful, that it is difficult to say which is most popular. Ruby is in favor just now; but it is a color of which one would tire sooner than the rich dark-blues, greens, etc., etc.

In the style of making dresses, there is nothing absolutely new. Much drapery seems to be rather confined to thin materials, and a longer overskirt is seen more frequently than was the case last year.

Sashes are very popular, especially for house-wear and for the more elegant kind of visiting-dresses: those of watered ribbon being the most elegant. We refer to our October number for the latest hints.

Mantles are still worn with sleeves cut in the material; but they are not very wide. The short ones are much more dressy than the longer ones, and are fitted to the back, and are sufficiently full to fall gracefully over the tournure, and have rather long ends in front. They are made of woolen goods, plush, velvet, or fur, as may be most convenient; but the shape usually remains the same. Some are quite untrimmed, others are ornamented with jet, lace, galloon, etc., etc.

Jackets differ but little in shape from those worn last year, are often double-breasted for warmth, and untrimmed, except for the large flat wooden buttons.

Cloaks are quite long, fit rather closely to the waist, fall easily over the tournure, have the sleeves cut in the shape, and are loose and straight in front.

Fur mantles are sometimes entirely without trimming; but the latest style is to have them ornamented with fur balls or tails.

Bonnets are still rather small, close-fitting to the sides of the face, trimmed high on the top in front, and are pointed, slashed, or round, as may suit the wearer. They are frequently made of two materials; sometimes one is plain, and the other figured, and are trimmed with birds, large satin or velvet bows or loops of ribbon, large beads, etc., etc.

Woolen bonnets, to match the dresses, are fashionable; or, if the whole bonnet be not of the woolen, it is used partially.

Felt bonnets and hats have lost none of their popularity.

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OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

Colored note-paper is just now the rage with the ultra-fashionables of Paris. At first, the novelty was shown in deep scarlet only; but now vivid pinks, blues, greens, and mauves dispute the pre-eminence. There is also a style that represents paper or parchment that has been discolored by long immersion in the water. This is called Pompeian paper, and is not only ugly, but disagreeable-looking. These new highly-colored papers have but one quality to recommend them: they afford an admirable background for gold and silver crests or monograms. As to the writing, the softest of pens, the blackest of ink, and the most careful penmanship are necessary to make it even tolerably legible. This new fashion is certainly absurd and impracticable in the highest degree. The queerest of these new note-papers is barred diagonally with the red, white, and blue of the French flag, in three wide stripes.

Velvet-figured materials will be highly popular during the coming season. The figures are much larger than were those in vogue last year, and include large oval spots, crescents, leaves, and flowers. A new and striking pattern is the trumpet-flower, in velvet, with a bunch of small cut-jet beads hanging from its calyx. These materials are shown in sicilienne for full-dress, and in vigogne for demi-toilette. Draped overskirts have regained their supremacy with the arrival of the season for heavy materials, the straight round skirts being better adapted to dresses of lace, gauze, or muslin. The modes of draping the overdress are endless. Some have a long-pointed curved apron-overskirt, with long flat plaits at the back, over a plain underskirt of plain or figured velvet or of heavy brocade. Other dresses are made with short scarf-draperies, placed panier-wise at the sides, and with loops and long broad ends at the back. Other skirts, again, are laid in large flat folds, with breadths of a different material from the skirt itself placed at either side. Velvet-striped materials are a good deal used in silk, sicilienne, faille, and vigogne. The stripes are very wide, being two inches in breadth, in the richer stuffs. These materials combine well with the plain ones. A very tasteful costume, and one easily reproduced, is composed of a short plain skirt and corsage, in velvet-striped sicilienne. The stripes are made to run transversely: that is to say, the skirt-widths and the back and front of the corsage are cut bias. At the back of the corsage, the stripes meet in points, and also slope down in points in front. The corsage is finished with a collar-band of velvet, and has a full shirt-vest of plain sicilienne. On the skirt, is set a full-draped overskirt of sicilienne, made very long at the back, and caught up in full-draped folds at either side of the point of the corsage, falling in flat plaits in the centre. In front, this overskirt is open at the right side to the waist, being caught together below the edge of the corsage with clasps of cut jet. Another very pretty toilette is composed by bordering the full round skirt with interlaced two-inch-wide ribbons, of velvet and satin, or velvet and watered silk, this bordering to reach just above the knee. A wide sash of satin or watered silk, caught in two large loops, and having very long ends, is set at the back of the skirt, just below the corsage. The waist is in plain material, with velvet cuffs and collar.

The sleeves, even in demi-toilette, are no longer of the coat-shape solely, but various styles of full sleeves are now seen, gathered into a band that fits closely around the arm. These full sleeves are of three-quarter length, and are usually trimmed up the side with a strip of the same material as that of the band. A dress in black faille, for instance, has a pointed vest of black velvet, embroidered with jet; the sleeves are fulled into a band of black embroidered velvet, and each sleeve has a strip of the same material set at the side and reaching to the shoulder.

Corsages are made very short and pointed, and round waists are sometimes seen; but these last can only be worn by persons with very slender figures. An elegant novelty for house-dress is a half-fitting velvet jacket, in some rich brilliant color, such as scarlet, violet, or sapphire-blue, and having a full Louis XIII shirt of surah set in front and puffing out around the waist. This must match the jacket in hue precisely. These jackets are worn with skirts of black silk or black sicilienne.

Wraps are worn as in the spring: that is to say, either very long or very short. For walking or for traveling, the long redingotes are worn; short dolmans or jackets, in the richer materials, being fashionable for driving or visiting. In furs, the short tight-fitting jackets are the fashion. Dolmans, with long scarf-ends, are made of stamped velvet, bordered with feather-trimming. Some of the new heavy black corded cloths, for the long pelisses and redingotes, are richly interwoven with gold, in which case the garment is lined with old-gold colored satin, and is trimmed with passementerie, in black and gold. Velvet wraps are made in the shorter forms, and are richly and profusely trimmed with passementerie, and lace, and fringe. Walking-dresses are now seldom made in suits; that is to say, with the wrap in the same material as the dress itself, the cloak or jacket being adapted to wear with a number of costumes.

The approaching marriages of two young royal ladies, the Princess Marie Amelie, of Orleans, and the Infanta Eulalia, youngest daughter of Queen Isabella, of Spain, have called into being some beautiful novelties in the way of materials for wedding-dresses. One of these is in wide alternate stripes of white satin and velvet. Another is a rich white and silver brocade: the pattern, lilies of the valley, in silver, on a white satin ground. So light and graceful is the design, that the material does not look too heavy for a young bride to wear. The most elegant of all, perhaps, is a white satin, embroidered by hand with orange-blossoms, sprays of the flowers being scattered at intervals all over the material. White uncut velvet is also in vogue for bridal toilettes, and makes a very beautiful train: falling, as it does, in long graceful folds.

A very beautiful new color, which Worth is employing a good deal just now, in combination with dark tints, is a rich glowing red, which is called "molten lava." Another new and lovely hue is a pale silvery green, which is employed for evening-dresses. Dark-blue, dark-brown, and steel-gray are all hues that will be fashionable for street-wear this winter

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SUIT, OF BROWN CLOTH. The knicker-bockers are not very full. The coat is rather close-fitting, is of brown cloth, trimmed with dark-brown velvet. A square-shaped false collar, the trimming down the front, the pockets, and cuffs, are all of velvet. Belt of the cloth, fastened with a large oxydized buckle. Brown felt hat, bound with the darker-brown velvet, and ornamented with cock's feathers.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S CLOAK, OF A SOFT WOOLEN WATER-PROOF MATERIAL. The cloak is plain-fitting in front; and the skirt at the back, which is attached to a plain waist, is laid in plaits. The cape is also plaited at the back. Hat of dark-green felt, trimmed with velvet ribbon.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S COSTUME, OF DARK-BLUE HEAVY SERGE. The skirt is very slightly draped at the back, plain at the sides, and laid in long plaits on either side of the front; the front is crossed by broad bands of black braid, or it may be tucked, if preferred. The jacket is double-breasted, has open revers, and rather large collar. The felt hat is trimmed with shaded gray feathers.

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LES MODES PARISIENNE

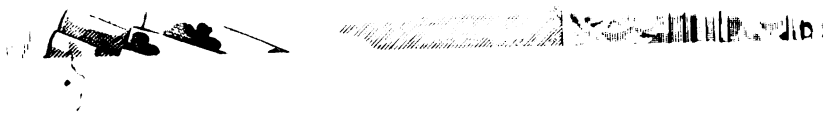
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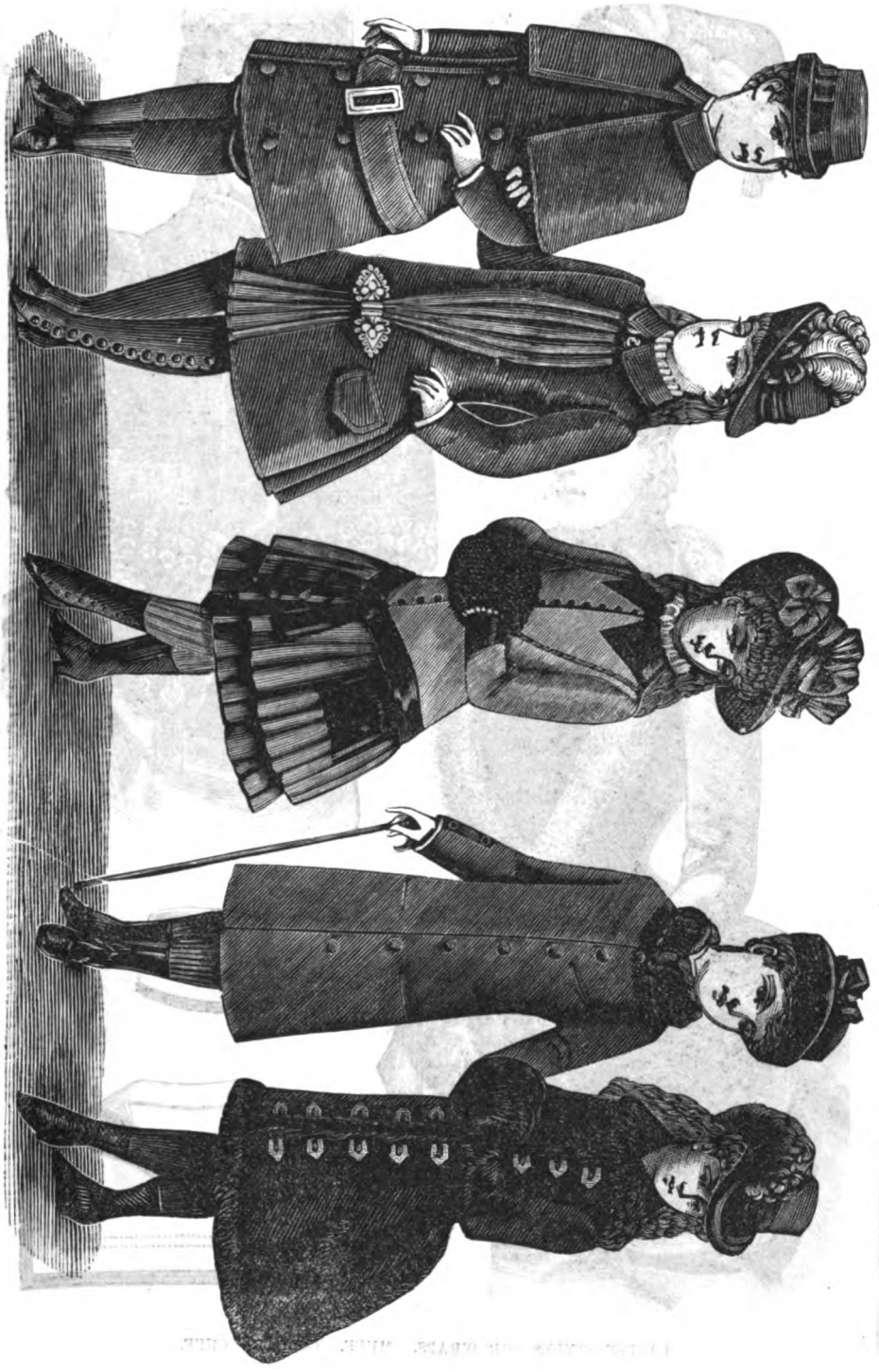
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WITH FATHER'S DINNER. [*See the Story, "Lost in the Storm."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

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LATEST STYLES FOR WRAPS. MUFF. COLLAR. CUFF.

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LATEST STYLES FOR WRAPS. TOQUE. SHOE. COLLAR.

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HOUSE-DRESS: FRONT AND BACK.

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HOUSE-DRESS. WALKING-DRESS.

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DESIGN FOR PASSION-FLOWER. INSERTION IN EMBROIDERY.

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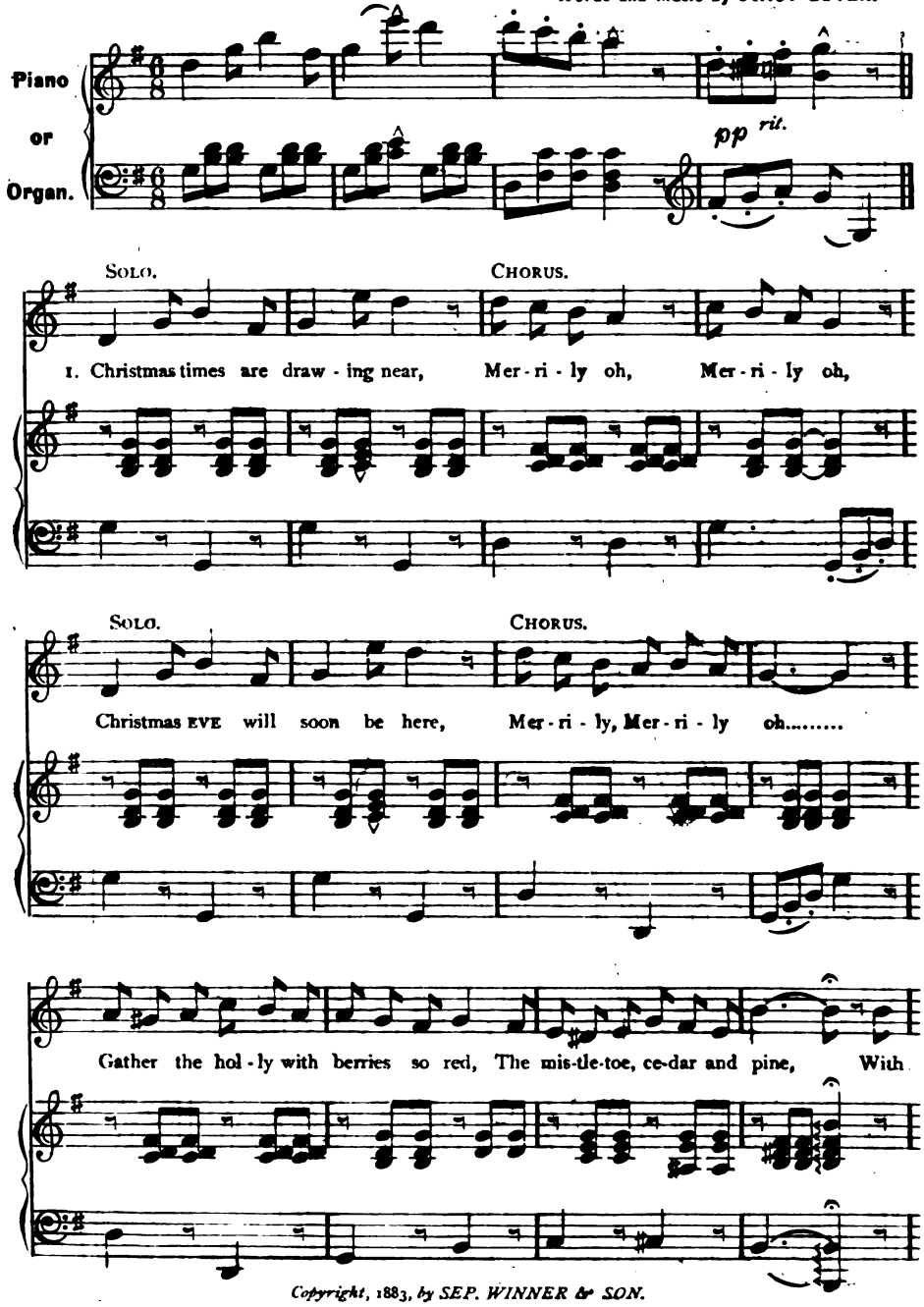


DESIGN FOR FUCHSIAS OR VIOLETS. INSERTION IN EMBROIDERY.

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"Christmas Comes but Once a Year."
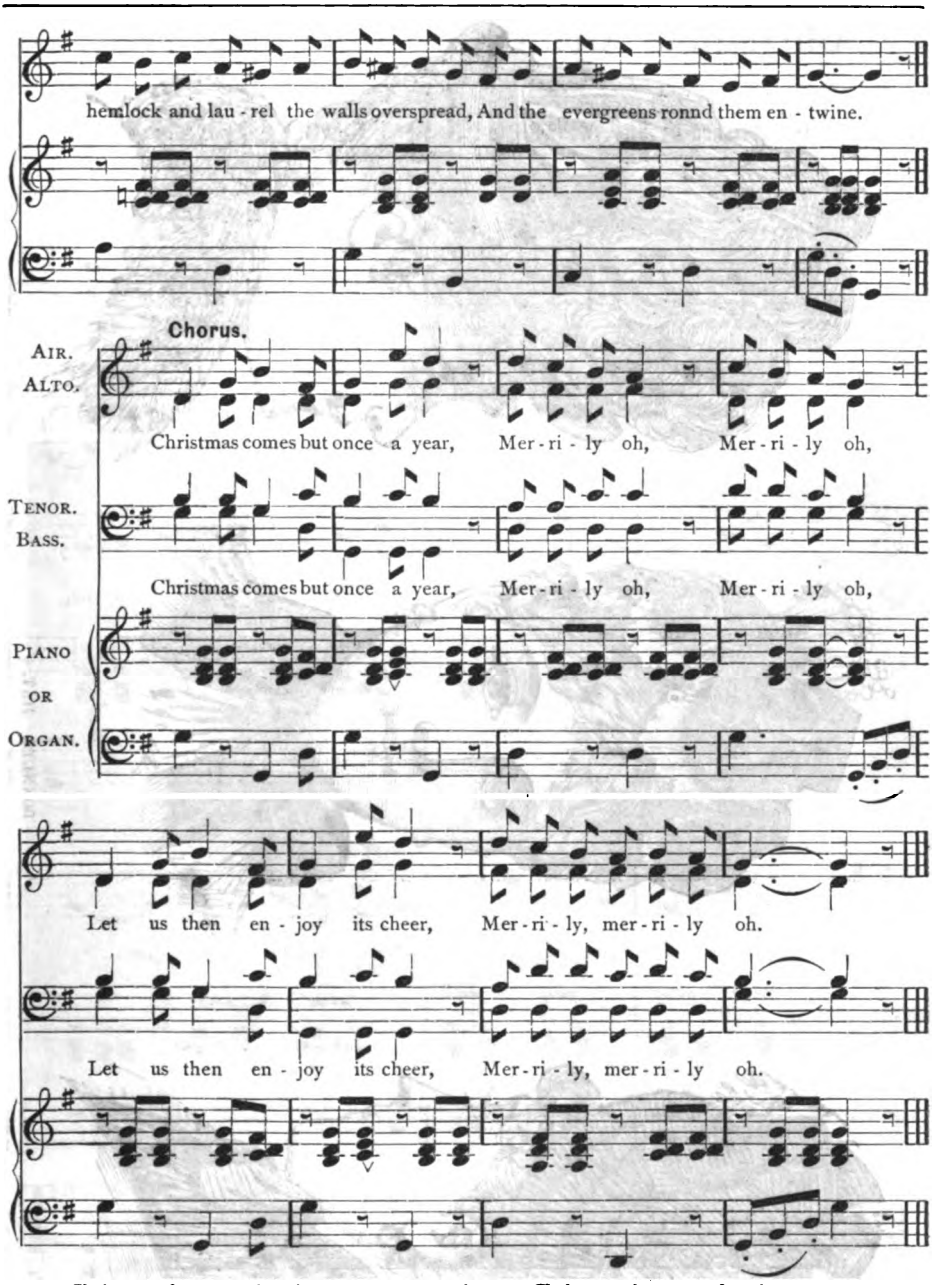
As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

Words and Music by STACY GUYER.



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2. Christmas times are drawing near,
Merrily oh, Merrily oh,
Christmas DAY will soon be here,
Merrily, merrily oh,
Hang up the stockings
And bring out the toys,
And trim up the Christmas tree;
Oh, hand round the gifts
To the girls and the boys;
Be as happy as happy can be.
Chorus.
Christmas comes but once a year, etc.

3. Christmas times are drawing near,
Merrily oh, Merrily oh,
Christmas NIGHT will soon be here,
Merrily, merrily oh,
After the joys
Of the day shall be o'er,—
Before the soft pillow you press,
Oh, pray for the needy
Who plead at your door,
And divide with them all you possess.
Chorus.
Christmas comes but once a year, etc.

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BONNETS, HAT.

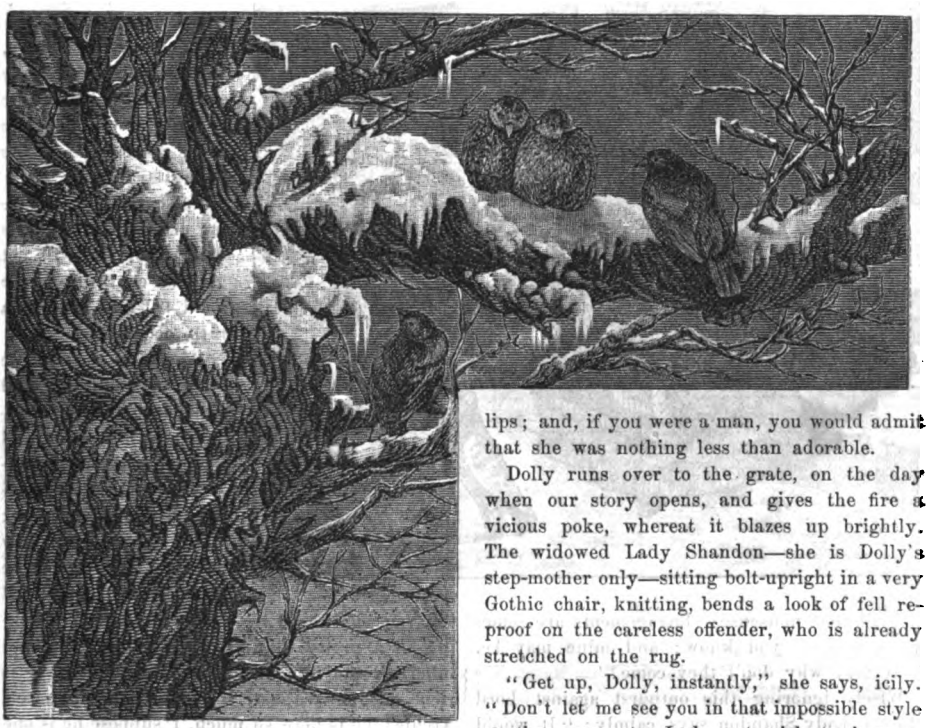
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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1885. No. 6.

DOLLY'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY DAVID N. BROOKS.



THE winter has set in early. Already, in late November, the snow is driving against the window-panes of Upmere House, so that it is impossible, except at intervals, to see the drive. Dolly Shandon watches some birds, cowering on the branch of a tree, for awhile, and then turns away impatiently, vexed at the weather.

I am forced to confess that Dolly was prettier when a little vexed, than at any other time. It was then you marked how delicate were the dainty brows, when knit into a frown; and how admirably adapted to a pout were the sweet red lips; and, if you were a man, you would admit that she was nothing less than adorable.

Dolly runs over to the grate, on the day when our story opens, and gives the fire a vicious poke, whereat it blazes up brightly. The widowed Lady Shandon—she is Dolly's step-mother only—sitting bolt-upright in a very Gothic chair, knitting, bends a look of fell reproof on the careless offender, who is already stretched on the rug.

"Get up, Dolly, instantly," she says, icily. "Don't let me see you in that impossible style another moment. I do not wish to impugn Lord Melton's taste, but I cannot fancy why he should choose the worst-mannered girl in Sheepshire for his wife. I—"

"Pray, don't trouble for him," returns the nonchalant Dolly, sitting up in a rather confused heap of blue serge. "I'm not yet sure he'll have to endure me in that capacity. He wouldn't have asked me, if his father and mine—poor dear papa, how I wish he were alive—hadn't planned it when we were babies, and if Upmere didn't march, as they say, with his own acres. If I weren't an heiress, he'd never think of me. I hate Archie's silly fads about pre-Raphaelitism

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and all that nonsense. Engagements are sometimes broken, you know; and mine may be. Dear me! why don't they come?"

Wisely ignoring this outburst against Lord Melton, Lady Shandon says, calmly: "It would be most satisfactory to me, if they did not come at all. It was extremely trying, that your father's cousin should marry a Yankee physician; and it was even more insufferable, that her children should be foisted on us, for a visit."

"They are my cousins, you know," says Dolly, pointedly.

"Well," pursues Lady Shandon, "we needn't entertain much, while they are here; and—Dolly, remember—do not you pick up any of those vulgarisms in use in the States; and," with a glance from the shrewd blue eyes, "do not have Archie here too much. These untrained girls, with their barbaric ideas of social intercourse, are—"

If Lady Shandon finished, Dolly never knew: for Dolly just then heard wheels on the carriage-drive, crunching on the snow; and she was at the hall-door, before the wheels stopped, giving her hand to a dark grave young man who stepped lightly from the carriage, and flinging her arms, the next moment, around the waist of the cloaked and veiled young lady who followed him.

"Come to the library, and, as soon as you have seen mamma, I will take you to your room," she says, graciously, to the young stranger.

Presently, she is laying aside all Prudence's wraps; for she will not give her cousin up to the maid till she has got a little acquainted.

When, at last, Prue is disencumbered, and sinks into the big easy-chair, with a smile and a long breath, our impulsive Dolly kisses her enthusiastically, and says: "Now, my lovely new cousin, you must not be a bit strange here. I'll tell you who we all are. There's Roger," checking off a pretty thumb: "he's my cousin, and inherited the title, though not this place; he is rich enough without it. And, next, there's Archie: he is here so much, I suppose he is one of us." This without the semblance of a blush. "I—well, he wishes to marry me, you know, and," hurrying on, "there's Molly, my pet little dog: you'll love her, too; and—hem!—mamma," dubiously; "perhaps, though," she says, more hopefully, "mamma may not be so bad, when you don't know her much; and that's all, except this naughty Dolly, who must ring for Jane immediately." And off she runs, while Prue Haydon tells herself that she shall soon love her sweet childish hostess.

In the drawing-room, Archie—in other words, Lord Melton—is awaiting dinner, despite Lady Shandon's lightly-veiled hints that he will be more

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welcome another time. He had happened to be at the station when the Haydons arrived, and the tall slight young American lady had looked most charming, he thought, when she thanked him for dismissing a most pertinacious old beggar, while her brother was getting together the wraps: a trifling incident, perhaps, but one which the imaginative young master of Melton Glen recurred to with a foolish flush of pleasure, somewhat treasonable to Dolly, who—alas! such is fickle woman—was, on her part, recalling, while her maid brushed out and recoiled her soft hair, the shyly-admiring gaze of Prue's brother Jack.

At last, gowned in a pathetically shabby dinner-dress of Quaker gray, Dolly descends, to find Prue in a pink marvel of Worth's, listening politely to Lord Melton's glowing description of some old painting he has burrowed out of the garret at Glen Melton.

"You must come and see my place," he is saying. "It is not so picturesque as this—I thought, yesterday evening, when I looked back, on driving away, and saw the winter moonlight shining on mansion and park, that Upmere House was the most romantic place in the world—but Melton Glen has been in the family for centuries, and is full of curious old things, which, if you take any interest in such matters, I am sure you will like." And Prue was looking up into his face, and smiling animatedly.



All this while, Lady Shandon, though evidently annoyed at Archie, is blandly inquiring of young Haydon if Cleveland, from which the cousins have come, and of which she has vaguely heard, is not one of the most famous avenues in San Francisco: "Noted for its fine residences, you know," and inclining one ear to Lord Melton and Prue. Roger, who is like Dolly, only "more so," is on the other side of Prue; and Dolly, entering, hears a mixture of "Perugino's early manner," from Archie, and "the jolliest run of the season," from Roger; and, seeing that Prue is having rather more conversation than she can manage, she calls Roger over to hear Molly's last caper.

At dinner, Jack is assigned to Dolly, who is charmed to hear about America, and, before the butler removes the fish, has made up her mind that "the States" are only one remove from the Elysian fields.

"But, you know," says Jack, artfully, watching the pretty dimples go, and the big blue eyes grow sympathetic, "I have had to rough it, ever since I can remember. We all have to do it there: we've no entailed estates: nothing like this Upmere House, which seems to me just a picture, do you know. Yes, it's hard lines for a fellow to be out among the 'Greasers'—I beg pardon, 'Mexicans'—half a dozen years; not a white face near one, except your chum and the

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doctor, when you're down with the fever. I was taking a Government survey. There was a pretty little Mexican girl, who used to bring me dainties: that is, what we thought were dainties. Pretty Nita!" sighs Jack, not unconscious of the tiny shade on Dolly's face, as, girl-like, she says, naively:

"How old was she?"

"Only fifteen," replies Jack, half absently. "I fished her little brother out, one day, when the little beggar got into the river. Oh! it was nothing, I assure you," he puts in, blushing all over his dark sensitive face, at the awe-struck admiration in Dolly's eyes. "He would have been picked out by somebody else. Only, the girl was foolish enough to fancy I had saved his life, and so she couldn't do enough for me. But you," trying to change the subject, "you, I dare say, have had the placid sort of existence that you ought to have."

"Ought to have?" cries Dolly, in disgust. "I hate a placid life. I love adventures. Or, at least, I think I would. It's sometimes dreadfully stupid here. The only way I can ever get up a little excitement is by threatening never to marry Ar—"

In a moment, she remembers herself. She hides her burning face in both hands, thereby attracting Lady Shandon's stony gaze. "I think," says Jack, anxiously, "that the fish was too hot, Lady Shandon." Dolly inly blesses him, and calls for a glass of ice-water. But step-mamma is not to be diverted thus, and plies Jack with questions and platitudes, until she rises and sails into the drawing-room. There, to Prue's astonishment, she says, frigidly: "I think, Dolly, you should return to tea in the school-room, with a governess, until you can control your emotions in a degree. The exhibition you made of yourself was simply disgusting."

The evening is not at all to Lady Shandon's taste. Dolly is not in the least amenable to reproofs, and accepts her American cousin's "petit soins" with a sweetness her step-mamma knows well will be fatal to that young man's peace of mind—and Lord Melton's, also, she fears: for Dolly has gently given my lord to understand that she is hostess, and must devote herself entirely to the strangers; and, "worst of all," Lady Shandon tells herself, "that quiet Prudence is devoted to art, and, if she and Melton are left together too much—"

Lady Shandon's maid did not have an enviable time, that night, when she was assisting her mistress to bed; and it was no wonder that Jane told the footman confidentially that "the



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old lady 'ave such a temper h'as no one never 'ad before 'er, she 'ave."

Poor Lady Shandon! Dolly is revenged for many stings, the next two weeks: for it has been my lady's greatest desire to have Glen Melton added to Upmere. And are two wretched Yankees, she thinks, hotly, to spoil everything? Worst of all, Lord Melton, though attentive, in a paternal way, to Dolly, does not take the proprietary air that a fiancé should. In point of fact, she must own that he seems completely consoled by his gentle pupil: for he is teaching Prue to work in crayon; and Prue, far from being the self-asserting strong-minded female that Lady Shandon imagined a Yankee girl must be, has a gentle appealing way that exactly meets Archie Melton's fond ideal, which, truth to tell, brusque saucy Dolly does not.

One day, Lady Shandon sees something that fairly rouses her to anger. Prue has gone out on the terrace, to feed the birds, with whom she has already made friends, and who come crowding around her, from a dozen unseen quarters, as soon as her voice is heard calling to them. While she is thus occupied, making a picture that even Lady Shandon has to confess is very femininely pretty, Archie comes up, and, giving his horse to his groom, dismounts and joins Prue. What the two say, she cannot hear; but she notices his eager manner and Prue's blush, and she grinds her teeth, muttering: "That fool of a Dolly!"

Then that reminds her that, if there were but two, things might be managed. But there are four! For, if Archie is always at the side of Prue, Jack is as often at the side of Dolly; and Jack seems a thousand times more really welcome than ever Lord Melton was. Lady Shandon has already found that she could not prevent tête-à-têtes, skating-parties, strolls in the park, between cousins, like Jack and Dolly. Roger, hateful fellow, gives her no aid. Indeed, he openly enjoys the situation; and, considering his engagement with Grace Chandos—his fifth entanglement since June—he flirts with Prue self-sacrificingly, to give the others a chance, when Melton is not at Upmere, which is but seldom.

At last, there is an afternoon when Lady Shandon relaxes her vigilance. Jack is driving over to Carwich with Roger. Melton, she fondly believes, has gone with them; and she steals off to her room, for "forty winks," with a peaceful heart.

Dolly, the minute the library-door is closed, throws herself on the hearth-rug, with a sigh of content, at Prue's feet, and, reaching up a lazy hand, closes Prue's "Rossetti," loaned her by Archie, and demands a good cosy chat.

"How nicely you get on with Archie, dear," she begins. "I'm so glad you enjoy your lessons. But, just confess: don't you ever become the least bit tired of all that art-nonsense, and those deep, deep poems, and—well, of him generally?"

"Why, Dolly!" cries Prue, arching her white brow. "Tired of it? He has the keenest insight, the most beautiful thoughts, the highest aims, of anyone I ever met. But," wearily, "I forgot, dear, that you knew all this; and more, of course, since you are to marry him. Of course, I know you are joking."

"Indeed, I'm not," says Dolly, shaking her head, emphatically. "I do get worn out—dead-tired of it all. He's never done anything grand: like—like saving a life, or—well, anything, you know," incoherently rather; "and it's so good of you to relieve me of all that art-business. I'm truly grateful. And oh, shan't I be sicker of it when we're married? Horrible thought! However, it's all settled, and 'what will be will be,' I suppose. Behold, even now, he approaches: I hear his voice in the hall. Let me escape—that's a good Prue." And she runs out, by the other door, as Lord Melton comes in through the hall.

A guilty flush is on Prue's face. "It's all settled," she repeats, "and I must be more mindful of that," and there is a tiny difference in her always quiet manner, that is not lost on Melton, as she greets him. His face lights up, however, as he sees his book in the slim white hand. "Did you read the sonnets I marked?" he asks, drawing his ottoman near Prue. How resolves melt before those dark eyes, fixed on hers! "I know you have the 'simpatica' to appreciate them to the full," he goes on. "One can re-live his own emotions in them," softly.

"I—have read them," says Prue, nervously rising, and pulling up a curtain—which had been quite high enough before, by the bye. "Shall I show you the sketch I made from my window? Not so good as I have done with you. I'm afraid your pupil will never learn to stand alone," she says, regretfully.

Melton represses the reply that trembles on his lips; and so they talk about art, for the next two hours. He goes away, however, before Lady Shandon comes down. There is a pause, as he stands, hat in hand, at the library-door: a pause in which he looks long at the gentle face before him. Prue, at last, glances up. Their eyes meet, in a look which is a confession; and it is Prue who turns away first, without a word, and retreats into the library. He goes down the terrace-steps, and mounts his horse, careless of

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the heavy drops of rain, saying, beneath his breath: "Tied—bound—hand and foot!" and rides dizzily on for awhile: then breaks into a gallop. that sorely tries the groom who follows.

Lady Deering gives a dance, as usual, this winter, on Christmas Eve; and Lady Shandon, now keenly suspicious, has used every means, within polite bounds, to induce her guests to leave before it; but they rather comprehend her motives, and yield to Dolly's entreaties to stay.

The evening has come, and Lady Shandon has actually bought Dolly a new frock: white and most simple, but infinitely becoming. Prue's slenderness is enveloped in clouds of her favorite pink crape, and she is more like a lovely rose than ever. Lord Melton gazes at her, with despairing eyes. The dance is like most other dances. The usual county magnates are there; peers and their wives; squires and their wives; and crowds of young people, voracious for dancing.

Melton dances the usual duty-dances with his fiancée, and tries hard to realize how sweet and piquant she is; but, if one does not love, one does not, and that is all there is to it: and he feels, shall we say, almost bored. Well, if he be, Dolly is not less so. At last—sweet moment for Dolly!—he yields her to Jack, and, after a few moments of delicious whirling, they stop near the conservatory.

"Let us go in, Dolly," he says. There are seats scattered here and there. Dolly sinks into one, and begins nervously to open and shut her fan. He draws another chair up to hers. He also is nervous: he clasps his hands over his knee, quite unconsciously.

"Dolly," he says, "you will see the last of me, in a few days." He speaks gloomily, looking around at her.

Dolly says never a word; but there are bright tears in the eyes which, for a moment, she raises to his, above her fan.

"Dolly, do you care?" he asks, rapturously. "Oh, Dolly, you're his, now: it's too late; but why—why did I not come before?"

The tears are running down Dolly's cheeks now: she does not even attempt to conceal them; she has forgotten that people may come in and hear, at any moment.

"Yes, wh–why d–didn't you come before?" she sobs. "H–how could I know, before I saw you?" Then they both smile, even in their pain, and Dolly stops crying; for they hear voices behind some thick palms near. Another couple is there, but concealed from view. But Dolly recognizes Lord Melton's voice, and, directly, Prue's. Both Jack and Dolly are surprised, for a moment, into being listeners.

"Prue, Prue, it's no use," says Archie, in a tone of despair. "I'm a dishonorable wretch to speak it, but I love you—I love you! Dolly's a good little girl, but you—you understand me: and you are the only woman I ever really loved. I didn't know what love meant, when I asked Dolly to marry me. I think, now I look at it, that it was the estates our people had in their minds, and so inveigled us into an engagement. Speak, Prue, speak! We must be wretched, the rest of our lives; but let me have one half-hour of heaven. Say you love me, and I will bear it all: and keep my word, if you wish it, to her."

Then, in Prue's low tremulous tones, came the reply: "Hush! Never say one word more. What I feel is best unspoken. Be true to Dolly: and—and may God bless you. I cannot bear any more," rising. "Take me back to Lady Shandon, and find Jack."

Dolly, quick as a flash, starts up, however, and runs toward them. "Archie, Archie," she cries, grasping his hand, while Prue, white and rigid, stands silent, "you have made me happy as a queen. Haven't you seen—haven't you guessed—that—that—"

Jack had reached her, by this time, and an eloquent look tells the rest. Dreadful to relate, too, Lady Shandon, having grown uneasy at the long absence of her charges, seeks the conservatory, at this very moment, leaning on the arm of the fat old Member of Parliament for Billbank. She stands rooted to the ground, at what she sees and hears.

Our story is finished. Even Lady Shandon, after the first shock, realized that it was wisest to "accept accomplished facts." There were two marriages, the following spring, and the only misfortune connected with either, that we have to relate, is that both Jack and Prue ceased to be Americans; for one went to Melton Glen, as its mistress, to reside; and the other, in right of his wife, reigns at Upmere House; where, it is said, he makes a pattern landlord and squire, as well as a pattern husband.

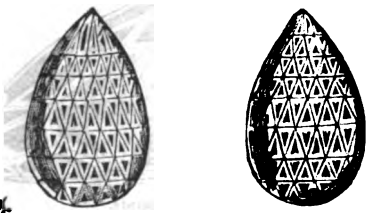
Jack paid, indeed, quite a long visit to the United States, the year he was married: Dolly insisting on it, as her wedding-tour. Moreover, a visit was necessary, to settle up his affairs in America. Dolly enjoyed the "Far West" immensely, with its life of adventure; and sometimes, even in her beautiful home, says she almost wishes she had been born poor, so that she and Jack might live on the plains.

"But, perhaps," Jack says, "in that case, we might never have met. If I hadn't come to England, where would we have been? Ah! it is all owing to that blessed CHRISTMAS EVE."

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THE GREAT DIAMONDS OF THE WORLD.

BY HELEN J. THORNTON.



Ear-Rings of Empress Eugénie, 50 Carats.

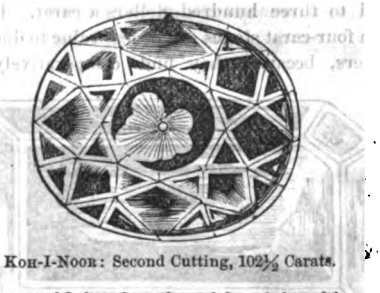
EVERY woman is born with a love for diamonds. It would be unjust to say that it is merely the money-value that attracts one. On the contrary, it is, nearly always, the beauty of the diamond itself, than which, in a certain way, there is really nothing so beautiful. Simply to turn a diamond ring hither and thither, so that the jewel may catch the light at different angles, and reflect it in a thousand hues, is a pleasure indescribable.

Scientific men are not agreed as to the origin of the diamond. An analysis of it shows it to be composed of carbon; in other words, of the same material as charcoal. But how different! Nothing, indeed, seems such a commentary on the wonders of nature, as that two things, apparently so different, should be substantially



Koh-I-Noor: First Cutting, 186 Carats.

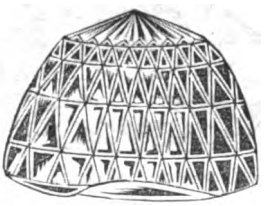
the same. Sir Robert Loyd Lindsay, who lately visited the South African diamond mines, speaks of this puzzling problem. "If the diamonds," he says, alluding to the popular opinion as to their origin, "be the result of enormous pressure, and of the effect of fire upon metals in the depth of the earth, how does it happen that, in the vicinity of diamonds, and even touching them, are found pieces of carbonized wood, and small delicate shells, which could not exist under the action of heat? I purchased a small diamond as it was found sticking in the blue earth: with a bit of carbonized wood adhering to it." The diamond is found in a sort of blue rock; and the workers of the mines, according to Sir Robert, are divided as to the opinion whether it comes from below, upheaved—and, if so, from what unknown depth—or whether it has entered the mine from above, running down from a muddy stream, carrying the diamonds, and the shells, and the carbonized wood along with it. In mining for diamonds, the rock in which the gems are found imbedded is first quarried, then exposed for some weeks to the sun and air, and finally washed in a machine until reduced to the consistence of mud, when diamonds can easily be extracted from the soft pulpy mass. Any other



Koh-I-Noor: Second Cutting, 102½ Carats.

process would involve the risk of breaking or otherwise injuring the gems. In an ordinary "wash," as this process is called, as many as a dozen or fifteen diamonds are found.

But enough as to how diamonds are found, and their probable origin. A word, however, as to their value. Diamonds are weighed by the carat, as it is called, which is equivalent to not quite four grains, troy weight. African diamonds are less costly than the Brazilian ones: the yellow variety ranging from thirty-five to forty-eight dollars a carat. The larger stones of this kind

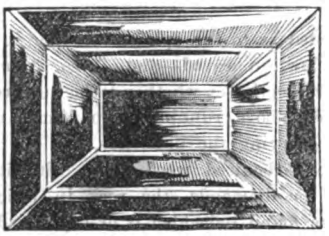


Orloff, 193 Carats.

do not increase in price. The half-white stones sell for from sixty to eighty dollars a carat. As these increase in size, the carat-value advances slightly. The pure stones are worth from eighty

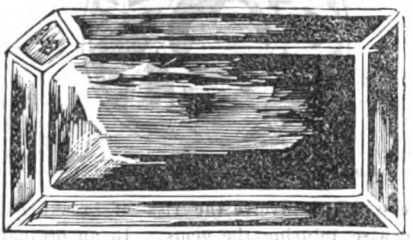
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to one hundred dollars. The larger gems of this variety, say from two to five carats each, are worth from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and eighty dollars a carat, according to the perfection of the gem. Brazilian diamonds,



THE TABLE OF THE SHAH, 244 Carats.

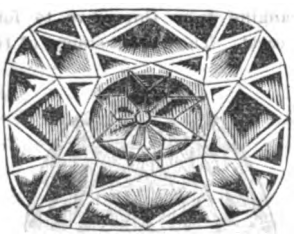
blue-white, are worth from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars a carat. Two to four carat stones of Brazil are worth from two hundred to three hundred dollars a carat. Larger than four-carat stones are of less value to diamond dealers, because they find comparatively few



THE GREAT TABLE DIAMOND, 242½ Carats.

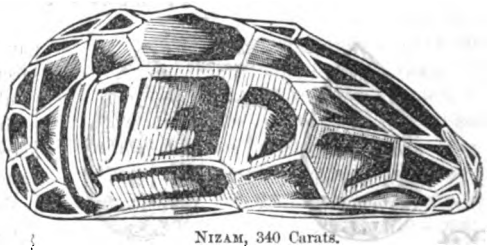
purchasers. When you come to diamonds of twenty carats or more, it is only crowned heads, or princes, or a Rothschild, or other great millionaires, that can indulge in such luxuries.

This brings us to the great diamonds of the world: among the most famous of which are the



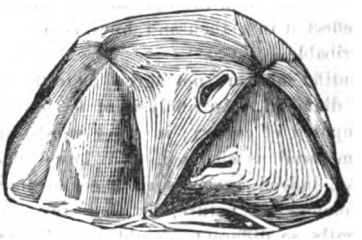
STEWART, 140 Carats.

Koh-i-Noor, the Regent, the Shah, the Mogul, the Nizam, etc., etc. The better to illustrate this part of our subject, we give engravings of these diamonds, representing not only their appearance, but their actual size. The most world-renowned of these, with a history that rivals romance, is the Koh-i-Noor, now in the possession of the Queen of England. It is first heard of—at least, authentically—A. D. 1304, though tradition carries it back to B. C. 57; while legends identify it with a diamond discovered five thousand years ago,



NIZAM, 340 Carats.

and worn as a sacred talisman by Carna, the Rajah of Manla, a hero of the pre-historic ages. It came, at last, into the possession of the Great Mogul. When Nadir Shah invaded India, A. D. 1739, one of his first objects, on taking Delhi, was to get this diamond, which, meantime, had come to be known by the poetical name of the



STAR OF THE SOUTH, 254 Carats.

"Mountain of Light." But, somehow, the gem had disappeared. After awhile, however, Nadir learned, from a woman of the Great Mogul's conquered harem, that the defeated prince, Mohammed, wore it concealed in his turban, which he never on any occasion laid aside. The quick wit of Nadir, aided by an old Oriental custom, soon came to his aid; for, at the grand

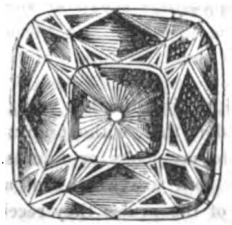


HOPE'S BLUE, 49¼ Carats.

ceremony shortly afterwards, after a treaty of peace, held in Delhi, for the purpose of reinstating Mohammed on the throne of his Tartar ancestors, Nadir suddenly took the opportunity of asking him to exchange turbans, in token of reconciliation, and in order to cement the eternal

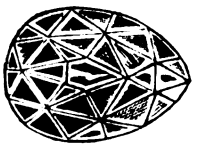
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friendship they had just sworn for each other. Suiting the action to the word, the Persian removed his own gem-bedizened sheep-skin, and replaced it with the Emperor's turban. Moham-



Regent or Pitt, 137 Carats.

med was too proud to make any sign, and Nadir, hastily dismissing the durbar, and withdrawing to his tent, untwisted the folds, and there discovered the long-coveted Koh-i-Noor. After his death, the great diamond experienced various fortunes. An Afghan conqueror became its owner, and his eldest son, to whom it descended, was deposed and deprived of sight by his brother, Shah Shuja, who was long unsuccessful in obtaining the diamond, because his victim had imbedded it in the plaster of his prison-wall. Finally, on

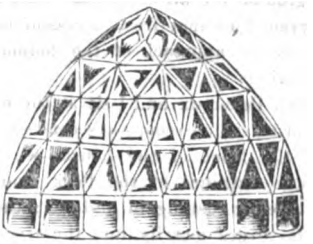


Sancy, 53½ Carats.

the fall of Delhi, after the Sepoy mutiny, it became the spoil of the British crown.

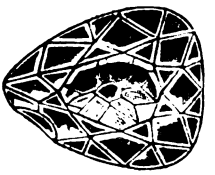
It is not, by any means, the largest diamond in the world, however. When the British captured the "Koh-i-Noor," it was so badly cut that a new cutting was resolved on, which reduced its size to one hundred and eighty-six carats; but this cutting proving unsatisfactory, it was cut again, bringing it down to one hundred and two and a half carats. In its present shape, it is smaller than the Regent diamond, the one which Napoleon the Great used to wear in his sword-hilt, as Emperor, which weighs one hundred and thirty-seven carats, and which, under the name of "the Pitt diamond," had almost as romantic a history as the "Koh-i-Noor."

Neither of these diamonds, however, equals in size the "Shah," two hundred and forty-four carats; the "Great Table Diamond," two hundred and forty-two and a half carats; the "Stewart," one hundred and forty carats; the "Nizam," three hundred and forty carats; or the "Star



Great Mogul, 279⅞ Carats.

of the South," two hundred and fifty-four carats: though both the "Koh-i-Noor" and the "Regent" surpass the rest in brilliancy. Of all these, as will be seen, we give engravings. There are many more large diamonds—notably, "Hope's Blue," forty-nine and a quarter carats; the mighty "Orloff," one hundred and ninety-three carats; "Dudley," forty-six and a half; the "Sancy," that once belonged to Charles the Bold, fifty-three and a third carats. A very remarkable pair of earrings, fifty carats, belonging to the



Star of South Africa, or Dudley, 46½ Carats.

Empress Eugénie, must not be overlooked, in this catalogue of the great diamonds of the world; neither must we omit the "Great Mogul," two hundred and forty carats.

TWO VIEWS.

BY BENNETT BELLMAN.

Beneath the trees, beneath the skies,
A maiden in my hammock lies.

Another near, with intent look,
Is reading in an open book.

To her I say: "How sweet the view!"
A casual remark, but true.

She looks up, in a mute surprise,
At waving woods, and fields, and skies.

A sweeter view it was, I meant:
A face, with closèd eyes—content.

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CECIL DARE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 409.

CHAPTER VI.

THIS is a bright mid-winter morning: snow on the ground, the air crisp and clear, the great city pervaded by that fresh access of bustle and life which the approach of the holiday-season always brings.

As Mrs. Devereux and I sit at the window in our favorite sitting-room—a second-story chamber, at the front of the house—we can look across the entrance of the Park, and see the sleighs already rushing in and out; the ring of the bells surges merrily up; the trees look so beautiful in their winter dress, that we can almost fancy we are out in the country, which we both love so much better than this gay restless New York.

Mrs. Devereux and I live together; we have done so now for many months, and are mutually so well satisfied with our arrangement, that we daily congratulate ourselves on the fact that circumstances unexpectedly left her free to join me. It is over a year and a half since we met for the first time, at Mr. Endicott's place: to judge by my feelings, it might be half my life ago: for I love her so dearly, that I cannot imagine existence without her companionship and sweet counsels.

We are talking about the ball to which we go to-night: in reality, my first ball, though, of course, not given with any idea of introducing me into society. It is expected to be the grandest affair, so far, of the season; and the newspapers, to my great disgust, have already announced that I am to be present. Oh, those newspapers: what a bane and horror they have been to me for months past!

I sometimes think, with a smile, that, if the world only knew all the odd details of my Aunt Jerusha's characteristic will, what a change there would be in people's feelings. I should fare as ill as Cinderella would have done, had she stayed at her ball till past midnight. But these details are a secret between me and the executors, and I have no right to divulge them, even to Mrs. Devereux; and, as they do not in the least trouble me, naturally they have only now and then a place in my mind.

I am a great heiress, and society is very kind to me; and, during the last year, I have grown so much older, that, without any undue vanity in regard to my looks or talents, I am quite aware that both are worthy of at least a fair proportion of the praise they receive.

I know that I am much changed, in many ways, from the shy reserved Cecil of the days at Miss Pollard's school; but perhaps I do not fully realize how great the changes are. Lou Hartley—I still call her by the old name—has expressed such open astonishment at the alteration, that I notice it more than I should otherwise. Lou and Harry are very happy, and, so far, the runaway-marriage is more of a success than dear Mrs. Devereux thinks it ought to be, though she is always expressing her surprise and pleasure thereat. Harry has gone steadily to work, in his uncle's business-house; Lou has inherited some money from a distant relative. Both families are quite reconciled, and Lou is, as she expresses it, "happy as a queen, and much lighter-hearted." All the same, she is a good deal sobered down. Having spent several weeks with us, during the summer, Mrs. Devereux has been able to gain a certain predisposition in her favor, of which I am very glad. I am fond of Lou—of Harry, also.

Another acquaintance, of whom I have made mention, is brought to my mind—because, as we sit at the window, a four-horse sleigh, with several occupants, dashes past, and Mrs. Devereux says:

"Philip Squiers's turn-out: of course, Josephine Lovel has the seat-of-honor. That woman gets worse style every day. I should pity her husband, only he is so intensely vulgar and disagreeable that he doesn't deserve any sympathy."

I laugh, as I pat her shoulder, and answer:

"The sight of her always turns you dreadfully acid, you naughty old lady; and you never will call her by her proper and legal title."

"I always forget, though I wonder I do: for her married name suits her exactly: she looks Mrs. David Levy to the life," rejoins Mrs. Devereux.

Yes; Josephine has been for some months the wife of the great broker, David Levy. The wedding had been rather sudden, and is still

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a matter of surprise to many persons, though Mrs. Devereux vows that it has never been to her; and her explanation never varies:

"Josephine is the worst-tempered woman in the world. She is like a rattle-snake: if she can sting nobody else, she will sting herself. She found that it was useless ever to think she could delude Walter Endicott into a reconciliation; so, in a rage, she marries David Levy—that's the whole story."

I have also heard the account of her former engagement with Mr. Endicott, which I can best give in Mrs. Devereux's energetic words:

"It was all made up between Josephine and that half-sister of his—Ellen Rexford—who is three parts idiot, and the rest knave. Josephine had an illness at her house, and Walter, quite young then, was made to believe that, unless he offered her his heart and hand, the tender damsel would go into a decline. I dare say he was rather fascinated: she can be very charming, when she pleases, just for awhile; but it soon wore off. Josephine's temper is beyond her own control. Walter bore a great deal. Several times, after a rupture, he allowed himself to be wheedled into a compromise; but at last she set him free once too often—he staid so."

I know this happened several months before I met Miss Lovel, and I am quite aware that she came to Endicott's house in the belief that matters could once more be arranged.

I can afford now, with my added experience, to smile at the agony I suffered from Josephine Lovel's hints; I knew that my visit under Mr. Endicott's roof was perfectly correct, as I had Mrs. Devereux for chaperone; but all that girlish suffering is long ago over. As for Mr. Endicott, I rarely allow myself to think of him; we have never met since the evening I left his house. He has had a series of business-troubles, I know, and has been, the greater portion of the time, absent in the Southwest. I have a habit of telling myself that our acquaintance ended on that summer afternoon; that it is wiser to put away, as much as possible, all memories of that little episode in my girlish life; and I try to do so.

On this day, however, he is again brought to my mind; for Mr. Squiers and his sleighing-party pay us a visit, on their way back from the Park. We have a habit of being at home from four to six, on Wednesday; it is not a reception, but any acquaintance who calls is sure to find us in, and to be offered a cup of tea: such, Mrs. Devereux rather vainglorioously says, as nobody can get in any other house.

Josephine is exceedingly cordial, as she always insists on being, with me; indeed, she makes six visits to my one, though I usually discover that she has some object at bottom. I do so on the present occasion.

"Who is in town, do you think?" she says, in my ear, just before the party takes its leave. "Walter Endicott, of all people, and—my dear, he is engaged again; this time, to a Southwestern girl."

She is watching me keenly; I have no feeling of any sort to hide, though it is the first time that his name has been mentioned between us.

"I hope she is nice," I answer; "you ought to hope so, too, since you and Mr. Endicott were such intimate friends for so long,"

She is furious; but I do not regret my speech. I never fail to punish her, if she attempts any impertinence. When night comes, and I am at the ball, I have reason to be glad that Mrs. Levy has seen fit to give me the information that Mr. Endicott is near; for he and I meet suddenly, face to face, and, if I were not already prepared for that possibility, I might have shown some shyness or nervousness, the recollection of which would be annoying.

As it is, I am wholly mistress of myself; am, in fact, the first to speak, holding out my hand and saying:

"How do you do, Mr. Endicott? I am very glad to see you; I hope you have not quite forgotten an old acquaintance."

He bows over my fingers, and says everything that is proper; but he is not at all enthusiastic at our meeting. While we talk, Mrs. Levy comes, and contrives to carry him off; for which I am not sorry: somehow, so many memories of those days spent at his house have risen abruptly that to preserve my woman-of-the-world demeanor has grown a little difficult.

There is one thing certain: he is—if he thinks of it at all—very thankful that I did not accept the chivalrous offer of his hand, that awful evening. The old bitterness of humiliation rises so strongly in my soul, that, just to thrust it aside, I force myself into high spirits: I talk, I dance, I appear at what kind friends would call "my best," both in looks and gayety.

Mrs. Devereux and I are by no means among the last to leave the ball; but Walter Endicott goes away some time before us. I am resting for a little by my chaperone's side; there is a knot of men about: I am being flattered, and courted, and told that I am the belle of the room, as I am to be of the season; and, as I am about to dance again, just to get rid of the stale compliments, Mr. Endicott makes his way towards us.

"I've not been able to have a word with you, Walter," I hear Mrs. Devereux say; "are you

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going already? Well, be sure to come and see me to-morrow—don't forget."

Then, after a few more sentences between them, he turns to me and observes:

"I need not ask if you are enjoying your first ball; Mrs. Devereux tells me it is your first."

I am slightly offended at what I fancy is a tone of superiority in his voice, and I answer carelessly:

"Indeed, I am—do you know, I quite pity all you people who are blasé where such trifles are concerned."

Then I rise, take my partner's arm, and leave him without another word.

CHAPTER VII.

Mrs. Devereux informs me, the next morning, that Mr. Endicott is to call, at two o'clock; but it happens that I miss him. I remember a promise I made to go to Lou Mallory, at noon, and I keep my word; I stay with her so long that, before I reach home, Mr. Endicott has come and gone.

"I was so sorry you did not get back," Mrs. Devereux says; "so was he, I know. However, I told him we should expect him to dinner on Saturday; we'll just have eight or ten people, and be sure of a pleasant evening."

The dinner takes place, and Mr. Endicott is one of the guests; but though, when the festivity is over, Mrs. Devereux is quite jubilant at its having been a complete success, I cannot, down at the bottom of my heart, admit that I have passed an enjoyable evening.

My feelings toward Mr. Endicott are very difficult to analyze; as the days go on, it grows still more difficult for me to decide in regard to them. We see a good deal of him; he is often at the house, and we meet frequently at the houses of mutual acquaintances. Sometimes he is friendly and nice to me, sometimes he is rather bitter and sarcastic. Indeed, he and I quarrel quite often: it is the only approach to intimacy that we reach.

Really believing that Josephine has stated the truth in regard to his engagement, I am at first prepared to treat him as a friend; but, apparently, my frank cordiality displeases him. More and more, the old humiliation that, in his over-chivalrous sense of honor, he felt it necessary to offer me his hand, comes up and embitters my share of our intercourse. I begin sometimes to think that he is vexed because I so completely ignore all reference to that season; I am almost ready to believe that his masculine vanity is hurt because his fascinations apparently produced no effect upon me; that he thinks I ought to make some show of gratitude for the prowess he exhibited.

Sometimes I try to believe that I fairly hate him; and altogether my mind is quite a chaos, and I grow so restless and excitable that dear Mrs. Devereux is really troubled. I rush into every species of gayety; and, among my women acquaintances, oddly enough, I am more with Josephine Levy than anybody, even Lou Hartley. I do not like the lady; I am morally certain that she does not like me; yet she constantly seeks my society, and, in my sort of desperate mood, she manages to exercise a certain influence over my actions, which distresses Mrs. Devereux and enrages me; but, even for this, I blame Mr. Endicott.

"I wonder you can be so much with that woman," he remarks to me, once.

Now I know that he sees a great deal of her; she tells me of their conversations, repeats many speeches of his, says that she thinks the engagement with the Western girl has been broken off, and hints that Endicott's old feeling for herself is the real cause. I am growing actively to dislike her; I know her to be treacherous and false; but I am forced by circumstantial evidence to believe that she speaks truth where Mr. Endicott is concerned, and I wax downright bitter towards him in consequence. I get wholly to credit her statement that he is an arrant flirt; that what heart he has ever possessed went out to her, long since; and I resent the slightest approach to gallantry or compliment on his part.

So the weeks go on, and my intercourse with Mr. Endicott keeps up its odd fluctuations of pleasantness, of quarrels, sometimes of whole days of coolness, during which he absents himself from the house and avoids me. These seasons are followed, perhaps without reason or warning, by an equal number of days during which he visits us often, and in which he and I are on the best of terms. Some new communication from Josephine Levy usually brings about a fresh break; I trace the cause wholly to her, but she is always able to prove that she is offering certain evidence of his coquetry and general contempt for our sex.

One day, I go alone in the carriage to visit a protégé of dear Mrs. Devereux's: she always has more needy people on her hands than an entire charitable association could manage. This special person is a worthy little creature, who supports an aged father by her skill in coloring photographs. She is a great sufferer from rheumatism, and, as her health is worse than usual this winter, existence would be too much, even for her perseverance, except for my old friend's

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thoughtfulness. Once a week, Mrs. Devereux goes to see her, and carries in person the assistance she needs.

This dark Friday, my old friend is ill; so I offer to drive to the house, and visit little Miss Lansing. The poor soul lives in an unheard-of region—Minetta Lane—a tortuous alley off Bleecker Street. I leave the carriage at the corner; I make my way through the dirty alley; I reach the house, pay my visit, and take my leave. I have not obeyed Mrs. Devereux, who insisted that I should have the footman accompany me to the door; so, as I hurry up the alley again, alone, I am annoyed by a drunken man, who staggers out of some rum-hole, and, with coarse words, tries to bar my passage.

Before I have time even to be frightened, a gentleman rushes across the way and knocks my persecutor into the gutter. Once more I am forced to thank Walter Endicott for protecting me.

"You had no business to come alone to such a place," is his answer to my broken words. "I was walking up from Sixth Avenue; saw you get out of the coupé; and, as you did not bring your footman, I followed."

"You will begin to think I have a genius for adventures," I say, trying to laugh, yet longing to cry.

He does not speak; when we reach the carriage, he helps me in, then pauses with his hand on the door. I am trying to control my voice sufficiently to speak, when he says, suddenly:

"I once asked the right to protect you; well, you refused—perhaps it was best: at least, fate has put it out of my power ever to repeat the question. Cecil, I wish you every happiness. This is good-bye."

During my homeward drive, I sit utterly stunned and helpless. When I reach the house, Mrs. Devereux is busy with some guests; so I hasten to my room, and have a long hour of solitary communion. One fact is suddenly patent to my soul: I love Walter Endicott! I have never ceased to do so, from the first hour we met; and he has just told me that fate has parted us forever.

CHAPTER VIII.

We are invited out to dine; Mrs. Devereux's cold keeps her at home, but she insists on my going, and has sent to a friend to call for me. After the dinner, there is a reception and a private concert, to both of which she declares I must accompany Mrs. Lindsay. My dear old lady is terribly punctilious, and, as I fear she will go herself if I refuse, I promise everything she asks.

Mrs. Lindsay and I get away from the dinner about ten o'clock; we drive to the house where the reception is to be given—or rather towards it—and are stopped by a crowd and the information that we must turn back: a fire has broken out, down the street, and no carriages can pass. So I leave Mrs. Lindsay at her own mansion, and drive back to mine.

Mrs. Devereux is sitting in the library when I go in, and I see by her face that she is wondering why I have broken my word; so I hasten to explain.

"Well, since you tried to do your duty, I will own that I'm glad you have come back," she says. "Take off your wraps, and sit down here by me. How handsome you look to-night, my dear!"

"And so do you, in spite of pretending to be ill," I answer; "so there's flattery in return for yours."

But the old lady does not join in my laughter; she keeps her hand on my arm, and pulls me down on the sofa by her side, looking at me with such a wistful expression in her soft hazel eyes that I am troubled, and cry:

"Are you suffering—has anything gone wrong?"

She shakes her head, with its weight of soft white tresses, pats my hand, and, after a little, says:

"No, no: I am feeling better; but I am rather sad and depressed. I have had a visitor—whom do you think?"

"Mr. Endicott," I answer, before I can check myself; then am so strangely confused, by having given utterance to the name which rose instantly in my mind, that I feel the blood rush in torrents to my cheeks, and as suddenly recede.

"Yes, it was Walter," she rejoins, apparently too much absorbed to notice my agitation. "He is going away from town to-morrow—he came to tell me."

"You will miss him very much," I say; then ashamed of my cowardice, I add: "We shall both miss him. Is he going for long?"

"Did he not bid you good-bye to-day?" she asks; for, of course, I have told her of our meeting.

"Yes; but I did not take it as anything but a chance form of speech."

"He means to go to Texas—perhaps to settle; at least, he will remain there for a long while," she says.

I do not answer; he has told me that he and I are parted by fate; whether he be near or far, according to actual distance, nothing can widen or narrow the space which separates us.

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"I want to ask you a question," Mrs. Devereux continues, after a pause. "Much as I love you, Cecil, you will own that I am never prying or inquisitive—"

"Oh, my dear!"

"I understand: you would not accuse me of such coarse impertinence," she answers. "But, child, you have grown the dearest thing to me on earth; and, as you say you love me—"

"You know—you know."

"Indeed, I do; and this certainly makes me feel I can ask you to explain any matter which puzzles me, as freely as if you were my daughter."

"Indeed, you can," I exclaim. "Please, what is it? You are so grave that you frighten me."

"There is no reason," she replies; "it is only that I am a reticent woman and know how to respect your reticence; still, I must ask my question. Walter Endicott once asked you to marry him: why did you refuse?"

I reply, unhesitatingly:

"Because he thought it his duty to ask me. He knew I was troubled by what Josephine Lovel had insinuated; he believed—"

She puts her hand over my mouth, and says gently:

"He asked you because he loved you; but, later, Josephine made him believe that you thought he had already learned you were rich, and asked you to marry him on that account."

"What a base, base falsehood!" I cry, passionately.

"And now, since his business-troubles, that he is comparatively a poor man, he cannot ask the great heiress a second time," she continues.

I burst out laughing; then I begin to cry, but am able to speak collectedly.

"If he were here," I say, "I would tell you both a secret, which the whole world must know sometime."

"Well, he is coming back," she answers; "he only went out to send a telegram; he meant to stay with me for an hour or so yet, as we did not expect you."

I rise quickly. I cannot stop to see him. I make some excuse. Mrs. Devereux only observes:

"But you said, if he were here, you would tell some secret to us both—"

"Yes. By the terms of Aunt Jerusha's will, I give up the bulk of the fortune, if I marry: it goes to a charitable institution, and I have a small annuity," I explain, rapidly.

"The old dragon!" cries Mrs. Devereux.

"She hated men. She said they wanted to marry her for her money. They will me. If there be one honest and in earnest, he must take me for myself."

I have not heard the bell, but it must have rung: for the library-door opens, and Mr. Endicott stands on the threshold. I believe I should forget dignity and decency, and run away; but Mrs. Devereux holds me fast and calls:

"Come here, Walter. This stately girl of ours is only a conditional heiress. The day she marries, a troop of orphans inherits Aunt Jerusha's money, and poor Cecil must trust to her husband to support her."

What happens during the next few moments, I am utterly unable to tell. When I can see and think, Walter and I are alone in the room, and I am safe in his arms.

Only a month later, arrives our wedding-day, which is to pass off as quietly as possible. When we come back from church, Mr. Grey, the executor of my aunt's will, puts a sealed envelope into my hand, saying:

"This was to be handed to you, my dear, directly after the ceremony—you are to read it at once."

I do so, and these are the concluding lines of the letter:

"Since you love your new husband so well that you gave up your riches for his sake—since he loved you so truly that money considerations could not actuate him—then do you and he keep the fortune; I shall know that it is in good hands."

SLEEP.

BY WILLIAM HUBER, JR.

KIND sombrous power, Oblivion's gentler child,
Sole nurse of life, comfort of grieving care;
With downy plume that fannest, slow and mild,
The nodding dame that wavers in her chair.
Forever brooding in that dusky bar
Which is our night, thou hauntest earth and sea;
And the lone mariner, steering by his star,
Nods at the helm, and dreads thee, loving thee.
Now eager industry, defrauding night,
Dreams at his task, lapses and wakes again;
Remembered, by your power, of nature's right,
And thine, dear recompense of grief and pain!
Where glide your dusky wings, the nations fall,
Deep-breathing, and unharmed, till dawning call.

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THE FORTUNE HE FOUND.

BY PROF. CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

CHAPTER I.

THE FORTUNE-HUNTER.

"Come out and walk with me. The morning is far too lovely to warrant staying in-doors. It's a duty we owe to the 'clerk of the weather,' to be out and enjoying what he has furnished. The air is fresh; the temperature is perfect: you've no reasonable excuse for not going with me. So, put away your trash, old fellow, and come."

Carl Balzar glanced up from the mysterious-looking collection of retorts and crucibles, apparatus and strange chemicals, with which the table before him was crowded, and shook his head.

"I can't do it, Waynesleigh," he said, sharply. "I'm entirely too busy to be tempted away from my work by beauty of land or sea, or—"

He stooped over, a moment, to regulate the heat under a retort; then, raising his head, he finished slowly: "Or the beauty of woman, either."

Waynesleigh looked him straight in the eyes, and laughed.

"There's no possibility of beautiful woman adding her charms to the scene, for an hour or two yet; if there were—"

He paused, laid his hat on the floor—every table being covered with bottles and pieces of apparatus, as were most of the chairs in the room—and re-lighted his cigar, which he had lazily allowed to go out.

"Well?" asked Balzar, without looking up.

"If there were, I should most likely not have tried to drag you away from the interesting work you are engaged in."

"Thank you," very gruffly.

"No thanks are necessary," laughed Waynesleigh; then, suddenly, changing the subject: "What are you doing, anyway? Changing lead into gold? Searching for a universal medicine? Or a universal poison?"

Carl Balzar looked up, with a very real indignation shining in his honest eyes.

"If you understood even the alphabet of chemical science, you'd never ask such foolish questions. Alchemy was proved to be only a delusive dream—long, long ago."

"What do you expect to make out of this work, then, if you are forbidden to dream of wealth?"

Balzar walked around from behind his table, and laid his hand on Waynesleigh's shoulder. He was a most remarkable-looking man, as he stood there: more than six feet in height; straight as a young pine; thin and spare, with a face that one would have called almost cadaverous; long black hair; eyes like restless flames, save that they were a glittering black.

"Man, man," he said, earnestly, "can you think of no good in this world but money? Can you not conceive the joy of experiment and discovery—the triumph of success and fame?"

"Money's a pretty good thing: it means success and fame, among other things," said Waynesleigh.

"And other things," repeated Balzar, gloomily, as he walked slowly back to his work, "and other things. Gerald Waynesleigh," he said, suddenly and quickly, "do you love Bertha Marcail?"

"Bertha Marcail is a very charming woman," answered Waynesleigh, evasively: "a very charming woman. She has youth, and beauty, and social position—"

He paused.

"And money," said Balzar, suggestively.

"Last, but not least," returned Waynesleigh, lightly, "she has money. A very charming woman: a very charming woman, indeed."

"That wasn't my question, Gerald," said the chemist, in a constrained voice, and with an evident effort. "Do you love her?"

"I declare, Carl," cried Waynesleigh, "you are as romantic as a school-girl. Alchemy has certainly left a taint in your blood, whether modern science has proved it untrue or not. Love, in the nineteenth century! Do you know the year, Carl? Eighteen hundred and eighty; not thirteen hundred and something."

"Do you love Bertha Marcail?"

Waynesleigh rose to his feet. He threw his cigar away. He appeared nervous and awkward now.

"No," he said, decidedly and clearly. "I do not love Miss Marcail."

"And yet you follow her everywhere," cried Balzar, hotly. "You show her every attention: you are devotion itself. It is the talk of the whole place. What do you mean?"

"What do I mean, my dear fellow? What do

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I mean? A man of modern mind might guess: Youth, beauty, social position, culture, influential friends, money. I mean to marry Miss Marcail."

"Without loving her?"

"Without loving her."

"And break her heart, and ruin her life afterwards?"

"Possibly. Life is a series of chances. She must take the risks of existence as they come."

"You mean to do this wicked thing—this horribly wicked thing? Have you no heart—no conscience?"

"I mean to marry Bertha Marcail. I mean to make her life happy. There are few love-matches in the world—very few; so why need mine be one? Mine or hers? Someone will marry her money; why not I? She need never know the truth. I fancy I can play my part so that she will never guess it. And anyone with half an eye can see that she is ready to be mine whenever I am ready to ask her. That may sound conceited: I suppose it does; it is fact, all the same. You know it, don't you?"

Balzar had bent closely over his apparatus; it seemed as though some crisis in the operation demanded his closest attention.

"I suppose so," he answered; and the words were almost a groan.

Then silence fell for a little time. Balzar watched his work with the closest attention; Waynesleigh lighted a fresh cigar, and smoked with what appeared to be extraordinary energy for him.

He rose to his feet, after a little.

"I must go," he said, with a lazy yawn, raising his hands above his head; "I am very sorry you cannot spare the time to go with me."

He held out his hand. But both of Balzar's were busy with his work, so he turned away.

"Wait a moment," said Balzar; "let me show you something." He walked to a case at one side of the room, and took down a tiny vial, full of a bright-green liquid, a liquid the color of the rich grass of early spring.

"I invented it," he said, with an enthusiasm which seemed forced; "or, rather, discovered it. I suppose I should say 'discovered,' since all the secrets of chemistry are but parts of the Infinite Soul of the universe. How sure we should be that we use our knowledge for good, and not for evil."

"What is it?" asked Waynesleigh, taking the vial in his hand, and examining it curiously. It was closely stoppered, sealed with wax, and bore on its side the label: "No. 31."

"It has no name, as yet," said the chemist; "it only has a number, to designate its place among the discoveries I have made." Then, lowering his voice to a whisper—a shrill penetrating whisper—he said: "It is the deadliest poison the art of man has ever produced!"

"Poison?" gasped Waynesleigh, setting it down upon the edge of the table, and drawing back a step or two.

Balzar laughed.

"Poison! The most perfect poison the world has ever known."

"Perfect? What do you mean?"

Balzar's face glowed. Despite the fact that his laboratory was in a small detached building belonging to a summer hotel down by the sea; despite the fact that his surroundings were modern, and his apparatus of the finest make; despite the fact that his clothes were rich and fashionable; despite all this—and more—he had the frenzied face and quick breath of the wild enthusiast: the sort of face which looked with hopeful steadfastness into the alchemist's crucible, until the weary eyes could look no longer—in the olden days, the centuries of long ago.

"Perfect," he said, rapturously; "because it is a poison of quality, and not of quantity. One drop would do its work as quickly and certainly as the vial-full would. And all of it would be as secret as the single drop."

He paused. Waynesleigh said nothing. He gazed at his friend with a feeling of fascination.

Balzar continued:

"Perfect, because it leaves no trace; perfect, because it gives no pain; perfect, because the time in which it acts is definite and unchangeable; perfect, because there is no hint of coming death—until death has come!"

Waynesleigh caught the bottle, and turned toward the chemist's furnace.

Balzar sprang forward, and laid one hand on Waynesleigh's arm, while with the other he took the vial from his hand. The pride and enthusiasm of the scientist were strangely blended with the cool sense and sterling honesty of the man, which shone from his eyes as he stood facing Waynesleigh.

"For God's sake, let me destroy it," begged the young man; "it is the perfection of utter devilishness, the embodiment of all that is evil. How does this thing act?"

"I shall not let you destroy this treasure," cried Balzar, indignantly; "and you ought to know me too well to fear that I would do evil with it. I—I—" turning his face away, and drawing himself up proudly, then concluding, in a tone so low that it did not reach Waynes-

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leigh's ears: "I to be distrusted, when all my life has been honest and true? And distrusted by a man who has confessed himself capable of doing one the wrong he meditates towards Bertha Marcail?"

He carried the bottle to the case, carefully locked it in, and returned to his table.

"You've excited my curiosity," said Waynesleigh, still lingering, "and you ought in justice to satisfy it now. Tell me more about that devilish liquid."

Balzar raised his eyes in an absent-minded manner from the work to which he was giving his attention.

"What was that?" he said. "Oh, yes: the poison. There is little more to tell than you have already heard. One little drop taken, and no symptom of pain follows—none in the case of any of the half-dozen animals on whom I have tried it—for a week. Then, in just one week, without a moment's warning, the heart ceases to beat; not a muscle moves again, not a nerve carries an impression from the world of matter to the prisoned soul. It is death—death as sudden as though the lightning-flash struck one down in an instant."

The enthusiasm died out of his eyes, and he gave his attention to his work again.

Waynesleigh walked as far as the door.

Balzar suddenly sprang up, and reached his side in a half-dozen quick strides.

"You love money, old friend; you love money too well to live without it?" he asked, as he clutched Waynesleigh's arm and looked anxiously into his face.

"Yes," said Waynesleigh, simply.

"Then be honest enough to earn it, or brave enough to die," he said; "you'd better take a dose from my vial of poison, than marry Bertha without loving her. Yes, you'd better even murder her, than do that. If you must kill her, man, don't wear her life out little by little; kill her at once—for God's sake, kill her at once, if you must have her money and her life."

Waynesleigh shuddered. He glanced at Balzar, a sudden suspicion as to his sanity crossing his mind. But the eye seemed the window looking out from a strong and honest soul. Waynesleigh bowed his head with a sudden and unexpected shame; Balzar's words and manner had touched him more than he was ready to own. He left the room.

Balzar returned to his work: spiritless, gloomy, despairing.

Waynesleigh walked away in the bright June sunshine, singing some sweet sad song under his breath.

A fair woman rose from beneath a tree, not a dozen steps from the open window of Balzar's laboratory. It was Bertha Marcail. She had heard every word that Waynesleigh had said, and she reeled as she walked back toward the hotel. She dropped, unconsciously, the book she had been reading; the shawl she had worn slipped unheeded from her shoulders; her dress and her hands were caught by the thorns on either side of the broad pathway; the sun beat down upon her uncovered head; the fleecy clouds lying along the horizon were no whiter than her face and lips; and the silent prayer which stirred her soul, but which her lips could not utter, was a prayer that heaven would be kind, and let her die.

CHAPTER II.

TWO PROPOSALS.

THE June day passed. Balzar sat in stolid silence at his laboratory-table, until the sun almost touched the tree-tops on the low-lying hills in the west. He triumphed, that day, in some endeavor which had baffled him before; but he never smiled. Perhaps he was right in thinking money to be only a little thing in a man's life: for the artificial world which men have made for themselves is the world which has made money, and heaped it up, and hoarded it, and fought and killed and died for it; but no heart, in all the ages, in any circumstances, or under any conditions, has ever been happy without love.

Gerald Waynesleigh walked and rowed alone, that afternoon. He wondered at finding how great the change from his usual day was. I fancy he let his boat drift more than usual, while his hands rested idly on the oars, and he busied himself with his thoughts. Perhaps he repented of some of his sins, actual or intended, that afternoon, in that comfortable way which is so pleasant for a sinner. I think he felt some twinges of remorse: that sort of remorse which costs too little to be worth much. I am certain he missed the presence of a charming woman; and realized how very charming she had been, now that she was absent, much more than he ever had in her presence. Nevertheless, he found a good appetite, and was ready to do full justice to an excellent supper, as he strolled up to the hotel, in the gathering dusk, and met Carl Balzar at the dining-room door.

The meal was mostly a silent one: the two men were absent-minded and gloomy. Each seemed to be watching the other. Each started a little, and Balzar changed color, when Miss Marcail entered the dining-room and took a seat at a table in a distant part of the room. Whatever had kept her from her usual haunts, and conse-

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quently from the company of Gerald Waynesleigh, must surely have been of the most trivial character. Even a severe headache, the convenient excuse when excuse is needed in fashionable life, should have left more traces of its recent presence than one could find in her calm and placid face. Her blonde beauty seemed perfect, that night; her dress and bearing heightened that beauty; she would have seemed "a perfect woman"—almost—to either painter or poet. Possibly the color in her cheek was a shade too bright, and the glitter in her eye a trifle too keen. It may be that her conversation was too brilliant, and her wit too cutting. No one noticed it; no one guessed the possibilities of anger and doubt and despair behind her lovely face: none save Waynesleigh and Balzar. "A dangerous woman," said each to himself, and wondered why.

And she—she! There comes a time when despair dies out; a time when the blind prayer for death gives place to a wild hold on life; a time when he who merits a woman's vengeance needs all his care, and all his cunning, and all the help that heaven may send him!

Miss Marcail remained at supper only a few minutes, and the two men continued in the room but a little time after she left. They parted at the door

Balzar went straight to the little building which served him as a laboratory. He appeared to be in better humor with himself than he had been earlier in the day.

The early evening was quite dark, the moon not having risen yet, and Balzar walked with a step that was almost noiseless. He was barely ten paces from his room, hurrying to it along the garden-path, when the door opened, and a figure in white appeared on the threshold. He rarely locked the door of his room; but it was well understood that no one must ever intrude there, and he was both astonished and angry at what he saw.

His astonishment remained; but his anger died out almost instantly. A strange sweet thrill stirred his heart; the dark doorway framed a form so bright and fair, that a wild rush of longing swept over his soul.

It was Bertha Marcail who stood in his doorway.

He was by her side in a moment. Removing his hat, he made her a low bow.

"Were you looking for me?" he asked, eagerly.

"I—no—that is, yes; I did wish to see you," she answered, looking as though he were really the last person in the world she actually desired to meet, but sinking down into a chair near the door with a movement that was at the same time resigned and reluctant.

"Excuse me one minute," he said, "and I'll have a light."

She half rose from her seat, and said, with much eagerness:

"Oh, no, Mr. Balzar; don't do that. It is much nicer talking in the twilight; and, besides, the moon will be up soon. Don't get a light."

Balzar made no answer in words; but he brought a chair and seated himself near her.

The shore was near. They could see a little of the sea from where they sat—stretching away in the distance, vague and indistinct, while the hoarse murmur of its waves came to them like a voice from the land of dreams.

For a time, the silence seemed natural enough; but it lasted so long, that both felt it becoming awkward.

"You wished to see me?" he asked, at last.

"Yes," she said. But she said no more.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, again, after a pause.

"Nothing of much importance. I had the idle curiosity of an idle woman, I suppose, and nothing more. I had a fancy to see your work here, and have you tell me of it. You see, I have never been in a laboratory before, and I know nothing of chemistry, so you will have to make everything very simple for me."

"We can hardly see the laboratory without a light," said Balzar.

Miss Marcail laid her hand upon his arm, as he started to rise.

"Let us wait until another time, then," she said. "Please sit by me, and tell about your work."

Balzar sighed—a sigh that might have meant resignation to the arbitrary will of woman, or anything else.

The young lady rose hurriedly.

"Pardon me," she said, abruptly; "I have been very thoughtless. I forgot that you will doubtless be very busy. I will come again. Good-night."

"I shall do no work to-night," he pleaded, eagerly. "Pray, sit down again. What shall I tell you first?"

"Anything, anything; it makes little difference," she replied, wearily and absently.

The man rose and walked to the door. The moon was rising, flooding earth and sea with its light. There was not a cloud in all the sky; there was no breeze. The far sound of music, from some boat, came faintly to them.

"Anything?" he asked, hoarsely. "Shall I tell you what I thought when I saw you standing in my doorway, to-night?"

"Yes," she said, still carelessly. Then, as he

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took a step toward her and she looked up into his face, she sprang to her feet, stretched out her hands, as though to keep him away, and cried, plaintively: "No! no! not to-night: don't say it to-night."

"I will say it to-night, Bertha Marcail," he said, resolutely; "and you must listen. Sit down."

He made a movement, gentle enough, but firm, as though he would push her down into a chair again; but she shrank away from him, and seated herself without a word.

She covered her face with her hands. He stood and looked at her. He looked, saying nothing, until she let her hands fall into her lap, and raised her eyes to meet his glance. There were tears on her cheeks, and they shone in the moonlight.

"I love you, Bertha Marcail," he said, in a whisper.

"Yes, I know you do."

"Will you marry me?"

"No, I will not: I cannot."

"But I've loved you so long, and so tenderly, and so truly! Ever since you were a little girl, away in our old Western home, hardly more than a baby, it has been the dream of my life to win you for my wife. As boy and as man, it has been the same. I have loved, and longed, and—"

"I never guessed this until to-day," she said, kindly; "you never said anything which might have let me think it true. I have never seen it in your looks or in your actions. It has been no fault of mine. Had I known, I might have shown you how hopeless your love must be—long, long ago."

"How long ago?"

"Very long ago."

"Longer ago than last year?" The question was quick and eager.

"Yes: much longer."

"But never until last year: never until—"

"Hush! Don't say it. I never loved you. I never could. And I could not marry one I did not love; you could not wish me to, could you?"

He turned away his head.

"No, I could not," he groaned.

"Unless I meant to punish a man," she said to herself, as though she had not paused to ask him a question and to hear his answer; and she spoke so low that only God and her own soul knew the words she said.

She rose to her feet.

"This night I put the love of an honest man and a true one behind me. I know that. Forgive me, Mr. Balzar, that I must do it. Pray for me, since it is inevitable, that I may never regret it. Back of to-day, lies my girlhood, with its careless happy days. The future is womanhood, with experiences I dread and fear. Remember me kindly, good friend. Your love is an honor to me."

She gave him her hand for a moment, then left him alone with his sorrow and the night.

Gerald Waynesleigh was on the beach early, that evening, thinking that Miss Marcail would surely walk there, and that he should meet her. But he had almost given up seeing her, that night, before she came. But she did come, at last. She walked slowly down from the hotel, stood looking at the ocean for a few minutes, and then moved away along the sands towards the north. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that Waynesleigh followed her. It is almost as needless to say that Miss Marcail was conscious of that fact, while making a pretense of not knowing it at all.

He came up with her, at last, as she stood making figures on the sand with a slender stick she had in her hand. The figures she had drawn were these:

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"And no remainder," she said, softly, to herself, as Waynesleigh came noiselessly up behind her and looked over her shoulder.

"Good-evening, Miss Marcail," he said, awkwardly; "what were you saying?"

She shot one startled glance into his eyes: a glance that could mean only one thing; then she hurriedly drew her stick across the figures on the sand, while a dainty blush crept like a dream of dawn along her throat and cheek. As a piece of acting, it was superbly done. My knowledge of the sex—imperfect, I confess, because masculine—leads me to believe that one desiring a woman's love would have found it a very favorable time for asking for it. I think that, if Mr. Gerald Waynesleigh had been as sure then that he loved Bertha Marcail's money—her money, and nothing else—as he had been that morning, he would have been ready to carry out his cruel and selfish plan.

But he only looked away at the sea, with the shimmering moonlight on it, and said nothing. The girl at his side coughed gently; but he made no motion to show that he had heard it, or that he remembered her presence. She laid her hand lightly—oh, so lightly!—upon his arm, at last. He turned, then, and looked at her.

Her face was pale now, and her eyes shone up at him like stars. There was a silent pleading

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in them, which touched him; and a despair or horror in their azure depths, whose cause he did not care to question. If the night, and sky, and sea had left any of the villain in his soul—if they had left it possible for him to stand and tell this woman the most cruel lie a woman can ever be called upon to hear—her eyes disarmed him completely. He said nothing; he could not, in that hour, be false; and he had nothing of truth to tell her—not yet—charming and sweet though she might be.

She came a step nearer to him. She laid her hand upon his shoulder. She looked straight into his eyes.

"For more than a year," she said, so low that he had to stoop to catch the words, "for more than a year, you have followed me everywhere, and shown me every possible attention. I have a question or two to ask you to-night. Are you ready to answer them?"

He caught his breath with a quick gasp, and his face was paler than her own, if that were possible. He tried to speak—God only knows whether they were words of truth or of falsehood which rose to his lips—but he could not; he bowed his head, and turned away to the sea again.

"Do you love any woman, Gerald Waynesleigh—any woman other than me?"

He turned toward her passionately, and caught both her hands in his.

"Miss Marcail! Bertha!" he cried, "I—I—"

She drew her hands away, and her voice was cool and steady—a bit imperious, too, and repellent.

"Never mind that, Mr. Waynesleigh; I will not listen to it. Answer my question. Do you love any other woman? On your oath: do you?"

"On my oath: no, I do not. Until I saw you, I never guessed—"

She stopped him with a gesture.

"That will do. I have no father or mother, no sister or brother. All—all—died before I can remember. I have had to act, and to act without advice from any friend. I had to know this; I should have died, otherwise."

She paused. Gerald Waynesleigh never took his eyes from the tossing waves. Had he turned to look at this woman, I cannot answer for what he might have said. If ever a man was bravely fighting temptation, this man was doing so now. He did not love—not yet—and he kept silence.

"Gerald Waynesleigh, will you marry me?"

There was no passion in her tones, there was no passion in her face, when he turned and looked at her.

"I—" he began.

But she put up her hand with an impatient gesture. He tried to touch her, but she eluded his grasp.

"Will you marry me?" she asked, again.

"I will—oh, Bertha—I—"

"Stop!" she said: "I will not hear another word."

She shivered, although the night was warm, and drew her shawl more closely about her.

"Let us go home," she said.

He offered his arm: awkwardly feeling, this man-of-the-world, that, in some strange way, it was a presumption for him to do so. She shook her head.

"The way is smooth," she said, "and I want to think."

She walked in silence all the way to the hotel. At the door, she gave him just the tips of her fingers to shake at parting.

"Will one week from to-night be perfectly convenient?" she asked, and paused for a moment, waiting for an answer which did not come. "If so, I will marry you then."

And, with a little nod, hardly enough to be civil, she left him.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE PATH OF THE STORM.

In one week, Gerald Waynesleigh and Bertha Marcail were man and wife. They went, one evening, to the home of the local magistrate, where several persons who were entire strangers to them were called in as witnesses, and the short and thoroughly business-like ceremony was soon over.

As soon as the newly-wedded pair was in the carriage, and on the way back to the hotel, the wife turned to her husband.

"I have ordered my bankers here to honor your check at any time, as fully as they do my own. I shall do the same thing at Bronton, where my property-interests are."

"Bertha, I—"

"Never mind thanking me. It is all right as it is. I own nearly the whole of the little Western town of Bronton—stores, hotels, elevators, theatre, mills. I think you knew all this?"

"Yes."

"I thought so."

"Possibly I shall be of assistance in helping you manage this property. You know how glad I would be—"

"Thank you, Mr. Waynesleigh: I believe I have completed all the necessary arrangements for the perfect management of this property. The entire receipts, rents, etc., are banked as fast as they accrue. Your check is good for any

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amount: let that suffice. Be as happy as you can."

She dropped her veil. The carriage stopped. They had reached the hotel.

In the corridor, she gave him her hand.

"I leave for Bronton to-morrow. You may go with me, or not—as you please."

"What does all this mean?" he demanded, angrily.

"That you boasted to Balzar that you could marry me for my money. I had my reason for letting you do it. But I never forgive an insult. We are man and wife only in name. Good-night."

Gerald Waynesleigh, nevertheless, went to Bronton with his wife. He was a man who hated scandal, who shrank from being talked about, and he was ready to do anything to avoid an exposure. The trip was a long one. The change was great, from the rugged hills and the sounding sea to the broad and treeless prairies. The little town of Bronton seemed inexpressibly mean and uninteresting to him. The little cottage which his wife hired, ready-furnished, a mile from town, would have been unpleasant enough for married lovers. For married haters, it was simply a taste of hell to live as they did.

The married pair met at breakfast. He had his papers, as many as he pleased. She had the business-correspondence to attend to, to which his attention was never called, and about which his advice was never asked. Sometimes, the manager of her mills was there, even at that early hour, in which case poor Waynesleigh had the silence all to himself, while they monopolized the conversation.

At dinner, they met their friends sometimes, and were, to the outside world, a model couple. Either could ride or drive, after that, but never together. At tea, they met again. Sometimes, they had callers or company, in which case they did the honors right royally, in the great front parlor. After that—or for the whole long evening, when no one from outside came to them—the master sat out the early night in the great library, the mistress of the house hers in her tiny sitting room upstairs, and they did not see each other again until the next weary morning ushered in another wretched day.

Many men would have left such a home; but Gerald remained. "I will take the punishment," he said to himself, "and forever, if I must; only, the world must never know it." But he used to kneel down by his window, when the stars of midnight were overhead, and pray that sometime his wife might know how much he really loved her now. He dared not pray for her love in return; that which had seemed so certain to him, when he boasted to Balzar, seemed so utterly impossible now. But he longed to have her know that her vengeance was complete; longed for a little pity, in the place of scorn. If he could only have seen her face, as she looked at the same stars, and prayed so fiercely to the same God for the same boon: love—love—love! Ah, if he only could!

And, while they prayed for love, they did all those little things whose repetition breaks hearts. God help them! What would years have done? Or months, even? Weeks were long enough and horrible enough.

June passed. July passed. The fervid heat of August's days burned through the cloudless sky. This fiery month was almost done.

It was a strange day. The sun rose, that morning, in a sky like brass; not a cloud was to be seen anywhere; the heat was like a furnace. Waynesleigh crept away to a shady secluded spot, a mile from home, and nearly as far from town, and tried to fish. But the little grove that fringed the stream was of slight service against the heat; and he was glad to take refuge, after awhile, in a tumble-down hut, which someone had made there and abandoned, years before. He ate his scanty lunch, and sat down in the shade to rest, resolving that he would wait until the cool of evening, before going home.

Just after noon, the wind rose, and it blew almost a gale, straight from the south, and hot as the blast from a furnace.

At three o'clock, the wind died away; but the heat grew even more intense. Not a leaf quivered; not a ripple disturbed the water. The insect-world was still; not a bird-note sounded in the trees. There was not a cloud in the sky.

Suddenly, the wind came, and the clouds with it—fitful, spiteful, in angry puffs and dashes. Rain fell; not a generous outpouring, as though nature were ready to give from her stores for the good of her creatures, but scantily and grudgingly, as from the hand of selfishness. So it was, for hours. The wind increased; the thunder was loud; the lightning was very vivid. The wind was from the west—from the south—from the east. Where was it not from?

It hailed a little; only a little; only tiny stones. A dozen, as large as bullets, fell on the roof of the hut which sheltered Waynesleigh. The day grew dark—darker than the approach of night could account for. The clouds rushed like racers across the sky, and showed scores of ghostly shades and tints of color. Suddenly, a black cloud—black, when compared with the rest—came into sight, in the west. It looked like a

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great kettle, or like a monster balloon. It swung from side to side, and Waynesleigh could see it whirl, as though demon hands were at the machinery which moved it. There was a murmur in the air, scarcely louder than the drone of some summer insect among the trees. It needed no second glance to tell Waynesleigh the terrible truth: the monster cloud, towering from six hundred to a thousand feet into the air, was a tornado—the much-feared "cyclone" of the West and South.

On it came, an almost constant blaze of electricity at top, while the vivid lightning flashed and quivered, from time to time, now high, now low, all along the terrible front of the aerial monster.

The drone like an insect's increased to a sound like the rush of a river—a mad torrent—ocean in a storm: as awful a roar as one could believe possible, were the earth and heavens passing away.

Waynesleigh could see his home, from where he stood—his mockery of a home, rather—and the little town, lovely with its wealth of trees. Long before the cyclone came near, however, the wind had increased to such a degree that he was compelled to lie down and cling to the underbrush. Yet still he could see his home. And he saw that, though the cyclone swept almost directly over it, twirling and writhing like some gigantic serpent in the air, the house was left unharmed.

An ejaculation of thankfulness burst from his lips But he paused with it only half uttered; for, at that moment, the cyclone reached the court-house; in an instant, a cloud of débris was whirling and dancing a thousand feet above the earth; while fragments of the shattered building were falling, like powder-hurled projectiles, hundreds of yards away. When the cloud had passed, the court-house was gone.

The school-house went down next, as though crushed in the hands of a giant. Another building, close by it, seemed to explode, as though from some terrible and unbalanced pressure from within, its walls all falling outward. A small dwelling-house went up whole, and slowly broke and fell into fragments a hundred feet above the earth. And on, on, on, the cyclone rushed—death and desolation behind it.

Waynesleigh watched it strike one end of the street on which his wife's most valuable property stood—a long row of fine brick blocks; saw the storm sweep the whole length of the street, never swerving from side to side in a quarter of a mile or more; and he counted slowly, with a strange fascination—one, two, three, four, and so on and on—the fall of the whole twenty handsome buildings into shapeless masses of almost worthless débris.

He saw the mills go, one after another. He saw the cyclone sweep down through the part of town where the workmen dwelt. He saw it sweep across the river, scooping out a torrent of water to deluge the land a little farther on. He saw it roll away toward the northeast; he heard the roar die out; he saw the cloud vanish. He sprang to his feet, and ran toward the ruins of Bronton. It had been just twelve minutes since the cyclone had first appeared in the west.

Waynesleigh worked like a hero, all that night. He groped among ruined dwellings; he stumbled over broken fences; he crawled through or under the crushed and ragged tree-tops which obstructed the path of the searchers for the dead and wounded.

It was a long and sad and strange night. The vagaries of the storm had been wonderful and inexplicable. In one place was a brick block crushed to fragments, while next to it stood a straw-thatched shed, its light roof hardly touched or stirred. On one side of a ruined dwelling, thrown out a hundred feet from where the storm had found him, a strong-limbed man was found, dead, and mangled beyond recognition, and with hardly a vestige of clothing left; on the other side, between a ruined chimney and a huge cook-stove, an infant, crowing and smiling up at the searchers, not a mark upon it, and its clothing hardly disarranged or soiled.

Through this sad scene Waynesleigh moved, the leader of the helpful throng. And all the time, amid the desolation and death, one happy thought would come again and again: the thought that he might speak his love now, without fear of being doubted, since his wife was almost penniless.

But morning had a terrible message for him. It came when he was resting, for a few minutes, and having a cup of coffee and a sandwich. A boy brought a small bundle to him, directed in his wife's handwriting. He broke it open: a tiny note lay folded at the top of the box. He opened this note, and read:

"DEAR GERALD:

I have loved you ever since I first knew you. I married you to punish you; but my punishment has been greater than it is possible yours can have been. You cannot live without money; I no longer have money for you. So take your freedom, darling, darling—the only thing I can give you now forever.

BERTHA WAYNESLEIGH."

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He pulled a bunch of cotton from the box. A small vial came with it. A glance told all. The vial was marked "No. 31." It held a green liquid—a liquid the color of grass when spring first comes to the northern lands; but the seal was broken, and, instead of being full, it was partially empty: a teaspoonful of the liquid remained.

CHAPTER IV.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

WAYNESLEIGH stood like one suddenly turned to stone. He could not understand, all at once, the terrible thing which had happened.

In a minute, his senses returned. The train from the West stood at the station, twenty rods away—the only train that went East in the whole twenty-four hours. His only thought was of Balzar and a possible antidote. He rushed to the station, boarded the last car after the train was already in motion, and settled himself to think of the future.

It would be difficult to describe his conflicting thoughts and feelings as the train rushed on. The conductor knew him, but was evidently startled at the strangeness of his actions as he paid his fare. A little later, the man might have been heard explaining to a friend in the smoker that "Waynesleigh is certainly crazy; his wife lost all her property in yesterday's cyclone, they say."

Waynesleigh's decision wavered. At one time, he said that the only thing to be done was just what he was doing—find Balzar, and, if there was a single chance for his wife's life, make everything of that chance. A moment later, he trembled at the thought that he might never see her again. At this reflection, he was almost ready to turn back; almost ready to be content with reconciliation and a week of love; and, after that—death. But action is always a strengthener of the will: he had started to find Balzar. He kept on.

He ate no dinner. When the train was in motion, he was full of a wild enthusiasm; when it stopped at a station, he sat in a dull stupor. It was almost night, before he thought of examining the condition of his finances. He found he had something over three hundred dollars: a very fortunate thing indeed for him, and one which would have been very different a fortnight later. He went without his supper, that night. He began to feel the need of food, it is true; but he spent the time that might have been devoted to supper in writing and posting a letter to his wife. And this is what he wrote:

"MY OWN BERTHA:

I have loved you longer than you guess. I believe I began to love you, before I told you I would marry you. At any rate, my life is bound up in you now. I am hurrying to find Balzar. If there be an antidote for the fearful poison you have taken, I shall get it and bring it to you. God grant I may not be too late!

See our friend, Doctor Weld, and tell him what you have done. Have him at hand, to do all that can be done in such an extremity, should I be delayed.

Telegraph me at the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York. Lovingly yours,

GERALD WAYNESLEIGH."

All through the long night, he did not sleep. In the early morning, he crept out, and drank a cup of coffee, and ate a few mouthfuls of food. After that, he had some little snatches of slumber, in the hot hurrying train.

New York could be reached from Bronton on the second day, late in the afternoon. It would be necessary to wait until the next morning, before he could leave for the sea-shore resort where he had married Miss Marcail, and it would take nearly a half-day to reach there. He remembered that Balzar frequently went to New York; and telegraphed the landlord, asking if Balzar could be found at the beach. He also telegraphed Balzar to meet him, the next day. All this was very fortunate, for he received a message, addressed to him on the train, just before they reached the great city, telling him that Balzar had left, ten days before, and giving his New York address.

But inquiry at the latter showed that Balzar had sailed for Europe.

There was this hope left: that the antidote was among his effects, where it could be found; or that the prescription was there, which could be filled by a druggist. Neither was likely. But Waynesleigh grasped at this sole chance.

Application at the office of the Cunard line showed that the steamer in which Balzar had sailed could not be expected to reach the other side before the next day.

After a night of watchfulness and a long half-day of waiting, the arrival of the vessel was reported. Waynesleigh sent this message at once by cable:

"CARL BALZAR, Liverpool:

Wife took No. 31. Is there antidote?

WAYNESLEIGH."

This characteristic answer came in response:

"WAYNESLEIGH:

Do you love her?

BALZAR."

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Waynesleigh telegraphed again:

"BALZAR:

Yes, fully. Hurry.

WAYNESLEIGH."

This answer came:

"WAYNESLEIGH:

32 is a certain antidote. Get it. Order the following used, if you cannot reach her."

And then followed a long prescription.

Waynesleigh immediately telegraphed the prescription, with full explanation of what he had done, to Doctor Weld and to his wife. He then hurried down to the beach, procured the bottle labeled "No. 32," and, on the morning of the fifth day, turned his face toward the West again. He had very carefully destroyed "No. 31," while in Balzar's laboratory at the beach, however.

The homeward journey was one of vexatious delays. He had learned that Bertha took the poison at exactly six o'clock in the morning. The last train would arrive late the evening before the end of the week. It was the only chance.

One by one, although train after train was a little late, he made the necessary connections, and at last stepped on to the train which should take him to Bronton. It was three hours behind time; yet, if there were no further delay, it would still bring him home eight hours before it would be too late.

But how slowly the train went. The rain fell in blinding sheets, the trees swayed in the gale, the wind roared like a living thing in agony. They crept around curves, looking for land-slides; they crawled across bridges, fearing collision. It was soul-torturing work. Waynesleigh felt as though both heart and brain were giving way. Night came early. The rain increased. The wind grew wilder. In the thick darkness, the train necessarily went more and more slowly.

Waynesleigh watched this slow progress, keeping his time-card constantly in his hand. At nine o'clock, they had seventy miles to run; at ten, fifty-eight; then a long stop; then a short run; then a longer stop; and at last the announcement that the train could not go any further.

"How far are we from a station?" asked Waynesleigh, with a white face, as the conductor came along to announce this.

"Two miles; and three-fourths of the road is under water. You can never—"

But Waynesleigh had disappeared in the darkness.

It was a terrible two miles. The memory of it will never go out of Gerald Waynesleigh's brain until his life goes too. He stumbled along the high embankment, almost blown away by the wind; he breasted a swift current of water, running breast-deep, in a narrow cut; he staggered and stumbled across a high trestle, falling a dozen times or more, with a leg through the narrow spaces between the ties. Once, a flash of lightning showed him his perilous footing on the very edge of this unrailed bridge, with only a foot between him and eternity, and he had just time to spring back: another step would have carried him over.

He reached the station at last, almost fifty miles from home, and the time twelve o'clock. He procured a horse, after an hour's delay, and dashed on to Bronton. Hope and fear tugged at his heart. Every sense was alert. He held to the road for an hour, in a way which would have been impossible under any other circumstances. Then the storm lessened, the night grew less dark, and his work less hard.

He took short cuts across fields now; he leaped fences and ditches; he guided himself for miles at a time by the direction of the wind, conscious that, if it changed, he would be lost.

He raced at a breakneck speed over crazy bridges, that creaked and groaned under their hurrying load; he swam his horse at several places where bridges were gone, never hesitating for a moment. It was his life, pledged against time, that night; and pledged for a life far dearer than his own.

Bronton, at last! Bronton, without having lost any space by miscalculation. Bronton, and morning, together!

Across the bridge, down by the ruined mills, among the débris which the storm had left, and then away for home. He dared not look at his watch. What if he had lost? Day had come terribly fast.

He reached the door. He sprang from his horse. He rushed in-doors. He glanced at the hall-clock, as he ran up the stairs. It lacked just three minutes of six o'clock—six o'clock, the fatal hour!

He entered his wife's room—a room in which he had never set foot before.

His wife was kneeling beside a great chair, her face pale, and suffering from the long anxiety through which she had passed.

In the chair sat Doctor Weld, his watch in one hand, a bottle of medicine in the other.

Gerald caught his wife in his arms; he thrust the neck of the bottle he had brought between her teeth; he watched her swallow half of what

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it contained. Then she fainted. And the clock struck six!

* * * * * * *

There is no happier couple in the world than Gerald Waynesleigh and his wife. He loves her with a devotion beyond language to express. In return, he has found a noble woman's love—firm, and true, and unchanging. What better fortune could we wish him? What better could she find, in return?

But both he and Bertha tremble when they recall the memory of the grass-green liquid in "No. 31." Doctor Weld, however, laughs at them.

"Such a poison is beyond the possibilities of science," he says; "and the prescription you telegraphed me to try, if you were too late, was a ridiculously simple thing."

"But you were very anxious, during that last night," says Mrs. Waynesleigh. And, though the good old doctor never denies that, he shrugs his shoulders, and says:

"Balzar—barbarous name! The fellow was crazy on the subject of chemistry. That is all there is of it."

Yet, in secret, he regrets the destruction of "No. 31." And, despite the fact that the telegraphed prescription was so simple, I happen to know that he has spent many hours and days of patient investigation over the antidote which was really used, and that he has never been able to even guess what it contains. It may be that he is a trifle rusty in his chemistry, or a bit behind the times altogether; whatever the reason, "No. 32" is the one unsolved riddle of his life.

"Balzar was a great chemist: living far in advance of his age," say Waynesleigh and his wife.

"Balzar was an insane enthusiast," says the doctor.

Balzar's name is enrolled with honor among the greatest of scientists, and has the immortality of a permanent place in dusty folios and learned reports. But—

Balzar was found on the floor of his German laboratory, dead by his own hand.

So that question is an open one, and always will be.

LOVE AND I.

BY BLANCHE BEAUMONT.

So Love and I have met at last!
This silent eve he came,
And, ere I knew, a look he cast
That set my heart aflame;
But I, poor maid,
Was half afraid
To whisper Love's sweet name.

Here long we sat in shady bowers,
A happy hour or two,
Or roamed amid the blooming flowers
That o'er the meadow threw
Their fragrant leaves,
Like silver sheaves
Of star-spray on the dew.

The moments sped: 'twas time to part,
For gentle eve had flown;
Yet could I wound Love's manly heart,
And leave him there alone?
I knew 'twas best;
But, oh how blest
The blissful hours just flown!

Maids, should you meet my bonny beau,
Pray send him back to me;
For this wild heart no peace can know
Till Love once more I see—
Till this lone heart
Has lost the smart
That pains and troubles so.

A REFUSAL.

BY MRS. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

And you have said you loved me;
Perhaps believed it true,
When all the lawn was sparkling
Beneath the moon-kissed dew.

And, if I half consented
To weigh your eager plea,
Smiling, because 'twas moonlight,
I trust you'll pardon me.

For, with the sunshine's dawning,
I know you meant it not.
And what I say by moonlight,
By morn I have forgot.

Your love is like the rainbow.
And mine? Perhaps like dew.
For, if you thought you loved me,
I know I don't love you.

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A STORY OF A CRAZY-QUILT.

BY L. E. CHITTENDEN.

It is sweeping-day at the Fairviews', and everything is in a 'whew!' as the old Squire says, who has prudently betaken himself down-town.

All the feminine portion of the family is busy: for Mother Fairview holds good old-fashioned ideas on this point; therefore it is that her lovely daughter, Sallie, belle of all the surrounding counties, is at this moment perched high on a step-ladder, dusting the books that line the walls of the library.

This is a library where solid comfort reigns supreme; abounding, as it does, in easy-chairs, books, birds, brightness, and flowers; while an upright piano is in the bay-window, all strewn with music. Sallie works on—regardless, apparently, of everything excepting her homely task.

By and by, she hears a quick step coming up the walk, and she blushes a little; but that is all gone, and she is working away with superhuman industry, when a good-looking young fellow appears at the open window. He glances in with an expression of deep-seated anxiety upon his open countenance, which rapidly changes to satisfaction as he sees this goddess on her Olympus.

"Run right away, Ted; I'm busy," is the welcome he gets.

"That is what may truly be called a hospitable greeting," is the reply, in a deeply-injured voice. "Here I have been scouring the place for hours, hoping to catch a glimpse of you. And now, when success has at last crowned my efforts, you bid me run away. I'll do anything for you but that, Sallie. I'm here for an object, and here I shall stay: for a time, anyway."

"Well, Ted," laughs Sallie, "you have been scouring the place outside, while I have been doing the same thing inside. Gaze upon the result of my labors, in the spotless room before you, sir."

"Yes," rejoins the youth, somewhat gloomily, resting his arms on the broad window-seat, "it's lovely."

All this time, he never looks away from the pretty face above him, framed in the blue dusting-cap. Sallie dusts away with renewed vigor, and makes no reply.

"Come, Sallie, cher Sallie, let those dry-as-dust things alone. No one will be the wiser, whether they are clean or not. Come out under Old Comfort with me, and let us listen to the robins' concert. Ah! how can you stay indoors, such a perfect day? Come, Sallie."

"No, no, Ted: business before pleasure," answers Sallie, not knowing what she does say, for the youth's voice is more dangerous than his words.

"Surely the dust is in your brain, dear, if you can think of nothing more original than that. Have you forgotten," lowering his voice, "that this is our last day—that to-morrow we are gone?"

Forgotten? Not she! But she answers lightly enough: "Ah, well, you will come again."

"I don't know," replies Ted, significantly. "But aren't you coming?"

"No, Ted, I can't: at least, not now. But, this afternoon, I will bring my sewing down to Old Comfort, and you may come and read Browning to me."

So Ted is obliged to content himself with this, and walks off.

Some months before, a surveying-corps, sent out by an English company, had encamped near the Fairviews'. Very soon, every member of it—like all the other young men about—had fallen tremendously in love with pretty Sallie Fairview. But this astute young lady kept them well in hand, and enjoyed their homage very much; and danced, rode, walked, laughed—and, I fear, flirted—with them all, with her whole heart.

But presently Ted Arfield joined the corps. His father was one of the English company, and the son fresh from the University of Oxford. Pining "for a lark," as his college-chums put it, he had at last obtained his father's consent to come out and join the surveyors, "to see America," as he said. It proved rather dull for Ted, though, after the novelty had worn off: very different, indeed, from London in the season, or even Oxford. But, one day, standing indolently near the camp, and meditating a push still further west, with a hunting-party, Miss Fairview rode by, mounted on her pretty black pony. She was accompanied by young Hazleton, of the corps—a tall handsome fellow—on a tall horse, and his head held up taller still, as if in a very heaven of delight.

Sallie never looked better than mounted, and Arfield thought he had never looked upon so fair

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a sight. He felt a sudden accession of interest in his surroundings, and mentally postponed, for awhile, the journey "further west."

"What a lovely creature!" he cried.

"Yes; Miss Fairview is the prettiest girl within a hundred miles," answered a companion, who stood by.

"Fairview? Fairview?" said Ted, and suddenly bethought himself of certain letters of introduction in his possession, one of which he was certain was addressed to Squire Fairview.

"The very man," said his friend, on being told this.

So, later on, Ted presented himself to the hospitable Squire, who received him with great cordiality, and proved to have been a university man himself—a graduate of Harvard—and only too glad to find somebody to talk to about such things. Thus, Ted found himself adopted at once into the Squire's delightful home, Sallie treating him as a kind of brother-cousin, if you know what that is. I don't; but it was evidently highly satisfactory to Ted, who thereupon assumed great airs, and gave loads of brotherly advice to Miss Sallie. She, in response, looked so innocent and appealing, and called him "Ted" in such a musical voice, that he quite fell in love with that hitherto obnoxious monosyllable.

As this blissful state of affairs became apparent to the members of the corps, they unanimously conceived a violent hatred for lucky Ted, and took great satisfaction, as happens in all such cases, in calling him "a puppy."

But alas! poor Ted didn't remain in the safe condition of brother-cousin very long: for he straightway fell fathoms deeper in love than he had ever dreamed possible, and was correspondingly miserable, with the hot and cold symptoms we all know so well.

And now the time had come for the camp to break up: and Ted must either cut his throat, or know his fate. At times, at the lowest ebb of his feelings, he rather inclined toward the former mode of procedure: for he was sure he would cut it, if Sallie refused him, and he rather preferred dying with his fate unknown.

But, of course, this sensible course was out of the question. Everybody would laugh at him, if he did it. So, walking off, this morning, he resolves to put it to the test, in the afternoon, down under Old Comfort's branches, where he was pretty sure to find Sallie.

Old Comfort was an old gnarled apple-tree, at the bottom of the garden, whose low-hung branches formed a natural arbor. Seats were arranged under its shade.

Hither comes Ted, this afternoon, where he is presently joined by Sallie, with her sewing, and looking like a live apple-blossom, in her pink foulard dress, with a ridiculously small bag, made of the same material, pendant from her arm, and supposed to contain a handkerchief. Her sewing consisted of various bits of silk, satin, etc., etc., in a basket of considerable size, which she also carried with her: the pieces being intended to make a "crazy-quilt."

She has already planned that it will be best, for both, to keep very busy: on the principle of "Satan finds some mischief still, for idle hands to do," I suppose.

The day was perfect. Old Comfort was in her holiday-attire of apple-blossoms. A robin was going to housekeeping, in the branches overhead, and was much divided between his labors and watching the idyl below. The blossoms fell like rain on Sallie's fair head, and Ted is stricken dumb. If he dies for—or of—it, he knows he can never tell his love by word of mouth.

The hours fly by; and, when Sallie finally goes to the house, on some errand, Ted writes, on a memorandum-leaf:

"I love you, my darling, so much, I cannot tell it; but, if you will come down, to-morrow morning, to Old Comfort, where I will await you, when I see you coming, I shall know, whatever befalls me after that, I can never be unhappy again, for you will be mine.

TED."

Now, if this had only been slipped into Sallie's hand, as they say good-night, or even into the basket where lay the scraps for her "crazy-quilt," all might have been so different. But Ted, seeing the bag on the chair, where Sallie had left it, slips the note in there: and there it lies, one year.

The next morning, Ted, standing beneath Old Comfort's branches—and surely there never was such a misnomer now—eats his heart up with jealous rage, as he sees young Hazleton drive off with Sallie.

"A fool, every inch of him," mutters Ted, savagely, forgetting it is no evidence of his folly to wish to spend his last hours with Sallie's bright face laughing up into his.

Ted left the camp, and Sallie heard no more of him than that he had gone back to England; and what she thought, down under Comfort's branches, no one knew but the robin, and he kept his own counsel.

But now the spring is back again, and Sallie and her dear friend, Dorothy, are out under the apple-tree: Dorothy doing nothing with consummate grace, and Sallie working on her "crazy-quilt." Somehow, this work had been laid aside

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for almost a year: we suspect, if Sallie would have admitted it, that it was because of its associations with Ted; she had been working on it, that last day, and for months she could not look at it without a pang at her heart. But at last she had resumed it, and now it was growing, under her nimble fingers, like unto a veritable Joseph's-coat. In thus putting apparently exactly the wrong pieces together, highly startling effects are produced; and she and her friend agree that it is "quite too lovely."

"I adore this work," says Sallie, "because it sets all rules at defiance. I do so detest anything with a pattern to be followed, and where you have to count."

"Yes," assents Dorothy, lazily, and peering up into the green shadows over her head. "Still, doing nothing is better still. This is the most romantic place. How I love the spring, with its newness! Don't you, cherie?"

"I don't know. I think it makes me rather sad," says Sallie, softly: for she is thinking of the spring a year ago; but before her friend can say "Why?" she holds up a yellow crescent, on a green ground, and asks: "What do you think of that?"

"That's perfect," answers Dorothy, promptly. "But when will you have your fair?"

"As soon as the 'crazy-quilt' is finished." But for this fair, the "crazy-quilt" would never have been taken up again, perhaps. "That is our 'piece de resistance,' you know. Now, let's see. I want a bit of pink right here, and I haven't a scrap. What shall I do?"

Suddenly, while Sallie is looking over her pieces, puzzled, the robin feels his time has come to speak. So, seating himself on the bough over her head, he bursts into such a flood of melody, that the girls stop talking to listen; and this is what he seems to sing—at least, to Sallie's heart:

"Your little pink bag: get it, get it."

Sallie jumps up, eagerly.

"Oh, I know," she cries; "I believe I'll cut up my little bag like my foulard dress: it is such a small thing, it is of no earthly use. I haven't seen it for nearly a year." For it, too, was associated with Ted, and had been put out of sight, as too painful to wear.

And, before Dorothy can say "Why?" again, Sallie is half-way up to the house. Dorothy has ample time to examine the robin's housekeeping in detail: for Sallie is gone a long time; and finally, when she comes back, looks as though she had been crying.

But her friend is too discreet, or too lazy, to ask any questions, and presently takes her leave.

Now, I never knew, and never expect to know, why Ted Arfield, a year from the time when he had stood there before, found himself, later that afternoon, under Old Comfort's branches, which received him with a shower of apple-blossoms and open arms. The robin opened his throat in such a rapturous song of welcome, that Sallie wandered down there again, to find out the cause of his happiness; and she found out: in fact, walked right into the arms of it!

And then the robin very nearly split his throat, for joy.

The "crazy-quilt" was purchased, at a most extravagant price, by Mr. Arfield, who declared there was method in its madness; for that it had brought him untold happiness. But I think the robin had quite as much to do with it. Don't you?

WINTER IS COMING.

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

DULL-GRAY skies now bend above us,
Dry leaves rustle on the ground,
Winds sigh through the leafless branches,
Winds that have a mournful sound:
Birth of autumn! death of summer!
Coming thus, within one day—
Thus, to leave her throne for autumn,
Doth the summer pass away.

Summer sunshine lingers softly
Over autumn's gorgeous throne,
Loth to leave the few bright flowerets
'Neath the autumn winds alone.
Zephyrs sigh o'er dying summer
With a piteous wail and moan;
Birds and bees still idly linger
Where the summer sun has shone.

Leaves, with tints so bright and gorgeous,
Strew triumphant autumn's path.
Drooping summer lends to autumn
All the brightness that she hath.
Fields of golden grain, for harvest,
Bow their heads to this new queen,
As she passes through her kingdom,
Clad in robes of brightest sheen.

But gay autumn's crown will wither,
And her royal garments fade.
Stung by icy breath of winter,
Low her gorgeous splendor laid.
With the threat'ning clouds above her,
Soon will lovely autumn die;
And, with ice and snow, king winter
Autumn's throne will occupy.

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IN A FOG.

BY AGNES JAMES.

I.

Two ladies strayed slowly up and down the bank overlooking the beach, near the "Surfside" railway-station at Nantucket. There was nothing very charming about the beach just then: only a gray sea, a gray sky, and a gray fog, that grew every instant thicker and more penetrating.

"I declare, Emily, this is dreadful," said the elder, with a shiver. "Why didn't we bring our gossamers? We will be drenched through with this wretched fog."

"We will know better next time, Aunt Em," answered the pretty hazel-eyed girl, with a laugh.

"There will be no 'next time'; this will kill me. Can't we find a carriage of some kind, to take us back to town? Yes, thank heaven, there is one!" And she began to make frantic gestures with her parasol.

Emily looked, and saw a little one-horse Nantucket carriage approaching.

"Driver! Driver! Come here! I want you to take us to town!" shrieked Aunt Em.

The driver drew rein. He was a good-looking young man, and, as he glanced at Emily, thought he had never seen such lovely roses glowing on any cheek, nor such soft sweet brown eyes anywhere. Just at this moment, the long dark lashes of those sweet eyes, and every stray hair of the brown curls around the forehead, were strung with little diamonds left by the close kisses of the fog.

"Yes, madam; certainly," he answered, promptly, springing from his seat and opening the door.

"But what will you charge?" demanded the old lady, pausing with one foot on the carriage-step.

"Oh, fifty cents: is that fair?" with some hesitation and a look at Emily, which seemed to say that, for her sake, he would be glad to drive them for nothing.

"Fifty cents? Little enough. What do you charge by the hour, young man?"

"That is for the hour, madam. Fifty cents an hour is what I meant." And, as the ladies got in, he carefully spread the robe over their laps.

"Ah, indeed! That is reasonable," said the aunt. "I thought the man overcharged us yesterday. He asked a dollar an hour. Is your horse gentle? I hope he is not afraid of the cars? If he isn't, I'd like to engage you for every fair day."

"Not at all afraid, madam," said the driver, touching up his big bay.

"What is your name? And where can I find you, when I want you?"

"You needn't take the trouble to send for me," was the obliging answer. "Tell me where you live, and at what hour you want me, and I will come, the next fair day. I always prefer permanent customers."

"Quite satisfactory. We live in the Conny Cottage, on the cliff. I am Mrs. Eustace. Come at ten, to-morrow, please, if it be fair. What is your name?"

"James Read, madam."

Of course, he should have looked at Mrs. Eustace, as he answered her. But, instead, Emily found his eyes—dark-gray they were, and very handsome—meeting hers quietly and coolly.

"Read? Read? That is not a Nantucket name, is it? Have you lived here, my good man, all your life?"

"Oh, no, madam. I have been 'off' occasionally."

"I suppose you find driving pretty profitable?" Aunt Em went on, composedly, after a little silence.

"Just at present, madam—yes."

"In the summer, of course. But what do you find to do in the winter?"

"Not much. Some odd jobs, you know. And I drive, sometimes."

This time, Emily imagined there was a depressed tone in his voice. Poor fellow! Winter in Nantucket must indeed be a dreary and unprofitable season for carriage-drivers. Odd jobs! That had a pitiful sound—a suggestion of being out at elbows, needy, and unhappy.

"I wonder you stay here in winter," she said, impulsively. "You could surely do better somewhere else."

"Could I, do you think?" The gray eyes met hers eagerly, as he spoke.

"Of course," she answered, gravely and judiciously. "A man who is steady and industrious can always make his way in the world."

The young man nodded, and turned further round to look at her.

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"You—you think I might make something of myself, if I went 'off?' he asked, slowly.

"It depends on yourself, of course," Emily said, flushing a little. "If you be resolved—if you only persevere. Why, a man can do anything, if he make up his mind he will do it!" She said it with such a pretty proud lift of the head, such a lovely deepening of the color on her cheeks!

A flash in the young man's gray eyes answered the sparkle in her hazel ones.

"I believe that," he exclaimed, with energy. "And I mean to—"

"Oh! Ah! Young man, do go softly over the ruts," broke in Aunt Em, nervously.

"I beg pardon, madam!" And he turned his attention to the movements of his horse, and left his sentence unfinished.

The sudden jolt had thrown down a book, which had been lying on the front seat. Emily picked it up, and glanced at the title.

"Is it possible?" she thought. "A volume of the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ'! The third volume, too! Oh, he is only taking it to the library: for some lady or gentleman at the hotel, perhaps. Yet—well, I must know."

"Have you read this?" she asked, turning the leaves, and not looking at him.

"The 'Noctes'? Yes; I am very fond of them. Get up, Tom!"

Emily sat silent and amazed. A coachman who was fond of Christopher North and the Ettrick Shepherd—who looked and spoke, now that she had her attention called to it, hardly like one—and yet—the 'odd jobs' in the winter! What did it mean? And what a pity it was!

"Oh, the fog is getting so thick!" moaned Aunt Em. "Young man, are you sure you are in the right road?"

"Oh, yes; we will strike Atlantic Avenue in a few minutes." And soon, indeed, the wheels of their chariot rolled smoothly along that thoroughfare; and Aunt Em, with returning cheerfulness, chatted graciously with the driver, until the carriage stopped at the cottage on the cliff.

"To-morrow, at ten, remember," Mrs. Eustace said, as she paid the driver.

"I'll come without fail, madam," he answered, with his eyes on Emily's face.

II.

It was three weeks later in the year. Far out on the heath, there is a wild lonely spot, where a little silver lake twists itself about amongst the low undulations of land, and great gray boulders push their heads up through the scanty soil; where the wild roses bloom in a flush of pink loveliness, and fill the air with their fragrance; where the sunshine lies warm and sweet; where the wind from the sea is softened to a gentle caressing flutter of air; and where a few wheel-tracks on the heath make a scarcely-defined road.

On that balmy summer afternoon, a little carriage stood still here. The big bay horse was quietly taking a nap in the sunshine. The reins were fastened to the hook in the top of the carriage. Leaning back in the vehicle, sat Mrs. Eustace, also taking a nap. Oh, careless Aunt Em! To be folding her hands and slumbering while her pretty niece strayed about the heath, gathering wild roses, in company with a dangerously good-looking young coachman!

Yes, there they were, the two young people, with their hands full of roses, coming slowly towards the carriage.

"Oh, see those lovely thistles," Emily was saying. "I want them, to pull out and make those pretty white balls. I am not sure I know how to do it, but I must have the thistles."

"Stop, Miss Eustace. Don't touch them," young Read said; and, in a moment, he was on his knees, with his knife out, cutting and smoothing the stems of the thistles.

"As I know how to do it, may I do it for you?" he asked.

Emily nodded, with a smile, and seated herself tranquilly upon a gray rock in the sunshine.

"Aunt Em is asleep," she said, softly. "We will not wake her."

So their voices sank to a very low tone. He sat on the ground beside her, skillfully cutting and pulling the purple petals from the thistle, while she bent her pretty head and watched him; and his eyes, somehow, perpetually wandered from the thistle he held, to the wild-rose face so near him. There were clusters of the sweet pink blossoms on the bosom of her white dress, and in her rough straw hat, and her lap was full of them. But the soft flush on her cheek was lovelier than any of them. And then the sweet bright eyes, and the droop of the long dark lashes that shadowed them, and the soft smiling lips and white throat! Of course, it was utter madness, even if he were a little better educated than men of his class. And it was a great pity that he should ever have read a line of Tennyson, if it gave him impossible dreams. Yet the young man found himself mentally repeating, over and over:

> "A man had giv'n all other bliss,
> And all his worldly wealth, for this:
> To waste his whole heart in one kiss
> Upon her perfect lips."

"Oh, confound it!" he suddenly cried. Then,

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in a tone of apology: "I beg your pardon; but I have cut my finger."

"I am so sorry!"

Emily started and bent forward, with an anxious look, as she spoke.

"It is nothing," he said, smiling. "But it accounts for the 'bad word' I said."

Emily laughed, but made no reply. She was looking at his hands—strong and brown, but well shaped, well kept. "Curious to say, aristocratic to the finger-ends," she thought. Then she said to herself: "I wonder if he is the 'black sheep' of some good family, sent here to get rid of him? Oh, no," she quickly added, "that is not possible. There is no trace of dissipation, no hint of wrong-doing, in those clear straightforward dark-gray eyes, in the frank manly face, in the well-bred quiet manner. He is an 'instinctive gentleman,' I suppose—I have heard of such people—and a 'coachman' from stern necessity. But what a pity! He might be anything he pleased," she half sighed.

Suddenly, his voice broke in on her musings, as if he had heard her thinking.

"Miss Eustace," he said, hurriedly, "you said once that a man could be anything he pleased, if he only resolved. Do you think, then, that there is nothing too high, too far above him, to be reached, if he makes up his mind to it?"

"Nothing," Emily said, impetuously.

"But he must have some reason for wishing to attain to high things—something better than just a selfish wish to be great or rich—must he not?"

"To make the most, the very best, of the powers of mind and body God has given him: is not that motive enough?"

He glanced up at her kindling eyes, and then looked soberly down again.

"It ought to be; but, somehow, a man works better when there is something to help him on: sympathy, a little praise, now and then, from someone he lo—looks up to—a hope of some happiness at last."

"Oh," said Emily, with a sudden feeling of uneasiness, "an earnest honest man always makes friends. And success brings happiness."

"But I mean, there is sometimes an inspiration in the thought that someone else will be specially glad of your success—that someone is watching you anxiously, and hoping and fearing for you."

Emily laughed, and tried to speak lightly.

"'Fight on, brave knights: bright eyes behold your deeds,'" were her words: for she said to herself it was as well to make a jest of this thing, which threatened to become a little serious.

Read smiled and nodded, without looking up.

"Yes," he said, slowly; "if I knew that there were any 'bright eyes' watching my deeds, or caring a straw either way; if I knew that you—"

Emily broke in—no, quietly glided in—at this point, in a gentle, kindly, but decisive, tone:

"Believe me, I shall always be glad to hear of your success in life," she said. "I think you capable of much better things than you are doing now, and am sure you will, some day, accomplish them."

III.

THE next instant, she rose and moved away to the carriage, saying, composedly:

"Aunt Em, isn't it time we were going home?"

But, to herself, she was saying: "Quite time. I wonder what that young maniac would have said next? It was time to stop him."

But the "young maniac" was there, looking downcast, and humbly offering her the thistles he had been preparing for her.

"Thank you. They are very nice," she said, formally. She was angry with him and with herself.

"Aunt Em," she said, that night, "don't you think we had better get some other driver, to-morrow? Are you not tired of that pokey old bay? There is a fine black horse—"

"Don't tell me, child," shrieked Aunt Em. "I feel safe with the bay; and young Read is such an excellent driver. I will not have anyone else."

Emily shrugged her shoulders, and thought to herself: "Then I may as well make up my mind to encase myself in ice and dignity. I suppose he will require perpetual snubbing."

It did not appear so, however: for, the next day, the coachman was unusually quiet, and particularly respectful, even. He looked sad, Emily thought—and then, of course, she was sorry for him. But, in a day or two, he was quite himself again; and, when a week had passed, and there was no attempt to recur to the dangerous theme, Emily began to think she had not understood him—she had snubbed him unnecessarily.

So when, one day, as they were driving home from Surfside, he asked her suddenly if she thought "it would be possible for him to become a lawyer," and owned that he had read a little law, and liked it, she was ready with eager sympathy, and, laughingly, with Webster's encouraging assurance that there was "plenty of room at the top" of the lawyer's ladder. Only once, in the many friendly talks they had on this subject, did he make her nervous by something that sounded like a return to the alarming topic of the other day.

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"Plenty of room at the top?" he repeated, laughing. Then, with a half sigh: "But what good will it do a fellow to climb up to the top round, and sit there alone?"

"Get there," she said, gayly. "Get there first, and then you will see."

He shook his head.

"I probably will see, dimly, through spectacles and eyes seventy years old," he said, dryly. "Then it will be too late—"

"Hadn't we better drive faster? It is a little late," Emily quietly remarked.

Young Read took the hint. He touched up the bay, and was silent. Aunt Em was taking a nap. She did that so often, and was so very deaf besides, dear old soul, that these drives were often actual tête-à-têtes between Emily and the young driver.

"What do you and young Read talk so much about, child?" the old lady asked, one day.

"Oh," said Emily, laughing, "to-day, we talked about Macaulay, and faith-cures, and women-preachers, and—blue-fishing."

"Oh, indeed! Well, Nantucket people are peculiar. I notice that my washerwoman is quite a lady—one of the 'old families' here, hers is. Young Read is very respectable-looking."

So matters went on, until a few days before Emily and her aunt were to leave.

"I have managed very nicely," Emily thought. "If that young man has any foolish ideas about me, in his brain, I have shown him the utter futility of them. He is very sensible, and will get over this nonsense. I will not tell him we are going away in three days, and so there will be no danger of a final scene. Yet, I am rather sorry this is our last drive. How lovely this summer has been!"

Emily stood still on the sand, and looked out over the ocean wistfully, as she said this. They were on the strip of sand between Wannacomet Lake and the ocean. Aunt Em was sitting on a pile of carriage-cushions on the beach, comfortably wrapped in many shawls. Emily had been straying up and down, picking up a shell or piece of wet sea-weed now and then. Young Read sat in the carriage, watching her.

"Why did you not tell me you were going away, to-morrow?" he asked, abruptly.

Emily started, and colored deeply.

"We are not going, to-morrow," she replied. "We shall be at the Surfside Hotel two days more, and will go on Thursday."

"But this is your last drive, Mrs. Eustace says. You did not tell me that. Why not?"

He looked very pale, very stern, Emily thought. Somehow, she felt guilty, but a little angry, too.

"I really do not see why I should have done so," she answered, haughtily.

"You kept it from me purposely, because you were afraid I would trouble you with my regrets. Did you think I could see you—be with you—all this time, and not love you?"

"Stop, please: you must not," broke in Emily, distressed and agitated.

"I do love you—with all my soul," he rushed on, passionately. "I want to make something of myself, for your sake. You have been so sweet, so good, to me. Sometimes I am mad enough to think that, if I were something different—if I should work, and rise, and be worthy of you—you could love me. You do not dislike me, do you?"

"No, no: of course I do not." She spoke hurriedly, feeling herself blushing and trembling under the piercing gaze of his dark eyes. Yes; Emily Eustace, a society girl, who could count her offers by the dozen, actually trembled and blushed before this audacious young coachman.

"Then, if you would only give me a little hope. You are different from most girls: you are so far above them. If you can love me—oh, Emily, I must say it: Couldn't you be a poor man's wife? Look here: it would only be for a little while that we would be poor and obscure. I would work as no man ever did work before. My love for you would inspire me. You should be proud of me. Emily, for God's sake, listen to me."

He had taken her hand, and held it in an iron grasp, with his burning eyes fixed on her face.

"Oh, stop! stop!" she said, with a gasp, wrenching her hand from his. "Good heavens, if Aunt Em should see!" she thought. "You should not have said this to me; you should know it is utter folly. I told you I did not dislike you; but, as for any other feeling, of course I never thought of it. No one can think more kindly of you, or wish you success in life more heartily, than I do; but that is all."

"All?" he said, gazing at her with a half-dazed expression. "Then I have been dreaming all this time?"

"You have indeed," Emily cried, impatiently. "I was kind to you because I was sorry for you; and now you reward me with this nonsense. It—it is too cruel of you!" And, to Emily's own utter dismay, her eyes suddenly filled with tears, and she broke down with a sob.

"Oh, forgive me! I did not mean to hurt you," he exclaimed. "But just listen to me one moment. I want to explain—to tell you something."

"No, I will not listen. Every word you can say will only make it worse."

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As she spoke, Emily impetuously turned her back upon him, and walked away towards her aunt, saying to herself: "Fortunately, Aunt Em is so blind, she won't see that I have been crying. Oh, what a baby I am!"

Her lover did not follow her; but his eyes did, and their look was inexpressibly sad.

IV.

FAR up the beach, a long distance from the Surfside House, the stranded mast of a ship made a convenient seat, which was a favorite resort of Emily's. She sat here, the last evening of her six weeks at Nantucket, watching the high surf roll in, and thinking, thinking. Emily's musings were not very pleasant. She was just a little unhappy. She had vague regrets, self-reproaches, pricks of conscience.

"She had been wrong," she said to herself, "to go on being kind, when she knew that Read, poor fellow, had begun to worship her. But how was she to know he would not understand that there was a great gulf fixed between them? And, indeed, had she quite escaped herself? Had she not to half acknowledge that he interested her? That she missed him? That she wished it were possible— Oh, what nonsense! But his eyes haunted her so: and he was so passionate, so tender! Oh, if he was only of her 'order'! She would not really mind being poor; but a mesalliance was her horror. If I only could stop thinking of him. It is such folly!" she cried.

Over the sea swept a sudden fog. Closer, closer it came, hiding the sky, and the water, and the land, closing up around the girl, pressing cold kisses on her cheeks, and stringing her hair and her long lashes with diamonds. She sat on, watching the mysterious gray curtain drop, and the waves coming up from under it like ranges of gloomy shadowy mountains, rushing at her, and shattering themselves into foam at her feet. Amidst the crash hard by, and the roar all round, she did not hear the sound of footsteps at all; and it was with a violent start that she raised her eyes, at last, and saw James Read before her.

James Read; and yet there was a difference. It was only in his dress. The rough blue flannel suit which he had always worn was replaced by a gray morning-dress, perfect in cut and fit—the every-day attire of a thorough-bred city gentleman. She looked at him in silent surprise.

"You thought I would not come back," he said, quietly. "I admit your dismissal was imperative enough. Short, sharp, and decisive, wasn't it? But, you see, there was something I was obliged to say. I owed it to my own honor. I think I must ask you to listen to me."

She had risen to go away. But the dignity and quiet of his manner, a certain masterfulness in his tone, compelled her, to her surprise, to pause.

"Very well. What is it?" she asked, unwillingly; and feeling a little embarrassed.

"I have a confession to make: I have deceived you—or, rather, I have allowed accident and circumstances to make a false impression upon you. I let you think that this was my home, and that I was a laborer, making a scanty living here. I even told a half-truth about my name. The simple facts are that I am a lawyer—not much of a one yet, perhaps; I live in New York; and have more money than is good for me; and my name is James Read Tresevant. I am afraid that you cannot consider me a very respectable person, even with the advantages I have named; but I beg you to believe that my father and my family are persons of good standing."

He paused, checked by a little gesture of Emily's.

"May I inquire," she said, with a haughty turn of her head, and a sudden flush in her cheeks, "why you chose to play this little comedy, and just what part I am now expected to take in it?"

The young man flushed, but answered her steadily: "I—I fell in love with you, the first instant I saw you. I could not help it. Your aunt got a false idea of me; but I had no thought, at first, of carrying it on, beyond that one drive. But, somehow, I just drifted on, and never made the explanation. It was so pleasant to be with you—so sweet to know you pitied me, and—liked me. Emily, forgive me! After a while, I did want to see if I could make you love me as I seemed to you then."

"Oh, then, it was to be a sort of 'Lord of Burleigh' affair? It is a pity I did not stand the test."

She said this with quiet scorn.

"Good heavens, Emily—Miss Eustace! Are you not going to forgive me for what was, after all, a harmless deception?" he cried, anxiously.

"Harmless? Mr. Tresevant, can I ever forgive or trust a person who spends six weeks in trying to deceive me? You wanted to make me willing to appear in a newspaper paragraph headed 'Another Elopement with a Coachman!' Was that 'harmless'? No, I cannot forgive you."

She was turning decidedly away, when he stepped before her.

"Wait one moment," he said, passionately.

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"I do not think you know how much I love you, or you could not be so cold—so hard. At least, wait—try me—see if, after a while, I cannot regain your confidence. Do not reject me without giving me a chance to win your love."

She drew her hand haughtily away from him, and looked at him with steady eyes.

"I have quite decided," she said, coldly. "If you are a gentleman, you will leave me, Mr. Tresevant."

What could he do but go? Go, without another word, tramping along the heavy sand, with his head down, his eyes full of gloom.

When the gray fog had nearly hid his form from view, Emily sat down on the old mast, and cried, dashing away her tears angrily, and immediately shedding a great many more.

Were Read Tresevant's eyes so much better than hers? When she could not distinguish his figure at all, he looked back, and saw a lovely girl sitting by the dreary sea-shore, crying.

In a moment, he turned and strode back to her.

Oh, dear friendly curtain of gray fog, that closed them round, and was impenetrable to the eyes of the idlers far down the beach! There was nothing to keep him from sitting down by her, drawing down her hand and holding it close, while he pleaded his cause again.

"Emily, you will forgive me," he cried. "Give me another chance. I was wrong. But then, I love you so well, my darling!"

Emily's sobs ceased. She listened with averted head to his eager entreaties. Then, suddenly, she pushed away his detaining hands, and rose quietly to her feet. She turned toward him, a smile sparkling through her tears, hesitated an instant, and then swept him a splendid stately courtesy.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Tresevant," she said, with pretty graciousness. "I am sure my aunt will be pleased to have you call and see us."

Read stared at her an instant, then laughed joyously, sprang up, and held out his hand.

"And I am delighted to meet you, Miss Eustace," he cried, entering into the spirit of the thing. "It will give me the greatest pleasure to be introduced to your aunt." His hand closed firmly round the slender one she gave him.

It was gently withdrawn, and, with a demurely mischievous little smile, she went on:

"If you had mentioned, when you saw her, some time ago, that you were the son of Catharine Read, one of her very dearest friends, I am not sure that she would not have kissed you."

"What? And she is my mother's dear old friend, Mrs. John Eustace, of Florida? How stupid—how forgetful I was. I think it was—yes, it must have been—that fog! It got into my brain. You know it was almost as thick as this. Do you remember—"

She shook her head, and smiled.

"Hush-sh!" she said, gently, yet with laughing eyes. "Remember, our acquaintance has just begun, Mr. Tresevant."

OUTSIDE.

BY MARGARET HAYCRAFT.

"I WONDER what it all may mean?"
The tiny feet were bare,
The Christmas winds blew sharp and keen
Across the chill church-stair;
One little lamb, outside the fold,
Looked through the open door,
At hot-house buds and sheen of gold,
And richly-marbled floor.

"I wonder what they do inside?"
The music floated round—
Some anthem, seeking far and wide,
With hushed and yearning sound;
Then raptured, like a conq'ring soul
That nears the tender sky,
It found a psalm, and brought the whole
Before the Christ on high.

"I wonder if it's wrong to peep?
I wish I might go in;
The snows are falling soft and deep,
My frock has worn so thin!
Oh, mother dear! is this the home
Where you have gone to stay?
Oh, tell me! won't they let me come,
And kiss you once to-day?

"I heard the children in the street
Talk of the Christmas-tide;
They spoke aloud of toy and treat—
Oh, call your child inside!
My mother, at this Christmas-hour,
With you I long to be!
In this fair house, with wreath and flower,
Will they make room for me?"

The organ pealed, the people sang—
None heard her pleading there;
Across the fields the music rang,
And blest the bitter air;
And quietly, as winds grew wild,
The faint limbs touched the sod—
Oh, little lamb! oh, weary child!
Home to the arms of God!

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LOST IN THE STORM.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

I.

"You are sure you know the way, Katie?"

"Oh, yes, mother dear. Haven't I been there often?"

The last speaker was little Katie Ogilvie, who lived with her parents on a small farm, on the outskirts of a mountain-village, high up among the Alleghenies. Her father cultivated their few acres in the summer, and eked out their slender income, like many of his neighbors, by chopping wood in the forest in the winter

It was his custom to carry his frugal noon-tide repast with him. But, that morning, a neighbor had called him off to the village, where they both had some business, and he had forgotten to return for the basket. In this emergency, Katie had begged to be allowed to take his dinner to him; and her mother, after much persuasion, had finally consented. She stood now at the door, shading her eyes with her hand, watching Katie, snugly wrapped up to defend herself from the cold, trudge on sturdily through the snow.

"Dear little thing," said the fond parent; "how proud she is of her task—always wanting, the darling, to be useful." Then, remembering that it was baking-day, Mrs. Ogilvie went back to watch the bread in the oven.

Meantime, Katie pushed briskly on, hardly looking to the right or the left, so resolute was her purpose. She had covered more than three-quarters of the distance to the forest, when she felt a snowflake on her face, and, looking up at the sky, saw that a storm was coming down through a gorge in the hills—one of those sudden tempests, which hardly give any warning of their approach, and which even her anxious mother had failed to see impending. It came on so rapidly, and was so fierce, that, in a few minutes, it had quite blotted out the landscape.

At first, Katie was a little frightened, and half thought of returning—lest, if she went ahead, she should lose her way. But the forest was now so near, with the wood-road that led to her father, that she would not believe she could miss the path. So, after a moment's hesitation, she bent bravely to her task again, stooping her head to face the fast-increasing tempest.

She was rewarded, very soon, by arriving at the forest. At first, everything went prosperously. She even fancied she heard, in the far distance, the muffled sound of the wood-cutters' axes. But, after awhile, it began to grow so dark, that she could hardly see her way. The snow-fall, indeed, was not so violent as it had been in the open: for the tops of the huge pines intercepted a good deal of it; but these very tops shut out the light; and so, the further Katie advanced in the forest, the darker it grew. By and bye, the road, which had been so broad and distinct at first, narrowed, and, wandering off, finally ended at a fallen tree, whose huge roots, rising perpendicularly, high above Katie's head, formed an impassable barrier in front.

She now realized that she had lost her way, and her heart began to beat fast with terror. But, rallying her courage—for she was a brave little thing—she retraced her footsteps, hoping to find the true road. The light was so dim now, however, that she could hardly see; and, after wandering about for what seemed to her hours—first through one aisle of the forest, and then through another—she found herself finally at the uprooted tree again. At this sight, her courage gave way, finally and completely; and, bursting into tears, she sat down and sobbed.

It was now pitch-dark, or almost so, and this added new terrors to the situation: for she was an imaginative child. She thought of all the tragic stories she had ever read: of "Little Red Riding-Hood and the Wolf"; and she fancied, for a moment, she saw the great eyes of the wolf shining out of the gloom; and, with a cry, she covered her eyes with her hands, to shut out the hideous sight. But no wolf came, and then she breathed freely again, only, however, the next instant, to remember how the babes were lost in the wood, and how the leaves fell and covered them, as the snow would soon cover her. She thought of her parents, and how her father would come home and miss her; how her mother would go to the door, a hundred times, to look for her, wringing her hands; and how—

But, at this point, a curious drowsiness overcame her; and, sinking back against the upturned roots, she fell asleep, drawing, with a last instinctive effort, her cloak closer about her little crouching form.

The mother did not observe the rising storm, so engrossed was she with her household-duties,

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until the first flurry of snow darkened the windows; then, remembering her child, she rushed to the door.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she cried. "Why did I let the darling go? Why did I not see the storm coming up? She will be lost in the forest. I shall never see her again."

This was her first thought. But, when she remembered Katie's courage, and that the child had a self-reliance beyond her years, she began to recover her spirits.

"I am frightening myself uselessly," she said, trying to encourage herself. "Katie has reached her father before this, or soon will; and he will keep her until he comes back. She knows the way well. It is impossible she could be lost."

Nevertheless, during the afternoon, she went to the door more than a score of times, and looked across towards the forest, to see if she could discern the little figure coming. As night approached, and the hour drew nigh for her husband's return, she grew so nervous that she could not keep still, even for an instant. At last, she heard his cheery whistle, long before he was in sight, and ran out to meet him—to find Katie, as she fondly hoped, trotting by his side. But she fairly staggered when she discovered he was alone; and would have fallen, if her husband had not caught her.

"Oh, James," she cried, "where is my darling? I was so sure you would bring her. And now—now—we shall never see her again."

II.

THE news that Katie was lost in the forest spread like wildfire. In a little while, the whole village was aroused, the men turning out to organize an exploring-party, and the women crowding to the Ogilvies' to sympathize with the mother. It is on such occasions that the great human brotherhood, which lies deep down under all the superficial selfishness of our nature, wells up in words of sympathy and deeds of heroism. Every father in that little community felt, for the time, as if it were his own child that was lost. Even the old clergyman put aside the sermon he was writing, and joined the volunteers—his age and his position calling him, as by common consent, to the post of leader.

Most of the villagers, however, had gone ahead by the time he was ready to start, only three or four being left. As they passed the Ogilvies' house, it was seen to be deserted: for the mother, with several other women, had followed on, to wait at the edge of the forest. The windows, that usually sent such a cheerful gleam across the night, were now dark—a melancholy spectacle, almost one of foreboding, as the good clergyman felt. To add to the gloom of his feelings, a dog at that instant began to howl.

"It is their big Newfoundland," said one of the party, seeing the minister start. "They keep him chained up, during the day, but loose him at night. I've heard that little Katie, who is a great pet with him, always used to go with her father, about this hour, to free him. Perhaps he misses her. Hark! how he rattles his chain."

When the skirt of the forest was reached, the others of the explorers were found gathered there, each with a blazing pine-torch.

"I have been thinking," said the clergyman, "as I came along, that the child could not have wandered far—and that is a thought that greatly encourages me: for, by making a circle—and it need not be a very wide one—and walking in towards a common centre, we shall be sure to find her. Let us see," counting the men. "Yes, we have quite enough for our purpose. She must have gone in here; for she knew the road, and the storm did not come up till she was close to the woods, if not actually inside them. One party of us will pass to the right, half a mile away, and the other party to the left, the same distance: then each will explore the forest, making a curve inwards and towards the other, and that will bring us all together again at the four cross-roads you all know, about a mile from here. Keep shouting, if you miss seeing each other. But there are so many of us, that, with our blazing pine-knots, we ought never to be out of sight of one another. Of course, not a single yard of ground must be left unexamined. And now, forward: and God be with us!"

The women, who were left at the edge of the woods, were so encouraged by these words, and by what seemed to them the impossibility of failure with a scheme so thoroughly organized, that they even succeeded in imparting hope to the poor mother. But alas! plans that appear certain to win often miscarry; and so it happened now: for, when an hour had passed, and the explorers met at the four cross-roads, nothing had been seen of Katie. Torch-bearer after torch-bearer came up, each shaking his head sadly at the questioning look in the faces of the others, until they all stood, silent and sorrowful, in the centre of the little opening—a wild weird spectacle, with their anxious countenances, the sombre shadows around, and the yellow glare of the pine-knots lighting up all.

For a moment, no one spoke. The same thought was in every mind: Katie's short little life was over—had perhaps been over for hours—and she was now lying still and cold, hidden away

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somewhere in the forest—never, probably, to be discovered until that Great Day when even the sea shall give up its dead. At last, the clergyman stepped forward. The tears were in his eyes. He laid his hand tenderly on the father's shoulder.

"My dear friend," he said, his voice shaking, "'the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away.'" He nearly broke down now. But he rallied, and, looking up reverently to heaven, added, after a moment: "Try to say: 'Blessed be the name of the Lord.' Try!"

"Oh, I can't! I can't!" was the passionate reply; and the father seemed even to shrink from the kindly touch. "I can't give her up. Never to see her dear face again! Never to listen for the patter of her little feet in the morning! Never to hear her call me 'fath—"

He could not go on. His grief convulsed him so, that, covering his face with his hands, he sobbed until his strong frame shook and shook again.

His neighbors looked at each other in silent sympathy. At last, one, expressing what was in the minds of all, said:

"Who shall tell it to the poor mother?"

At that question—bringing up, as it did, all the agony of that mother—tears gushed into every eye; and one browned and grizzled frontiersman, who had never been known to weep before, sobbed aloud.

III.

But now a strange thing happened: Suddenly, from out of the heart of the forest—but a long way off, apparently—a peculiar noise, a cry, was heard. Not that of a human voice, however—rather the wail of a dog—a low prolonged sound, ending in a melancholy howl.

The father started as if he had been shot. His hands fell from his face. He looked wildly around, his ear bent as if listening intently.

Again and again, the wail rose on the night-air.

"It is Ponto; it is her dog," cried the father.

"Oh, I know it well. What can it mean? What can it mean?"

"Yes, it is Ponto," said a neighbor. "I am sure of it. I also know the dog's voice."

The clergyman stepped to the front, his eyes kindling, as if with a sudden inspiration.

"It is the hand of God, brethren," he said. "We left the dog rattling his chain, and missing his little pet. He has broken loose, and, guided by that inscrutable instinct which his kind possesses, he has followed and found little Katie. Forward, in the name of the Almighty! I feel sure that the dear child is still alive."

And forward they went, in what was almost a wild rush, the pine-knots flaring down the dark forest-aisles, and the wail of the dog, their guiding-signal, getting nearer and nearer every moment. But the fastest of all was the father, and the first to reach the haven. Oh, with what a glad cry he beheld, first Ponto, and then, kept warm by the faithful dog's protecting body, Katie herself! The child had evidently been sleeping soundly, and had awoke only at the noise of the hurrying crowd: for she now sat up, drowsily, rubbing her eyes, and gazing bewildered at the flaring torches.

In a moment, she was in her father's arms, who was kissing her, and sobbing over her, while his neighbors stood by in tears, until, at last, the clergyman broke the silence.

"Brethren," he said, reverently, "let us pray—or, rather, give thanks: for, as God led the children of Israel by a cloud of fire through the Red Sea, so hath He directed us, this day."

Our story is done. For what pen can describe the scene that ensued, when one of the party, hastening ahead, brought the news of Katie's safety to her mother? Or what language can do justice to that which followed, when Katie herself was placed in that mother's arms by the rejoicing neighbors? The words of the old clergyman, as he blessed the pair, are the only ones that are fitting:

"For she that was lost is found; she that was dead is alive again."

A DREAM.

BY CLARENCE H. URNER.

While held within the thrall of silence stern,
With breast all burdened with its secret woes,
Before my eyes a strange wild vision rose
With meaning too intense for heart to learn;
Itself into my soul it seemed to burn,
Yet still its essence deep would not disclose.
The air grew fragrant as the wind that blows
Once over tropic lands, ne'er to return;
A presence dawned; hope was no more denied;
A soft hand sealed my eyes; thus freed from pain,
I dreamed fair twins were born unto the earth:
Wisdom and Truth, and in her joy she died;
Her offspring still lived on, and with the twain
Walked man, rejoicing o'er that happy birth.

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THE WILLERTONS.

A SEQUEL TO "THE MOTHERLESS GIRL."

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1884, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XXIV.

When Miss Marsh saw Gertrude come into the room where she was sitting, and fall so helplessly on the couch, she forgot her own happiness, in alarm, and sought to learn the cause of so much distress; or, at least, kindly share in it. Gertrude lay with her face to the pillow, sobbing violently; she shrank away, moaning, when Miss Marsh touched her, but hushed her sobs a little, and listened, when the gentle comforter spoke to her with the tender sympathy that a mother might give to her child.

"Do not weep so bitterly," she said, smoothing the disordered hair, which the poor girl was pressing to her temples with both hands. "Your mother is a proud woman, and thinks that you have chosen below her station. It is no wonder that she feels it, at first; but she is naturally kind and most generous: there is great hope in that. Be patient, and leave her own loving heart to recover itself. One thing is certain: she loves you dearly."

"She did love me once—so much, so much; but this cruel—this vile—man has separated us forever," exclaimed Gertrude, starting up wildly and throwing her arms around her companion's neck. "She loves him, now; she will marry him, and then this house can be no home for us. I shall have no mother—no human being—to care for me: for her marriage will cut me away from her heart, while it cannot change the slavery of a future inheritance. She casts me into poverty, still bound by the curse of riches I may never live to possess, and have no power to reject. It was not her pride that rose up against me: that seemed less imperious than I dreaded; but the insane love that possesses her for a man twenty years her junior, to whom she gives the trust of a devotee to a saint. Oh, Miss Marsh, she is about to marry this man—a creature who has been on his knees to me within the month, pleading for my love ardently as he has won hers. It is because I innocently told her of this, that she renounces me and declares that I am no longer her child. He stood by, and heard this with a smile on his face: denied that he had ever spoken to me since he came to this side of the Atlantic, and hinted that I had maligned him, out of jealousy of my own mother. This is the man who has driven me from her heart—who will drive me from her home."

Out of this confused speech, Miss Marsh gathered enough of the scene that had just transpired below-stairs to comprehend the grave position in which her young benefactress was placed. For a time, she forgot the supreme happiness that had filled her whole being only a few hours before, and gave herself up to the grief of her friend, who clung to her with the yearning trust of a child in its first great sorrow.

"You will not abandon me—you will never believe ill of me?" pleaded the poor girl, clinging to her in passionate distress. "You are not my mother—only a little older than I am; still, you seem like one. But for that, I should be all alone in the world. Wherever I have to go, you will go with me?"

"Wherever you go or stay, I shall be with you," said the companion. "Listen, dear: this is your dark day. I have seen many such, and they are terrible; but God's light is sure to come in somewhere. When He closes one door in storms, sunshine is sure to break through the crevice in another. Be patient. That seems almost impossible to a first sorrow, but—"

"Patient? How can I be patient, when my own dear mother thinks me capable of falsehood and treason against her? How can I endure to see her married to a man like that? She is not the person to blame. You would have believed him: I almost believed him myself, when he denied what I had said, looking me steadily in the face all the time. They tell about a charm that serpents cast over birds: something of that kind must have been in his eyes."

"There, there: do not think of this man, or your mother's anger, just now," said Miss Marsh, kissing the girl, and putting her back among the cushions in her calm soothing way. Let us look

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these troubles quietly in the face, if we can, and think of what is best to be done."

"Oh, we must go away, you and I—no matter where, so long as we need not see or hear of this marriage, nor be compelled to ask mamma for anything. I would rather starve than take money of her, when she thinks so ill of me; or of that man's wife, though she loved me ever so much. We must go away."

"But not without consulting our friends?"

"What friends?" demanded Gertrude, flushing red through the stain of tears on her face.

"Young Mr. Weston," answered the companion, discreetly. "His advice will be everything to us."

Gertrude drew a deep sigh, but only murmured: "Yes."

"He is an architect, you know, and could help us very much in getting decorative work, when we start for ourselves," continued the gentle friend.

Gertrude turned her eyes with a startled look on that young face, that bore all the sweet seriousness of mature thought. The reality of a life she had so passionately proposed came upon her with startling force. Was she really about to throw herself upon the world, to earn her own living by work, like the poor girls she had seen toiling for daily bread in other countries? How easy it had been to talk of this, how hard to face! No wonder the pampered young heiress shrank back among her cushions, or that the fair girl by her side looked down upon her with tender compassion. She knew what the life of a motherless girl, sent adrift on the wide, wide world, was, and her heart ached as she thought of it.

"And Mr. Stewart," she said, with some hesitation: "he, at least, should be informed."

"No, no: it would seem like appealing to him. It was different, this morning—oh, how different! —for then I had something to give up. Now—"

Here Gertrude broke down again, and, burying her face between both hands, seemed thus to cover the keen sense of humiliation that had fallen upon her.

"Do not give way. The life you accept with so much apprehension is not so terrible as you think: it has its bright side. Love gives that to everything, and there is both strength and happiness in the power to work for one's own living: a sweet satisfaction in spending or giving the money one has earned with her own hand, which people of inherited wealth never know; for there is little charity in giving away money that other and more thrifty people have labored for. Besides, work is in itself a delight, especially when it is accompanied with the power of creation. Idle and pampered women lose much real enjoyment in their idleness. Then, as to a home that is easily made, when two people unite in arranging one: A little room, for instance, in some quiet house—for such places may be found, even in this great city—with just furniture enough for use, brightened up with a little of one's own work: a bit of embroidery here, a water-color there, a few flowers, which one could raise on the window-sill, and watch their blossoming while at work: that kind of a home need not be so terrible to think of."

Gertrude was interested. The sobs ceased to heave her bosom. Those large earnest eyes began to brighten. Then, all at once, she burst into a fresh passion of grief.

"But you will not be with me. Only to-day, you were arranging another life for yourself—on that small farm, away off in England," she exclaimed.

Miss Marsh blushed violently.

"If I have not spoken of that, it is because it is only a dream as yet. But there will be room enough for you, and such a tiny nice home we will make it: for I know that he will be like a brother to you. Then we shall have so much to live for, and live with—birds in the trees, cows grazing in sight of our windows, plenty of health and enjoyment in the work that will seem less wearisome than our life here. If the worst come to the worst, for you, we will find a home over yonder, you and I, with someone to—who will be glad to take care of us. Besides, something may happen to stop this marriage; so let us try and be cheerful till the worst comes—if it must come."

Youth has a wonderful power of reaction. While Miss Marsh was speaking with so much vivacity, a faint smile broke through the tears still trembling in Gertrude's eyes.

"And I shall be so poor then, that a chance of money hereafter may be forgotten," she said, with a nervous laugh; "but then, my mother,—my mother!—what can ever bring her back to me? If I believed that this man would not cause her ruin, the rest would hardly be worse than I desired for myself. Heaven knows I shall be poor enough, when she becomes Lady Oakford."

"Until that happens, let us hope for the best."

"Yes," said Gertrude, "let us hope for the best. At any rate, I shall be poor enough to satisfy even his high and mighty scruples."

Miss Marsh did not reply to this petulant speech; for she understood the drift of thought it sprang from, and knew that it would prove more consoling than any argument of hers.

CHAPTER XXV.

Young Stewart and Weston had apartments in common. Indeed, they had so arranged their

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mode of living since the days of boyhood, and now more than ever found this early companionship like a tie of brotherhood. Though each had his private room, one parlor answered for them both. In this room, they were seated with apparent tranquillity, for one was reading at a student's-lamp drawn close to him upon the table, and the other busied himself with an architectural drawing, but seemed to find great difficulty in pleasing himself.

More than once, he looked up from his work and saw that Stewart was always gazing at his book with intent earnestness, but never turned a leaf.

"What crusty old law-book are you pondering over now?" he asked, laying his pencil down. "You seem to be making as slow progress in it as I am with this thing. To my fancy, we are both a trifle out-of-sorts, this evening."

Stewart laid down his book.

"I was thinking of many things," he said, "with which my book has nothing to do—of our friends up the avenue, for instance. You visit there oftener than I can presume to do, and must see more of them."

"Yes," answered Weston; "I play at giving the drawing-lessons to the young ladies, and find it a delightful privilege."

"A dangerous one, I should fancy, for an imaginative man, with such passionate love of the beautiful in his nature. Are you not afraid of venturing into such temptation?"

"Afraid? No. I have never thought of that. It has seemed so natural to be pleased with them; so kind in Mrs. Willerton to permit the relations that exist between a teacher and his pupils. There is something in it that brightens life all around me. Why should I fear it, then?"

"Is there no danger in such close association with a young and beautiful girl like Miss Willerton? The heiress of millions, too."

"Danger? You mean of loving her too well? I have not thought of that; but it appears to me impossible. One loves her from the first, unconsciously, but not in a way to be frightened at. To love her is natural: one falls into it like dew upon a flower."

"Then you do love Miss Willerton? You have loved her all the time, and never betrayed it by a single word?"

"Love is a strong word, Stewart—that is, in the way you put it: for your eyes flash, and you look disturbed, as if I had been committing treason about these young ladies."

"Ladies? Then you include both? Not with equal fervor, I should think."

"Upon my word, I am not sure of that," answered Weston, after a moment's thought. "They are both so lovely—so different—but still alike."

"Alike? How?"

"I cannot say; but in voice, in a certain gentleness of manner—in a thousand ways that one can feel but never explain—there is something that goes to the heart like music."

Stewart turned a strange questioning look upon his friend.

"But Miss Willerton—tell me frankly: Have you no deeper and more absorbing love for her?"

"Why, how earnest you are. Well, I will try to be explicit. She is more sprightly, perhaps; not quite so beautiful, but charms one all the same. If you will not think me impudent for saying it, it would puzzle me terribly to make a choice between them."

Stewart's face brightened; he reached his hand across the table.

"Weston, my dear boy, you are not deceiving me in this?"

"Deceiving you? Why should I?"

"Why, indeed? Only that I have been deceiving you. Instead of rather disliking that peerless girl, and refusing to seek her on that account, she has held my very soul all the time. I have been weak—nay, base—enough to let her know of my folly. Oh, Weston, it was madness, and I acted like a madman in pouring out all that was in my heart."

Weston arose, came round the table, and laid one arm on his friend's shoulder with a gentle touch of sympathy, like that a woman might have given.

"And the lady—what of her?" he questioned.

"We must not speak of her. Only this: she has seen my insanity, and forgiven it."

"And that is all?"

"What more? You know what I am, and what she is," answered Stewart, passionately.

"She is a noble girl, capable of grand sacrifices. If she loved you—"

Stewart flung off the young man's arm, and exclaimed, almost fiercely:

"No more of that! What evil spirit is putting you forward to tempt me? I have been playing with fire, and forgot that you might burn yourself also. This is my excuse for speaking as I have done. In my own selfish passion, I have forgotten that you were exposed to the same temptation, and might fall under it, as I have done. Thus, conscience has forced me to confess my shameful weakness, as a warning."

Young Weston shook his head.

"If the most gentle and tender love that a man is capable of be unworthy of its object, I

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may have fallen into the temptation you speak of," he said; "but it has nothing of the madness of passionate desire you seem to dread in my behalf. To me, there is no regret that the distance between this heiress and myself is so great that hope would be impossible. That which I feel for her is a quiet loving friendship, inexpressibly tender and helpful. I would not exchange it for any more turbulent feeling, if I could."

"But the other—this Miss Marsh: what of her?" demanded Stewart, with a burst of excitement that startled his friend. "Surely, surely, you have not been tempted to think of her? The other would be madness equal to mine; but this —this— Great heavens! how could I have consented to leave you in such peril?"

"I do not understand you. Miss Marsh, like her friend, is sacred to me: a fair sweet girl, toward whom my heart sometimes yearns as children must for their young mothers. There is a kind of charm about her that affects me like the tones of a long-forgotten song, that cannot be gathered into words. Is this the love you were fearing for me?"

"No, no. Thank you, my dear boy. You have saved me from a world of self-reproach: for now the consequences of my folly can only fall on myself."

"Heaven knows you can have nothing to reproach yourself for, so far as regards me," said Weston.

"I hope not—I believe not; but, after this, there shall be no secret between us."

"Secret between us? Why, Stewart, what are you talking about? I have told you every thought in my mind."

"I know, I know; but I cannot say as much. In all the years we have spent together, I have kept something from you: something that you shall know, regardless of all promises, if consent to explain be refused me. I have just written for permission to tell you all. Do not look so startled: it is nothing that you need to dread—only a little happiness delayed to gratify the romantic caprice of one who has been a friend to us both. Wait a moment; someone is coming."

Stewart opened the door. A messenger-boy stood on the threshold, with a note in his hand.

"It is a reply to one I have sent to Mrs. Willerton," Stewart said, tearing the envelope, and reading the few lines addressed to him by that lady: "'You and Mr. Weston, with my trustee, your partner, will oblige me by calling at my house, at eight o'clock, to-morrow evening, when I shall have great pleasure in complying with the request you have made.'"

Stewart handed the note to Weston, saying, with a look of relief:

"Until to-morrow evening, then, we will let this subject drop. After that, we shall neither of us have anything to conceal."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Miss Willerton had not seen her mother since her threatened disinheritance. She knew that Oakford had visited her, more than once, since then; that they had breakfasted together in the lady's private room, where Antoine had been the only attendant; and that my lord had given orders to the other servants, like a man already in possession, when he condescended to recognize their existence. During the progress of a dinner served in the same tête-à-tête fashion, my lord had requested Antoine to summon the French chef, and gave that bowing functionary some valuable hints regarding the more delicate flavoring of his soup; and, in the most patronizing way, promised to instruct him in the compounding of a fish-sauce—his own invention—that had set the clubs of Paris wild with a desire to obtain it.

Mrs. Willerton had listened to all this with delight, it was said, and was so well pleased with the exclusiveness of these meals that she did not appear in the dining-room at all, and thus avoided meeting her unhappy daughter.

One morning, the French maid brought Gertrude a note, folded after some intricate Parisian device—which Oakford had perhaps invented, with the fish-sauce—which bore her mother's name, and, in a few polite words, requested the presence of Gertrude and Miss Marsh in the library, that evening, at eight o'clock.

Mrs. Willerton's library, a capacious receptacle of books and rare statuettes of some of the most famous men who wrote them, was a room but seldom open for company, after twilight; but, at that hour, always bore an aspect of solitude.

At eight o'clock, that evening, this room was lighted up in all its rich dusky splendor, by a semblance of torches held up by figures of antique bronze, and a centre light of old Venetian glass, tinted with the grayish-green which preceded the crystaline clearness of glass in its present perfection.

To this room, Antoine conducted Mr. Cromly, the trustee of Mrs. Willerton's estate, his young partner, Samuel Stewart, and Weston: three persons that lady had invited to her presence with a degree of formality that suggested an interview of more serious importance than usual. The trustee, a shrewd keen-eyed man, who had been too many years in his law-practice for much

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concern or astonishment, whatever might arise, wandered listlessly around the room, examining its adornments, and reading the titles of its costly books, with the indifference of a person about to take an inventory; while the younger men stood together in the embrasure of a window, exchanging occasional words, but dropping into silence now and then, oppressed by the uncertainty of their position in that house, after Stewart's daring avowal of love for its heiress.

Directly, the door opened, and that young lady entered the library, accompanied by Miss Marsh. They saw those two figures by the window, hesitated an instant, then went toward them with an air of dignified and gentle greeting.

Stewart took her hand, and held it for one instant firmly in his clasp; she neither returned nor resisted this impulsive movement, but greeted Weston with a faint smile.

"It seems a long time since we have seen you," she said; "and oh, we have needed you so much: for never did two poor girls require their best friends around them more than we do now."

Tears sprang to her eyes, as she said this. Stewart saw them, and shrank back, stung to the soul with self-reproach; for it seemed as if the audacity of his mad declaration had brought them there. Weston drew her close to his side, and held her during a few moments, with his arm. It was a spontaneous movement of sympathy, of which both must have been unconscious: for she made no effort to release herself, but began to cry softly, like a half-comforted child. Stewart saw this, and bent toward her, pale and deferentially humble.

"Have I sinned past all forgiveness?" he pleaded, reaching out his hand, but not daring to touch hers. "Is Weston the only friend you will recognize?"

Before Gertrude could make any response, there was a movement at the door of the library, and Miss Marsh drew her friend from the window, just as Mrs. Willerton appeared, leaning on the arm of Lord Oakford, over which both hands were clasped in the loving dependence which adoring women take a sort of pride in assuming toward the bridegroom of the future. She was splendidly attired in a trailing robe of royal purple, with a great cluster of yellow roses blazing at her waist.

Oakford was also in full-dress, and supported the lady with a grand display of tender devotion as he led her up the room toward an easy-chair that had evidently been placed near the table for her use: for he took great pains to arrange the footstool that stood before it, and the embroidered cushion placed at its back: after which, he took a position behind her chair, leaning upon its carved work, and dropped into a pose of graceful indifference; while Antoine, who had followed them, laid a portfolio on the table and disappeared.

It would be difficult to say that Mrs. Willerton was pale: for great fluctuations of countenance were usually overpowered at her toilet; but there was certainly a faint flush about her eyes that some agitation of nature had left there, and her hand shook visibly when she reached it forth to open the portfolio, from which she took some sheets of paper. Her first attempts at speech, too, were broken and irresolute.

Oakford saw this, and, leaning forward, as if to re-arrange her cushion, whispered a few words, evidently of encouragement: for she rallied at once, and, with a sweeping bow, which included the trustee—who had seated himself, and was coldly regarding the scene—and the young people whom her summons had assembled, spoke clearly, but still with an effort:

"I have something to say, and important arrangements to make: that must be my excuse for requesting the presence of all persons interested in what I am about to say and do. First, I will read a statement which will so essentially change the relations between myself and the young lady known as my daughter, that the presence of our trustee is at this time important to us both:

"In 18—, my husband—Ralph Willerton—died in California, leaving the income of his estate entirely at my disposal during life, but the entire principal to his only daughter Gertrude, after my death. His near friend—Mr. Cromly—was named as trustee, and has, from that day to this, managed the estate to my entire satisfaction.

"Gertrude, my daughter, was a delicate frail child from her birth. Hoping that travel and change of air might establish her health, I resolved to take her to Europe, and, for that purpose, came to New York, where we remained some months, as the change of climate seemed to benefit her. She was a precocious little creature, full of caprices, and affectionate beyond anything. Fancies in her became as absorbing as the passions of older people; and, however weird or uncommon they were, I encouraged them, and met her wishes in all things.

"One of these fancies was for a street-boy who posted himself near the hotel we were staying at, and was always on the alert to open the carriage, and, in many ways, make himself useful, both to me and the child.

"She also became intensely interested in a

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little girl about her own age, who was often seen peddling her bits of rude needlework on the pavement, evidently under the care and patronage of the boy I have spoken of. She was a beautiful bright little creature—full of fun, and bird-like in her cheerfulness I encouraged this little girl to visit our rooms, and she became a playmate for my daughter, while our attachment for the lad was increasing daily. In answer to my questions, she told me that she had no parents, that her home was in a big tenement-house, and that she and her twin-brother sold things for a living. I pitied the child, and began to love her for the good she had done my own daughter.

"One day, this boy came to me in great distress. A fire had broken out in the tenement-house where his little friend lived, and she alone had been saved from the flames. He had thought it was her twin-brother, at first, and had brought him to his own poor little room, in which he and another street-boy slept; but, on discovering that it was the little holder-girl he had saved, found that a home there was impossible, and begged me to help him to keep her from the street or the almshouse. I was about to sail for Europe. The heart of my invalid child was set upon this poor desolate orphan. I resolved to take her with me as her companion and playfellow, but made the boy promise to keep her destiny a secret from every human being, especially if any member of her family should yet be found alive, and able to claim her. He promised; and, on that condition, I pledged myself to adopt the little one, and provide for her future welfare. She was brought to me. one night, by the lad himself, who was in a state of utter dejection, and gave her up with tears in his eyes. 'For she was all he had in the wide world to care for,' he said, piteously.

"I sailed for Europe, taking the two children with me. The voyage was of no benefit to my child, and threatened the life of the little girl I had chosen for her playmate. The sufferings and excitement of the fire, added to her terror of the stormy sea, brought on a brain-fever, which was racking her when we landed. During some weeks, I had two children almost hopelessly ill: one perishing from exhaustion, the other racked with delirium."

Here Mrs. Willerton broke down, put a handkerchief to her face, and sobbed aloud. When she looked up, it was with a yearning glance at Gertrude, who advanced a step toward her; but drew back, for Oakford was again whispering encouragement to the excited woman, who broke forth with an hysterical sob;

"One of these children died. It was my daughter. The orphan survived, but with a memory so shattered that the past was like a broken dream to her. She strangely confused her own identity with that of my lost child. The delusion comforted me, and I had no heart to undeceive her. Indeed, I think that it would have been impossible; for she was constantly asking what had become of the little holder-girl, with her basket and red hood. If she believed herself my child, why not let it rest so? In time, the idea might become a consolation to me, and no one could be harmed by it. Under my husband's will, the estate was entirely at my disposal. Why not leave it unaltered? Was she not the only living thing I had to love on earth—absolutely my own child—all the more because she believed it? I had only to make a will, and all legal forms would be complete. I did make a will, then and there. It is in this portfolio, and will rest there till after my marriage with this gentleman.

"It is needless to revert to my reasons for proclaiming this secret now. The girl, who has been to me dear as my own child could have been—in whom I placed all the trust, all the love, that one human being can give to another—requires no explanation from me. Her own conscience will acquit me of all injustice to her. Had she maligned no one but myself, even such ingratitude might have won forgiveness from my great love; but it has reached an object dearer a thousand times than myself: a man who was ready to give me his hand when he believed that all I possess on earth must go to her: a man whose possessions are like kingdoms, compared to mine.

"The last time that I and my daughter met, she gave me a singular reason for the request, and implored me to disinherit her. Therefore, I do hereby disinherit her. Not entirely: not that she may fall into want—heaven forbid that anything I have loved so entirely should be driven to that;-but, after a suitable provision is made for her, she is no longer to be considered as my heiress, or as having any claim on my husband's possessions; for, after the ceremony that unites Lord Oakford and myself, the first use that I make of the name and title he gives me will be to sign a conveyance of all I possess to him, which is now lying in this portfolio."

During the reading of this narrative, and the decision that followed it, the keen-eyed trustee sat leaning forward in his chair, listening with severe interest; now and then, he cast a searching glance at Lord Oakford, and the straight line of his lips was slightly curved; but otherwise, he remained quiet enough until her words called

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upon him for some direct action. Then he drew himself up, and was about to speak; but a deep sob and some commotion in that part of the library in which Gertrude was standing interrupted him. While her mother was speaking, the poor girl had with great difficulty prevented herself from rushing forward and flinging herself at her feet, as she had many a time in passionate repentance of some childish fault. Now, she could no longer restrain the rush of feelings that overwhelmed her sense of wrong and all the bitterness of her position; moving past Oakford, with a gesture of disdain, she sank down beside her mother, partly on the floor, partly on the folds of the purple train, and, lifting her face in all its pathetic beauty to that of the now deeply-agitated woman, cried out:

"Oh, mamma, mamma, give him everything that you have in the world—all but your own self and the dear old love that was mine! I can be happy—oh, very happy—with that. Being poor is not so very bad, after all. You see, I have been used to that, and the little girl who sold holders, and died, as I thought, was bright and happy as a bird, when she had a little good-luck in selling things. So, now that I know who she was, it will all come natural, earning my own living, as I shall have to; but I cannot live if you persist in being angry with me."

Mrs. Willerton, whose warm heart could not be altogether silenced by her vanity, reached out her arms in a glow of forgiving fondness; but Oakford started out of his graceful pose.

"Now, my dear young lady, this is in bad form, you know—awfully bad form. See how it disturbs everyone. Really, now, you forget yourself."

As he said this, the man stooped forward, attempting to raise Gertrude from her knees; but Stewart came close to him, placed a hand against his breast, and put him back with some force.

"Do not touch even the hem of this young lady's garments," he said. "I do not understand all this, but I know that you have no right to interfere between a most generous woman and her child. Stand back, while I speak to this lady."

In spite of his overweening audacity, Oakford drew himself away from the flash of those eyes and threatening force of those words. Then Stewart gently lifted Gertrude to her feet, and, holding her with one arm, spoke to Mrs. Willerton:

"I brought her to you, a fair bright child—motherless, homeless—a waif dragged from the ruins of a fire, without a friend in the world, or a roof to shelter her. You did not know how it tore the rude heart of that ignorant boy to give up the one beautiful object of his groveling life. With all the tenderness of his uncultivated boyhood, he loved her then with all the strength and devotion of manhood he loves her now. As he trusted her to you, give her back to him. On the hour when your marriage with this man makes her homeless and motherless, let me take her from this house my own deeply-loved and honored wife. Only grant this, and the loving privilege of gratitude for all that you have done for us."

Mrs. Willerton eagerly reached out her arms again, and cast a pleading look toward Oakford.

"That is so little to ask," she said. "Indeed, would it not be better that we should leave one who has been regarded as my daughter under the protection of a husband who loves her?"

"Always wise, and always generous," answered Oakford; "how can you suppose that I could ever refuse compliance with any wish of yours?"

Mrs. Willerton cast a grateful look on him; then, drawing Gertrude toward her, kissed her on the forehead.

"Then it shall be so arranged," she said; "but the preparations must be promptly made."

Gertrude did not answer: she was trembling from head to foot. Stewart's proposal had thrilled her with such mingled feelings of surprise, terror, and delight, that she could only cling to him, silent and trembling.

Thus overpowered, the young man led her back to Weston and Miss Marsh, who stood, hand-in-hand, gazing at each other through a blinding mist of tears. They felt, rather than saw, Gertrude's approach. Weston held out his arms. She stood a moment, gazing wistfully into his eyes.

"Olive, my sister, cannot you remember?" he said, with an accent of pain in his voice.

Then, as if some hidden thought had been unlocked in her mind by a word, she cried out:

"Olly! Olly! Oh, my brother Olly!"

Rachael Marsh waited till those two young faces fell apart, then she mingled her kisses with theirs; and, half laughing, half crying, they said to each other:

"And this is our little mother, Rachael!"

This name was uttered with a thrill of pathetic joy that was felt by every person in the room. Oakford looked around, surprised by emotions utterly unknown to his nature. Mr. Cromly drew forth his handkerchief; then, ashamed of the weakness confessed by the action, thrust it back into his pocket, while he drew one hand swiftly across his eyes. Mrs. Willerton started

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up, so full of sympathy that she forgot the arrangement of her draperies, and would have joined the group of young people, notwithstanding the presence of Oakford; but he hurriedly took her hand, exclaiming:

"Bad form—horribly bad form: far too exciting for your nerves, dear lady. Let us withdraw."

"One moment," said the old lawyer, standing up. "As the trustee of this lady and her daughter, I have something to say. The story we have heard is strangely interesting, and may well call forth all our sympathies; but the law has no sentiment. It is built upon justice and hard facts, and is full of jealous scrutiny. This lady can hardly be supposed to deceive herself, or be capable of deceiving others; but she is the party most interested in disclosures which must disinherit one person, in order to benefit another. Such evidence would not be admissible in a court of law, without ample testimony to confirm it. As the legal trustee of this estate, I must have such testimony before I consent, even at the request of this young lady, to render up one jot of the authority I hold."

The old man spoke with dignity and a degree of firmness that drove the warm color from Oakford's cheek, and caused Mrs. Willerton to hold her breath.

Before the young nobleman could find words in which to utter his surprise and disgust, Stewart came forward.

"I can verify, from my own remembrance, every word that this lady has uttered, regarding the little girl, Olive Marsh, and I solemnly believe her and the young lady known as Gertrude Willerton to be one and the same person."

The trustee shook his head.

Rachael Marsh, who had been listening so intently that her heart scarcely seemed to beat, came forward then, and stood by Stewart.

"There is a way—I think there is a possible way by which the identity of my sister Olive can be determined," she said. "When our father died, he gave me the Bible he had loved to read, and folded in it an embroidered handkerchief. It was the last needlework of our mother, and the most precious thing he had to give. At one time, when we were together, and all that he left for our support was taken from us, my little sister, in a wild hope of saving our mother's last work for ourselves, cut the handkerchief in three parts, made a little bag for each portion, and insisted that we should wear them around our necks always. It was a childish idea; but we were only children, and to us it seemed like a revelation from our dead father, and we held it sacred. On the night of that tenement-fire, we had these relics about our necks, and they must have been saved with us. Mine is here."

While she was speaking, Rachael had taken a slender silken cord from her neck, and, opening a little packet of faded silk that was attached to it, spread the fragment of an embroidered handkerchief, that was folded in it, upon the library-table.

Young Weston, who had drawn close to her, took a small leathern case from an inner pocket of his vest, and, with hands that trembled in the effort, laid another section of the same handkerchief.

All this time, Gertrude stood by: pale, trembling, and regarding each movement with wildly-dilating eyes. When the last fragment was laid down, she glided from the room, and came back again with a little casket of oxidized silver in her hand. This she opened with a tiny key attached to a slender chain about her neck, and drew forth a little silken bag, which, like the others, had a name crudely embroidered on it, and, from that, the only remaining portion of the handkerchief Silas Marsh had given to his daughter on his death-bed.

There was a solemn hush in that room, as Mr. Cromly laid these three fragments together, and matched the pattern, leaf by leaf, from the corners to the monogram in the centre, where a rusty needle marked the stitch a dead woman had left unfinished, years before.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A DAY or two after the announcement of Mrs. Willerton's engagement to Lord Oakford, that young nobleman came into the room where Antoine was loitering, and, closing the door with precaution, he turned upon the man sharply, and spoke, in a voice of suppressed anger:

"She has taken the bit between her teeth, by Jove! and it is as much as I can do to hold her in; insists on making a ruinous provision for that sham daughter of hers, before the wedding, and will have a surprise jubilee by parading our nuptials at the same time. The invitations are all out for the young lady, and we are to come in, unannounced, as a grand climax. I saw from the first that her silly old heart was set on some exhibition of the kind, and fought against it successfully enough till this new idea came into her mind. But all I can do now is to give way, and set out on our bridal-trip around the world an hour after the ceremony is over."

"A wedding-trip around the world?" repeated Antoine. "I did not know that anything so extensive was in your mind."

"My Antoine, how dull you are! If she

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insists on having our marriage published, there is no better way left for me. Indeed, it is all arranged. Miss Marsh, that beautiful little saint, shall go with us. Madam shied a little when I proposed it; but will give in, so long as I consent to the rest. You will be our traveling-courier. In this way, our journey begins. In Japan, China, or any other ungodly country, it will be easy and safe enough to complete our little contract, and set us both free. But you seem thoughtful—"

"It is a sudden change," said Antoine, "and the act you expect of me one that any man would gladly avoid."

"But you cannot avoid it. Remember, my Antoine, it is the first step that counts. You have taken that step, and must go on."

"I know, I know!"

"Yes, you know all now. I have put off telling you to the last; but everything is arranged, and there is but little time for preparation. The whole thing comes off to-morrow evening. Prepare yourself to start then."

Antoine bent his head, saying very gently:

"I will be ready," and, with his usual obsequious manner, he opened the door, and closed it softly after Oakford.

Half an hour later, Antoine stood in front of the Brunswick. In a room of this hotel, the gentleman who had so often encountered Miss Willerton and Rachael Marsh in their morning-walks sat quite alone, and in a state of restless depression: for he had seen neither of these young persons since the day of his abrupt proposal by the lake, and was getting restive under the doubts and anxieties occasioned by this long suspense. That evening, he was more than usually disturbed, and started nervously to his feet when a sharp quick knock sounded at the door.

Thinking that every summons of this kind might bring him some information, he opened the door himself, and stood face to face with a man who, eighteen months before, had inveigled him from a party of adventurous men, who had undertaken to explore the wilds of Africa in the same spirit of enterprise that has led so many brave men to perish in the ice-tombs of the Arctic seas. This man had robbed him of all means of subsistence, and left him to the mercy of wild beasts and savages. From this terrible position, he had escaped as if by a miracle, and now stood within arm's-length of his most deadly enemy.

"You here? You?" he said, drawing back, as if he had found a serpent coiled on his threshold.

The man stepped within the room, closed the door, and answered:

"Yes, it is I—Antoine, the traitor."

"And you dare to present yourself before me? Even in this free country, there is a prison and the gallows."

"I know it, monsieur, and have lived so long under the shadow of both, that the fear of them must be worse than the reality. Therefore, I have come to make confession, and throw myself on your mercy."

"You must indeed have wonderful confidence to expect mercy from me," said the young man, softened a little by the changed appearance of his adversary. "Of all persons on earth, you have the least reason for expecting it."

"It is the great and the good only who can forgive," answered Antoine, with rising courage, but still deeper humility. "Indeed, I have repented sorely of a crime that was not all my own."

"Not all your own? There could have been no accomplice in the crowning act of your ingratitude!"

"Still, I had an accomplice: for, without him, that terrible act could not have been forced upon me. I do not say this to obtain your compassion; but, our Lady of Heaven knows, I bring it is an atonement and a caution against evils that may yet threaten you. Oh, monsieur, do believe it! I was not the most ungrateful or the worst enemy that you had. But for a touch of gratitude that would not permit me to become the villain that others thought me, you would never have found the means of leaving that miserable country alive It was I who sent back the help that must have saved you. Traitor and brigand as I was, the thought of a slow cruel death like that—or, what was worse, slavery among African savages—was a fate that I saved you from against my own interest and a solemn pledge that had been wrung from me."

"Speak more clearly, if you have anything to say that can make your crime a shade less black; I will try to listen patiently," said the young man, seating himself, while Antoine, leaning one hand upon the table close by him, went on:

"I must go back a little, in order to make my explanation complete: When I joined the exploring-party, it had made some progress into that wild country, and was then beyond any chance of direct news from England. I brought to you warm recommendations from the trusted and confidential secretary of old Lord Oakford, who had died a month before. The credentials that won me your confidence did not mention this fact, or inform you that I had been, during some months, the valet of that eccentric nobleman They did not tell you that the secretary and

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myself were the only persons who held any authority in Lord Oakford's household when he died. Much less did they tell you of the treasures in gold and jewels that his strong-room contained. The secret of these treasures was insidiously made known to me. I was sorely tempted by his secretary, and stole them, believing him to be my accomplice. He was worse than that; for he wound a chain of proofs around me, while he wrested a larger part of the booty from me, under a threat of instant exposure. I was a new man in the place—a stranger, without friends—and he the pampered favorite of the dead lord.

"There was but one person in the world, he said, who might have known where those purloined treasures were kept, or could give evidence regarding them. That person was in the wilds of Africa, exploring its river-sources and watersheds, for the good of mankind, and there was a fair chance that he might never come out of the country alive. To secure myself from the consequences of my crime, and in order to hold in safety all that it had gained, that man must never be permitted to return to England. The expedition had not yet advanced so far that I might not join it for my own sake, I must do this. There was no need that I should harm the man, who, with this dangerous knowledge, might expose my guilt. Only, he could be left behind: accidents of that kind were to be expected.

"This man had made himself my master: I was the slave of my own sin. Armed with such fragments of my booty as might be dangerous proofs against their possessor, which had been craftily apportioned to me, and the letter which won me your confidence, I set forth on that evil journey. You know the rest—all but this: I could not force myself to act the terrible part assigned to me; to keep you for months or years in the wilderness might be enough to secure my safety without the crime of slow murder. I made arrangements with the savages with whom you were left, for some care of your safety till I should come again, or send for you, and secured their good faith by gifts and promises of more when I returned and found you unharmed."

Antoine ceased speaking, and now stood like a criminal standing up for sentence, with his dark eyes gleaming with mingled terror and beseeching hope.

Henry Osborn moved in his chair, and looked upon the agony of suspense in that white face, with a touch of compassion. "Why have you come to me with all this now?" he said.

"To save myself from the consequences of one crime and the guilt of another.

"But how?"

"You have the power to punish or forgive me. You, knowing the person of this man, have the power to prevent a continuation of his crimes. To-morrow night, he will marry one of the richest and most trusting women on this continent. During more than a year, he has pursued her from place to place, and will carry her on a wedding-trip from which she will never come out alive. More than this, he has arranged that a young lady of his bride's household shall go with them: a fair young girl, with whom I saw you conversing, on the borders of the lake, only a few days ago; but for that, I might not have known of your presence in New York."

The young Englishman started from his chair, whiter than Antoine, and more strangely agitated.

"A young lady you saw me speaking with at a lake in the Park? Not—not—"

"I am speaking of Miss Marsh, the companion of Miss Gertrude Willerton, whose mother this villain is about to marry," said Antoine, and now his fierce black eyes blazed with vengeful animation.

"And he has dared—he has dared to lift his eyes to her? Speak out, man! Do not keep a word back. Tell me what this scoundrel has done—all he intends to do."

Antoine was full of keen animation now. He did tell the excited young man all that he knew, all that he apprehended, and with such graphic force that a fierce light flashed into Osborn's eyes.

"You have done wisely in coming to me with this strange statement," he said. "Your courage redeems much of the evil you have done. Go back to the house you have left; say nothing of your visit here, but hold yourself ready for prompt obedience, if it should be called for. That the strong-room of your old master should have been robbed does not disturb me enough for any effort of interference. That which I have to forgive in my own person is merged in the service you are rendering the innocent ladies your confederate is plotting against; be faithful to them, firm in your efforts to redeem yourself, and you have nothing to fear from me. Go, now: I must think over all that you have told me."

In his eager gratitude, the young man held out his hand; but, instead of touching it, Antoine bowed low, and left the hotel.

More than half that night, Henry Osborn walked up and down his room, thinking over the information brought to him in this remarkable manner. He was greatly excited, and, at times, could hardly restrain the keen indignation that possessed him; but, by degrees, a plan of operation took form in his mind, and he retired to rest.

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The next morning, this young man appeared at the office of Cromly & Stewart, and held a long consultation with the senior member of that firm. After awhile, Stewart was called in, and young Weston was sent for. When he left the little conference, there was an appearance of excitement unusual to his gentle character, and he carried a letter in his breast-pocket, written by Henry Osborn, to his sister Rachael.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Exactly as if Gertrude Willerton had still been the heiress of millions, as the world thought her, her marriage with the young lawyer was to be celebrated.

Her mother still retained an ambitious desire to end her career in America with a dash of almost royal brilliancy. Thus, on the night in question, every gable, pinnacle, oriel window, and balcony of her mansion was crowded and embowered with such costly shrubs and flowers as usually wither in the hot air of crowded rooms. Through these flowers, the moonlight and the gleam of stars met the tinted radiance that floated through the windows from within, while every gust of fresh wind swept their cool perfume through the dwelling.

Within, all was pleasant, and subdued to a soft genial twilight by amber-hued, ruby-red, and pale-green lamps, that broke the light of wax candles, here and there, like mammoth gems afire at the heart.

In the little boudoir upstairs, Mrs. Willerton sat, in all the bridal splendor of a wedding-dress in which soft waves of lilac mingled with the creamy whiteness of satin and jabots of filmy lace. Instead of the veil, under which girlhood looks so beautiful, her elaborately-arranged hair was held in place by a light tiara of diamonds; the same costly jewels blazed on her bosom and naked arms. It was earlier than any guest could be expected to arrive; but the lady had been eager for her adornment, and the time that she sat waiting for her bridegroom seemed an age to her.

Oakford, eager and anxious as herself, was already in the house, and, feverish with anticipated power, was roaming through the magnificent apartments, opened the first time for entertainment. His bride, he supposed, was still busy at her toilet—or might, perhaps, be expecting his presence in her boudoir; but it was an exciting pleasure to pass those few minutes by himself, gloating over the evidences of great wealth that would soon be his Thus pleasantly occupied, he moved up and down, admiring himself almost as much as he regarded the costly things around him; for he paused more than once at a mirror, to arrange the look of hair that had been taught to wave picturesquely over his forehead, or practice the pose that, with much premeditation, he had decided upon for the wedding-ceremony. He was interrupted in this performance by a light touch on his arm. Annoyed by the interruption, he turned sharply, and saw Antoine, who said, with his usual deference: "A gentleman in the library wishes to speak with your lordship."

"A gentleman? Who? Ah, my lady's trustee, I suppose; we will soon dispose of him." With these words, Oakford followed Antoine to the library.

Instead of one gentleman, he found several awaiting his appearance. One of them arose. Oakford cast a glance upon his face, and every drop of blood receded from his own. He recoiled a step, and partly turned, as if to flee; but, conscious that he was trembling from head to foot, summoned his retreating audacity, with a terrible effort, wheeled around again, facing Henry Osborn, who stood quietly regarding him.

"Someone," he said, with an effort that sent a fleck of foam to his lips, "desires to see me. Who among you is it?"

"It is I," said Osborn. "You know who I am, and these gentlemen know all I can inform them of you. There is another person who must be enlightened regarding the man she is about to marry. It is an unpleasant duty to warn a trusting and perhaps loving woman that she is on the verge of a terrible betrayal; but nothing else can save her. Sit down here, sir, and write to this lady, whom you have led to the verge of ruin, all that I can tell her, all that your accomplice will swear to, if called before a court of law, here or in England."

White with dastardly fear, the man who had called himself Oakford reeled a moment on his feet, then sank upon a chair. His head drooped upon his breast; but he lifted it, and, with a look of a serpent who coils before he springs, seemed about to seize Osborn by the throat; but the ruffian impulse died in a quiver of abject rage. "Well, what do you want of me? What is it that you wish me to do?"

"I have told you," said Osborn. "Sit down at that table, and write to the lady you have so cruelly deceived what and who you truly are: the history of the crimes which must end in this base fraud against her. Write: there is no time for delay, if she is to be saved the public humiliation of your exposure, and you are not ready to go from this house to a prison."

"But if I do write—what then?"

"Then, so far as I am concerned, you are free to take your journey over the world. Only be

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careful that you are never seen in England or America."

"Do you give me your word of honor that I am free if I do this?"

"A promise always carries my word of honor," said Osborn; "you ought to know that."

"All right, then; my lady countess shall have her first love-letter," said the entrapped man, with a dash of bitter bravado. Drawing his chair close to the table, and seizing a pen, he began to write rapidly. Some evil spirit of fun seemed to possess him, as he went on: for more than once he chuckled over a sentence, as he completed it, and, at the end, he muttered to himself: "By Jove! I would like to be by, when the old lady reads it."

At last, he completed the singular missive, and handed it to Osborn, saying: "Brief, terse, and spicy, with charming iniquities enough to make her excuse my hasty departure."

Osborn took the paper, read it through, and, with an expression of stern disgust in his face, laid it down for the man to sign.

This he did with a dash of the pen, then folded the paper after his usual fantastic fashion, threw it on the table, and left the room.

Once in the hall, he stood irresolute, looking up and down, as if lost in a chaos, bewildered, and almost paralyzed; then a swift evil thought flashed through his brain: he thrust his hand into an inner pocket, and an exclamation of relief broke from him like a sob.

"It is here! It is here!"

Then, with the swift and light tread of a panther, he entered the drawing-room, and, scarcely breathing as he went, stole to the Japanese cabinet which concealed Mrs. Willerton's safe, and was putting a key into the lock, when the soft low voice of Antoine whispered:

"You forget, my lord, that, on her wedding-night, madam will be wearing all her jewels. That key is of no use here."

Oakford started from his stooping position.

"Traitor! villain! coward!" he hissed. "You have done this!"

"Even so, my Lord of Oakford, and now I am directed to see you safely out of this house. Permit me—"

With the grave mocking ceremony of a state attendant waiting upon royalty, Antoine followed this man down the room and into the hall. Opening the door, he bent low in mock homage as the false nobleman passed through, and, with a look of deadly hate, watched him pass down the broad crimson carpet that covered the front steps, to the sidewalk.

During some minutes, the group of gentlemen within the library remained silent; then Mr. Cromly arose, and took up the note which the baffled impostor had flung insolently upon the table, saying:

"As I am the only person among you who has no pleasanter duty to perform, perhaps I had better explain this to the lady. After that, we must manage to keep the whole affair a secret among ourselves."

With the letter in his hand, the old lawyer mounted the stairs, and entered the boudoir where Mrs. Willerton was waiting for her bride-groom.

As doctors strive with gentle precaution to give the fatal news of widowhood to a bereaved wife, the kind trustee explained to his client the fraud that had been practiced upon her. She did not believe him. She did not even accept the evidence of that cool and even insulting letter, in which the handsome villain had poured out the bitterness of his own disappointment. But she was so agitated that the paper shook like a leaf in her hand.

"It is a falsehood! a falsehood! a conspiracy in my own household!" she exclaimed, with passionate violence. "Someone has forged this. The plotters shall meet him face to face!"

"The man who called himself Lord Oakford is gone. He left this house immediately after writing that letter."

"Gone? Gone?"

For one moment, the woman reeled back as if her old friend had dealt her a blow; but she rallied directly, and sprang to her feet, crying, almost frantically:

"Let me see this man who has dared to present these charges against my betrothed husband. Bring the persons who know of this affair into my presence—every one of them. If it is a conspiracy, I will meet it face to face. If it is the truth, I will find the courage to meet that. Bring them here, I say!"

Queen Elizabeth could not have spoken more imperatively. The old lawyer was both awed and pleased with her passionate demeanor. He left the room, during a minute or two; then, when he came back, followed by Weston, Stewart, and Henry Osborn, among whom the two white-robed sisters hovered like frightened doves, they found her pacing up and down the room, still in a state of feverish excitement: for the absorbing love she had given to that false man was kindling into a flame of fierce womanly pride. She turned sharply, as the group came in, glancing from one to another till her eyes fell upon Osborn; then, without waiting for a more formal introduction, she broke forth:

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"Sir, you have made charges of dishonor against a gentleman to whom I am engaged in marriage, which my trustee and old friend deems worthy of belief. You have engaged yourself, he says, to a person under my protection, and propose to complete the marriage here, at my house. Before I listen to your accusations, or consent to this marriage, inform me who you are, and what reliance can be placed on your authority."

Mr. Cromly made a movement as if about to speak; but Osborn gave him no opportunity. With some rising color, and a slight bend of his head, he answered this passionate, almost rude, appeal with quiet dignity:

"Before making the charges you speak of, madam, I placed such proofs of their authenticity, and of my own worthiness of belief, as satisfied your very astute man-of-business. I, Henry Osborn, am myself the tenth Earl of Oakford, and this young lady's betrothed husband."

Mrs. Willerton was struck dumb, and a look of absolute amazement fell upon all the others, except the old lawyer, who smiled a little.

Rachael Marsh was by Osborn's side when they entered the room, and stood near him when he spoke. He saw the frightened look that came into her face, and held out his hand; but she shrank back, and drew close to her sister, turning her blue eyes, with a half-terrified, half-reproachful look, on his face.

"No, no. What have I to do with a title? You told me of a little farm—a quiet home; but nothing more," she said, feeling as if all she had known and hoped for were drifting from her as dreams are lost in chaos.

"I have offered you the dearest and holiest title that any man can give to the woman he loves: that of my wife. I have nothing better to give now," said the young man, lifting Rachael's hand to his lips, and drawing her closer to his side.

Before anyone could speak, the door of the room was opened, the draperies thrown back, and an usher called out:

"The clergyman is here; the people waiting. It is time to form."

Mr. Cromly started up, and, approaching Mrs. Willerton, said, in a low earnest voice:

"Everything depends on you. Be firm. Be yourself again."

The woman drew herself up proudly. Her eyes flashed, scarlet burned hotly in her cheeks.

"Have no fear, my good friend," she said. "I shall introduce our countess with all the honors."

She kept her word. Never had the brilliant crowd assembled in those rooms seen the hospitalities of any mansion more grandly bestowed. As a queen might give away her daughter, she stood in that bridal-group, apparently the proudest and happiest person in the room. But, when the gay throng had dispersed, and she had taken leave of her last guest, the hot color in her cheek died out, the light faded from her eyes; and, walking unsteadily, as if the length of that state room were interminable, she entered her parlor, fell upon the couch, and fainted away.

Among the most popular and esteemed of the ladies of rank, now at the Court of St. James, is the Countess of Oakford, once our MOTHERLESS GIRL.

A SARATOGA BELLE.

BY MONTROSE L. CHAUNCEY.

She passed, in a tall tandem cart—
  Red wheels, with a body of black—
A footman, with top-boots so smart,
  Behind her, back bumping to back.
A dude was the driver. He sat,
  As stiff as a ramrod, on high.
Much curl to the brim of his hat,
  Much eye-glass stuck into his eye.

Her dress was from Worth, so they said;
  A marvel—the talk of the town.
But oh, such a hat on her head!
  A flower-pot, turned upside-down.
A cluster of Jacqueminots gay
  Was pinned where most girls have a heart;
Her waist was so waspish, you'd say
  A jolt would just snap it apart.

She nodded, with giggle or laugh,
  To ladies of "ton" that she knew.
Or shot out a volley of chaff,
  Or kisses from finger-tips threw.
But strangers she passed with a stare
  That looked them all over, you see,
From bonnet to boots, with an air
  That said: "Who the deuce may you be?"

She chattered and chirped as they drove;
  But not to her "squire of dames."
Oh, no: to a pug dog! By Jove!
  She called it a hundred pet names.
"My darling!" "My ducky!" "My pride!"
  You laugh. Does it matter a rap?
The puppy that sat by her side—
  The puppy she hugged in her lap?

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a home-dress, composed entirely of lace. The body is made of piece-lace, and is pointed back and front. The fronts are fulled, the back plain. The sleeves are gathered at the wrists, in the new fashion, and finished by satin bows and lace frills. The waist-belt, which is of satin, is pointed back and front, and finished at back by a handsome sash, tied a l'enfant. The skirt is cut plain and round, and may be either of black silk, batiste, or sateen, according to the desired cost. The edge of the skirt is finished



No. 1.



No. 2.

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by a satin plissé, and the three flounces of lace are arranged straight round, in the old-fashioned way. They should not be gathered too full, else



No. 3.

the handsome pattern of the lace will be lost. The upper flounce is gathered into the waist-band of the skirt. If the lace used be of a light texture and pattern, it will add much to the success of the dress to place under the edge of each flounce a box-plaiting of net, to keep it out, and give it substance; this is especially necessary, if the underskirt be made of any other material than silk or satin. This costume, made up of the worsted laces now so fashionable, will be very effective and elegant; they come both in the piece-lace and trimming-lace to match. Of course, the linings of waist and sleeves are to be made of the same material as the underskirt. Black lace, made over a dark-red surah in this style, will make a very handsome evening or dinner dress, and very becoming, especially to a brunette.

No. 2—Is a walking-costume, of lady's-cloth, to be worn over a plain skirt of cloth, velvet, or velveteen. Of course, either of the latter will make the costume more elegant. This pelisse is cut with basque and skirt. The back of basque and skirt of the garment is all cut in one; only the fronts and sides of the skirt are separate. The basque fits the figure, and is long-waisted, forming a short-pointed basque, as seen in the illustration. The skirt opens in front, is lined with silk to match, or a contrasting color, and is left to fly open over the underskirt. The fronts of the skirt are slightly gathered under the basque,



No. 4.

and the fullness of the back is bunched slightly over the tournure, and then falls in straight lines. The collar, front, and cuffs are of fur.

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The sleeves are slightly fulled into the shoulder. This model will be very suitable for velvet or



No. 5.

velveteen. The latter will be very fashionable for the coming winter. Four and a half yards of cloth will be required. The amount of fur must be determined by the size of the garment.



No. 6.

No. 3—Is a walking-costume, of gray velveteen, trimmed with shaded gray Astrakhan. The skirt is plain, with a deep kilted flounce. To make the costume light in weight, the foundation-skirt must be of silk or alpaca, and the velveteen kilting mounted upon it, with a facing above the kilting of the velveteen. The front of the tablier is framed with fur, and the back is arranged in one large and irregularly-draped puff. The jacket is perfectly round and tight-fitting. The front has a fur plastron, forming a collar at the back and a point in front. The fur trimming is continued around the jacket, and also forms the cuffs. Fifteen to sixteen yards of velveteen, and two yards of shaded Astrakhan-cloth, for trimming, will be the amount of material required.

No. 4—Is an infant's cape and hood. It is made of cashmere or opera-flannel, lined with silk, and edged with lace or a crocheted border of split-zephyr or knitting-silk. It is made of a square of the material, with one corner rounded off for the hood. A casing around the face and



No. 7.

at the back fits it to suit the baby's head. A bow of narrow satin ribbon ornaments the top and back of the hood: same ribbon for strings. Our model has a simple pattern embroidered above the border; but this is optional. Plain is perhaps more elegant.

No. 5—Is a house-costume, composed of plaid woolens and plain camel's-hair goods. The plaid skirt is kilted on to a yoke from the waist. The tablier-front forms a full drapery, plaited high on each side. The drapery of the back is shown so plainly in the illustration, it needs no description. The basque is pointed in front, with a full postillion-back. Tight coat-sleeves, with cuffs of the plaid. The standing collar is also of the plaid; and a vest of the plaid may be added, if desired. Ten yards of plaid and six yards of plain will be required.

No. 6—Is a robe, of rose-colored cashmere, with a pelerine, for a child of two to three years. The long corsage is all in one piece, and is

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gathered at the neck and waist to fit. The skirt is gathered on to the corsage, as seen. The



No. 8.

pelerine is lined with silk, and gathered in several rows, to fit the neck, finished with a standing frill of lace, and tied with a bow of satin ribbon. The sleeves of the robe are finished in the same way.

No. 7—Is a child's blouse, made of checked gingham or flannel. The yoke is plain, and the blouse box-plaited. The sash, pockets, and cuffs are all of the same material.

No. 8—Is a walking-costume, suitable for either a little girl or boy of four years. The long blouse-waist is formed of one large box-plait, back and front, and the skirt is box-plaited upon it. The waist is made long enough to fall over the skirt



No. 9.

at the waist-line, as seen. The edge of the skirt is trimmed with a band of velvet. The shoulder-cape is adjustable, is also of velvet, as are the cuffs. A tiny fur tippet, of Astrakhan, is worn over the cape; or the cape may only be finished with a turn-over collar, and tied with ribbon-strings.

No. 9.—Boot, for baby, made of cashmere, and interlined with flannel. Top and sole bound with silk braid, and then put together. Tiny bows of ribbon ornament the top.

TOILETTE-POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This little pocket will be found very useful for clothes-brushes, etc. It is made of satin. The back is quilted in small diamonds, and mounted upon card-board. The pockets are ornamented by a simple pattern in outline. A crocheted edge, backed by a narrow fringe, finishes the edge.



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GIRL'S DOLMAN: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

The purpose of this department is to furnish, every month, as our old subscribers know, the most recent and stylish novelty of its kind—a



waist, wrap, polonaise, child's-dress, etc.—and also a full-size paper pattern, from which any lady can cut out the article for herself, without the aid of a mantua-maker. In this way, the subscriber gets, during the year, the twelve most stylish affairs that appear; and so is kept abreast of the progress of fashion, having always the very latest novelty at her command. To tell what is really the most fashionable costume, at Paris and other centres of fashion, is the mission, so to speak, of "Peterson," and is one that is not fulfilled by any other magazine: the rest giving only second-rate costumes, got up in New York and Philadelphia.

For this month, we give a "Girl's Dolman," altogether the most stylish thing of its kind out this season. If you make a dress like this for your daughter, there will be no one as fashionable in the place. Folded in with the number, we give a SUPPLEMENT, with full-size diagrams, from which to cut it out. The different parts of the costume are—as will be seen—four in number:

1.—HALF OF FRONT.
2.—HALF OF BACK.
3.—SLEEVE.
4.—UNDER PART OF SLEEVE.

This stylish dolman should be made of dark-red cloth, trimmed with Astrakhan-fur. Notice that the skirt-part of the back is plaited. The letters and notches show how the pieces are put together. The step described in the sleeve is draped to the centre of the back, where it terminates with a sash. The sleeve is large enough to allow of a short fullness on the shoulder. The sleeve is fulled at the cuff.

In making this garment, it would be advisable to cut out first, in muslin, the entire garment carefully, and baste and fit in the sleeve. There is a gore taken in the front, under the arm; and the fullness is laid in a large plait, where the front and back of the skirt join. The sleeve of a dolman is always difficult to adjust: therefore, it will be better to fit a pattern-lining before cutting into the material.

Cut the skirt of the back-piece a quarter of an inch longer than it is given; our paper would not admit of the entire length. Also allow for shoulder-seams.

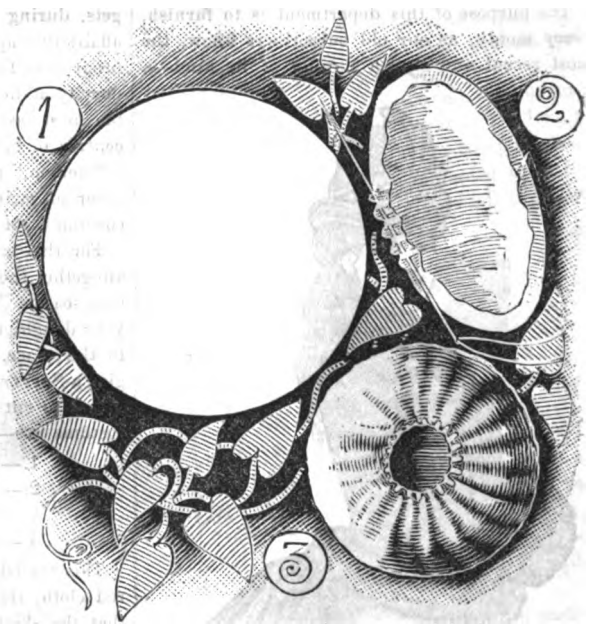
We also give, on the SUPPLEMENT, three new and beautiful designs in embroidery, etc., which are described on another page. These designs are inserted in such a way, it will be seen, as not to interfere with the lines of any of the four pieces for the dolman.

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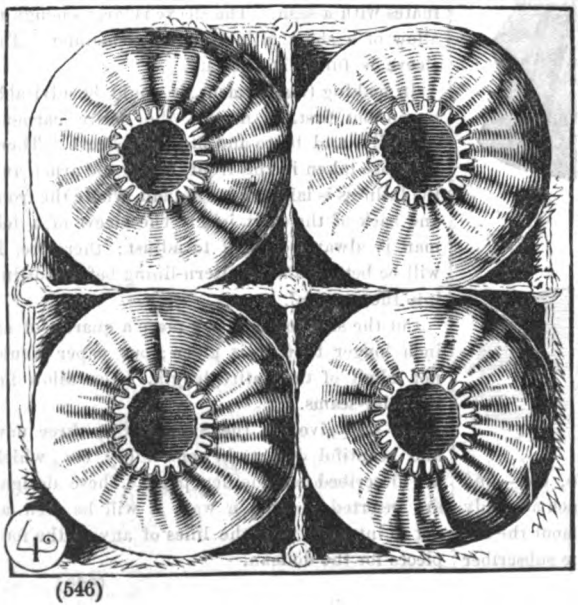
NEW FANCY-WORK FOR LADIES.

BY HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

In the days of our grandmothers, the utilization of much that is now thrown away was an object of careful attention. We mean, more especially, the numerous scraps that generally find their way into the "rag-bag"—the ultimate end of the contents of which is rarely known. In bygone days, "patch-work" in every form was a great industry for ladies, and some of it was very beautiful indeed; but the particular work we are about to describe is now but rarely seen, though once very popular. It was brought very prominently under my notice, the other day, when calling on a lady who is the most energetic of our parish district visitors.

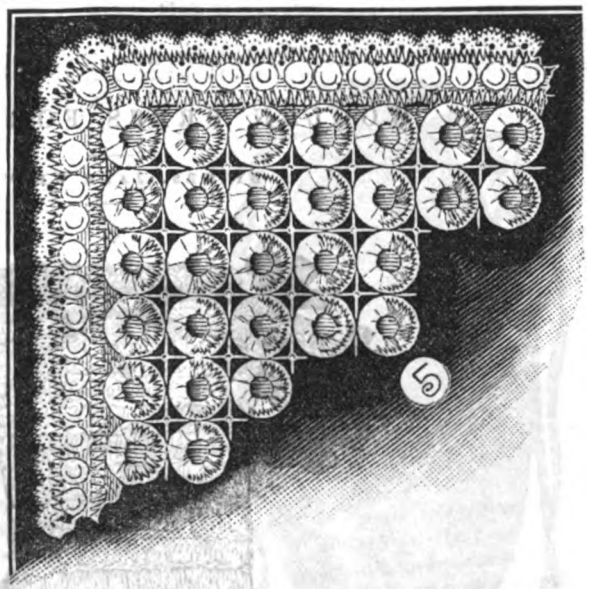


I was about to seat myself in one of the charmingly comfortable chairs in her pretty drawing-room, when I was struck with the richness of the antimacassar thrown over the back of it. On expressing my admiration, my hostess told me that she first saw one like it when visiting one of the cottages in the village. The occupant, an old inhabitant, described with evident pleasure the simplicity of the work, and pressed the object of my admiration on my hostess's kind acceptance. The material employed was simply the odd scraps of calico that had accumulated from time to time, and in our illustration I have endeavored to show how they were used. In the initial illustration, Figure No. 1 will be seen to be a simple flat disc of calico. The best way to secure a good and accurate circle is to cut out one in card-board first, and then cut the calico from it. Figure 2 is the same circle of calico, showing how it is run round, and Figure 3 shows it completed and pulled into shape. In Figure 4, the discs are shown as they are to be sewed together, and they can be so multiplied as to make a



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large ottoman-cover, or even a counterpane, down to an antimacassar. The reader will observe that small diamond-shaped spaces are found between the sewed discs, and the effect of the whole work is much heightened when a little lace-work is introduced in these spaces, and then the whole tacked on some rich dark material, presenting a handsome appearance (Figure 5), though so simple and inexpensive, and it well repays the trouble and care bestowed on it, as it wears well, and looks as good as new when washed and pulled out. For rich effect, I have seen nothing of the kind to equal it; the appearance at a little distance giving the idea of raised white roses on lace, and I think it is certain to attract the attention of any lover of this kind of work.



After washing, it must on no account be ironed, as that would spoil the raised appearance.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR DESIGNS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give two illustrations: suitable, the one for Christmas, the other for New-Year. The former represents a design for a passion-flower, the latter a design for fuchsias and violets. They may be either painted or embroidered, and used for a writing-case, or scrap-book, cover, etc., etc. In fact, there is hardly any purpose to which they cannot be applied. Use the natural colors, where you paint or embroider. The lettering can be done in gold or silver.

On the same pages, we give also two patterns for embroidering on flannel, cashmere, etc., etc., for various purposes.

DESIGNS ON THE SUPPLEMENT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the SUPPLEMENT that is folded in with this number, three new and beautiful designs for the work-table, viz:

1.—Design for Hand-Screen, embroidered in Dacca silks, or for outline-work, or for painting on terra-cotta plaque. The colors to be used are dark-blue for the boy's trousers; leggings of leather, crossed with darker-brown bands; coat made from lamb-skin, brown, mixed with drab; pipe of brown wood-color; hat, dark-green, crossed with scarlet band, a peacock's feather in it; water-bottle, red-brown; goats, brown and drab; kid, of écru-color; the earth, of heather mixture; trees, brown-green; the sky, flecked with blue lines.

2.—Violets, in Embroidery. To be worked in outline-stitch or Kensington-stitch, etc.

3.—Embroidery on Flannel, etc. To be worked in outline-stitch or Kensington-stitch, etc., and can be used for a great variety of purposes.

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WOOLEN DRESS FOR A CHILD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Three skeins of white crystal wool, two skeins of pink crystal wool. The dress is made in three parts. Commence, for the front, with white, and make a chain of sixty-three stitches; make three treble or long crochet stitches into the first three chain, three treble into the next chain, three treble into the next three chain,* miss one, three treble into next three chain, three treble into next chain, three treble into next three chain; continue from * till you get eight points. In the second and following rows, when you get to the middle of the points, crochet the two top stitches together to form the points, and work always at the back of the stitch to form a rib; make twenty-one rows. Then, for the sleeve, work as far as the second point in each side for four rows; then four remaining points form the square neck. The back is made exactly the same as the front to the fourteenth row. Fifteenth row: Make four points, and turn back; continue in this manner to the twenty-first row. This is to form the opening down the back. Work the other side the same; sleeve as before.

FLOUNCE.—With pink wool, make one hundred and eighty-six chain; into that, make twenty-three points, work nine rows, join it then on the chain or straight edge, work a heading with white wool. First row: Treble crochet. Second row: Double crochet, taking every second and third stitch together, to draw it in.

Join the sides of the dress, leaving the armholes on each side; sew on the flounce, and, to hide the stitches, join on pink wool, and crochet five chain, one treble into first chain, and then catch the wool in the skirt, to form a kind of gimp.

Round the neck, sleeves, and bottom of flounce, work three or four rows of crochet edging.

A very pretty and useful affair.

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WORK-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This work-bag is intended for knitting as is carried on the arm. It is made of blue silk, satin, or cashmere. The bag is gathered in several rows around the point, to form the proper shape: then the tassel is put on. The band is of guipure-work: the upper part, of course, crochet-work, in which style the whole may be carried out, if preferred. But, now that guipure-work is so moderate in price, many people prefer to buy it. Any amount of variety may be made for the band: Java canvas; embroidered in colored filoselle, gray linen, with a pretty outline design, edged with guipure lace, etc. The top of the bag draws with strings of silk braid or ribbon, finished with tassels.

LAMBREQUIN IN ROMAN-WORK, Etc.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, printed in the appropriate colors, we give one of those superb patterns in embroidery for which "Peterson" has become famous. So costly are these embellishments—costlier than many of the so-called "chromos"—that no other periodical can stand the expense of them: only our immense edition, and our being contented with a small profit, enable us to do it. At a retail store, as everyone knows, a pattern like this would cost from fifty cents to a dollar. These embellishments in "Peterson" are as useful as they are beautiful.

This beautiful affair is a design, in Roman-work, for a lambrequin for a mantel-piece, what-not, etc., etc., etc. The materials are: satin, of a color corresponding with the furniture; fine Irish holland; écru filoselle.

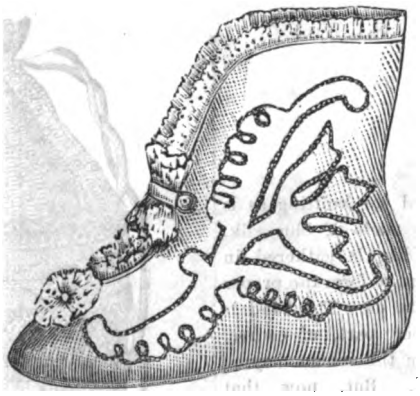
This elegant lambrequin is worked in button-hole and point-russe stitches, upon fine holland; écru filoselle is split for this purpose, and three threads only are taken to each needleful. The edge is finished by a deep fringe, matching the filoselle in color. The holland is cut away after the work is completed, and the lambrequin is mounted on satin, and lined with silk to match; or it can be tacked over a velvet lambrequin, and removed for cleaning as required.

We offer this beautiful pattern to our subscribers for 1885, with our very best wishes for their health, happiness, and prosperity.

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BABY'S BOOT.

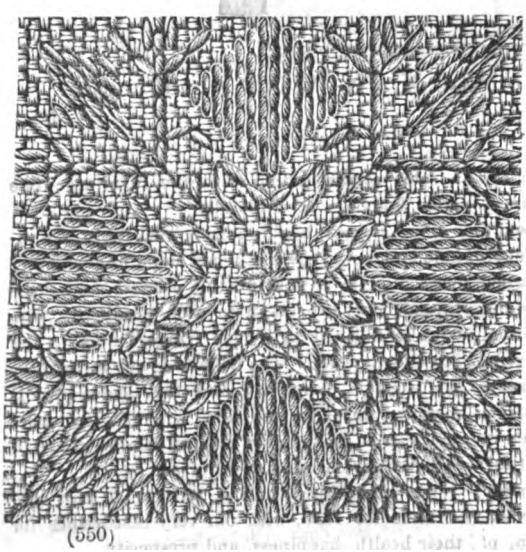
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This little boot is made of fleecy lined piqué, braided or chained stitches on both sides, after the pattern, and trimmed with narrow torchon lace. Strap and rosette made of lace, quilled. Sole of piqué. The sides and sole are bound with a soft braid on the edge, and then put together with overhand-stitch before trimming. It would make a very pretty Christmas gift.

DESIGN ON JAVA CANVAS, FOR CHAIR-SEATS, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

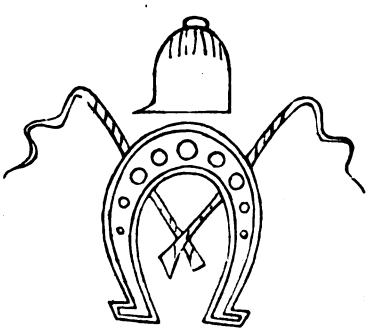


Chairs, ottomans, etc., in cane, are much covered with cushions. Our design is on Java canvas, embellished with a simple pattern worked in silks and wools; and very bright and pretty they look. In this design, the close diamonds are done in red wool, and the lines in bright-blue silk. As point-russe stitches are used, the work is quickly done.

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DESIGN IN OUTLINE.

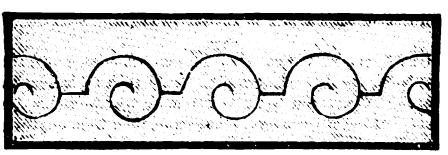
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

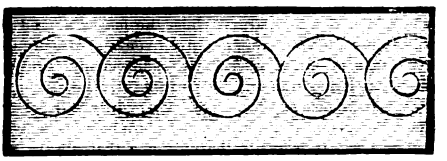


Design in outline, for marking a gentleman's lap-cover. Sometimes used for pocket-handkerchiefs. If for a handkerchief, this is the best size. For a lap-cover, it must be enlarged.

GOLD-THREAD EDGINGS.

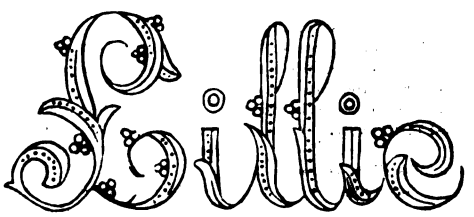
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





Simple edgings and insertions can be made useful for many purposes of embellishing and heightening of embroideries on plush, velvet, silk, cloth, and linen. Also for dress-trimmings, collars, cuffs, etc. Those given in our illustration, simple as they appear, are frequently used in needlework of classical and Oriental design, so very popular just now.

NAME FOR MARKING.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1886. THE MAGAZINE FOR THE TIMES!—We call attention to the Prospectus for 1886, on the last page of the cover. We claim there that "Peterson" is both *better and cheaper* than any magazine of its kind. That the public at large admits the justice of this claim is proved by the fact that "Peterson" has now, and has had for years, *the largest circulation of any lady's-book* in the United States, or even in the world.

The reasons for this are obvious: "Peterson" gives more for the money, and of a better quality, than any other; is really, therefore, the most economical; and is just the magazine for the times. Its steel-engravings are the finest; and a steel-engraving is the finest and costliest of all engravings. Its stories are the best published; no lady's-book has such contributors: and all the stories *are original*. In its fashion-department, it is pre-eminent: its styles are the newest and most elegant; and its superb colored plates are all printed from steel, the only ones in the United States! It combines art, literature, and fashion in a way no other does. Where but one magazine is taken, "Peterson" should be that magazine. Every family that pretends to culture and refinement should take at least one magazine.

We continue to offer four kinds of clubs. For one kind, the premium is the unrivaled illustrated album, "The Forget-Me-Not," or the large engraving, "The Angel of Paradise," whichever is preferred. For another kind, the premium is a copy of "Peterson" for 1886. For still another kind, there are two premiums: "The Forget-Me-Not," or "The Angel of Paradise," *and* a copy of "Peterson." For our very largest clubs, the magazine and both the album and engraving are given—*three premiums in all*: No other magazine offers such inducements. Only our immense circulation enables us to do it.

Now is the time to get up clubs. Every lady will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merits and cheapness be fairly put before her. It is really the only one that always keeps its promises: what we say we will do, we do. *Be first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. *Do not lose a moment.*

MRS. STEPHENS'S NOVELET, "THE MOTHERLESS GIRL," continued since July under the title of "The Willertons," is concluded in this number. Our readers who were so deeply interested in the fortunes of the orphaned children, and who thought, at one time, that they had perished in the tenement-building, will see now that the "poetical justice," which Emerson used to say was the true justice, awaited them, and that their story ends happily, as it should, and with "wedding-bells." The break in the story, we find, attracted all the more attention to it.

"CHRISTMAS IS COMING! HURRAH!"—This inimitable steel-engraving is after a picture by John Morgan, one of the most popular of cotemporary English artists. He is the same artist who painted "A Feather In Her Cap," in our November number, a plate which so many subscribers write to us was one of the finest of the year.

BRIGHTENS A HOME.—An old subscriber, renewing for 1886, writes: "I think no periodical brightens a home like 'Peterson,' and I will raise a club for it."

"WON'T BE TAKEN IN AGAIN."—A lady sends us two dollars, for 1886, and writes: "I had taken 'Peterson' for a dozen years, but was persuaded, last year, by the flaming promises of another lady's-book, to try it instead. I found that hardly any of the promises were kept, either as to the authors who were to contribute, or the character of the engravings, premiums, etc., etc. So I come back to my old favorite, the cheapest as well as best. I won't be taken in again."

THE HAIR IS NOW OFTENER DRESSED in two coils than in one, divided down the centre, rolled away from the face and towards the middle of the back of the head, and then drawn to the top, and curled round. In the evening, the wing of a bird is worn, fastened into the hair at the side of the head, just above the ear. A jet or diamond star apparently fastens it. Black, white, gray, or red wings are all used, according to the trimming of the gown.

DO YOUR PLANTS NEED WETTING?—An experienced gardener says that a sure sign to find out if plants in pots require wetting is to rap on the side of the pot, near the middle, with the finger-knuckle; if it give forth a hollow ring, the plant needs water; but, if there be a dull sound, there is still moisture enough to sustain the plant.

BRACELETS are often to be seen now, placed on one side of the head, fastened into the turned-up hair. They are put in like a half-bandeau, and the hair on the other side of the head is dressed higher, and rather differently. Strings of pearls are used in the same way, and the addition of an aigrette is an improvement.

OUR TITLE-PAGE FOR 1885, in this number, represents two ladies reading "Peterson." Could they be better employed? Could you be? "I get more happiness," writes a lady, "from perusing your magazine, than from anything else, though costing ten times as much."

THE JANUARY NUMBER will be ready shortly after the twentieth of November. Hurry up your clubs, therefore, so as to get the earliest. If your club is not ready, send for a specimen, so as to get up the club at once.

LITTLE GIRLS ARE WEARING SKIRTS of striped material, attached to woolen jerseys, with cuffs and collar of the stripe. On one side of the skirt is a bow of velvet, with a little bag-pocket beneath.

FOR TEA-PARTIES, white, cream, or pale-colored thin jerseys are worn with nun's-veiling skirts, and wide soft surah sashes tied in a large bow at the left side.

CHEERFULNESS, AMIABILITY, AND A SINCERE DESIRE to be obliging are qualities that go further, even than beauty, to win esteem and affection.

EITHER OF OUR OLD PREMIUMS, "The Golden Gift" or "The Pearl of Price," will be sent, instead of "The Forget-Me-Not," if preferred.

NEVER DRESS IN TOO PRONOUNCED A WAY: to be conspicuous is always underbred.

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"THE FORGET-ME-NOT," AND OTHER PREMIUMS.—On the second page of the cover, this month, we describe our new and very beautiful premium *to persons getting up clubs for "Peterson" for* 1886, viz: "The Forget-Me-Not," an album of friendship, crowded with blank pages of the finest hot-pressed letter-paper, in fancy colors, for writing verses, autographs, etc., etc. This exquisite gift-book, the *most elegant and costly we have ever published*, will be, in addition, illustrated with steel-engravings, etc., etc., and bound in patent vellum or morocco, gilt. It will be an ornament for any centre-table. Every lady should have a copy. To earn a copy, it is only necessary to get up a club for "Peterson."

Another of our premiums will be a large steel-engraving, executed in the highest style of art, size twenty-one by twenty-seven inches, called "The Angel of Paradise." It is a companion-picture to "Not Lost, But Gone Before," which we published several years ago, and which was so much sought after. Everyone who has the latter should have the former. To secure it, you have only to get up a club for "Peterson." See second page of cover. Or both it and "The Forget-Me-Not" can be had by getting up one of our larger clubs.

Another of our premiums will be *an extra copy of the magazine for* 1886. Many persons will prefer this to any other premium. But it, and one or both of the other premiums, can be earned by getting up one of the larger clubs. See, again, second page of cover.

In short, for 1886, "Peterson" will not only be more desirable than ever, but the premiums for getting up clubs will be more beautiful and costly. *Now is the time to get up clubs.*

FLOWER-POT COVERS, composed of a square handkerchief, gathered round the top, with the corners turned over to form four points, are very pretty, and are now to be seen about a room and on a dinner-table in various colors and sizes. They are gathered on to a circular card-board foundation, on which the flower-pot stands. In plush and satin, with a monogram embroidered in one corner, they are most attractive. Fancy silk handkerchiefs are frequently turned over common straw wall-baskets, with three points showing, the centre being the longest.

THE CHEAP PAMPHLET NOVELS sell for twenty cents each. Yet no one, as a rule, contains quite as many pages as a number of "Peterson," which retails for eighteen cents, or two cents less, and has its steel-engravings, colored fashions, colored patterns, and any number of illustrations extra. "Why," says a subscriber, writing on this very subject, "your magazine is twice as cheap." Yes, nowhere can you get so much for so little money, as by subscribing for "Peterson."

VELVET RIBBON REINS, for Christmas-gifts to children, are novel and pretty. They are sewed on to broad elastic, and joined on to a little breastplate of velvet or velveteen, with the name of the little recipient worked across. Four or five small gilt bells are placed in a row, each one set in a ring of raised buttonholing, worked over a cord frame.

"DEAR OLD FRIEND."—A lady, who thought the "times too hard" to subscribe for this year, sends us her money for next year, "the times being better," as she says, and adds: "I took it for 1884, and I must have it again, the dear old friend."

EVERY LADY OF REFINEMENT should take "Peterson." It is "no mere catch-penny affair, as most of the so-called lady's-books are." So writes one of our oldest subscribers.

LAVENDER BAGS, prettily made of lace and muslin, are now fashionable, to lay on tables about the room. This is because they give such a delicious, yet delicate, perfume.

SAVE MONEY BY SUBSCRIBING FOR "PETERSON."—In no other way can you get so much at so little cost. Only a magazine with an enormous circulation can afford to give what "Peterson" gives. Others promise, but can't, or won't, perform.

OUR CHRISTMAS-GIFT to our subscribers, this year, is a superb colored pattern for a lambrequin, etc., etc. This embellishment cost us as much as a "chromo," such as others give for premiums. But we give it as part of our usual illustrations.

THE SOFT CHUDDAH SHAWLS, both long and short, are now fashionable for cloaks for infants, and trimmed with broad bands of plush or velvet. The gray ones are not only trimmed with their own color, but with deep-blue, claret, or ruby. The little hood is made to match.

NEVER WERE TWO SUCH BEAUTIFUL PLATES published by any magazine, as those in this number of "Peterson." That is our opinion, at least. Isn't it yours?

ARE YOU A SUBSCRIBER FOR 1885?—Then try and get us another subscriber for 1886. A little help on the part of our friends would double our already large list.

SEND FOR A SPECIMEN to get up a club with. We challenge comparison. We do not wish to deceive anyone. We wish everybody to judge for herself.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Andromeda. By George Fleming. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—As the author of "Kismet" and "Mirage," this lady is already known to readers of fiction. Her specialty, heretofore, has been a rare sympathy with nature, and a marvelous power of description in connection with it, so that, in "Kismet," the Nile lies before us, and, in "Mirage," Damascus and the desert. In this novel, however, she tries an even higher flight—essaying to add to these earlier merits the interest of an involved and passionate plot. The story is a love-story, pure and simple, and is very appropriately named.

Two Kisses. By Hawley Smart. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A very sparkling story, forming the first number of a new series just started by this enterprising firm, and to be sold at the astonishingly low price of twenty-five cents each. The volume is handsomely printed, in large type: quite in contrast with ordinary publications at the same price.

Mam'selle Eugénie. By Henry Greville. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is another issue of that popular series, "The Twenty-Five Cent Novels," which promises to take the lead of all other similar enterprises. Henry Greville is one of the most popular of novelists, and this is one of his very best novels.

Letters From a Mother To a Mother, on the Formation, Growth, and Care of the Teeth. 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. Philadelphia: Welch Dental Co.*—A very excellent little treatise, by the wife of a dentist, but embracing a good deal more than the title implies, and showing a very thorough knowledge of infants and infancy.

A Model Wife. By G. I. Cervius. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.*—The author of this new American novel is already favorably known to the public by his "White Feathers." The present story is not inferior, in any sense, to its predecessor.

The Dark House. By G. Manville Fenn. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Chicago: A. W. Marquis & Co.*—A very exciting story, fully equal to the author's earlier efforts: "The Parson o' Dumford," "Poverty Corner," etc., etc.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

SHOW THEM WHAT EDITORS SAY.—When our friends are soliciting new subscribers for "Peterson," it would be as well to show them what editors say. We have hundreds of notices, similar to the few we give here, but our limited space precludes our quoting too many. The Watertown (Mass.) Enterprise says, for example: "Altogether the best of the lady's-books; everything about it tends to make it the most complete magazine of its kind published." The Phillipsburg (N. J.) Democrat says: "The number just out is a marvel of beauty." The Mount Holly (N. J.) Mirror says: "The literary contents have the same originality and merit that long ago placed 'Peterson' at the head of the lady's-magazines." The Hancock (N. Y.) Herald says: "The best thing to do is to send for a specimen of 'Peterson,' and compare it with others, when you will be certain to subscribe." The Winston (N. C.) Leader says: "It is a marvel to us how so beautiful a monthly can be published for so low a price." The Rock Island (Ill.) Union says: "The stories are always exceptionally good." The Leroysville (Pa.) Advertiser says: "Reading-matter always of the very highest tone." The Fremont (Ohio) Journal says: "How can so good a magazine be published for so low a price?" The New Brighton (N. Y.) Star says: "The colored pattern is alone worth the price of the number." The Norristown (Pa.) Herald says: "The only lady's-magazine that has not deteriorated in its steel-engravings." The Conneton (Ohio) Times says: "Ahead of all others: how the publisher can afford to keep improving it, as he does, is a standing wonder." The Logan Freeman says: "The fashions are always the latest and most stylish." The Portsmouth (N. H.) Gazette says: "*The cheapest and best for ladies: everybody should take this magazine.*" This, in short, is what we claim for "Peterson." We assert that it gives more for the money, and of a better quality, than any other, and invite a comparison. Moreover, what we promise, we perform. "If you wish to be sure of getting your magazine," says the Bellevue (Ohio) Gazette, "subscribe for 'Peterson.'"

A DOUBLY GOOD WORK.—All people who eat are indebted to the Royal Baking-Powder Company not more for having perfected and prepared a leavening agent that is pure and wholesome beyond a question than for its exposures, so boldly made, of the numerous impure, adulterated, and injurious articles that are sold under the name of baking-powders, bread-preparations, etc., etc., in this community. In making these exposures, the company has, of course, made itself the target for all sorts of counter-attacks; but the animus of these attacks has been perfectly understood by the general public, and by their very virulence have served to more prominently call attention to the good work of the "Royal" Company.

Food-frauds of the usual class—such as wooden nutmegs, chicory coffee, and watered milk—although they are swindles in a commercial sense, are often tolerated because they do not particularly affect the health of the consumer. But, when an article like baking-powder, that is relied upon for the healthful preparation of almost every meal, is so made as to carry highly injurious, if not rankly poisonous, elements into our daily food, it would seem to be the duty of the press as well as of the criminal authorities to take cognizance of it.

In the fight for pure food, made by the "Royal" Company some time ago, when its guns were particularly trained against the alum baking-powders, it was noticed that the most trustworthy scientific authorities were emphatically upon its side. So, in the recent contest with the lime and other impure baking-powders, the result has proved that every statement made by the Royal Baking-Powder Company, both as to the purity of its own and the adulteration of other baking-powders of the market, was fully authorized by the most competent chemical and medical authorities of the country.

In this contest, two facts have been pretty conclusively settled in the minds of the public—the first, that the Royal Company has found the means, and uses them, to make a chemically pure article of food, and the other that the average baking-powder, no matter how strongly endorsed by "commercial" chemists, is an exceedingly doubtful preparation.

Pure baking-powders are one of the chief aids to the cook in preparing perfect and wholesome food. The recent controversy in the press has left it no longer a question with those who desire purity and wholesomeness of food what baking-powder they shall use.

HOUSEHOLD CARES.—The poet says, in well-known lines:

"Man's work is from sun to sun,
Woman's work is never done."

While the truth of this must be admitted, yet the cares of the housekeeper are materially lessened if proper materials and methods be employed in the performance of her duties. No article has received more encomium from housekeepers than Electro-Silicon, for cleaning and polishing the household silverware and other metallic surfaces, and certainly it has exceptional merits, not only as to the degree of brilliancy produced by it, which is unsurpassed, or the amount of labor required, which is very slight; but the special merit, and one that will be appreciated by every careful housekeeper, is that its action does not produce abrasion, or in any way impair the value or appearance of the most delicate surface of precious metals—a strong contrast with the results produced by whiting and other articles offered for sale for this purpose. We advise our lady readers who have silverware in their charge, and are not conversant with the merits of Electro-Silicon, to send to the proprietors, The Electro Silicon Co., 72 John Street, New York, who will send a trial-sample free to any address, or a full-sized box, post-paid, on receipt of fifteen cents in stamps, or to apply to their dealer for the same.

DO YOU DREAD WRINKLES?—The death-blow to youthful looks, and a sure warning that age is creeping on, are those same *dreaded wrinkles*. To defy them, to remove them, and also to prevent their coming, use *Palm Kosmeo*. It keeps the skin smooth and free from chaps and pimples.

Palm Kosmeo used in combination with Palm Poudre, nothing can be finer as a complexion-cosmetic. My own personal use is proof, and I am justified in saying to my thousands of customers: Try it, and be convinced of its merits. Also Extract of Turkish Rose-Leaves, a very fine indelible tint for the cheeks and lips.

Prices, Palm Kosmeo, $1.00 and $2.00 a box. Kosmeo Poudre, 50 cents and $1.00 a box—can be sent by mail. Turkish Rose-Leaves, 50 cents and $1.00 a bottle—cannot be sent by mail. These goods are only sold by me. Send for catalogue of Hair Goods. Mrs. C. Thompson, 32 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

NEVER BUY A BUGGY until you have seen or ridden in a Dexter Queen. Our attention has been called to the Dexter Queen Buggy, which is claimed to be the easiest-riding vehicle known. Invalids, or those who spend much time in a buggy, should, by all means, use the Dexter. Send to Dexter Spring Co., Hulton, Pa., for circulars and the names of carriage-makers near you who build Dexters.

CORD-DE-LA-REINE is a choice novelty in corded dress-goods, and has become quite the rage for stylish dresses. While it might be called corduroy, it differs from it very much, being softer, stronger, richer, and drapes far more gracefully. Cord-de-la-Reine is made by the manufacturers

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TERSON'S MAGAZINE.
RECEPTION DAY.

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of the famous Nonpareil Velveteens, and they are to be congratulated upon their success.

AN EXTRA COPY OF THIS MAGAZINE will be sent, as a premium, for two subscribers at $2.00 each, or $4.00 in all. Or an extra copy will be sent for three subscribers, at $1.75 each, or $5.25 in all. These offers are in answer to numerous inquirers, who say they prefer an extra copy.

"A WARNING TO ALL."—A lady sends to subscribe for next year, who was induced, this year, to take another magazine. She writes: "I took another, this year, and got badly cheated." We are receiving scores of such letters weekly.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.—Overworked nervous systems. Dr. Edward L. Duer, Philadelphia, says: "I consider it valuable in overworked nervous systems."

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Lock Box 409, Marblehead, Mass.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

No. 274.

Ivanhoe.

No. 275.

Light-house.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS AND POULTRY.

Roasted Rabbit.—Cut off the head, open and wash it clean, and fill it with a dressing made of breadcrumb, some onions finely chopped, pepper, salt, a little powdered mace, and as much butter as will cause the crumb to adhere together; sew the rabbit up after the dressing is in, put it on a spit before the fire, and baste it with butter, whilst it is roasting. Or it may be put in a pan with a little water, and baked. Make a gravy of a gill of water, an ounce of butter, an onion finely chopped, pepper, salt, and mace to the taste. Wine may be added, if preferred.

Minced Veal.—Cut, but do not chop, cold veal in small pieces; rub some butter and flour together to a cream, according to the quantity of your veal, and stir it into a sufficient quantity of boiling milk, also the grated rind of a lemon; let these boil together until the consistency of cream; sprinkle a little flour, salt, and white pepper over the cut veal, and add it to the cream; stand it where it will keep up to the boiling point, but not boil; when thoroughly heated through, squeeze the juice of a lemon over it, and serve quickly on bits of dry toast.

Hashed Pork.—The remains of cold roast pork, two onions, one teaspoonful of flour, two blades of pounded mace, two cloves, one tablespoonful of vinegar, half a pint of gravy, pepper and salt to taste. Chop the onions and fry them a nice brown, cut the pork into thin slices, season them with pepper and salt, and add these to the remaining ingredients Stew gently for about half an hour, and serve garnished with sippets of toasted bread.

Boiled Fowls with Onion Sauce.—Place a couple of fowls trussed for boiling, with an onion and a piece of butter inside each, into a saucepan with sufficient water and three ounces of butter, a couple of carrots, a bundle of sweet herbs (parsley, thyme, and celery), whole pepper and salt to taste; let them boil slowly till done—about one hour. Serve with the sauce over them, and a circle of Brussels sprouts, plainly boiled in salted water, round them.

Beefsteak with Oysters.—Take thirty oysters; stew them in their own liquor; season with two tablespoonfuls of butter, rolled in one tablespoonful of flour; pepper and salt. First boil the liquor, and skim it, and then drop in the oysters. When the gills have turned, stir in the butter. Have ready a nicely-broiled steak; pour over it the oysters, and serve.

DESSERTS.

Mincemeat.—One and a half pounds of beef-suet, one and a half pounds of apples, one and a half pounds of raisins, one and a half pounds of currants, one and a half pounds of moist sugar, a quarter-pound of candied peel; half a tumblerful each of sherry and pale brandy; the juice and grated rind of two lemons; one pinch of salt, and powdered mace, nutmeg, and cinnamon to taste.

Another Mincemeat.—Boil five pounds of lean and juicy beef until tender, and, while boiling, keep closely covered. When cool, chop very fine. Chop well three pounds of nice beef-suet, stone three pounds of raisins, and chop, three pounds well-washed and dried currants, two pounds of citron, cut into thin slices. Grate the rind of six fresh lemons, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, four good-sized nutmegs, grated, one teaspoonful of ground white ginger, one teaspoonful of salt; chop finely fourteen good-sized pippins. Mix these well together. If necessary, use more apples. Put in a stone pot; cover it with good French brandy and wine. This must be kept in a cool dry place.

Plum-Pudding.—One pound of raisins, one pound of currants, one pound of beef-suet, four ounces of chopped apples, eight ounces of mixed candied peel, one and a half pounds of breadcrumb, three-quarters of a pound of moist sugar, eight eggs, half a pint of milk, a glass and a half of brandy, half an ounce of powdered cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg grated, mixed together; some grated lemon-peel. Boil six hours.

Toffee.—One pound of moist white sugar, one teaspoonful white vinegar, half a teaspoonful cream-tartar, wineglassful of cold water; boil until little pieces dipped in water become crisp, and pour into well-buttered tin. Almonds improve it.

BREAD, CAKES, ETC.

Making Bread.—Much lighter bread can be made with what is called renewed yeast than with fresh-made yeast. If you buy one or two cents' worth of good baker's yeast, use half for your first batch of bread, and put away the other half in a tightly-corked bottle. Renew it an hour or two before making your bread, by putting one tablespoonful of coarse sugar and three or four of flour to it, with as much water as will double the quantity. Beat up well, and stand this in a warm place, covered up, but not near enough to the fire to cake it. Make the bread always over-night, leaving the dough well covered up in a pan only half full and in a warm room. By the morning, it will have risen to the top of the pan, and you will only need to separate and shape the loaves, leaving them again to rise near a fire for one or two hours, as they require it. The dough must be kneaded, in the first instance, till it is perfectly elastic, and, if made too dry and close, it never will be that; so be particular about the amount of moisture. It is easier to make light bread in summer than in winter. Renewed yeast may be kept (always saving half and repeating the process) for three months in cold weather, or two in hot weather. If you only make bread once a week, stir a little sugar, flour, and water into it, every third day: recorking the bottle, or it will lose its life.

St. Leonard's Custard-Pudding.—Put one tablespoonful of flour into a stewpan, with two ounces of butter, and stir

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over a gentle fire till quite smooth, adding, by degrees, half a pint of milk and two ounces of sugar, rubbed on the lemon-rind; stir all together over the fire, till it becomes thick, but do not let it boil; turn into a basin, and, when nearly cold, add the yolks of three eggs. Line your dish with puff-paste, and then spread a layer of any kind of jam on the paste, at the bottom of the dish; pour the custard on the jam, and bake one hour. Whip the whites of three eggs quite stiff, with two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and put on the top ten minutes before you send to table. The pudding should be returned to the oven, after the whipped eggs are placed on the top, just to set them, and give the top a slight brown color.

Jumbles.—Half a pound of butter, half a pound of pounded sugar, three-quarters of a pound of flour, two eggs well beaten, five drops of essence of almond, five drops of essence of nutmeg, well mixed. Break a piece the size of a walnut, roll it in sugar, and make into rings. Lay them on tins, to bake, an inch apart.

Soda Cakes.—One and a half pounds of flour, one pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, three eggs, a cupful of cream, and an even teaspoonful of soda. If the cream be not sour, dissolve the soda in a little vinegar or lemon-juice. Season with lemon and nutmeg, or rose-water, or anything you fancy.

Eggless Cake.—One and a half cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of raisins, half a cupful of butter, one cupful of sour milk, three level cupfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of nutmeg and cinnamon, not quite teaspoonful of soda. Beat the butter and sugar very light.

Sponge-Cake.—Two eggs, one cupful of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of cream—or water will do—one and a half cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of baking-powder. Beat sugar and eggs to light froth.

Elkington Cake.—Two eggs, one pound of sugar, one spoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of soda in a teacupful of cream. Flour enough to make a stiff batter.

MISCELLANEOUS.

To Whiten Yellow Flannel.—Flannel which has become yellow with use may be whitened by putting it for some time in a solution of hard soap, to which strong ammonia has been added. The proportions given are one and a half pounds hard curd soap, fifty pounds of soft water, and two-thirds of a pound of strong ammonia. The same object may be attained in a short time by placing the garments for a quarter of an hour in a weak solution of bisulphate of soda, to which a little hydrochloric acid has been added.

How to Make Cold Starch, and Hot.—Mix one ounce of starch with cold water to a thick cream, then add gradually—at first, drop by drop—half a pint more water. To make hot starch: Mix one ounce of starch gradually with hot water till the mixture is the consistency of cream, then add one pint of boiling water and a dessertspoonful of clear gum-arabic.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Work-Bags of varied size and shape seem to be unusually popular, this season, and a large assortment in plush and ribbed silk, satin-merveilleux, and velveteen are already on view at leading shops, intended for birthday or Christmas gifts. As a great number of our country subscribers are inquiring for novelties that they can make at home, for Christmas presents, some particulars and suggestions about these bags may be of use. Plush is certainly the favorite material, and looks richer than any other. The long purse work-bags of plush, measuring one yard long and one-half yard wide, are now made with one end square and the other round, the latter being gathered up, and finished off with a cluster of loops of narrow ribbon. The lining is usually of Surat, and the ring, passing over the centre of bone, closely over-worked with colored silk; the slit down the centre extends for about fourteen inches. The circular bags of plush or velveteen, lined with Surat and edged with lace, have taken the place of those made from silk square handkerchiefs, recently so fashionable. First cut a circular piece, eighteen to twenty-two inches in diameter, according to the width of material and the size required, and then join on a straight piece, about four inches wide, of Surat, edging this with lace. A draw-string is placed inside, all round, on the join. The string should be of tolerably wide satin ribbon, two yards in length, finished off in a smart bow. The effect of the soft over-hanging edge is very graceful with its lace fall. The same style of bag can be made with fancy cretonne and a plain colored edge, or brown holland with a border of red Turkey twill, and a fall of deep-tinted lace and draw-string of red ribbon. A third variety resembles a small carpet-bag in form, the foundation being frequently composed of a long-shaped card-board box, measuring four or five inches wide and ten to twelve inches long, lined inside first, then covered neatly outside with plush, and then joined on to the bag itself, the whole being of plush, with a draw-string round the top. Some most useful expansive bags of cretonne are made thus: First cut out two pieces of stout card-board, eight inches square, and round off two of the corners; cover these, back and front, with cretonne, to form the sides of the bag, the rounded ends being downwards. Cut a strip of cretonne, eleven inches wide and forty inches long; join this on to the two covered pieces, gathering both sides, binding it all round the top with ribbon, and sewing on small gilt rings at distances, for the draw-string to pass through. Thus, the back is made; but, to render it still more useful, add a flap of cretonne to the card-board forming the back of the bag, and some pieces of flannel beneath, filled with needles. To the front piece of card-board, add a small pocket, which is made by cutting out a piece of cretonne eleven inches long, including the hem at the top, and fourteen inches wide, shaping it to the card-board, and sewing it on with fullness. An elastic is run into the hem at the top. Thus, when hanging up against anything, a little bag appears in the middle of the large one; and the whole, when filled, presents rather the appearance of a large round pumpkin. No lining is required. These bags are easy and quick to make, and are constantly seen hanging by the side of the fireplace, placed conveniently to an old lady's chair, and filled with odds and ends of work and wools.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

Fig. I.—Visiting-Dress, of Dark-Green Velveteen. The apron-front is quite long and slightly draped. The back is laid in full plaits, which fall straight to the bottom of the skirt. The paniers at the sides continue in long tabs on the back, where they are gathered to a point, with tassels. The sides open over a brocaded silk, and the bottom has a piece of brocaded silk put on the foundation, to simulate a skirt. The bodice has a brocaded silk vest, and the small wrap opens over this vest, and is trimmed with brown fur. The bonnet is of green velvet, trimmed with pearl beads and pink feathers.

Fig. II.—Walking-Dress, of Dark-Green Cashmere. The long wrap is of chestnut-colored cloth; with collar and trimming down the side and around the bottom, of seal-skin. There is also a braiding down the fronts. This wrap is cut to fit the figure at the back, falls open in front over a close-fitting piece of écru-colored cloth, which buttons nearly down to the bottom. Felt hat, trimmed with brown velvet and a wing.

Fig. III.—House-Dress, of Dark Smoke-Colored Cash-

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MERE. The skirt is trimmed with three flounces of woolen lace, of the same color, headed by a puffing of the cashmere. The tunic is laid in loose folds, falls in short drapery at the back, and is caught up at the side by a loop-and-end of scarlet ribbon. The bodice is edged with a row of narrow woolen lace, is slightly open in front, and is there trimmed with the same lace, which also ornaments the sleeves. The sleeves have scarlet silk cuffs.

FIG. IV.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLUE NUN'S-VEILING. The skirt is made with many tucks, or folds of the material may be used. The long tunic is quite plain, and gathered high up on the hips, falling in loose drapery at the back. The bodice opens slightly in front, and, with the elbow-sleeves, is trimmed with plaitings of rose-colored surah.

FIG. V.—CARRIAGE-DRESS, OF DARK-RED SILK. The wrap is of rep silk, brocaded with velvet. It is close-fitting about the body, has long pelerine fronts, and full drapery at the back. It is trimmed with rich brown fur. Black felt hat, with feathers.

FIG. VI.—WRAP, OF RICH BROWN VELVET, made close-fitting at the back, and is much cut away in front, showing the brown cloth dress. The vest, muff, and cuffs are of a darker shade of brown, and the trimming of the wrap and muff is of opossum-skin, of the natural undyed color. The toque is of brown velvet, trimmed with velvet and opossum-fur.

FIG. VII.—WRAP, OF SEAL-SKIN, which is made deep enough to cover the arms and fall to the waist at the back. The shoulders are shaped, and it is trimmed with balls of seal-skin. The muff and toque are of the same fur.

FIG. VIII.—MUFF, OF FUR, trimmed with birds and cords.

FIGS. IX AND X.—SAILOR COLLAR AND CUFF, for a child's wear, made of white linen, trimmed with dark blue or red braid.

FIG. XI.—WRAP, OF BLACK OTTOMAN SILK, heavily ribbed. It fits the figure closely at the back, and is cut with sufficient spring to fall gracefully over the tournure. The sleeves are inserted, and trimmed in such a way as to make a double row of fur at the back. It is trimmed with black fox-fur, and the sleeves are ornamented with black satin ribbon.

FIG. XII.—VISITE, OF BROWN CLOTH, lined with either red or striped flannel or striped silk. The wrap is pointed in front, is shorter and round at the back—where it has some plaits, to make it fall more easily over the tournure—and is fastened, the length of the front, with large buttons. The piece at the back, which forms the sleeve, is placed on the basque, and is bordered with vandykes of red and brown braid.

FIG. XIII.—TOQUE, OF DARK-RED SILK, the top made very full, and bordered with a band of brown fur.

FIG. XIV.—SHOE, FOR EVENING-DRESS, MADE OF BLACK SATIN. The front is embroidered in steel beads, and it has a large bow of black satin, fastened with a small steel buckle. High heels are worn only with evening-shoes.

FIG. XV.—COLLAR, OF WHITE LINEN, figured with red.

FIGS. XVI AND XVII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF GRAY NUN'S-VEILING. The underskirt is edged with a very narrow knife-plaiting, and is trimmed with bands of sapphire-blue velvet. The skirt falls plain in front, and is full at the back. The tunic is short in front, and long at the back, and but little draped. The bodice has a plastron of blue velvet, and the collar, waistband, bows at the back, and the cuffs are all of blue velvet. The revers on the bodice are of the veiling.

FIG. XVIII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF SOFT THIN WOOLEN MATERIAL, of a plain violet-color, and a violet-color striped with a darker purple. The skirt and bodice are of the striped material. Near the bottom of the skirt, is a band of violet, embroidered in purple. A similar trimming, but of a smaller pattern, ornaments the cuffs and the heart-shaped revers. The collar and the vest are of the plain violet-colored woolen. The tunic, which is much draped and quite long at the back, is of the plain violet.

FIG. XIX.—WALKING OR VISITING DRESS, OF BLACK VELVETEEN. The simulated underskirt is finished at the bottom by a plaiting. The front of the skirt is plain and square, opens up each side its whole length, and is trimmed with six rows of braid. The back falls square at the sides and bottom, but is cut larger at the top, so as to form a drapery. The jacket has two points at the front and at the back. The edge of the basque is trimmed by three rows of braid, which, carried up each front, simulate a vest. The cuffs are ornamented by six rows of braid. A wide sash of black watered ribbon is placed under the points at the back of the bodice. If wished, especially for a visiting-dress, either gold or silver braid and buttons would look very well; but, if wished for a walking-dress only, a braid or gimp of the color of the velveteen would be in better taste.

FIG. XX.—BONNET, FOR MOURNING, made of black English crêpe, and embroidered with jet. Flowers of jet.

FIG. XXI.—BONNET, OF DARK-GREEN PLUSH, with cream-colored lace round the vandyked brim. The aigrette is of small peacock's-eyes. Strings of satin on one side, and velvet on the other.

FIG. XXII.—HAT, OF BLACK FELT, the crown covered with black silk, and trimmed with black velvet and ostrich-feathers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Our remarks on fashions in the November number were so full that but little remains to be said. The foundations for skirts remain narrow, only about two yards and a quarter wide. On this the dress-material is draped to have apparently much greater fullness.

Long straight lines are more popular just now than much curved drapery; but, for tall slender persons, the latter is the more becoming, and is by no means out of style.

All draperies are short at the sides, no matter how long at the back or in front.

Bodices are of all styles: long over the hips; or short, with a small point in front, and a short postillion at the back; or round, with a wide belt coming from under the arms, or with a pointed corselet; in fact, they can be made in any way most becoming to the figure.

Collars to bodices continue to be worn quite high, and must continue so, as long as the hair is combed up from the nape of the neck.

Vests and plastrons, of silk, soft white muslin, etc., etc., continue very fashionable.

Tailor-made suits are frequently trimmed with fur; in fact, this stylish material for trimming was never as much worn as it is this season.

Lace, chenille fringe, fur, beads, etc., etc., are all used to decorate dresses, wraps, etc. There was never a time in which so much latitude was given in trimmings, when such great variety in dressing was seen.

The gold and silver tinsel, so much worn lately, have been greatly abolished; for the tinsel was poor, and gave a tawdry common effect to the dress. But good gold and silver embroidery are still popular, and are much seen in very expensive goods, such as satins, etc., which have flowers and figures outlined with them; but these materials cost anywhere from seven to eighteen dollars a yard, and are only used as parts of a dress.

Wraps and mantles, as we said in the November number, are made either quite long or rather short; the medium-sized wrap is not much worn.

Bonnets continue rather small. Pointed bonnet-brims are still to be worn, and the crowns are of all shapes, as the back hair is now worn in many different ways; velvet or plush strings are added, to render the bonnets warmer and more comfortable-looking. Some of the brims are slit across the top, and the pointed ones are filled in with

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plaitings of double velvet. Coronet fronts, extending from ear to ear, and always becoming to large faces, are likewise made.

Bonnets for ordinary occasions are of felt and of silk webbing; the former being trimmed with wool lace, clusters of fancy feathers and long quills; chenille lace and appliqué velvet figures, such as dots and palm-leaves, are to be seen on felt bonnets.

Woolen dresses being in such favor, and the fashion of wearing bonnets to match the costume still obtaining, a number of woolen fabrics have been manufactured especially for millinery. There are woolen laces in the piece, embroidered with chenille, metal, and beads, cloth with bouclé loops, and even Astrakhan-cloth—all now used for bonnets. Fancy plushes, in stripes, plaids, and beaded, and velvet, embroidered with tinsel of various colors, will be worn later on.

The front edge of many bonnets is very full, and, instead of resting on the hair, it is raised by a beaded coronet, or by a puff of velvet, which is high in the centre and close at the sides.

High loops of ribbon are arranged in front of both bonnets and hats, intermixed with wings or quills.

Beads for trimming bonnets are as popular as ever, some very large ones being often placed on the edge of the bonnet.

High hats are still worn.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The present fashions for walking-skirts are decidedly new and original. All varieties of styles are seen, too, from the heavily-draped skirt to that composed of large flat plaits extending from waist to hem. Many of the newer styles have the two sides of the skirt differing from each other. One very pretty pattern has a long curved drapery of cashmere covering the skirt at one side, and caught up at the other to the waist, so as to show an underskirt composed of a series of narrow gathered pinked flounces in taffeta. Another style has a plain velvet underskirt, with a drapery of Sicilienne falling to the hem at one side, and caught up and knotted at the other in long scarf-ends, each finished with an ornament in jet passementerie. Then another skirt is covered with wide box-plaits from waist to hem, in alternate breadths of cashmere and of satin-striped moire. A draped cloth skirt parts in front over an underskirt of the same material. The sides of the parting are edged with a piping of velvet, and with a fringe composed of balls in silver, jet, or cut steel. This ball-fringe is very pretty and effective, and will be much worn this winter.

Half-fitting and close-fitting jackets, to match the costumes, are coming into favor again, for walking-dress. They are of medium length, and are usually bordered with fur. They are employed for demi-toilette merely, being made to accompany dresses of cloth, velveteen, or cashmere. For velvet suits, a deep cape, slightly wadded and lined with satin, is considered appropriate. It is usually edged with cut jet, of the hue of the velvet. Velvet walking-dresses are very simply made, the skirt being draped upon a silk foundation, and the corsage being perfectly plain.

For evening-dresses, satin appears thus far to be the most popular material. The finest and richest hand-embroideries decorate the skirt-fronts of some of these dresses. The embroidery is always in colors, and is executed either in different shades of chenille or in silk. Tulle is still much in vogue for ball-dresses for young girls. Dotted all over with small pearl beads, of the same hue as the material, the effect is really charming.

Fashion still decrees that, for full ball-toilette, the satin slipper and silk stocking shall precisely match the dress in hue; and, if the dress be embroidered, the slipper must be embroidered to match.

Long glazed kid-gloves in delicate tints are now worn in the evening, disputing the palm of popularity with the glove of undressed Swedish kid. The color of the glove must be assorted with that of the toilette; such as pale-pink with ruby velvet, pearl-color with brown, straw-color with pale-blue, etc. White gloves are only worn with white dresses.

Fine white cambric handkerchiefs are bordered with a plaited ruffle in pale-blue, or pink, or lilac cambric, edged with Valenciennes, and are marked with a fac-simile of the wearer's signature of her Christian name, worked in colored cotton to match the ruffle.

Bonnets are worn larger than at the beginning of the season, the high pointed crown being very popular. The capote bonnets are larger in size, and are very simple in make and trimming, being composed of plush or of velvet, with a cluster of ostrich-feathers in contrasting hues, set in a ruffle of lace, for sole trimming. Knots of ribbon or of surah, set with a cluster of tiny birds or a large bird's-head, are also employed for trimming.

Bead network, in black or colored jet, or in silver, or dead or cut steel, is a favorite material for the pointed crowned bonnets. These nets are made up over velvet, silver beads over black velvet being a favorite contrast. A bonnet thus composed, trimmed with clusters of small white birds, set amid loops-and-ends of narrow scarlet ribbon, is extremely stylish.

Muffs in velvet and satin are trimmed to match the bonnets wherewith they are to be worn, and are prettier and more fantastic than ever. One of the latest, in black velvet lined with pale-pink satin, has a basket in imitation moss, filled with pale-pink roses, set at one side. In velvet, covered with bead network and adorned with birds and ribbons, they are also very elegant.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S PALETOT, OF DARK-GREEN CLOTH, made double-breasted; close-fitting sacque-shape at the back, and a wide belt of the cloth is fastened in front with a large oxydized silver buckle. Large cape, with turned-down collar. Dark-green felt hat.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF CLARET-COLORED CASHMERE. The back is plain, and the skirt is laid in full plaits and attached to it just below the waist. In front, is a full plastron of claret-colored silk, reaching from the neck to the bottom, and fastened below the waist by a fancy oxydized silver clasp. Felt hat, turned up and trimmed with claret-colored velvet and feathers.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S COAT, OF DARK-BLUE CLOTH, made sufficiently short to show the plaited skirt of the dress. The skirt of the coat is also plaited, and the upper part is of a jacket-shape, following the lines of the figure. The collar, waistband, pockets, and cuffs are of black velvet. Wide hat, of black felt, trimmed with dark-blue ribbon.

FIG. IV.—BOY'S COAT, OF DARK-GRAY CLOTH. It is quite long, close-fitting, and has a collar of gray Astrakhan-fur. Black felt hat.

FIG. V.—GIRL'S COSTUME, OF DARK-BROWN VELVETEEN. It falls straight in front, and the skirt is laid in plaits at the back. It has a simulated fastening on the left side, of buttons and brown braid, and is trimmed down the front, around the bottom, and on the pockets with skunk-fur. The collar and muff are also of skunk. Chestnut-brown felt hat, trimmed with a feather of the same shade and velvet of a darker color.

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